



Floating Power

Volume Six Number Four

September Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-One

The Norfolk Rally was the thoroughly enjoyable and well-organised event that TOC members have come to expect — it must be good with participants coming from Devon! As a club, we have been very fortunate in our local organisers — in this case Tom and Rosie Evans (also coping with a very new addition to the family, but very well behaved — obviously the Big Fifteen is a good family car), and retiring Social Secretary — Allan Sibley. Although not ready for Norfolk it's good to know that Allan's Light Fifteen is nearly ready for the road after its extensive rebuild. Attendance at the Rally was good, but it would be rewarding to see even more members at any of our events — and it's far more encouraging to the organisers to see more people and cars than to be thanked for their labours in *F.P.*

I suspect that in many garages in England and on the Continent keen Tractionists are starting to beautify their cars or carry out last adjustments (engine overhauls etc) in tremulous anticipation of the 5th ICCR in Holland. I hope you have entered if you possibly can. I am hoping to give my car some brakes: it's remarkable how one Traction, like my old Light Fifteen, could be quite trouble-free in, say, brakes whereas another for no obvious reason keeps you busy. Let's hear of your Traction problems, restorations, cars in everyday use — material we could use in the 'Members' Cars' series. This will resume in the next issue, being held over to allow coverage of the Rally.

A car featured some while ago in *F.P.* — John Austin's 1936 Slough Roadster is the subject of an article in the September issue of *Practical Classics* — well worth reading. You can easily order it if your newsagent doesn't stock the magazine.

Some readers may have been wondering to what, if any, theme the cover pictures of this volume of *F.P.* contribute. I shall try to explain: having decided that a set of period photographs of appropriate Citroëns would make good covers, your Editor went to the National Motor Museum to choose photographs from their archives. The competition theme suggested itself which unfortunately, but perhaps not surprisingly, restricted the photographs to Tractions (sorry Martin!). For further details, unless you are a Traction historical expert, you will have to wait until the January 1982 issue when a list of these photographs will be printed. Like last year's covers, you will then be able to purchase the whole set. The competition theme seems particularly appropriate since this year Antonia Loysen and Greg Hayes (if you hadn't noticed) are fielding racing Tractions. Antonia has kindly undertaken to keep us informed of their progress.

'Maigret car' is an appellation which practically all of us must have heard used to describe our cars at some time. Thus it is gratifying to hear that the ultimate 'Maigret car' — the Big Six of the late Rupert Davies, the actor famous as Inspector Maigret — is going to be restored. It was rather dilapidated and there were serious fears as to its preservation, but we are relieved to know that it is now safe.

Happy Tractioning

N.H.

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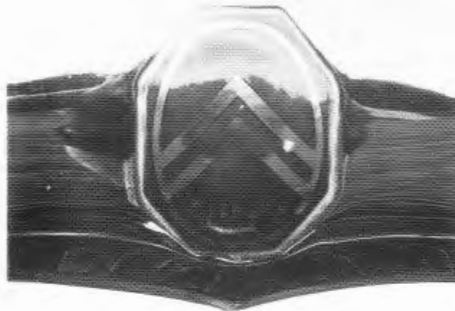


I am no journalist. After much practice I have learnt how to write reasonably fluent and pithy business letters, but I have had no such practice with descriptive journalism. Nevertheless, through the first day of my participation in the Norfolk Rally, journalistic phrases were running through my head. En passant, in the midst of Saturday night's junketings, Nick Hall suggested I write something. Why the idea occurred to him I don't know, but here the something is.

It all began on Wednesday evening, when I started on my second stint as honorary haulage contractor to the TOC. I nudged the Commerciale up onto the kerb outside the Arch to pick up the items I had set down after bringing them up from the CCC's Salisbury Rally the fortnight before. Added to these were the Club's brand-new red and white direction signs and the news that Bryn Hughes would be coming along to the Rally with a customer's Commercial on a running-in turn. As there was already a bank of my own boxes under the tailgate in place of the back seat the marquee canvas, the short tent poles, the chairs, the table, the ropes/pegs/mallet and the direction signs went in to fill the rear passenger space right up to the tops of the front seats. Even with this load on board the tail was not that weighted down. With the signs clattering furiously over London's abominable road metalling I returned to my digs to think about packing, to pack, to think again about packing and to sleep.

Day 1: Uncharacteristically I rose with my alarm at six o'clock-and-a-bit, trundling through my usual chores at least still one quarter asleep. I then decided which boxes of bits were not essential and offloaded them, manoeuvring my cases and camping boxes into the remaining spaces, repacking the signs with newspaper to damp out the clatter and spreading my travelling rug over all to give a neat and finished appearance. Even the front passenger seat was full of bedding and wanted-on-journey items.

I had forgotten precisely which door Allan Sibley lived behind, but he came out the moment I drew up and parked at the bus stop, so I was spared enacting a "silly-me" act at a stranger's door. I met Bruno and Jeannot Delvaux and their glossy but un-snazzy 15-6 round the corner opposite the pub. A large variety of items was shovelled into Allan's unspeakable H***** n M**x, drooping at the springs with the load of the



long tent poles on the large roof rack that had been too small to fit the Commercial's half-hectare or so of tin top. The Commerciale's load was topped up with a few more wide flat items under the travelling rug and we were off in convoy, Allan leading at the speed permitted by his engine knock, followed by Bruno and Jeannot with me at the rear.

The lights were changing. I inched forward. In a shop window there was a good reflection of the Commerciale, strangely low at the rear. Was it a flaw in the glass? It was, but by then, my attention distracted for a moment too long, I had hit the Six up the rear with a bang and clatter. I hopped out. Bruno hopped out. I found the right words: "Je suis fou!!"; we noted nothing nasty; I picked up a dislodged bumper horn and we moved off. At the Michelin Depot (where we had stopped to pick up Monsieur Bibendum's skin) we found that I had dented the Six's rear skirt and knocked off about a square inch of paint. Mercifully, Bruno and Jeannot were forgiving and my front bumper was none the worse save for losing its offside horn.

