

Jaguar Mks VII to IX

Jaguar, the unkind said, was the poor man's Bentley. Our family doctor, who bought the Autocar and swapped it for my father's Motor, ran these big Jags as long as I remember. If you did not look for quality below the surface, where you cannot see it (What impressed me at Crewe was some meticulous dovetailing before a box was leather covered.), my guess is that his motoring was as good as my silk mill uncle's in his Bentley, and perhaps better for a keen driver, given one of the world's most renown straight sixes. This line collapsed with the X.

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