

An eggciting tale of rural restoration...

NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM

The epic story of the rebuild of Nigel Webb's 1953 Slough built Light 15, starring the owner and an anonymous member of the TOC.



NIGEL'S LIGHT 15 was the subject of an article in a Citroenian in 1976 and of much legpulling by family and friends (i.e. me) as it was expected to be on the road next year (1977). Like many of us, other commitments have so far prevented this from happening; however, activity began early last winter.

It had always been Nigel's intention to use the rebuilt front cradle of my 1951 Light 15, which was gathering dust and cobwebs in an Ilminster lock-up. As a result of much pulling and pushing of Tractions onto and off trailers, three cars duly arrived at his new home and were put in the disused (?) poultry house. So one muggy December evening, we removed the cradle from my car as easy as pie and fancying ourselves as up-and-coming Fred Annells, we went for a pint. When the car returned from its respray, the real business began of sorting out the financial aspects: this was rather a heated discussion and became quite nasty – "You don't even drive a Citroen!" "Let's face it Ralph, you'll never rebuild your car!" Below the belt stuff of course, and by this time were hoping each other's crisps were past their sell-by date and had gone soggy. Reaching the bottom of the glasses, we realised we had achieved agreement (such is the power of Wadworths 6X) and the landlord started replacing the bottles, glasses and mirror on the wall behind the bar.

It was Nigel's idea for us to rebuild his car after he had completed the depressing strip down. I was carried along by Nigel's enthusiasm and optimism until I remembered whom he was relying on. Not

being mechanically minded (I always thought wet liners were off-season cruises), and having been accustomed to using the workshop manual for instructions to check the oil and water, I was somewhat hesitant but did not want to appear "chicken". Somehow or other, the cradle was removed from the car – (Nigel strained and heaved whilst I groaned! technical tip: do NOT separate the steering column from the rack unless you have plenty of time to spare and are bored.) We spent the next two weeks trying to unite new racks and columns. After much deliberation and thought, we got the whole thing back together, and what's more, the steering wheel turned the front wheels!! Cussing ourselves for being so featherbrained, we congratulated each other and thought again that Fred might yet be equalled!!

Lying under the car on the deep litter floor, one was constantly adjusting one's position to avoid penetrating dry bones of avian origin and trying not to disturb the dust too much to avoid getting pigeon fancier's lung or psittacosis/Citroencosis? Working around the car in the shadowy corners, one could easily imagine a Rhode Island Red or White Leghorn strutting pompously across the floor, especially after a drop or two of alcoholic beverage hunched over a slave cylinder. Tightening up the front hubs was no easy task for two bantamweights like us, but by combining the power of our sparrows kneecaps, success was achieved (I held the spanner whilst Nigel turned the wheel). We had borrowed Fred's front hub pullet earlier in the proceedings and had found sorting out

the brakes was a straight forward affair; consequently us birdbrains were cock-a-hoop that something had been plain sailing. By this time, our wives had felt they had become grease widows, but for us henpecked husbands it was a race against time to get the traction ready for the "In search of England" rally. So despite the fowl weather, we were cooped up two evenings a week working on the car. At the end of a night's work I would say, "Ptarmigan Nigel" (Time again Nigel) and we would knock off and relate to our wives some interesting aspect of the session's work, i.e. the male and female unions would not couple; queer thing, I am sure half the time they thought we had been watching blue movies.

Five weeks to go before TOC were to arrive at Glastonbury and I deliberately omitted to replace the needle valve in the carb. to test whether Nigel's engineer cousin was worth his meat or not. Apart from this and a few other grouses, Andrew was quite impressed with our efforts to build a Light 15 Quattro – after all Nigel was paying him well, although I thought it was a poultry sum. However being of a modest nature, we are ducking this praise and trust that the eagle-eyed members of the TOC will take up our challenge to rebuild Nigel's '38 Twelve during their weekend at Glastonbury.

P.S. For security reasons it was not possible to photograph the rebuild.

P.P.S. All characters mentioned in this narrative are fictional and their resemblance to any past, present or future member of the TOC is coincidental.

Chairman
Roger, Dyer,
Hill Top, Tuckey Grove,
Send Marsh,
Woking, Surrey.

Treasurer
David Shepherd,
23 Longford Road,
Bognor Regis, Sussex.

Social Secretary
Mike Wheals,
The Round House,
113 London Road,
Whitchurch, Hampshire.

Membership Secretary
Steve Reed,
1 Terwick Cottage,
Rogate,
Near Petersfield,
Hampshire.

Club Spares
Peter Simper,
Alec Bilney,
215 Whitton Road,
Twickenham,
Middx TW2 7QZ.
(orders by post only)

Standing Committee
Philippe Allison,
Alec Bilney,
Rodney Burn,
John Gillard,
Tony Hodgekiss,
Steve Reed,
Graham Sage,
David Shepherd,
Peter Simper,
Bob Wade,
Sam Wells.

Club Shop
Laurie Turnbull,
21 Ravenswood Road,
Balham,
London SW12 9PN.

Spares Technical Adviser
Graham Sage,
13 Senacre Lane,
Sutton Road,
Maidstone, Kent.

Eastern Area Contact
Tom and Rosie Evans,
West Cottage, Rectory Lane,
Mulbarton, Norwich.

West Midlands Area Contact
Simon Saint,
Snigs End, Danes Green,
Clains, Worcester.

Central Southern Area Contact
Mike Wheals,
The Round House,
113 London Road,
Whitchurch, Hampshire.

Typesetting and Printing
Peter Stenner,
Bailes Fastprint,
84 Claypath, Durham City.

Editor
Bob Wade,
29 Goodwood Close,
Midhurst, West Sussex.

Design
Sam Wells,
91 Kneller Gardens,
Isleworth,
Middlesex TW7 7NR.

Honorary Life Member
Fred Annells.

Floating Power

Volume II, Number 4

September, Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Six

OUR Summer touring Rally 'In Search of England', to celebrate ten years of TOC existence, finally reached journey's end in Kent on 30th August. The fact that the whole tour was completed without serious incident or mishap reflects directly on the fine organisation and detailed planning that went into the venture.

Accordingly, the TOC Committee, and I am sure all members, would like to express our thanks and congratulations for a job well done to Mike Wheals, Alec Bilney and all the area organisers. From reports received so far it would seem that everybody who made the effort to participate thoroughly enjoyed themselves, even meeting fellow members from their own area whom they did not know existed! Certainly the general consensus of opinion was that those who did not participate missed out on a very enjoyable event.

The Rally was also singularly successful in its aim to bring the Traction and the TOC to the attention of the general public, as Membership Sec. Steve Reed reports numerous enquiries and applications for membership.

In order to give comprehensive coverage of the Rally in the next issue of FP, I would be pleased to receive any photographs that members have taken as the tour went through their area, plus copies of the many press reports that were featured in local papers. The usual assurance concerning the safety and returns of photographs etc. will of course apply, so please send them to me as soon as possible so that we may compile a fitting memento to this fine event.

This Summer certainly seems to have been one of the busiest we've had, event-wise, and reports of several of these appear in this issue. There is, however, one more event in the near future which sounds particularly interesting and well worth a visit, before you put your Traction in 'wraps' for the Winter. The Bluebell Railway is one of the few surviving steam railways in Britain and runs through five miles of wooded country between Horsted Keynes and Sheffield Park, near Ardingly. The line was closed by British Rail in 1958, but the Bluebell Railway Preservation Society bought the track and rolling stock and re-opened the line some three years later, with a staff of mostly volunteers. The trip, which has been kindly organised by Tunbridge Wells member Mark Booker, will take place on Sunday, 2nd November, and will include a look at the railway sheds and the restorations that go on there. Full details of the 'meeting' are in this issue, and it would be nice if we could treat this event along the same lines (forgive the pun!) as the highly successful TOC 'French Picnic' events of a few

years ago, with a big turn-out of Tractions. Look forward to seeing you, and your Traction, there!

In the July '85 issue of FP (Vol 10 No 3) we published details of an 'alternative' spares scheme, which was the brain-child of Humberside member Roger Williams. The scheme utilises the many 'alternative' parts that are available from other vehicles, but which fit or suit the Traction, and usually at a fraction of the cost! Members were invited to send details of any parts that they knew of to Roger so that he could list them, together with part number, source and price etc. for the benefit of all members. As Roger said at the time, if a breakdown occurs and members knew that 'suitable' spares were readily available, more people may use their Tractions on a regular basis! Roger is shortly to compile a list of the parts that he is aware of so far; therefore, if members do know any of 'alternative' parts please contact Roger at the address given in the Classified Ads. column, and make sure they are included in his listing.

The first ever FP Crossword was featured in the last issue and with the offer of a prize for the first all-correct answer received, I was fully expecting a huge response! So much so, in fact that I forewarned the postman to carry another sack! I am, therefore, somewhat disappointed to be still awaiting the first all-correct answer. Hang it all, dammit, I'm still awaiting any answer at all! What a reticent lot you are. To give you some encouragement, however, I can now reveal that the prize for the first all-correct answer received by me will be a superb Club Sweatshirt, ideal for the coming winter months. If no correct answer is received, then the prize will go to the first incorrect answer, *provided* it is submitted with a 'Member's Car' article for the magazine! I can't say fairer than that, can I!?

Safe Tracting
Bob Wade.