The fifty-mile-an-hour trundle to Thetford demonstrated that, whilst the Commerciale could cruise at its normal 80 km/h, pulling away and pulling uphill were slower than usual because of the load. But the weight softened and silenced the rear suspension no end. And the steering, road grip and brakes were in no way affected, though the tyres did squeak on roundabouts.

We turned off the main Thetford-Diss road for the final stretch. Allan ran past the first "Camping" sign and stopped, indicating that we should go back. I had invested (valuably, it now turned out) in the 1¼" Ordnance Survey map of the area and knew that it was the wrong (Thorpe Farm) site. I waved us all on. There was no mistaking our correct turn-off a mile or so further along the straight road through the plantations and we entered the pitted access road and its lime-tree avenue; eventually, after a mile's careful pot-hole-avoidance, emerging into the sunlight outside the Dower House itself.

Advance party though we were, we found that we had been preceded. A lad with a Scots voice said that his father had a car like ours — a white one — and that this was their first visit to England. This turned out to be John Savelli and family, who had come down from Edinburgh with a sizeable caravan on tow behind their white 11 Normale. The proprietress came out, exclaimed enthusiastically over us and indicated the field that had been set aside for the sole use of the TOC. By that time it was well past noon and we hadn't eaten — or drunk. So, in traditional TOC fashion, our minds turned pub-wards. Allan had had enough of M**x driving for one day so I took him on board. We set off, two tractions strong, for the nearest outpost of civilisation — East Harling.

We found a neat little market square facing two pubs and we swept into it, parking bonnets face to the road and attracting much attention from passers-by. We plumped for the Nags Head rather than the White Swan, found they sold Wethereds and plunged into communications difficulties with Bruno and Jeannot. Their English was as crude and vestigial as our French. But we got by with a mixture of "non", "OK", "good" together with the odd copybook French phrase dredged up from my subconscious. We tucked into cold beef, peas and beer — orange juice for the Delvaux. The locals established what our cars were and why we were there and mentioned the steam museum





at Bressingham as one of the local places of interest. I remembered, being a steam nut as well as a traction nut, that Bressingham was open on just Thursdays and Sundays and we agreed to go straight away.

The road towards Bressingham was excellent traction prey; bendy and undulating without hedges to obstruct the view.

Working up to 90 km/h and gobbling bends without slackening speed we were making good progress. Then a flash and toot from Bruno and Jeannot behind, who pulled onto the verge. We stopped and walked back. The rubber petrol pipe had perished where it met their petrol pump. I produced a pair of scissors. The offending end was cut off and the truncated tube re-fitted. Since the rest of the tube was in no good way either we stopped at the next garage. No, they didn't have anything of that sort in stock, we would need to try in Diss. So to Diss I went. I had a bright idea. Motorbike dealers used lots of tubing and would be sure to stock some. Why not try one? Straight into the middle of Diss (narrow, confined, and one-way) we went, and straightway met up with a three-white-triangles-on-blue sign and a window-full of 'bikes. Yes, they had the tubing, and cheap, too. With that matter sorted out we headed back to Bressingham in what was now a cool, cloudy afternoon.

The steam museum was good value. A steam roundabout with a steam organ. Two narrow gauge railways in full steam. A

traction engine working a threshing machine. A standard gauge ex-National Coal Board 0-4-4-0 Garrett doing footplate rides up and down 600 yards of track. Two sheds full of steam locomotives. A shedful of traction engines. A small museum. A large model railway. The Delvaux were fascinated and Jeannot was busy with his camera. It seems that nothing quite like Bressingham exists in France.

With a rewarding but chilly afternoon behind us we returned to the Dower House to meet Kathy Hayes (the TOC's new Social Secretary) with her cream Slough Light Fifteen and a Dutch family with a camping trailer astern of their big boot 11 Legere. We unpacked. We pitched our tents. With five pairs of hands and some ex-Girl Guide commonsense (from Kathy) we erected the marquee. And it was supper time, and drinking time, again. The Scots and the Dutch reached a mutual assistance pact over the custody of their children. Bruno, Jeannot, Kathy, Allan and I crammed into the 15-6 and headed back into East Harling, with a Scots-Dutch expeditionary force behind. It was sunset, with the sky now clear and yellow. Black against it was the spectacular timber-and-lead spire of East Harling Parish Church.

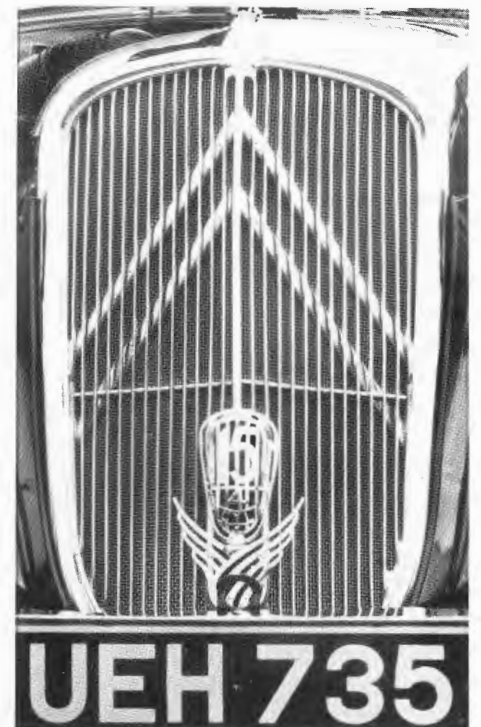
We had expected Closing Time to come early. Not so. The Nags Head was still serving meals at 10.30 p.m. At 11.00 pm drinks were still on sale. Then the bar started to empty.

Then one of the locals suggested that we lower our voices and the landlady came over to us to say that the police were 'in the house' and would we drink up and hand in our glasses? We quietened abruptly, drank up, and left. We saw no uniformed policeman and wondered whether it was a polite way of getting rid of us. Back into the cold night, to the camping site and into the marquee, where we talked over canned beer and red wine until well after midnight. I was so cold when I got my tent that I climbed into my sleeping bag with all my clothes on.

