

# PERFORMANCE FORD FLEET

The entire going on from the world of the motors we have at our disposal. There may be occasional outbursts of rage due to problematic repairs - we've all been there!



JIM  
BLACKSTOCK  
**PUMA 1.7I 16V**

**THIS MONTH'S BEST BIT**  
Making it home from a less than relaxing afternoon's motoring

**THIS MONTH'S WORST BIT**  
Standing in a rapidly expanding pool of engine coolant



## \*\$&^ING CARS...

To quote the great Morpheus, "Fate, it seems, it not without a sense of irony". And so, with my previously-mentioned, supposedly reliable, diesel-burning, German family wagon sat on the drive with what transpired to be a suicidal turbo, the Puma came out of the workshop to be pressed into everyday service for a short period while I, once again, became the victim of another manufacturer's 'scene tax'.

So, time to re-connect the battery, check the levels and pressures, then realise that the heater still doesn't work. Hadn't yet go round to ordering a new Heater Control Valve so I decided to give a pattern part a go. At £11 delivered, as opposed to around £60 to the local Ford dealer, what's the worse that could happen? As long as it stays watertight, the downside is it is either cold or hot all the time. For a saving of £50-odd, I'll risk it.

So next day, it arrived off eBay and within an hour it was on the car, despite 20 minutes wrestling with the dreadful sprung water hose clips. Top the water up, run it, bleed it, heater red hot, lovely jubbly.

Following day, hopped in the car to head off to a meeting 50 miles away, collect daughter from school for dinner, then home. Arrived near Peterborough grinning like a twat and, with 20 minutes to spare, thought I'd chuck the baby rocket through

a car wash. All going well, pulled over after the wash to check on the address for the meeting and caught a whiff of the dreaded coolant smell. Looked up to see so much steam escaping from under the bonnet it looked like the thing was on fire. Ignition off, bonnet up, bugger...

Coolant, coolant everywhere. Under the bonnet, on my shoes, everywhere except

inside the engine. I was just in time to see the last of the liquid escaping from one of two hoses that come off the HCV towards the engine. So, another call to purveyors of big orange vans and explain that as I need to collect my daughter from school, I could really, really do with continuing my journey if at all possible. >