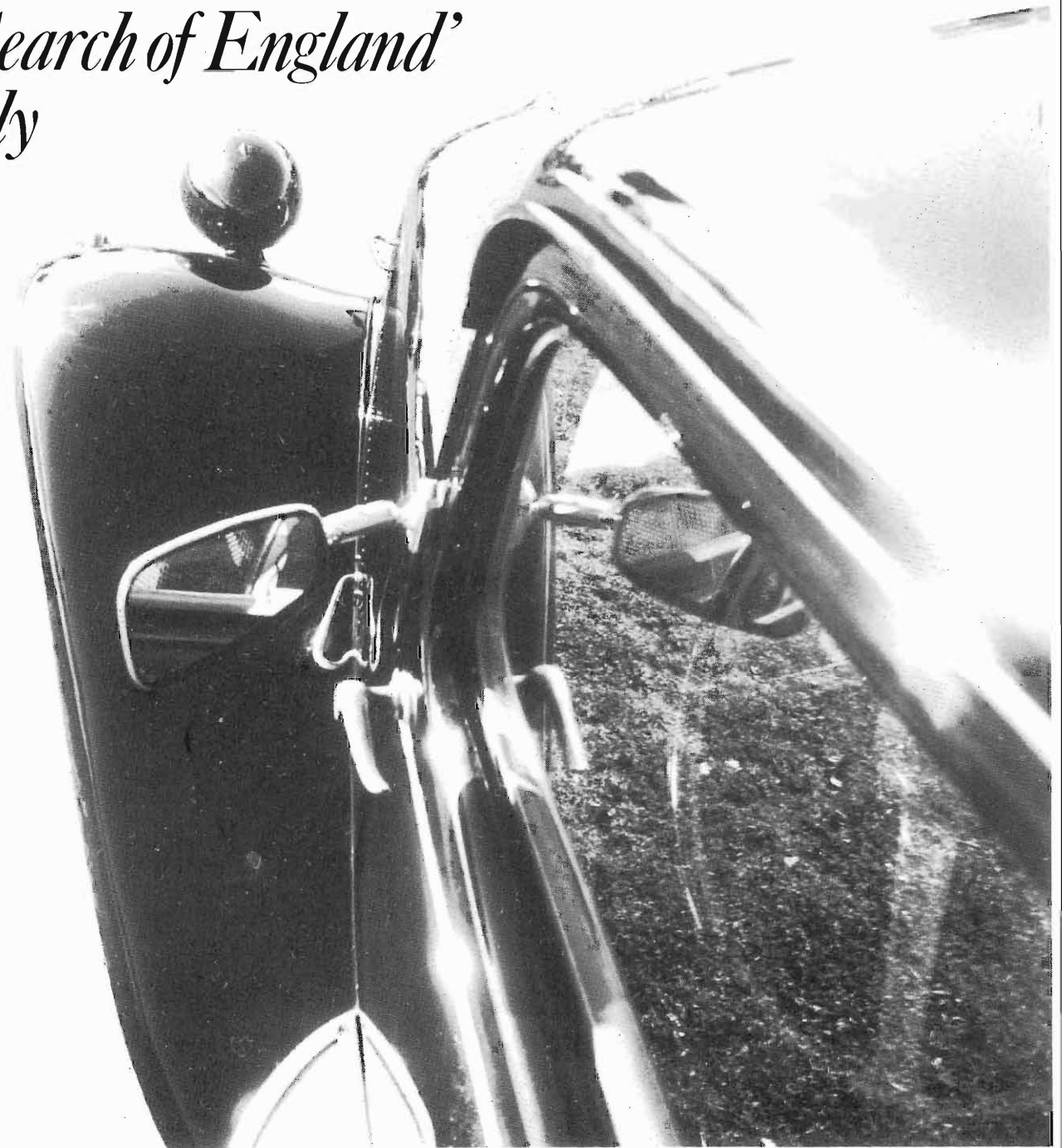
A VIEW of the RALLY

*Alec Bilney takes a
personal look back at the
'In Search of England'
Rally*

THE ROUND-BRITAIN RALLY, as this year's TOC rally has come to be known, began from Windsor Great Park on 2nd August. I had been involved with the planning stages from its inception but the change of venue of the start was as much a surprise to me as to anyone else.

Because of this we lingered beyond the time we had intended to leave, so that anyone diverting was able to find us. Thus it was not until 1300 that a dozen Tractions fired up and formed the first Convoy of the Month. Twelve cars was a considerable reduction – by a factor of four – on the number we had envisaged, but it still produced an impressive spectacle, with chrome and paintwork gleaming in the sun, and our new rally plaques wobbling in the breeze.

By the first stop, a modest nine miles on, we had negotiated Slough. Surely the most awful collection of roundabouts and peculiar right turns the rally was ever to encounter. Naturally we had become split up, but this served as a lesson to us . . . stick closer



together in future. Somehow everybody got to the Crooked Billet (great planning – it turned out to be the only pub in southern England that did not serve food at the bar on Saturdays!) and parked together. The first of many miles of light-sensitive celluloid began to be exposed. But more importantly for the future, names were exchanged and companionships made among people who were to share many hundreds of miles and many days. We had two Dutch cars, one Swiss car, two French cars and the rest UK.

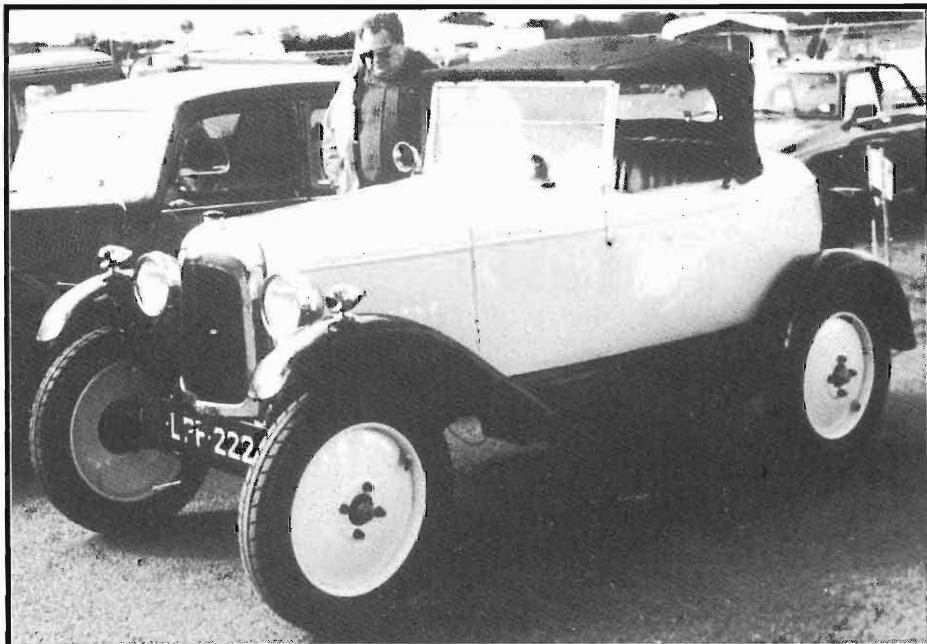
The first day's journey, to a campsite North of Cambridge, was the only one that involved a long convoy journey on a motorway. Since the sun was shining we were able to show underprivileged travellers in Fords and BMWs and coaches how the cognoscenti manage things, but nevertheless were glad to get onto the Fen roads when we could. At one point here my car was in the lead with Carol driving, me navigating. I called for a left turn off the straight main road and we turned. All the others went straight on. We waited a few minutes, thinking they had missed our signal and would be back after a U-turn. We waited longer. Finally we went after them and found them bent over maps spread on bonnets, having assumed we were off on our own. No one had been doing other than follow the car in front! Another lesson for us, navigate yourself as well as follow the crowd.

After the first day's journey, the rest were a mixture of some convoy work and some independent driving. The foreigners became willing to venture forth on their own, the Brits wished to visit relatives and friends along the way, shopping had to be done, jeans and tee-shirts had to be washed and souvenirs had to be hunted for. Each day one or more rendezvous were made at which individuals or groups could, if they wished, meet up. There was always a final resort of going straight to that night's campsite and the local organisers welcoming arms.

Small incidents stick in the mind. One day in Lincolnshire, six cars were on a long straight road – and in that area roads are Long and Straight. Mike and Diane Stacey decided to speed on to a lunch stop, so overtook the convoy and went ahead. As they went their small-boot traction stayed in exactly the same place in our windscreens but got smaller and smaller, looking just like the cars on French road signs. It gradually lifted off the road in the heat haze and disappeared.

Our initial contact with Peter Stenner in the Northeast was at a mini roundabout where an intense figure in a beret was waving to guide us into the correct traffic lane, seemingly unaware that his grey Mercedes parked casually on the verge ensured it anyway.

Our first sight of the lake district as we came over the crest of a hill from Carlisle, was as breathtakingly beautiful as postcards of the area would have us believe. It was a clear sunny day and Bob Cuppage, the local organiser, was setting a cracking pace on roads he knew, and ignoring views we had come a thousand kilometres to see. It was an exquisite delight, therefore, to be able to press on when his radiator boiled.



... the opportunity of a close inspection of Peter's Cloverleaf was really gilding the lily ...

Most people camped each night, but a few had made the decision early on that the comforts of B & B were more suited to their way of life. On the evening that we arrived in Richmond, Yorkshire, it had been raining off and on all day, beginning again as we turned into the campsite. No less than five carloads – 13 people – chose a soft bed indoors that night. What luck that David Mason, our man on the spot, had arranged such a good one. Also, since it was a particularly spectacular town with a castle high up, overlooking a swift pebble-bedded river with waterfalls, we were all glad the weather was friendly and clear the next morning to allow us to enjoy the sights at their best.

We should mention here that a traction towing a caravan was seen leaving the A1 at Scotch Corner and going towards Richmond. It was never seen again and we wondered if it was a TOC member. 7th August. Anyone?

The reception by Peter and Annette Stenner on our first evening with them was another very pleasant occasion. A generous spread of food and flowing wine, together with most enjoyable company and magnificent scenery rolling away from the house, ensured a contentment with our lot. The opportunity of a close inspection of Peter's cloverleaf was really gilding the lily.

Mind you, there were lighter moments when Mike Wheals decided he could replay his video tapes through the Stenner TV set. A hoard of tractionists gathered round to watch, hoping to see themselves, their tractions, and some scenes they recognised. The latter certainly came about. Cathedral after cathedral was displayed, lovingly zooming in on gargoyles and stained glass windows. Between them was some TOC convoy driving, filmed while Mike was alone in his car, steering, navigating, changing gear, saving lives by narrowly missing people – and videotaping! One sequence, taken by pointing the camera at the door mirror, gave us the rare treat of one minute's close-up of his offside top door hinge. Since Mike is quite sensitive about it all, we'll just say it is a beautiful hinge.

For Carol and I the highlight of the trip was the visit to Hadrian's Wall. The weather was at its finest, with a clear blue sky, and visibility unlimited. We had hours to inspect the two thousand year old Roman erection at a particularly fine site. Annette Stenner said in a modest, eyes-downcast way that they had hoped to be able to show us Northumbria at its best. Then she spread her arms out and indicated the world. By the time lunch was over, a crab salad on the riverside patio of a routier restaurant, we decided she had managed it!