Day 2: Friday morning was spent on site. Even so shortly after, my memory is almost quite blank. I remember trudging blearily off to the washroom and finding that the hot tap produced cold water — and that the cold tap produced cold water as well. But there was a continuous stream of new arrivals, notwithstanding the dubious weather which was not best calculated to encourage garage doors to open.

Martin Lloyd brought his C4 on site and we formed up fore and aft of him for the drive to the pub lunch. Suitably, we had a black Light Fifteen with an orange flashing light leading the convoy. Entering East Harling a cat leapt under my front wheels far too late for me to do anything about it. But it must have had some lives to spare for it and I were not damaged, save to my nervous system. We filled up the market square and filled up one of the Nags Head's bars. Yes, the Nags Head accepted children and they amused themselves comfortably round a table in the far corner. The percentage of locals in the bar diminished from 10% to 1% working the fruit machine. With him gone we were 100% TOC looking out of the windows at passers-by looking at an astounding market square full of elderly but glossy Citroëns.

We emerged from the hot and stuffy bar suitably fed and lubricated for our afternoon trip to Banham Motor Museum. As possessor of the all-important Ordnance Survey map I was commandeered by Allan Sibley to take him passenger and lead the convoy to the museum. We drove off into a couple of short brisk showers. With yellow headlamps lit in



the gloom we met a double decker country bus which obligingly pulled into the verge to let us — all — pass. There was already a black 11 Normale in the Museum car park when we arrived and we lined up alongside it, entering the museum building out of the cold wind to find that drivers had free entry and that passengers need only pay a small surcharge. There was only one Citroën — a type C Cloverleaf — to be seen on display. ‘A Trèfle’ said Nick Hall and the custodian pricked up his ears, saying that he had never heard it called that before. Nick explained that ‘trèfle’ was just ‘cloverleaf’ in French and the custodian committed himself to mentioning it to future visitors. Apparently the museum did not run their cars on the open road though all were in running order — they fired them up twice a year. The only notable front-drive machine was a white Cord.

By the time we had digested the interesting range of exhibits — which extended down to motorcycles and antique bicycles — there was a frighteningly Siberian wind that resolved us all to return to the camp site to drink something warm.

We all left. As we did so, a blue 24CT Panhard pulled in. We looked at him. He looked at us. Nothing was said — at the time.

Back at the site I heated up a saucepan of stew and sat in the Commerciale out of the wind and the rain to eat it. Antonia Loysen started her brief guest appearance, arriving with a long-haired dachshund (which I had not met before) and her celebrated circuit racing Light 12, complete with roll-over cage and white roundels. She had to leave us the next day as she was racing *again*.

With Allan in the passenger seat again and with the Delvaux following in the 15-6 we set off in the opposite direction for Thetford and the ‘noggin and natter’ at the Bell Hotel. Thetford had narrow and winding one-way streets, unproductive of any Bell Hotels. We threaded an intricate path in and out of the town centre, with the Delvaux sticking

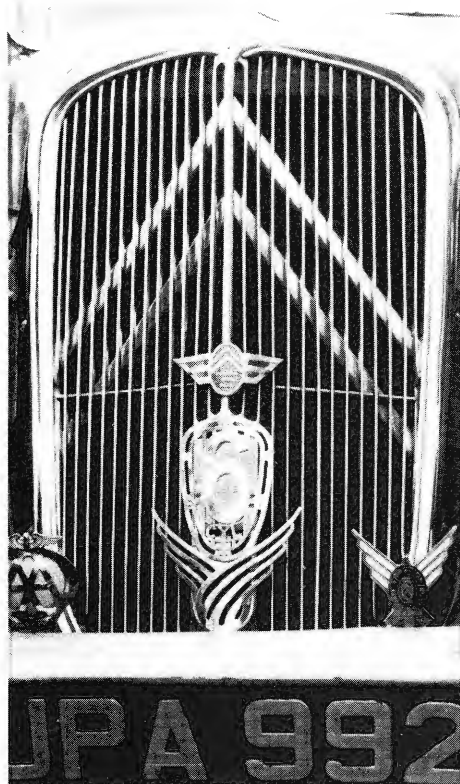


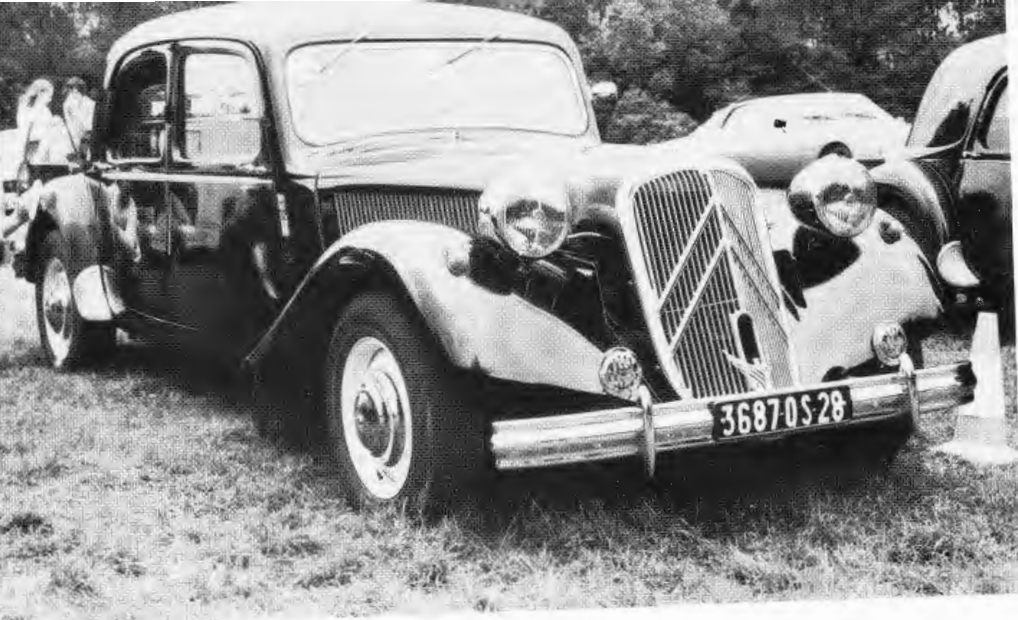
determinedly to our tail. Finding ourselves leaving the town again we pulled in at a garage to fill up. But Bruno and I were put out to find that only 3-star and 4-star were on sale as we were looking for ‘tourisme’ and 2-star respectively, neither Commerciale nor 15-6 having demanding octane requirements. We settled for 3-star or ‘moyen super’ and topped up slowly. In the meantime Allan had acquired a set of directions that took us straight to the Bell. In the car park we met a fellow rallyist in a CX Safari who was greatly taken with the Commerciale as the Grandma to his own machine.

