

# The Car Side

By Rick Cogbill

## The British are Coming!

### Exposing the driveshaft was a jolly good idea on this Jag!

**W**ow! This V-12 is really smooth!" I mused, putting Sir Rodney's '87 Jaguar through its paces. "Got to get me one of these!"

But then I recalled Rod's complaint.

"The noise appears when I throttle out of a right-hand curve," Sir Rodney said, holding his teacup in one hand, adjusting his monocle with the other. "I should think it difficult to locate, as I've had several fellows try already."

I heard the loud tapping noise come right up through the wood-grained automatic shifter console. "I may have to take the whole console apart," I groaned as I drove the sleek machine back into one of the bays. "Beanie!" I hollered, "Put this on the hoist and do a transmission service. Then we'll check out that noise."

The Bean eagerly complied, until he discovered he had to remove the rear cross-member to access the oil pan! It gave him a new appreciation for domestic cars. An hour later, the Jag was



ready for another test drive – a good idea after every repair.

"Can I drive it, boss?" Beanie pleaded. "Please, can I, can I?"

"Ah, youth!" sighed Basil, as we watched Beanie motor around the block, a big smile on his face.

By the time he returned, however, Beanie's smile had turned into a frown. "What's that tapping noise, every time I accelerate?" He looked sick, thinking he had broken something.

"On right-hand corners?" I asked.

"Nope," said the Bean, "all the time!"

Well, that could only mean by moving the rear mount, the noise had changed. "That's terrible!" I groaned.

"No, that's progress," countered Basil. "Now we know what the noise is related to."

As usual, our mystic mentor was right. The Jaguar went back on the hoist again. "Wow, look at all that

shielding around the drive-shaft!" exclaimed Beanie. It was almost totally enclosed. "Do we have to take all that off?"

"What you mean 'we'?" I replied. "You're the apprentice. Get busy." The rest of us headed for the lunch room for high tea and crumpets. "Call us when you're done."

After exposing the driveshaft, we found that a

plastic fuel line running through the driveshaft tunnel had come loose. Torque on the driveline would move the tail end of the transmission to the left, causing the front universal joint to rub on the line.

"By Jove, that's amazing!" exclaimed Sir Rodney, picking up the car. "Awfully glad you found it, old chap. Could have caused a nasty fire." He hung his umbrella on his arm. "Oh, by the by, book me in next Friday for rear brakes, would you?"

"Right-ee-o," I said, but I didn't write it into the scheduler. If Beanie knew the Jag was coming back, he'd be too excited to sleep.

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