Mike Wheals must have very different memories of Beverley from the rest of us. While we were sightseeing and eating, he was working with the local organiser, Roger Williams, to make his four speed gearbox linkage smoother. "Take a couple of hours", he had predicted. "I think you are a bit optimistic, there", said Roger. Two days later, as the rest of us pulled out, Mike, somewhat hungry had to agree. However he had been able to view the Humber Bridge control tower with us when we arrived, and rejoined us at Richmond, saying the linkage was now "superb!"

As we travelled the land local newspapers were naturally fascinated by this motley collection of similar cars from different nations. We had been featured in five, at least, in the ten days I was on the rally.

But all good things must come to an end, and after the second weekend I had to return to work. My car had put in over nineteen hundred kilometres by the time I got home. I hope we can learn what Mike Wheals or Jean-Pierre Plantard, the only two who did the whole trip, managed to drive.

As a postscript I rejoined the rally for an afternoon when it came to Beaulieu on the 27th. It was thoroughly enjoyable meeting so many friends again. Nine black tractions were on parade, and represented us inside the museum. Poor Mike Wheals looked ready for hospital ... or perhaps a nice holiday!

Fifty years ago
 Francois Lecot
 made an epic
 'raid d'endurance'.
 This summer
 Fred Annells
 joined the French
 in celebrating
 the anniversary...

RUN TO THE SOUTH



Fred Annells (right) and John Waghorn at Fontainebleau.

IN THE AUTUMN of 1985 there appeared in 'Floating Power' an invitation addressed to fellow Tractionists from the French Club 'Traction Universelle' to take part in an event in May 1986. They were to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the feat of driving 400,000 kms (quarter of a million miles) by the long-distance driver Francois Lecot – a 56-year-old Frenchman.

Lecot was engaged by Citroen to prove to the world the concept and durability of front wheel drive in a newly-designed car embodying all the best features of other cars – and which forms the basis of our modern cars today. André Citroen had taken the gamble, but, sadly for Lecot, the company ran into financial trouble whereupon Michelin took over. The choice for Lecot was either to give up or to carry on by other means, so he decided to get sponsorship himself and use some of his own funds to set about this incredible feat.

The story as I read it some twenty years ago really captured my imagination – "750 miles per day, every day for one year". The magazine of the Citroen Car Club, the 'Citroenian', printed the story a few years ago under the title 'There Goes Lecot'. His record stands today in the Guinness Book of Records. The recent car ad claiming 'man and machine in perfect harmony' could well apply to Lecot, who spent 18 to 19 hours at the wheel every day!

So, for me, here was a chance to relive in some small way this epic journey. A phone

call to John and Josie Waghorn of BWB Motors brought their enthusiastic agreement to take part; we contacted the French club and were accepted. It said that one hundred cars were to journey – not race – from Paris to Monte Carlo and back, a leisurely drive of ten days to follow as near as possible the Route Nationale roads N6–N7. John's black Commerciale – which had in 1984 covered the route of Lecot's Paris-Moscow run and had been to the North Cape and back in 1985 – was still in good shape; and so it was on 6 May that the Coupé was in company with it in France. It was almost fourteen years ago to the day when six cars from England belonging to members of the Citroen Car Club joined up to spend a holiday visiting Switzerland, Luxembourg, Germany, Belgium and France – covering a distance of over 2,000 miles, with the only problems being a puncture and a squeak from a dynamo bearing! Our friendship has survived all these years, though sadly one of our greatest friends Cliff Brookes has subsequently passed away.

This year, the big day came on 8 May. We assembled at the Trocadero opposite the Eiffel Tower, and at first there were just three cars – not a great way to start, I thought. A very cold wind was blowing and it looked like rain, and I was dreaming about the warm and sunny South of France. Suddenly, it all began to happen – Tractionists everywhere coming from all directions, Big 6s, Light 15s, Roadsters, Big 15s; and all in splendid condition as the French club had said it was to be a great tribute to Lecot.

We parked in rows, and our police escorts on their BMW bikes chatted amicably to the drivers – today was a national holiday, so their job wasn't too demanding to keep other traffic stationary while we moved easily along the roads leading out of Paris. The organisers greeted us (to my relief speaking very good English and we were told our first stop was at Cartiers for continental breakfast and briefing – some six miles away. We quickly formed a long convoy, our police escorts speeding past to ensure our safe passage at crossroads. Other motorists couldn't believe their eyes – maybe they thought another invasion was taking place! At the road junctions it was a fantastic sight – Tractionists ahead and behind as far as one could see, people on the kerbside and at windows waved and cheered, cars flashed headlights and their horns made a terrific din. We felt like VIPs and enjoyed every minute of it! Soon we left the streets of the city behind and headed out to the suburbs, where we reached our first destination. At breakfast, we chatted amongst ourselves, meeting old friends and making new ones. The main topics of conversation were, of course, the cars and the intended trip – the Coupé attracted a fair bit of attention being English-built, though offers to buy were declined! The Rally plaques were issued and bolted to the bumper irons, and friends wished us bon voyage.

Looking at our itinerary, we saw that our next stop was at Fontainebleau for lunch. We departed at 10.30 precisely, and were soon on the autoroute. The road surface on this section caused some of us to pull up, as it felt

as though we had a flat tyre – but we examined each wheel and all was well.

At 12 noon we arrived at Fontainebleu, parked in the large square and went to the Hotel Napoleon for a splendid lunch. I didn't really fancy a long drive to Beaune afterwards – a nice nap to sleep it off would have been much better!

The distance from Paris to Beaune was about 200 miles, and the car was running sweetly. I had given it a thorough check-over in the previous weeks, with new brake parts, electrics, tyres etc. I felt it would see the trip out without fuss or bother, but as the journey went on a couple of things did give cause for concern. As it started to rain, the spray from passing trucks was a worry to my overhead wipers, and when a strong wind started to blow as well, suddenly my wiper blades were sitting on the roof! My 'wipe' position



27.11.24

had altered, and I found myself trying to see through a very spotted windscreen, so I had to stop and correct it before continuing.

Gradually the weather improved, and we arrived at the Citroen concessionaire at Beaune at 6.30. We all checked our cars and booked in at the hotel – dinner and an early night were necessary, as we were to visit the beautiful Hospice at 8 in the morning. The cars were parked in the square for the townspeople to gaze at and admire, our stay was fairly short, and with a gift of a bottle of local wine from the town, we set off in the direction of Lyon, 225 kms away. It was now 10 a.m., and lunch was to be at midday, at a restaurant where we were to be joined by the Traction Club of Lyon. This was at Rochtaillée, near the famous museum, and also the home of Lecot which houses his many trophies.

To be continued.



Fred Annells' Coupe at Fontainebleu.

TECHNICAL TIP

A MINOR START

OWNERS OF Paris-built cars may well have had frequent trouble with the pull starter arrangement fitted to them. This can generally be attributed to the shoddy construction of the switch mounted to the starter motor, and the extremely high current it is subjected to. Furthermore the control cable frequently snaps off at the end, making it just a little too short for comfort, often resulting in the substitution of one of those

horrid 2CV things which resemble the letter D filched from an old typewriter.

The remedy for all this misery is to fit the cable-operated starter motor switch that was fitted to pre-1962 Morris Minors. This is a cable operated switch that mounts onto the bulkhead. It requires therefore only a short control cable, enabling an original one that has become too short to be recycled. The thick cable from the battery is made to stop at

the switch, and the takeoff for the rest of the loom is attached at this point. The other switch terminal is then wired direct to the starter motor which has its stick-on switch removed and binned. The Morris switch is extremely robust and durable, and does not mind the high currents involved in 6 volt application. I think they may be still obtainable new, and certainly good working examples can be culled from scrapped Morris, and easily transferred.

Down amongst the Sagebrush

A YEAR AGO last August, I bought a 1951 Citroen IICV Traction, that had a very beautiful body and no rust. However, the car had sat in semi dry storage as anyone acquainted with the North-west Pacific knows, that moisture can condensate very quickly with the years going by, as was the case of this car sitting in storage since 1959. Well, yes the engine was all frozen up, along with wheel cylinders, and a lot of missing parts; besides, the upholstery was also missing and the side panels and headliner. So I had my work cut out for myself. Incidentally, I traded a 1972 Ford Maverick for this Citroen at the Portland Oregon Antique Car Swap Meet.

First I took the power train out and started dismantling that. The three-speed transmission was in good shape as far as a regular transmission shop mechanic could tell, although one felt an oil-seal was missing on a left side shaft. And, of course, the speedometer cable was missing. The clutch cable also was missing and the attaching parts. These I hand made and they seem to be doing the job. If I could ever figure out how the speedometer reads! Oh for you

From deepest Idaho, Mike Anderson sends this tale of improvisation and invention. Read on in awe!

eastern die-hards, we don't have a bonafide Citroen mechanic out here in Idaho, where the spuds are grown, and where we club the Jack Rabbits out among the sage brush and rattle snakes!

So all this fixing-up of a Citroen is by commonsense. Now I started looking around the near-by countryside for another Citroen of any shape or form. As luck would have it, I found pieces of a 1965 DS 19. But woe there pardner, that engine I see just ain't going to fit into that little ole IICV. My bright idea was to cut off that extended crankshaft end with the nut on it sticking through the aluminium timing chain case. So took my old

crankshaft down along with this other crankshaft, to a machine shop that does a lot of farm irrigation machine work. Can you imagine what they had to say! What the hell is this? Well, the end was cut off, then I had a 5/16 steel piece cut and machined for the flywheel side along with dowel pins installed. However, this particular idea was too much, and ended up cutting in half. Now, where do you go to find a few metric bolts that are hardened, especially out here among the sage brush, where it's a nine hour drive to the beach of the Pacific, or a seven hour drive to get yourself among the Holy Saints of Saltie Pond, Utah!

By using the bottom end of this DS 19 engine, I started using new parts shipped in from F.A.S. of California. Brand new cylinder sleeves, new pistons, rings, wrist pins, all for a mere \$199.00 dollars. Well, as luck would have it, a new piston rolled off the work bench and broke a skirt on the concrete floor. Ever try to locate a single new F.A.S. piston? You're correct, non-existent, unless one wants to buy another brand new kit that the price has now risen to \$300.00 for. So a four ring piston seemed admissable in this case with a small four banger.