Inside, we found that we had a glossy armchaired and carpeted parlour all to ourselves, down a flight of three steps. The children enjoyed themselves no end jumping and clambering up and down them. Allan and the Delvaux opted for a meal as they had not eaten earlier. After sampling some Adnams I left them to it and set off back to the camp site. Slap into a cul-de-sac. Two local lads flagged me down and asked if I was looking for the Bell Hotel. No doubt the word had got around that Traction drivers had been suffering navigational difficulties! I said that no, I had been to the hotel and was looking for the Diss road. They gave me a set of directions and after blundering into yet another cul-de-sac I eventually got onto a road system going somewhere, running briskly on an empty main road behind feeble yellow headlamps. And so to tent and sleeping bag.

Day 3: Camping is a leisurely business. A condition of the RAC insurance for convoy driving was that the local police force should be notified and agree. Suffolk Police not only agreed but decided to send an escort along as well. An officer on a BMW arrived at 9.30 am. No one was ready. He accepted some coffee instead. By 10.00 am things were beginning to move, but no more. It was a good fifteen minutes later before everyone had lined up and moved off. It was an excellent sight watching them go, an impressive crocodile of Tractions undulating over the earth track.

And what was I doing watching the convoy depart? I didn’t like the idea of vineyards far away in the depths of Suffolk when there were interesting things close at hand that merited a visit. If you find church visiting and amateur antiquarianism tedious, then don’t read the next few paragraphs. I packed a lunch and headed in the direction of Thetford in my own good time. I turned down the road that led past Shadwell Park. Now the mansion at Shadwell was largely designed by one of the most idiosyncratic and interesting of Victorian architects, Samuel Teulon. The drive was ‘Private’, no signs welcoming visitors. Trees shut out the view of the fantastic house. It was not until I reached Brettanham Church that I could see anything. Then it was the spire on the stable block beyond a narrow steep notch in the treeline. No more. But the church had very





evidently been the subject of attention as well. It seemed all Victorian save the medieval tower, with the Teulon quirks in the new work more sober than usual. It photographed well, nevertheless, as I found out later.

Then past Kilverstone into Thetford. Parking and shopping in the town, sampling a Book Cellar (ooh! there pun not mine) in the process. Then out the other side of the town into Elveden. Elegant estate cottages along the road. An ornate and odd church from the very end of the Gothic Revival. And to a quiet place off the road for lunch. Through Euston, dominated by the invisible Euston Hall and its ducal inhabitant. The disused, ruined church at Knettishall. It was sickening. No roof, walls half crumbled down, nettles waist high inside and out. Malignantly disused and too close to the setting of a horror film to be comfortable. And this in bright sunny early afternoon. One pointed Victorian gravestone with wire mesh round it sticking out of the nettles. Ugh! An unquiet place even without spooks. I've never seen one yet.

I went on to East Harling to 'do' the church. It was unlocked. An orgy of things to digest. A superb Renaissance tondo alleged to be by Torrigiano. Medieval hammer beam roof. Vigorous medieval stained glass in the East window. Medieval painted screens in the nave and side chapel. Medieval benches. Even genuine misericord tip-up seats in the chancel. Five splendid monuments and even two pieces of armour — a rusted morion and a close-helm, bracketed out from the wall. I went

back to the car, collected my binoculars and 'did' the roof and stained glass detail by detail. A lot of restoring had been done, but tactfully.

Lastly, Bridgham. Very close to the camping site as the crow flies but a very roundabout drive by road. A working agricultural village. An intriguing church. 'Churchwarden' Gothic nave, medieval chancel with steep Victorian tiled roof, flint flushwork porch heavily patched with mellow thin Elizabethan bricks, the vestigial traces of a west tower no longer there. Inside, a lot of old woodwork, a late medieval inscription (Olde Englysshe) that was actually intelligible (!) and a completely intact rood stair that led to a non-existent rood gallery. By then the afternoon was getting on and greying. Round the roads back to the Dower House site and a much-needed shower.

