
THE JAGUAR SNOW-PLOW

Text and photos by Greg Childs

THE ACQUISITION:

The Spring of 2012 I was perusing Ebay and found a bright red, fully restored 1969 XKE for sale in Pennsylvania. Ohhh, it looks swell and even had the tiny back seat of 2+2. Since we travel everywhere in our old cars with our Border Collie “Roundup”, I called for my wife, Debbie, to come look at this car. “Nice” she replied and “Room for Roundup too”. The hook was set.

Further investigation revealed the car was fully operable and when I suggested to the owner we might fly out and drive it home I noted a hint of “questioning” in his voice. “You know it is an old car?” Hmm? I made the deal and asked the seller to ship the car to Minneapolis where we would pick it up and drive home to Billings, Montana from there.

The car arrived as agreed upon and we commenced the 800 mile drive home. All went well until Fargo, North Dakota whereupon the car seemed to be flooding after every brief stop. We eventually made it home but not with-



Day Two In Wyoming

out numerous flooding issues. Jerking onto the driveway I abandoned the little red devil for a couple of days. After cooling my upset I got it into the shop and discovered this was really just a “Trailer Queen” never intended to be driven.

THE SNOW PLOW:

After a winter’s work of corrections we decided to take the Jaguar to

the San Antonio area for a week-long tour. The car was now running much better and all the little problems had been addressed. I thought...

It was April and everyone knows the fickleness of April weather. On a coolish Spring morning we loaded up and headed south. Just 150 miles south in Buffalo, Wyoming, as we stopped for fuel, we overheard the freeway south was closed for blowing snow. An inauspicious beginning. We secured a room for the night with trepidation of what tomorrow might bring.

Next morning dawned bright but cold. The little Jag started up and shortly we were once again heading south. Oh, the road was open OK but that was about all. It was snow packed with reduced visibility. We journeyed on keeping the speed down to less than 50mph but learned on the radio that the truck traffic around Cheyenne, Wyoming was miles long.

I was to make one of those ridiculous decisions we are all capable of, that was bypassing Cheyenne and skirting around east of the traffic mess



Ready To Go



on a secondary road. Bad Choice! As we cleared the outskirts of Cheyenne the road went from poor to almost impassable due to unplowed snow. I knew the freeway into Denver was off the west “someplace” and dumb idea number two was hatched! No, not a simple backtrack but watch for a “shortcut” back to the freeway.

We found a snow covered sign pointing west which indicated I-25 was that way. I took a deep breath and pointed the little Jaguar onto a gravel road (traction) that had at least six inches of snow over it. Six inches and of course, some small drifts.

The car kept its footing and with small help from the weak defrosters, we descended a grade and came upon another covered road sign. Afraid I might miss a turn to the freeway I stopped to study it. As I did, I noted a big American car approaching through the out-

side mirror, OH My GOODNESS! I hope he sees I have stopped! Fortunately, he did and being on a slight downgrade we were able to proceed on.

Topping a rise; BEHOLD! Southbound trucks indicating the freeway goal. Relieved, with only a couple of miles to go, we came upon two four-wheel pickups. One was off the road in the bar-pit and the other attempting to pull him out backwards. As the little red Jaguar approached, the two country boys stopped their efforts and gazed in wonderment at the stupid little foreign car plowing along this back woods road.

We made it. Not the bare freeway we had hoped for but at least moving traffic.

Cars were scattered along the roadway every mile or so. Even a Patrol Car was high centered in the medium. As we neared Denver the conditions

improved and we continued our drive to Boerne, Texas with no significant difficulties.

THE RETURN:

The tour was delightful except for some lighting problems, however the return via Nebraska was close to a repeat of the outbound. At one point, 30 miles down a deteriorating byway, I made the difficult choice to reverse course and try another route. Probably a “wise” decision for a change.

When we finally cleared the snow covered roads Debbie and I decided we would send a bill to Wyoming and Nebraska for our snow removal work. So far, no response. 🐾



Gassing up in Nebraska