Calling around for valves for the ole IICV didn't pan out, so back to that sage brush irrigation machine shop. Metric you say, damn you Mike, you would have to bring us headaches! Well, the best they could come up with was using a motor-cycle engine valve or two and cutting the stem. They said who would use brass nuts on a cylinder head, but only those Frenchies!

Using the IICV old head on this DS 19 block, has worked out so far. But oil leaks started seeping through on both ends of the pan. Let's see, did I remember to install oil seals or were there none and only shims and an oil slinger? Either way the oil pan stayed on for the time being. Just remembering that bit about end-play on the crankshaft was enough of a nightmare. The crankshaft main journals and con-rod bearings were easy enough to come by for a mere \$10.00 out of an old shed in Emmett, Idaho, a logging town of Boise Cascade Corporation.

I remember hearing Paul of F.A.S. say that the DS 19 was a machined piece, not needing those paper liner gaskets. Oh no, well I had enough sense to go ahead and still use those slim little gaskets anyway!

Getting bored are you? Hello out there! Ever hear the joke about the young Mormon newly weds? Going to the Hotel, the clerk says, "You want the Bridle?" The young wife says, "Oh no, I'll just hold onto his ears, until I get the hang of it"!!

Yes, it's correct, we here among the sage brush of Idaho aren't too swift, but who else is a likely candidate for such as a Citroen.

Now to those dear little tid bits of transaxle shafts. Man, what a charge it was getting those critters out, ending up cutting those large threaded nuts on the inner stub axle housings. While I'm on this subject, after



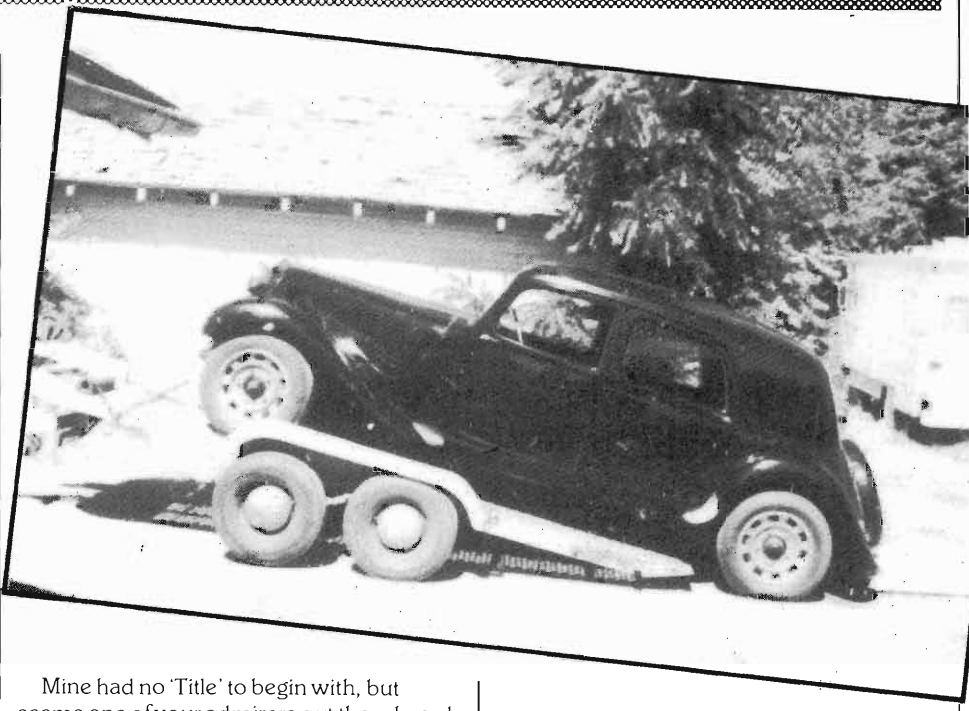
Mike Anderson with his Traction.

contacting all, and I mean all, the Treasure Valley machine shops, and getting the same answer of "No" from such a stupid question as, "How about a 17 threads to the inch nut like this one was before I cut it off with a chisel?" The answer lay at a Boise State University Vocational machine shop. They had this brand new machine that could cut such as I needed, and two of them with opposite left and right hand threads, all for the price of nothing. Yes, those little nuts with six slots cut out for a lock washer.

But what about the dumb looking universal joints that have centre holes in them. Getting those apart was a chore and a half, for this ole country/mountain boy. So back to the drawing board I had to go. But not to that sage brush irrigation machine shop though. They had laughed me once too often out of their establishment. I ended up hitting all the wholesale outlets, retail outlets, speed shops, drive shaft shops, and then mountain states wholesale for Spicer universal joints. Now mind you, no dust seal rings that screw on those metric flange joints were ever on this critter. That chore was simple, just get yourself a 10 speed bike inner-tube, and cut it and slip it over and double it at the opening, needs no plastic tie downs or heater hose clamps. But Spicer make no universal joint with centre holes cut into them. But they do make a jim dandy 4X joint that has the same measured head. But those centre holes have to be cut out at a machine shop with a 'Carbon Bit', so back to that sage brush machine shop I go once again. Ha Ha Ha! Whom but an old Cadillac would use such as these! They started cutting, bang, bang, go their bits, one right after another. Seems hitting those grease holes sort of do wonders on an expensive carbon bit! But once through that small area of hardened steel, the going gets smoother. The cost I thought was going to be astronomical. But then these guys who have laughed me out of their shop many times before, they said much to my surprise, just the cost of those carbon bits on the first one, but the other three are free on us! Seems they were getting bored with doing the same old irrigation pumps, Cat engine overhauls and farmer race boats that go up and down the Snake River.

Overhauling the brake linings was simple, just 5mm rivet linings, and using one inch International Truck wheel cylinder kits, put those 'Pilote' wheels at a stop.

Some Dip-Shit though, along the way, had Gold Plated the hardware, the bumpers, the head lights and even those Pilote wheels! I'm not Mr. J. R. Simplot, with many millions, whom feeds those Easterners with spuds from the sage brush state of Idaho! Using those bike inner tubes have their advantages, these can be installed in between the body panels, such as the fenders and motor mounts and also over the rack and pinion steering housings. Good ole Red Dillinger came to my rescue, over the wave lengths of Ma Bell. Seems he had two brand new windshield rubber seals, but one seems to be a bit small with a little gap at the end! Too many models of IICV's I guess.



Mine had no 'Title' to begin with, but seems one of your admirers out there heard of my plight, and gave me some worth-while advice. Now I have a free and clear 1951 Citroen IICV, together with Gold Plated goodies and a little Continental Kit spare tyre holder on the back, and roll-up back window, but showing a few bullet holes here and there! Seems a 1939 became a 1951, or should it be vice versa, anyone out there with a spare Title to donate to a worthy cause?

Now to those shifting rods on the three speed transmission, and the same at the back of the dashboard. It seems I keep ketching the transmission into lock, at least at the dashboard side. Mind you, I don't have a workshop manual so all this is just plain ole commonsense.

Tearing the ball joints apart is rather simple, but somehow the old dust seals were made out of leather and these, oh yes you guessed it, I used another piece of rubber, and not those ones of the 1940's either! Same applies to the tie-rod ends, but if you use old or brand new wheel cylinder rubber ends, just cut off the inner nipple.

Now I want to use a 12 volt system, and an alternator, and here the hack saw comes in handy. You can use a 12 volt Ford voltage regulator. I have done away with the Solex carburettor, and have used a Ford 97 flat head carburettor instead, a lot more zip to the mile and use a dry air filter on top. The 8mm thread heater hose tubes give me enough water that seems to be really hot from the water pump, and one at the side of the block to a 12 volt Toyota heater installed on the fire wall side of the exhaust area.

Old motor-cycle horns look really good and sound effective enogh on the front, Motor-Vox they are, as seen in Montana sitting in a small rustic bike shop one day last summer. A Hudson Terraplane front seat, bench type, fits the front seating area really well, but most of all, this one has a pull-out writing desk and small bar incorporated in the back cushion. With mahogany grain wood veneer and chrome hinges!

I do admit I haven't as yet found a good Gas cap for the IICV, but using a water radiator cap instead, that looks tacky, even if I do live out here, where there are more Millionaires per capita than anywhere else!

Dual wind-shield wiper motors are easy enough to gather at any antique car swap meet and cheap to boot. Tail lights, well you can use old Nash or Terraplane ones really simple enough, unless you're fortunate to have the originals, as I do not!

Now the chore of conversion of a 1965 DS four-speed Transmission into this IICV. It seems that the aluminium housing on the sides with incorporated insert journals, can be cut almost in half, and using the same threaded bearing and seal, be moved back a bit. And having a new machined axle with plate driller to fit the four flange universal bolts of the IICV. As for the shifting control flexible cable, this routes up on the steering wheel side of the fire wall, and using the bottom hole end of that housing, you can instal the coil there for a matter of convenience, and the shifter on the dashboard near the steering wheel.

Oh what fun these Citroens give us Country/Mountains Boys. Yes, out here among the sage brush, where our first crop of alfalfa hay is baled nearly every year on the 28th of March, and people are still skiing at the resorts of Bogus Basin and good ole Sun Valley!

Always nice to hear of Tractions in foreign parts, and there are plenty of foreign parts in Mike's Traction! Could this be the hitherto undiscovered 'Cosmopolitan Traction'!!!? I rather fancy the idea of a pull-out bar in the back, would be verging on the ostentatious in a Familiale!

Mike kindly sent his amusing story with a membership enquiry, and he also particularly wants any technical information on his Traction, which we will do our best to assist.

Ed.

TRACTION ARRIERE

Reproduced by kind permission from The Autocar,
March 30th, 1928

A DE LUXE CITROËN ON THE ROAD.