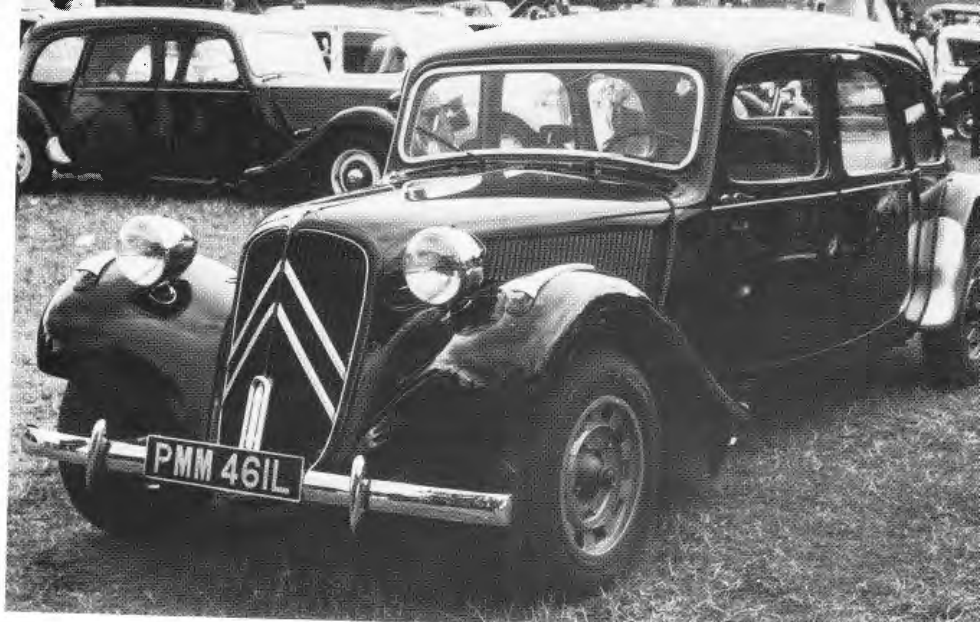
The two beer barrels had rested on their trestles in the marquee for some thirty hours, pushing at the bungs and frothing, the bungs being knocked home from time to time. The TOC at play. Music and riotous drinking on Saturday night. The music was not by last year's 'Jolly Jack', much to the disappointment of the Dutch, who fancied an encore of "John Kanaka ooh-ei-ay". This band had drums and an electric violin and played country dances for learning as you danced, with choreography over the microphone. The barbecue had been re-organised on a centralised system — once the charcoal had been got going, the Dutch applying much effort and technology (plastic foot bellows) to the task.

Then Mrs Savelli and Linda Moore grilled and grilled and the odd sausage dropped through the bars and incinerated until all the bread ran out and all else had been eaten. But as night coldly shut down the barbecue fire was a boon. Fed with wood and logs it unchilled the band's hands and warmed those who were drinking rather than dancing, the dancers themselves hurtling up and down to the beat of the drums lit by low spotlights. Even M. Bibendum was to be seen gallivanting away, a fascinated child in either hand. The band eventually — it wasn't quite midnight — packed up and left leaving the party with too much momentum to stop so easily. Junketings — noisy — went on as I zipped up the tent flap to zip out the night, the wail of a 24-hour race at Snetterton jaggling inexorably through the dark.

Day 4: The Press arrived. An SM, Martin Lloyd's C4 and Graham Brice's Ranelagh roadster were called up and grouped complete with proprietors (and, in Graham Brice's case, with dog) for a photograph.

I mooched off with what film remained in my camera to take my own photos. There was one coupé and no less than four Commerciales — my own well-used grey heap with rear seat missing; the black one with a cracked headlamp from The Arch; a very glossy black one from Holland; and (glossiest of them all) a British-registered import with scarlet Pilote wheels and an immaculately re-trimmed interior, belonging





to Tony Mackertich. There were three Sixes — the Delvaux's, a Dutch one and a Slough small boot down from Birmingham. The arrival rate stepped up by several arithmetical powers and very soon the line-up extended to the ends of the field. Never for a long time had there been such a line-up of Tractions.

The mysterious 24CT Panhard glimpsed at Banham materialised to make a total of three — all of the same type and the same light blue. But not under the bonnet. One had bored-out cylinders with *two* plugs to each head; each pair being activated by a 2CV dual coil triggered off by a twin contact-breaker replacing the original distributor. This conversion was apparently done in France prior to import. In general the Panhard scene appeared much healthier than hitherto, with "Les Amis de Panhard et Levassor" being able to provide advice and parts through their alliance with the corresponding French club.

Last of all there was a soft purr and a green big boot Slough Six, all the way from Minehead. It was on its first long outing after some time off the road and a credit to the perseverance of its 73-year-old proprietor. It was quickly surrounded by an interested group, including me with a cup of coffee in one hand and an apple in the other. By then Nick Hall had carried out his census and missed its arrival. He was most surprised to learn of it and hurried off to see.

Bernie Shaw and Graham Brice had slowly



worked up the line judging. They then retired with Allan Sibley to Bernie's trailer tent to work out who should be blasted and damned by the (non-) award of prizes. Kathy Hayes appeared looking as though she had received a sudden invitation to Sandringham. It materialised that she was competing for the "Best Dressed Traction" award.

Allan announced an innovation. This year, all those placed would *drive* up to M.(Mme?) Bibendum to receive their awards. He read out a list of registration numbers: RUX 416N — me! Oh dear, what was coming . . . ? I fired up and slid tightly into place between the glossiest Commerciale and a stray maroon Light 15. The "nice and the nasty" as I remarked. He had won the "Best Paris Car". I had won the "Traction with the least at-Traction". My car was admittedly amongst the four or five "well used" or "working" Tractions present, but I didn't think it was *that* disgusting. Perhaps Allan and company, knowing that I rarely say "boo" to goslings, had taken a calculated risk?! I was glad and gratified that the Delvaux received the prize for the best overseas Paris car, despite the teeny dent I had left in their rear skirt. The "Most Unusual Car" award went to a most unexpected contender. Not that Marc Roelandt's immaculate small boot Normale was spectacularly unusual but that he had a decidedly non-standard heater. A vast polished aluminium scoop collected hot air from behind the radiator and blew it into the car.

The field got emptier, and emptier. Steve Hall lowered the marquee by himself with much speed and efficiency. I was tired and hungry when we were ready to leave.

There was a suspicion of a raspberry noise rounding the roundabout onto the A11. On the M11 my eyelids began to feel heavy, making me blink exaggeratedly. I had to open the windscreen wide so that the noise and the draught kept me sufficiently wakeful. By the North Circular there were no inhibitions about the raspberries — they were blatant. By that time too a full bladder was becoming uncomfortable. Penetrating the West End on the way to the Arch (to unload) I was wriggling torturedly at every red traffic light. I unloaded in a liquid sense at the Arch. How welcome were the murky depths of the bucket! Unloaded, in both senses, it was all over. Then, wearily, wearily, unpacking, eating, sleeping, getting up late and going to work in the morning.

Peter Arnold

U.K. MEMBERS

Best Paris Car: Tony Mackertich
PMM 461L, Commerciale

Best Slough Car: Martin Lloyd
GT 5885, C4G

Best First Time Entry: Gee Fenwick,
UEH 735, Slough Big 15

Most Unusual: Graham Brice, PV 2231,
Ranalagh 12 Tourer

Best Dressed: Kathy Hayes with
EFR 208, Slough Light 15

Traction Traveled Furthest: John Savelli,
NLS 473 W, Big 15
(Edinburgh)

Longest Journey: Neil Stewart,
CX (Aberdeen)

Traction with Least Attraction: Peter Arnold
RUX 416N, Commerciale

OVERSEAS VISITORS

Best Overseas Car: Bruno Delvaux
3687 QS 28 15/6

Most Unusual/Longest Journey: Marc Roelandt
BBE 904, 11B

Slough Cars Type	Reg. No.	Date or identifying feature
C4G	GT 5885	1930
Ranalagh Tourer	PV 2231	1934
Light 12	FYX 904	1939
Light 12	FYP 677	1939
Light 15	GTJ 67	1946
Light 15	KUC 474	1949
Light 15	EFR 208	Small Boot
Light 15	HER 729	Small Boot
Light 15	PNE 796	1954
Light 15	MNP 795	Big Boot
Light 15	ULX 445	Big Boot
Light 15	TYD 250	1955
Light 15	ROK 205	Big Boot
Big 15	JJF 6	1952
Big 15	PXJ 302	Big Boot
Big 15	UEH 735	1953
Big 6	MYP 575	1952 (Small Boot)
Big 6	UPA 992	1953
Paris & Belgian Cars		
Faux Cabriolet (coupé)	580 TPD	1937
11BL		
(Onze Legère)	60 27 12	Big Boot
11BL	RJO 500J	Big Boot
11BLD	VUC 8805	1955
11B		
(Onze Normale)	BBE 904	1950
11B	MFL 913W	Small Boot
11B	TEP 800	1952 Big Boot
11B	WRX 878H	Big Boot
11B	VLY 67	Big Boot
11B	NLS 473W	Big Boot
Commerciale	PMM 461L	1954
Commerciale	49 32 ZX	1955
Commerciale	RUX 416N	1956
Commerciale	356 HE 86	1956
Commerciale	1626 SC 42	Big Boot
15-6	83 DA 06	1951
15-6	3687 QS 28	Small Boot



TRACTION ARRIERE

Correspondence to
Martin Lloyd

A section devoted to rear wheel drive Citroëns produced between 1919 and 1938.

Here we have two cars of similar types, the first, as it was seen in use in the late 1920s. It is in fact, a Slough built B14 which was owned by relatives of our new Social Secretary, Kathy Hayes. Kathy was unsure when the photograph was taken, but we can tell from the side lights on the front wings that the car is of Slough origin circa 1927. Thanks Kathy for the loan of the photo, anyone else who has any showing traction arrière in use?

The second shows how you might find the car today if you were very lucky. It is in fact a 1930 AC4 commerciale, the forerunner of the C4F and Gs, Paris built. Lin and I were fortunate enough to see it while on the TOC rally in Norfolk. We were told of it by Tom Evans prior to the rally.

As can be seen from the photo, it is a long car; this is amply demonstrated by the fact that the glass-fibre Austin body shell does not overhang the rear of the car. It is 13ft 10in long, some 16 inches longer than my C4G, that is excluding the bumpers which were not fitted to AC4. However, the overall width is 5 inches narrower at 5ft 2in, which all added to give the illusion of length greater than it was. The engine is also smaller at 1628cc.

The car was originally used as a bread delivery vehicle and has a tailgate which hinges down. Its present owner, Mr. Bizzel, has had it for some years now and when time permits intends to restore it. A most interesting project, and a real eye-catcher when it's on the road I'll wager.

In closing I should like to thank Mrs. Bizzel for allowing us to view the car and particularly for keeping Lin out of the way (sorry I mean for entertaining her) while I had a more detailed inspection of the car.

Happy tractioning, Avant and Arrière —

M.L.



Technical Tips

ANY COLOUR SO LONG AS IT'S BLACK, OR . . .

POST WAR

Mist Green with Fawn upholstery
Regal Red with Red upholstery
Metallic Grey with Red upholstery
Black with choice of Brown, Fawn or Red up to last models.

PRE-WAR

Standard Colour Schemes 12, Sports 12, 15

Light Fawn with Beige leather
Regal Red with Red leather
Imperial Blue with Blue leather
Mist Grey with Blue or Red leather
Black with Red, Brown or Beige leather

15 Only

Deep Blue with Blue leather
Maroon with Beige or Red leather

Family 15 Only

All Black with Brown or Red leather

Black and Regal Red with Red leather
Black and Imperial Blue with Red leather

Optional on any Colour Scheme using Same Colour Leather

Fawn cloth and Brown leather
Fawn cloth and Red leather
Red cloth and Red leather
Blue/Grey cloth and Blue leather

Information relates to Slough cars, kindly supplied by Graham Sage. For colours of French cars see Traksjon 13-12.



Erratum

Due to an unfortunate error the newspaper cutting referred to in the last issue was omitted. Since it is rather interesting we have reproduced it here: and readers will refer back to Traction Arrière in the last issue no doubt, when all will become clear. *Ed.*

FREE RIDES TO HARRODS' MONSTER CAR ADVERTISEMENT SCHEME.

Desirous that the public should have every opportunity of testing the exceptional capabilities and quality of the Citroën, "The French Universal Car," Messrs. Gaston, Ltd., 212-214, Great Portland-street, W.1 (who are the sole concessionaires), have placed 100 of these cars at Messrs. Harrods' disposal this week.

All the cars, which will be utilised to convey passengers free of charge to and from Harrods' great piano sale, are being driven solely by ex-officers who are competent motor drivers.

This unique publicity scheme is the first of its kind ever undertaken in the British Isles. It has been organised by Messrs. Gaston because they feel that in the Citroën they have a proposition which is bound to interest all those who motor for business or for pleasure. This wonderful little car sells at £495, and its abnormally low petrol consumption—38 miles to the gallon—makes it from the economy point of view a most desirable car. The car may be purchased from Messrs. Harrods' Ltd., who are agents, on the hire-purchase system.