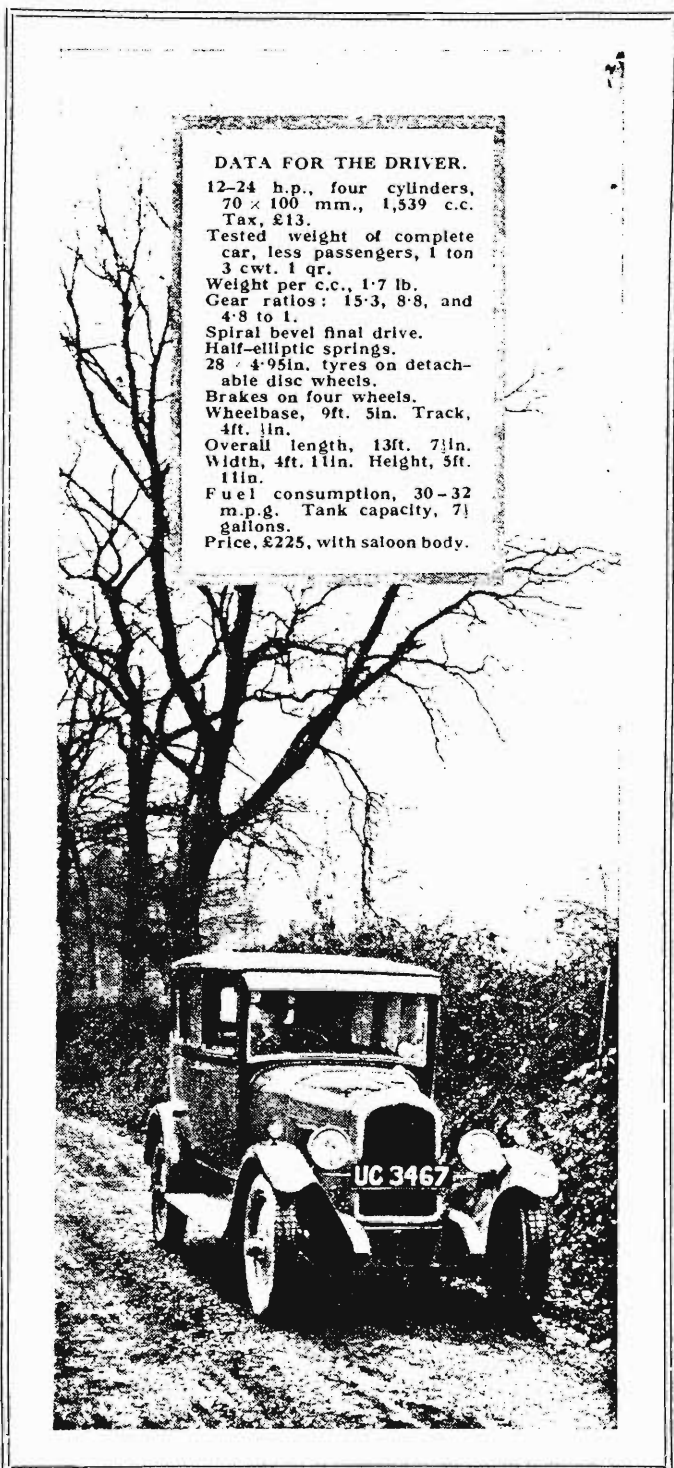
THERE has recently been introduced a *de luxe* Citroën which, in general design, is the same as the well-known 12-24 h.p. standard production, although several refinements have been embodied in the chassis. For example, the engine is provided with an oil purifier, so that the whole of the oil in the crank case passes through a special filter, an air purifier has been added to the air intake of the carburetter to prevent dust from entering the engine, a petrol filter has been fitted to the carburetter, and a larger petrol tank of pressed steel is provided, the capacity now being 7½ gallons, including an emergency supply of one gallon.

One of the saloons was recently the subject of a road trial, and the coachwork of this model is of decidedly more pleasing appearance than previous Citroën saloons. It is of all-steel construction with a rounded back and curved window frames, and the narrowness of the window posts and door posts gives maximum visibility for both driver and passengers.

As regards the interior of the saloon there is ample provision for four passengers, while it is within the bounds of possibility for three passengers of slender build to be accommodated on the main seat, which has a particularly deep and well-sprung cushion, a rear squab inclined at a comfortable angle, and arm-rests at each side.

The separate front seats are adjustable by means of wing nuts, within

Impressions of an Inexpensive Covered Car giving Comfortable Travel for Four Persons.



a fairly wide range, and allow the driver and his companion ample elbow room. The width of each front seat is 1ft. 6in., and the distance from the seat back to the ramp is 4ft. 4in. when the seats are set for passengers of normal height. The distance from the back of the front seats to the squab of the rear seat is then 4ft. 6in., the width of the rear seat being 3ft. 9in. The overall height of the car is 5ft. 11in. and ample head room is given, as the distance from the floor boards to the roof lining is 4ft.

It will be realised, therefore, that this latest saloon is by no means a small car, but, in spite of this, its performance on the road is by no means below the average. The maximum speed on top gear, as shown by the speedometer, which was very nearly accurate, was 48 m.p.h., with useful maxima on the indirect gears of 30 m.p.h. and 17 m.p.h. respectively. A comfortable cruising speed is 35 m.p.h.

It should be observed that the car tested was too new to give of its best. Had the car seen more service it is probable that a slight harshness at high engine speeds would have been less noticeable, for a decided improvement was apparent during the distance of about 200 miles. With three up, acceleration on top gear from 10 to 30 m.p.h. occupied 17½s., but this was reduced by using second and top gears to 14s.

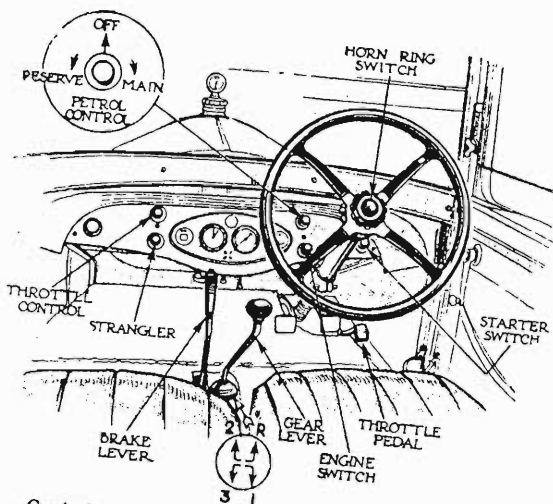
On the whole, there is little to criticise in the disposition of the controls or in the manner in which

4 De Luxe Citroën.

they carry out their tasks. The arrangement of the lighting switch by means of a large knob in the centre of the steering wheel is most convenient, and the fitting of a control for the petrol tap on the instrument board deserves praise. From his seat the driver can turn the tap off, or to the main or reserve supply as required. The gauge recording the amount of fuel in the dash tank is another much-appreciated fitting.

In the matter of comfort the *de luxe* saloon is worthy of its name, especially when the moderate figure at which it is produced is remembered. The springing and shock absorbers prevent road shock from reaching the occupants, and the upholstery gives a natural seating position which should prevent any feeling of fatigue on a long run. Indeed, comfort for all the occupants is a notable feature of this moderately priced car.

Ample ventilation can be secured, as the single-pane screen can be opened to a considerable extent, and the four windows in the doors are provided with winders.



Controls of the 12-24 h.p. Citroën de luxe saloon.

The four wheel brake system on the car tested was operated by a Westinghouse servo mechanism, which is an extra fitting costing £5. It allows the maximum efficiency to be obtained from the brakes, and from a speed of 40 m.p.h. the car was brought to rest smoothly and progressively in a distance of 87ft. Brake adjustment is easily carried out. In general, the Citroën saloon *de luxe* may be summed up as an inexpensive, comfortable, and easily maintained vehicle which should admirably meet the requirements of the average motorist. It possesses a performance which renders it suitable for town or country use and for short or long distances. Refinement is not lacking in its appointments, for, in addition to the equipment mentioned, a visor is fitted above the windscreen, the large rear light has a spring blind, the floor of the rear compartment is carpeted, and the doors are provided with convenient pockets and locks, so that the car can be left unattended in safety.

CLUB NEWS

THANKS

Alec Bilney and myself would like to thank the following members who worked so hard in organising the various stages of the tour 'In Search of England'.

Hubert Holt
Peter Cotterell
Roger Williams
David Mason
Peter Stenner
Bob Cuppage
Jim and Liz Rogers
Mick Boulton
Ray Newell
Derek Fisher
Ted Gartland
Nigel Webb
Louie Burke
Alan Foulkes-Jones
Tony Hodgekiss
Graham Brice

Your efforts were responsible for the success of the Rally and the great enjoyment expressed by all entrants. **Mike Wheals**

VANISHING VENUES

Would members please note that the venues for the Northern Section Meetings have been deleted from the Diary Dates column. It was pointed out to us by Northern Section Secretary John Howard that these 'venues' do not exist as nobody ever turns up, and as

such it was really a waste of space to continue to list them!

John, however, has not completely given up hope and makes a plea for all Northern Section members to contact him with a view to arranging some revised meeting dates, ideas and venues for the future. As John says, if enough members contact him, they may well be able to raise the almost defunct Northern Section from the ashes!

So come on all you Northerners, get your fingers out and start dialling John's telephone number. As an Northern ex-patriot myself, I know what it is like to be out on a limb Club-wise with nobody to chat to about problems etc. nor even to enthuse about the marque, and it is so much more fun when you can meet and talk to 'nutters' like yourself!

John Howard can be contacted either at his home address: 18 Thwaites, Keighley, W. Yorks BD21 4NG. Tel: Keighley 681251 or at his garage during the day: Traction Avant Engineering, (Lower) Paradise Street, Bradford, W. Yorks BD21 4NG. Tel: Bradford 735270.

Ed.

RADIO FUN

Do your valves need tweaking, or your knobs tuning?

Does your old car radio need refurbishing? If so, Shrewsbury member Mick Boulton

reports that he has recently had a valve radio reconditioned for his Commerciale by a firm called Radiocraft.

Mick tells us that the firm will tackle any radio with valves and that he was very pleased and impressed with his unit. Radiocraft can be found at 56 Main Street, Sedgeberrow, Evesham. Tel: 0386-881988.

MUTUAL AID

An up-to-date map and list of mutual aid members will be published in the next issue. In the meantime, a new contact for you to add to your list is:

Jack Atkinson,
Merrifield,
4 Silverhill,
Marlborough, Kingsbridge,
Devon TQ7 3RS.

A geographically-minded committee member advises that this is down a bit and to the right of Plymouth!

Incidentally, it's a good - if obvious - idea to keep a photostat of the mutual aid list in your car: nothing could be more irritating than breaking down and finding out that you've got to go back home first to find a copy of *Floating Power* in order to summon some aid and comfort!

JG Howard
tries out the Elf
Provincien Rit...

GOING DUTCH

TWO POSSIBILITIES presented themselves to Traction owners wishing to take part in a run in early May this year – the French club's Paris–Monte Carlo–Paris, or the Dutch club's Elf Provincien Rit all round Holland. When comparing their introductory letters we were rather taken by the Dutch letter, written in fractured English – "Please send a photo of your car with details on its backside" – rather than by the French, whose rally seemed gruelling, expensive, and discouraged participation by non-original cars. Our car, being a diverse collection of parts, we did not think would be viewed favourably. Known collectively as a 1950 Light 15, it is powered (effectively) by a DS19 engine driving through a well worn ID19 4 speed box which houses a 'couple conique', or chronic couple who spend their time arguing with each other and moaning. The car was fit for the trip only shortly before May, and to the nightmare of packing for a holiday with a 3-year-old was added the problem of retrimming the interior of the car. The headlining was fixed in place only days before leaving, and by that time we needed a holiday to recover ourselves. Finally all was ready, except for carpet, but with mountains of luggage, and toys to keep Rosie amused, the floor was practically invisible, so it was not missed. Being used to driving a

Commerciale the Light 15 seemed very small, and we were glad that we had opted to stay in hotels, and did not have to squeeze in camping gear as well.

My wife Serena being a poor sailor, we went for less bovver on the hover to Calais, and from there it was an easy drive through Belgium into Holland to Utrecht near the starting point of the run at Maarsen. One hitch en-route – we were stopped at the Belgian border and told we had no GB 'stickeerr' and had to pay an exorbitant price for one – we joined several other scandalised looking people sticking the relevant letters to their cars.

The next day, Sunday, we went to explore Amsterdam. Having parked the car and wandered around looking at the shops we decided to take a tram ride, and ended up seeing much more of the city than we had intended and spent an interesting afternoon finding the car again. By that time it was late afternoon and we returned to Maarsen to meet up with some other tractionists who, like us were having trouble finding the start venue. We finally arrived at the campsite, and met up with the rest of the British contingent, four other cars, and everyone else participating, about 40 cars in all. One Frenchman, a Swiss couple, one German, and the rest Dutch. On arrival, we were greeted warmly, and presented with a beautifully produced routebook, containing detailed maps, many photos, and much information, all unfortunately in Dutch. We both found it strange to be in a country where we had not the vaguest smattering of the language – but to compensate nearly all the Dutch we met spoke excellent, if at times eccentric English. We were also given an 'Elf Provincien Rit' plaque, and by each car lay an open tool box as drivers attached their plaque to their front bumpers. That evening we English arranged to eat at a restaurant recommended by a Dutch lorry driver encountered on the ferry. Our drive there was rather fraught as we all got hopelessly lost in a fashion which set the style of navigation for the rest of the week, and in all probability went to the wrong restaurant. On the way there, a Dutch car, seeing a clutch of lost-looking tractions flagged us down, and tried to redirect us back to the campsite!

On Monday we joined the start of the run where the first stop was the Andre Broedelet Garage in Maarsen. There we admired a fine B2 tourer in the showroom, and an SM in the workshop. A taciturn but very helpful mechanic there rewelded the gearlever of my car, which to my great distress had started to crack the day before. Here we met for the first time our police motorcycle escort, provided by the vehicle training school. They were to accompany us throughout the week escorting us in and out of towns, holding up other traffic to let us pass, and during the day running between the cars like sheepdogs, encouraging us onward with wonderfully histrionic gestures. The garage gave us coffee and a packed lunch to speed us on our way. At lunchtime we stopped at a riding school at Oud-Beyerland where the Citroen Club Rijnmond were holding a meeting. The vehicles there included some amazing psychedelic 2CVs. From there we skirted round Rotterdam, travelling on very pretty roads, and only getting lost once, after stopping for Rosie, who is a heavy drinker, and therefore requires frequent emptying. During the day we crossed both the Lek and the Maas by small river ferries, which were quick and cheap, and to us something of a novelty. At one of our stops we got talking to a Dutch participant who gave us some idea of the constant battle the Dutch have in order to prevent their land disappearing under the sea, and indeed looking round it is evident that the whole landscape is man-made with canals, aqueducts, tunnels, dykes and drainage works everywhere. It serves as a most effective monument to their energy and ingenuity.

As we approached Middleburg our 'Polities' escorted us first to the Diykweel Garage for coffee, tins of sweets, balloons etc. and then to the town centre where there was an enormous crowd to watch our arrival. We were led off to a civic reception, where the mayor addressed us with what was no doubt an erudite and witty speech, if only we had understood a word of it. I was, however most impressed by the fine longcase clock that they had in their town hall. The lavish reception we had by the garage and the townspeople on this first day typified the warm welcome we had throughout Holland.

The next day was, in terms of navigation, a disaster. The supposed route was a long one anyway, and I felt that we must have covered hundreds of extra miles. We arrived at Hilvarenbeek more or less on time to get our routebook stamped, bought provisions in a nearby supermarket, and found a green near the edge of the town on which to have a picnic. In a very short while a chap emerged from a nearby house with his beautifully restored 1936 Wolseley. It appears that the well appointed interiors of elderly British cars are well liked by the Dutch. For this reason Slough built tractions with their wooden dashboards and leather seats are considered to be quite a wow and a gas in Holland. It was after this that our version of the set route showed distinct variations. We eventually arrived at Maastricht rather late, having coped with a ferocious one-way system which makes the central square, our meeting place, virtually inaccessible. Several locals



En route to Holland at Dover hoverport

from whom we asked directions started by advising us to park the car and walk. From the Vrijthof there was a convoy drive to a restaurant outside town where we were given drinks and huge slices of apple or apricot tart by the local Citroen dealer, and as we downed the appropriately named local brew 'Gulpen', a spectacular rainstorm outside had some of us wondering if we had left any windows down. Our hotel that night proved to be really good and cheap, despite an unprepossessing appearance.

Wednesday was a troubled day for some. I was leading a small contingent of British cars, and got lost, but managed to pull off a curious U-turn and get back on the desired route. Alan Kembery and Dennis Ryland did not quite follow, and nearly ended up in Germany. Alan then had his windscreen shattered by a stone thrown up by a passing truck, and later fell into the hands of a very expensive and inaccurate glazier who made an appalling version of a replacement windscreen. Dennis suffered a puncture, and put on a substitute wheel, which being bent, gave an excellent impression of being about to fall off. Further north, just by Roermond, the gearbox of Will deHek's car gave up. He completed the run in a DS 20. The rest of the day was a long slog northward, ending up in Arnhem, where free drinks were supplied by the local Citroen agent. Our hotel that night was less than perfect. Moreover we were considered too scruffy to be allowed into their 'exclusive' restaurant. Even Alan, wearing a natty bow tie at breakfast the next day, did not get a look inside this doubtless wondrous room. However a very kind Dutch friend of his popped up, and hearing of his previous misfortune went off to rummage in his father's house in the small hours in order to produce and fit a perfect windscreen.

On Thursday we actually encountered some hills, and as we approached the town of Nijverdal, we encountered literally thousands of cyclists on a narrow twisting road through a forest. It was explained later that tradition had it that on Ascension day, anyone with a bike would start off at dawn, and ride off to a heath near the town in order to drink and celebrate. Thus by late morning the road was well choked by inebriated cyclists who, secure in numbers, made absolutely no concessions to motorised traffic. The German participant was dreading the possible consequences of knocking a cyclist off his perch. Arriving at Nijverdal, we found the whole town 'en fete', celebrating 150 years since foundation, with bunting everywhere, and every bush, tree, railing and lamp-post covered with fluttering tissue paper flowers, and the town population making merry. Quite a sight, and very tricky locating the local Citroen agent who was to receive us. Here we found that the local dignitaries did not wish to take the province stamp out of the town hall, so our police escort shepherded us through the crowds to the town hall where the mayor came to the top of the steps and stamped our routebooks. From Nijverdal we followed the pretty Beek en Brink route, passing many curiously named places, Dwingeloo, Peeloo, and Loon among them. We stopped at Assen for another province stamp, and then on to Groningen for another civic reception.



Say it with flowers: Traction in the town square at Haarlem

Among the drinks proffered was an oily substance which tasted like a blend of hair oil and floor polish.

The speeches included an address in English, and the Mayor wished we had arrived a day later, in order to join in their festival. After our experience in Nijverdal, some of us felt that we had in fact arrived at a good time. That evening a participant who had been making a video of the trip showed her days 'takings', unaware that for 15 minutes or so her camera had been left on inadvertently, recording a fuzzy picture of her car's dashboard, and her leg, while the sound track had her conversation, whistling, swearing at a missed change into second, and the customary groans and rattles of a traction in action. Also recorded, I am ashamed to say, was me as we left the reception, baulking the gearbox, nearly mowing down a dignitary of Groningen, roaring off, and adding to my embarrassment by bottoming the suspension in a dip in the road. The evening's entertainment was rounded off by our burly waiter seizing the microphone and giving us a very competent Presley-style version of 'When the saints go marching in'. That night we booked into the last free room in a wonderful hotel which was their bridal suite, with suitably romantic decor, and the hasty addition of a cot for Rosie.

Friday's route took us over the Afgluiddijk, an 18 mile long causeway built between the Waddensee and the IJsselmeer, and south through the Polders and the tulip fields to Haarlem, with stops for coffee and province stamps at Leeuwarden. The bulb fields were at their most colourful, the flower heads just starting to be cropped off, and in some places huge mounds of flowers were laying by the roadside. On our arrival at the Grote Markt in Haarlem we were greeted by ladies who pinned tulips to our lapels, and escorted us to their town hall for a reception, lit by most impressive candelabra. From there our convoy drove to a repugnant campsite where we were billeted for the next couple of nights.