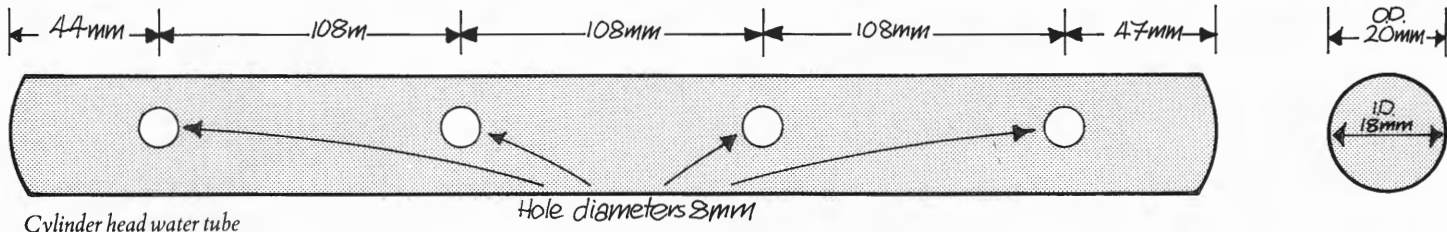
UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES

Several helpful hints this month!

1. When changing timing chains ensure that the pinion tabwashers are well clear of the chain. A protruding tabwasher recently caused Charlie Platten's broken link to come adrift.

2. Mixing tyres can be dangerous; several cars in the Club have exhibited the wrong mix; Michelin's own notes are included as guidance.

3. Bad running; two things often overlooked are a) the fuel line and tank filter — petrol starvation through air leaks or a blocked filter, and b) the cylinder head water tube — these rust, giving unequal cooling of combustion chambers. The following diagram will prove useful info:



4. Swivel rubbers — the new ones supplied by the Club Shop are efficient but can be difficult to fit. Just invert them and then roll back into position — and if you get into difficulty old brake shoe springs can prove very useful if you're careful not to puncture the rubbers.

5. Door hinge pins — a simple alternative easily available are those used on Austin

Allegros. Thanks for the info to Steve Southgate.

6. Petrol pump drain holes — make sure these are clear — a punctured diaphragm recently resulted in a Club member ruining his bottom end by lubricating his engine with petrol — which could have been avoided.

7. Following the Editor's note in the last issue about using 17mm Nyloc nuts on the

driveshaft flanges — don't be tempted to put spring washers under the nuts. They are not necessary and can cause fouling of the cardan joint giving a lumpy rhythm when driving. (The Nyloc nut idea is not new for this application. A certain Mr. Hodgekiss suggested it in the *Citroënian* nearly ten years ago!)

J.G.

ALLAN SIBLEY and JOHN DODSON



It must be three years since Allan cheerfully accepted the post of TOC Social Secretary, when our events were rather more haphazard than at present. Allan was keen to see this improve, and had some ideas he would like to try out. Members must agree that these ideas have certainly worked, and the Club's events have never been better. The last three Annual Rallies, organised in conjunction with local members, have been great successes, really setting the standard for the future. I know a lot of hard work, masterminded by Allan has gone into making them so memorable. Other events such as the "Classic Car Show" have also shown Allan's enthusiasm and artistic talent. He has done much to improve relationships with other clubs, particularly overseas Traction clubs; and reciprocal club visits are now regular events.

Allan has decided that he now needs to spend more time getting his own Traction back on the road, and looking after his business interests. Although he will remain on the Committee it is with the Club's sincerest thanks that we let Allan resign from this post, which will be carried on by Kathy Hayes. Many thanks Allan! . . . and thanks Kathy, for taking on the job.

Long-standing TOC members will remember that John Dodson, along with Reg Winstone, was the founder of the TOC in 1976. I remember well the first informal meeting held at John's cottage, with prospective TOC members turning up in response to John's ad in *Exchange & Mart*. From there the TOC flourished, and it was John and Reg, who with their own resources published "Volume 1 No. 1" of *Floating Power*, to ensure that the Club got off to a positive start.

John has found it increasingly difficult to help with Club matters, because of his own commitments, and has therefore decided to resign from the Committee. The Club owes its sincerest thanks to John for his vision in those early days, his work as the first Chairman, and in setting the high standards for *Floating Power*. We shall look forward to seeing John, Judy and the coupé at future events. When I see him next I mean to ask John whether the TOC has really turned out as he envisaged it, and whether he ever thought that "Volume 1 No. 1" would become such a "collector's item"!

A.G.H.



A day at the races

Where were you all? THE CLASSIC CAR EVENT of the year at Donnington was sadly lacking in Tractions. None in concours, one racing and two spectating. It was a fantastic weekend and all it would have cost you was food, booze and petrol (free camping, free disco on Saturday night and free entry to the track — I had an unlimited supply of tickets). Next year I hope you'll all be there.

Well, the racing is improving all the time. I was at Snetterton on 14th June with assistance from Tom Evans & Co. — my tyres started to disintegrate in practice so he lent me one off his car for the race! Greg was at Caldwell that day — a Bristol 405 rolled in front of him at practice. A bit of a shame as the owner had just finished restoring it and had entered it for the concours at Donnington.

At Brands I nearly caught an MG Magnette but a Morris Minor got in my way. The big Jag that I'd driven earlier in the season was written off at Druids by one of the team.

Two weeks later at Brands we tried a bit harder. I went grass cutting at Paddock in practice and Greg spun (not again!) at the same place in the race. We got our photo in *Autosport*.

Donnington was next. Unfortunately Greg blew up his engine on the previous Thursday and didn't compete. Saturday's Classic Saloon race was very exciting (except my clutch was slipping) and I finished second in class. On Sunday in the pre-'65 and all-comers I was 3 seconds faster — just trying to keep up with the Lancia Stratos!