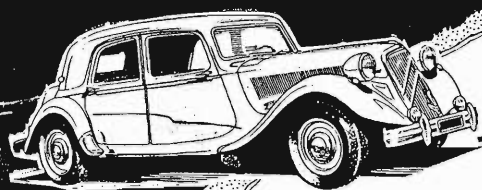
That evening it transpired that the newly created twelfth province of Holland Flevoland was somewhat affronted to have been omitted from the run, and so a trip round there had been organised for Saturday. Owing to our very late start that

morning we had to engage warp factor 9 in order to catch up with the others, which we did at Lelystaad, the brand new town which is capital of the province. Not to be outdone, the town put on first refreshments and then a filmshow of the land reclamation project, then a convoy drive into town to their very hi-tech town hall, with a display of lo-tech bicycles inside. More coffee, and speeches by the mayor, in Dutch and English, who also signed the routebooks alongside the provincestamp. Outside the town hall there was a curious football match being played between teams mounted on specially adapted bicycles. After this we took a convoy drive round the town, and after much farewell tooting from the Lelystaad escort we made our way across the Houtribdijk, and round the Markemeer, stopping at Volendam, where we had a group photograph taken of ourselves in Dutch costume. That evening the British, together with the organisers of the run, Peter Wilders and Will deHek and several Dutch tractionists went to an English restaurant in Haarlem, run by an emigre from Coventry. The food was excellent, and included a trifle with the Elf provincien Rit logo cleverly drawn on top.

Sunday 11th May was the annual meeting of the TAN, and we congregated at the campsite entrance with many more tractions to take part in the convoy drive to Schipol airport, where we found a pretty spectacular gathering of cars. There were such recondite specimens as a Largenthal-bodied 15cv roadster, a 1934 7cv, a 15cv fire appliance, and a very pretty roadster. Here I was approached by a chap who was in the process of stuffing a DS engine into his '11 Sport' as Light 15s are known in Holland. It was interesting to compare the different methods used, and his approach to the problems, but his isn't running yet. In the afternoon, we left Schipol, saying goodbye to many friends. Following Alan, we drove south stopping off at the home of Nicholas Leeuwen, a garage proprietor and keen tractionist who had been especially helpful to the British contingent, and had been rewarded by being continually 'democratically elected' as our navigator, interpreter, spokesman and guide. Next day we sailed back to England from Vlissingen. We arrived home with just over 1800 miles clocked up, many happy memories, and a firm resolve to return and see more of Holland perhaps at a slightly more leisurely pace.

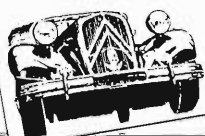
TOUR

de Bretagne
Traction Avant



12.13.14
JUILLET
1986

Rennes * Saint-Brieuc *
Morlaix * Concarneau * Josselin *
& Rennes.



organisé
par le Club des Traction d'Ille et Vilaine
De nombreuses traction
de 1934 à 1957

IMP. SPECIAL CLUB DES TRACTION

A BREAK IN

Roger Dyer Tour de

IT WILL BE EVIDENT from this and forthcoming issues of the magazine that there has been no shortage of events, in which members can participate, making new friends and renewing old ones. This was the case during the Tour De Bretagne, organised by Patrice Crusson and Philippe Poulain and other members of Club Des Tractions d'Ille et Vilaine. The time coincided with Bastille day, always a time for celebration in France.

As it was taking place just prior to The Round Britain event, only Mike Wheals and myself were able to show the British Flag.

Even during the summer months it is possible to find cheap routes across the channel; we chose Brittany Ferries Portsmouth to Caen – well that was the idea originally . . .

It was late, or more correctly I was late; I reached Mike's house to find a note "see you on the Ferry." I started out for Portsmouth, time going faster than ever, and on arriving at the docks with 15 minutes to spare, I was already afraid it was too late. The problem was how to get all the camping equipment and luggage on board after parking the car, going through passport and ticket control. "You can't park there more than 2 hours" said the official, "you can ask down there for long term parking, but I must see your tickets first", there on the boat I explain, "too bad", the barrier comes down and I'm forced to watch the ship depart.

Having armed myself with ferry brochures I decided to take the night ferry from Poole to Cherbourg. What a mistake that was, trying to get some sleep on a reclining seat with 60 yelling children on a school outing around you is not to be recommended. Arriving next day very jaded I set out to find Mike; there was only one road he could take and he couldn't have gone too far the previous evening after arriving in France.

Eventually we met at the home of Patrice and Nicole – it was to be the first of several late nights and early mornings. We had a very enjoyable meal, washed down with considerable quantities of Eau De Vie!

Saturday saw 15 Tractions in the Carrefour car park in Renne, one Belgian car, and ourselves being the only visitors from abroad (hopefully more next year). We set off in convoy for St-Brieuc where in a delightful setting we were welcomed to refreshments by the club ABVA whose members had turned out in various vintage cars.

After an excellent typical Bretagne meal, we proceeded through beautiful countryside past many towns and villages, and it was very noticeable how interested the French people are in the Tractions, the enthusiasm



BRITTANY

joins the Bretagne...

was incredible; on a trip like this, the part you are most likely to need replacing are the horns!

We eventually reached Morlaix where we camped for the night, and after a picnic (sorry pique-nique) we were entertained by various members giving impersonations of Arab belly dancers; it may not sound funny, but you should have been there!

The cars were going well with only a few adjustments here and there, and we set off next morning for the coast of Sainte-Seve which is not unlike parts of the South of France. Several of the girls in the party had now dressed in old style clothes to match the period of the cars in preparation for the big celebration at Rosporden.

After another excellent meal we assembled for a convoy drive through the town proceeded by various parades into the market square and live band.

We stayed until late, and then went to the camp site; we thought that was it, and now lacking in sleep decided to call it a day. However the French members went back to town for more festivities, and returned to the campsite about 3.00 a.m. and decided to invite us to a Champagne party. As I am sure you will appreciate, by the following morning nobody was very lively, so we all made our way to the nearest Cafe. After a hearty breakfast we proceeded to head back to Renne, having a picnic in the grounds of an old farming community, and being shown round a very small old church by its keeper, an elderly farmer.

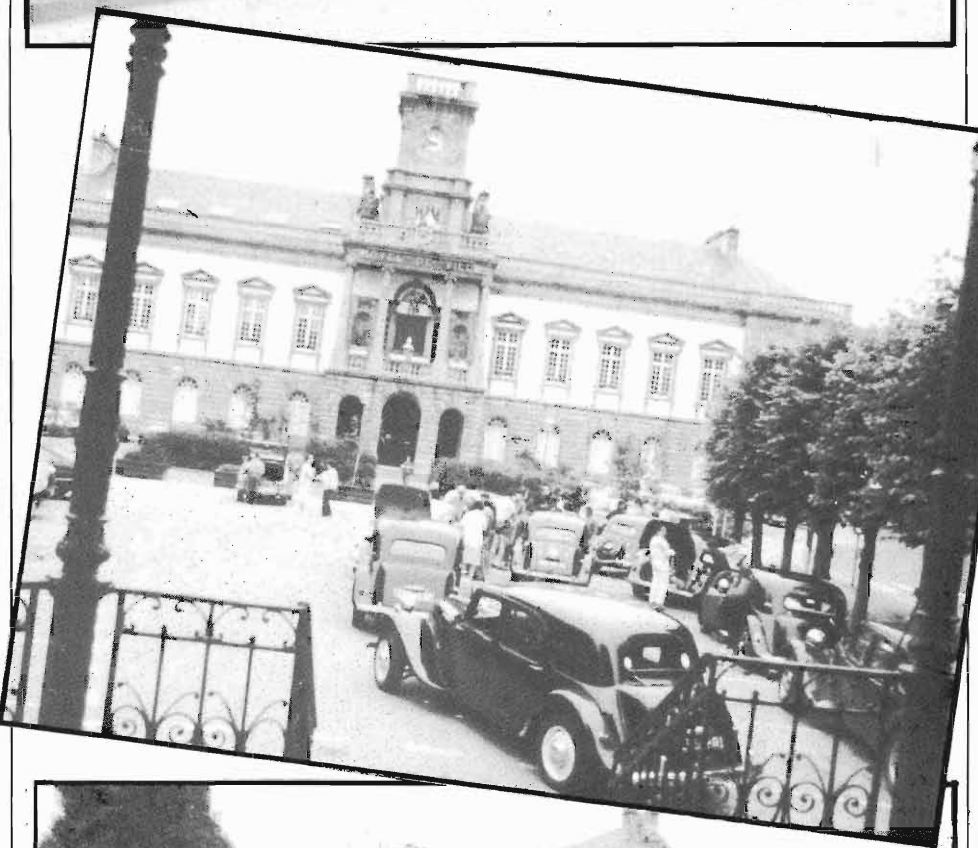
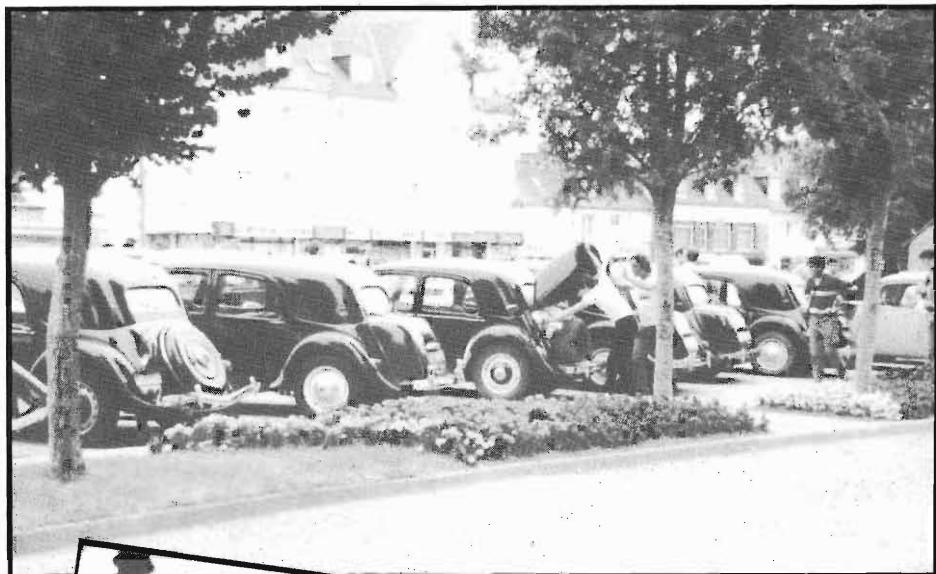
Finally we headed for home and reached Renne late Monday afternoon, tired but well pleased about the trip which had proved very successful. The next day Mike and I visited the local Citroen dealer to buy parts, very much cheaper than in the UK.