Mallory on the 2nd August was a very hot day (even hotter in a traction as you all know)

for the modified series. I am slowly catching the mk 1 Jag driven by the other lady driver.

I've had problems over the last month with a slipping clutch. The plate is very worn after only 4000 miles. Since it's a Light 12 the only available ones are abroad. So I've just got a competition clutch made up — stronger springs and a stronger lining. I'm at Mallory again this Sunday so we'll see how it goes.

The twin carbs have turned out to be a waste of time and money. I've given up with them and will try other single carbs. If anyone has some twin solexes they want to sell I might be interested.

Hopefully by the end of September I'll have a 4-speed gearbox. I'll let you have the details next time.

Vive la team L'Escargot.

The Things They Say . . .

"The only real excitement of this tedious event was the sight of Greg Hayes gyrating his unwieldy Citroën Big 15 through Paddock!" — Marcus Pye, *Autosport*, July 16, 1981.

A.L.



RACE RESULTS		Position	F.L.T.	M.P.H.	
Snetterton	14 June	AL	18/24	2 00.6	57.22
Cadwell	14 June	GH	9/10	2 33.66	52.71
Cadwell	21 June	AL	11/12	2 38.3	51.17
Brands	28 June	AL	12/14	1 14.3	58.32
		GH	10/14	1 19.8	54.27
Castle Combe	4 July	AL	16/21	1 48.0	61.33
		GH	12/13	1 18.07	55.50
Donnington	25 July	AL	15/18	2 15.44	52.02
		AL	18/21	2 12.27	53.26
Mallory	2 August	AL	12/14	1 19.71	60.97

FUTURE RACES

12th September	10th October
Oulton Park	Silverstone
13th September	25th October
Donnington	Mallory or Snetterton
20th September	31st October
Snetterton	4-hour Relay at
4th October	Silverstone
Lydden	

We will need a lot of help for this Relay event as we shall have a Citroën team. At present this consists of two tractions, a GS and possibly a 2CV.

CITROËN 11 CV



practical CLASSICS

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Classified

Traction Avant Engineering, Leeds. Mechanical and restoration work undertaken on your Traction. Engines rebuilt, white metalling, line boring and balancing. Specialist bead blasting service for those rusty components. Twin-pot servicing and repairs. Tel: John (0532) 683123 7-8pm evenings.



Auto Retro: Purchase, sales, swapping motorbikes, special cars, miniatures, spare parts, miscellaneous. Boudewijnpark, Bruges, Belgium, September 19 - 20, 1981.

For Sale: Hardy-Spicer inner cardan joint repair kits. £9.50 each including p & p. Contact Colin Moss, 35 Manor Road North, Hinchley Wood, Esher, Surrey. Tel: 01-398 3176.

For Sale: Renovation project Lt. 15 Big Boot 1954 Slough model. All there bar the rad, plus spares. £400 o.n.o., it just takes patience and time. Derek Steele, 13 Chestnut Street, Arboretum, Worcester WR1 1PA, tel: 0905 22171.

For Sale: 1928 Citroën B12/24 Saloon, restored to original condition; dark brown over beige, black wings and running boards. Interior completely original. Full working order, concours condition, £7,500. Mr. B.L. Lawrence, tel: Nightingale 566.

For Sale: Framed prints on glass (19" x 13") in silver/grey, black and copper, to commemorate the founding of the TOC in 1976. Very limited quantity (only 5 left). £18 each. Contact Colis Moss, 35 Manor Road North, Hinchley Wood, Esher, Surrey. Tel: 01-398 3176.

For Sale: Big 15 (Paris built) 1951. Beige/brown. Tax, MOT, excellent condition. Contact Jack Ingle, tel: day, 01-658 3634; evening, 01-650 6089.



For Sale:

1953 Paris built Big 15. Off the road for 4 months due to owner abroad. MOT just before laid up, VGC all round. Interior professionally re-trimmed apart from head-lining. Exterior: virtually no rust, small patch on boot but generally v.g. Used every day until recently. Largely rebuilt about 2 years ago, 6 months ago new selectors, new exhaust, new battery and tyres. Many spares. £1,600 o.n.o. Piers Marmion, Shopp Hill Farm, Nr. Haslemere, Surrey. Tel: North-chapel (042878) 251.



For Sale: Lt 15/Big 15 front wings in glass-fibre coloured black, orange or light blue. Made only to order, £35.00 each. Small Boot rear wing available October. (Saw bit off to fit Big Boot). Mike Tennant, 49 Hollywell Road, Mitcheldean, Glos, GL17 0DL.

Tool & Manual Hire Service: Front end tools for hire from JG at Club Shop. Deposit and hire charges as follows:

	Deposit	Hire
Front hub & outer bearing puller	£25	£2.50
Top ball breaker	£10	£1.00
Bottom ball breaker	£20	£2.00
Inner bearing nut spanner	£5	£0.50

Hires are for nominal periods of 7 days, although earlier return will be appreciated. Deposits are refundable only on SAFE return; any damage to tools will be deducted from deposits. You fetch and return please. Prior booking ensures availability.



Workshop Manuals Hire Service: We have a full range of Traction Manuals for loan. Please send details of your car, together with a deposit cheque for £20, plus a separate postal order for postage of £1. Make cheque payable to the T.O.C. and the postal order uncrossed payable to G. BRICE. Please enclose a SAE for the return of your deposit. The Manuals are available from the Editor.

For Sale: Back numbers of *Floating Power* Vol. 1 no 6, Vol 2 nos 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6, Vol 3 nos 1 & 2. £2.00 each + postage from G. Carter, 15 Well Garth Bank, Bramley, Leeds 13 1EW, York.

Professional Retrimming: Club member David Mills offers professional retrimming services. Prices on request: Colchester 330184.

Wiring and electrical problems with your Vintage, Thoroughbred or Classic car? If so contact Graham on Maidstone 62725 for the help you require. Traction's a speciality. Or write to Graham Sage, 13 Senacre Lane, Sutton Rd., Maidstone, Kent, ME15 8HB.