After lunch we made a move for the docks and the ferry home. Oh no we've left it late again, and the next one is tomorrow. So we spent a pleasant day around the Normandy Beaches, near to the ferry port.

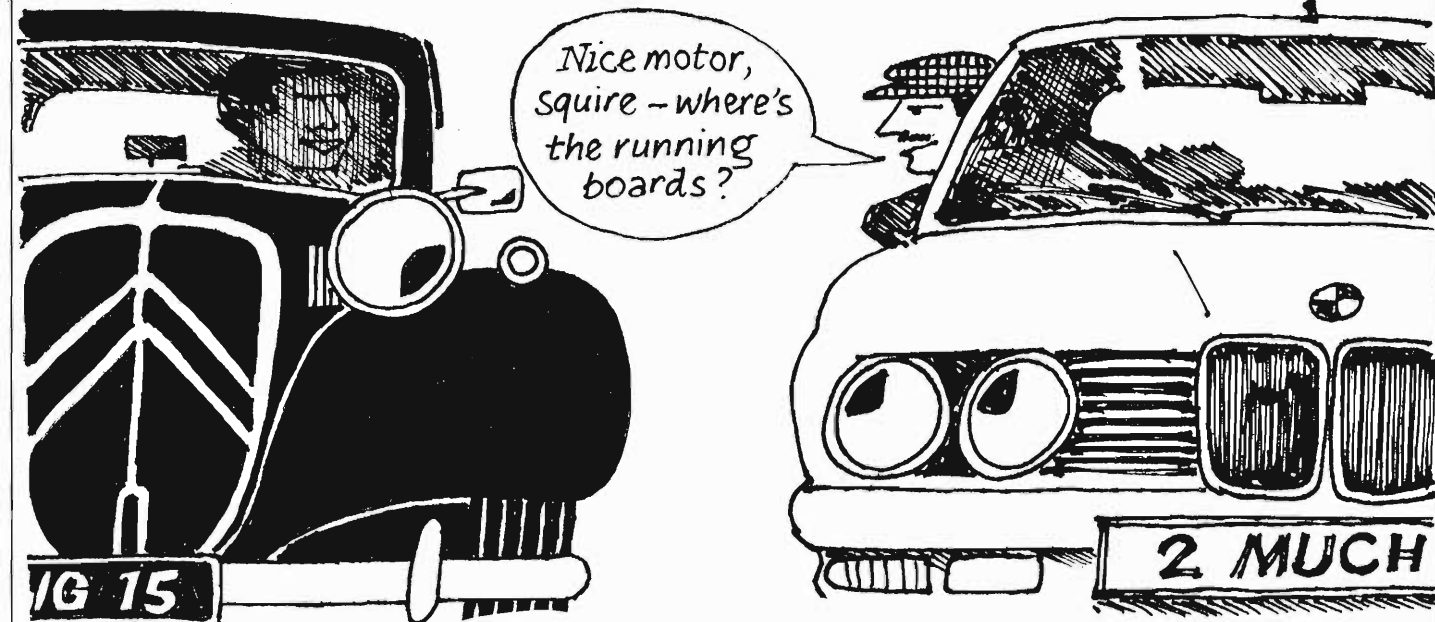
With plenty of time to spare, I was leading the way, when I noticed Mike was no longer behind me. I turned back, there was Mike by the roadside minus complete exhaust system. Well, we did make the ferry albeit noisily.

We must thank the Club des Tractions d'Ile et Viaine for their excellent hospitality and the organisation of a superb event which will take place again next year, when it is hoped many more members in the UK will be able to participate, as it can be a very pleasant holiday for all the family.

Roger Dyer



The things people say...



ONE OF THE MORE entertaining things about Traction ownership — providing one's in the right mood — is the unceasing variety of comments from the general public in the course of innocently going about one's daily motoring. Curiously enough, although such comments may vary from the trivially uninformed to the occasionally knowledgeable, they are rarely hostile — try driving around every day in a Ferrari Testarossa, Rolls Corniche or any other modern glitzmobile, and at the end of twenty four hours you'll probably have amassed a high score of malicious knife scratches and well-aimed globules of spit in addition to a long list of profanities casting bizarre doubts on your and most of your family's sexuality. But everyone (save for BMW drivers, oddly enough, who are probably incensed that one catches up with them on the roundabouts) loves a Traction, it seems.

In fact, the most adverse reactions we've had to our Normale have come from my own kith and kin — my mother clearly regards the car as a frivolous whim of an errant son who doesn't take life quite seriously enough, and my sister was heard to say, "Well, it's all right for you, but I have to have a car I can get about in".

Others, however, are more complimentary. The most effusive reaction was from a dizzy blonde who drew up alongside me at some Fulham traffic lights in a disintegrating Renault 4, slid back her window and exclaimed, "Your car is the most beautiful thing I've seen this week — I wish I could write a story about it!" I was on the point of asking her what she'd seen *last* week, by way of comparison, but then the lights changed — which was probably just as well, since the answer might have boggled the mind.

The car's also a magnet for little old ladies, who generally totter up to admire it while I'm

Sam Wells on some popular myths & fancies

in the middle of applying Simoniz. Usually, conversations tend to run along the lines of "Ahhh, things aren't made the same nowadays, are they? Even my cooker, you know, well, it fell to bits; but I remember my mother's cooker, now *that* was a cooker, lasted fifty years, it did . . ."

I did get talking to one old lady, though, who was being pushed along in a wheelchair (traction *derrière*?) and who proved to be surprisingly well informed about Le Patron: "Yes, André Citroën, he lost all his money on the gaming tables, he did — gambled away a fortune, bit of a risky fellow", she said with a gleam in her eyes. I like to imagine her, back in the 1930's, an impressionable young lady hearing wildly fascinating rumours about this risqué continental motoring magnate.

Rather more irritating are the know-alls. I had one young yuppie — oddly enough in a BX, not a BMW — who swore that the reason Citroëns had a double chevron on their cars was because André Citroën had been a sergeant in the First World War and they therefore represented his stripes. I politely murmured amazement, forbearing to point out that his ignorance of motoring history was only surpassed by his lack of knowledge in things military, since two chevrons denote a corporal, not a sergeant — or at least, they did when I was in the school cadet force.

Another passer by — a retired policeman, who really should have known better — swore that in the old days you couldn't jack up the front end of Traction, as they always snapped in half because they didn't have a chassis. And most annoying to my wife was the group of callow youths at Silverstone whom she overheard saying, as they strolled past our car, "Ah yes, whenever I see those cars, y'know, I always think of the sinister knock on the door in the middle of the night, and the Gestapo coming to take you away".

On a more sociological note, there's a telling demonstration of the age gap — those of more than a certain number of years will readily identify the Traction as 'one of those Maigret cars' (this applies to all Traction, though of course Maigret's car was a Six). But last Christmas eve, when, through festive laziness, I parked the car outside in the street rather than put it to bed in the lock-up, I heard a group of homegoing teenagers exclaim in awe, "Look, there's a Diva car," whereupon they swarmed round the vehicle in admiration. Clearly, if you'd told them it was a Maigret car, they'd merely have looked at you with blank incomprehension.

There are two questions which everyone sooner or later asks about the car. One is, "How old is it?" which is easy enough to answer as long as you can remember. The other, which is rather more difficult, is "What's it worth, mate?" If I'm in a bad mood I'm tempted to reply "More than you could afford, tosh", but I never have — more often I tend to say "Less than a Ford Granada". Generally, people seem to assume that it cost a lot more than it really did — I had one client of mine suggest that I must have paid something like £20,000 for this motoring masterpiece! Well, if I could afford to spend that amount on motorcars, I'd be able to have more like five of them, wouldn't I?

Anyone else heard any good stories lately?

Correspondence



Alan Hay and Traction at Glamis (see letter below).

Dear Bob,
Glamis Motoring Extravaganza - July '86.
On Sunday 13th July the biggest motoring extravaganza in Scotland took place at Glamis Castle. Every year this massive gathering draws thousands of people to see hundreds of exhibits, all pre 1956. This year was no exception and 50,000 paid to view the cars, motorbikes, engines and dozens of stalls.

Glamis is about 60 miles north of Fife, so an early start was in order as entrants had to be in place by 11 a.m. and preferably by 10 a.m. At 8.30 then, my friend and I set off on a dull misty day on what happily turned out to be an uneventful journey.

This year I took two cars to Glamis, my 1946 Traction and my 1933 Lanchester. The Traction has slowly getting facelifted over the last few years and is now quite good. Some work is still needed in the engine compartment and some re-chroming required. Does any member know of a reputable chroming company in this neck of the woods? The interior headlining I did using a light tan nylon flock material obtained at a local market for £15, enough to do the whole job. Not as original as wool, but very practical for a car in use most days during the summer. I also did not use canvas tubing but sewed in pleats of about 1 1/2" to the support wires. This worked well but stretched my wife's sewing machine to the limit!

I have enclosed a picture of the car and owner at Glamis, please note the jersey, and the huge crowd in the background. Before I close may I say how much I enjoy Floating Power and especially Sam Wells's

magnificent art work. I do a little painting myself but Sam's work really does take some beating.

Yours aye from North of the Border,

Alan D. Hay
North Queensferry
Fife.

P.S. I also own a '81 GSA, Volvo I22S, Fiat 500, and half a '39 Singer Roadster.

Glad you like the mag, Alan. It would be interesting to hear how your Traction compares with all your other (4 1/2) vehicles? Ed.

Dear Bob,
I must write to congratulate the Club spares on their excellent service.

This surely is the lifeblood of the Club's main aim — to keep as many Tractions running on the roads as possible.

Within three days of my writing to them I was able to collect 12 out of 13 parts that I required, which I find quite remarkable considering the average age of the Traction now. I certainly can't achieve that success rate with parts for a 1980's PSA product!

Perhaps more members would use Club spares if they realized just how good the service and availability is.

Yours sincerley
John Barsley
Tonbridge, Kent.

Always nice to receive bouquets John, but this one is directed into the laps of Peter Simper and his small band of helpers. I'm sure Peter will appreciate your comments and I hope they inspire other members to likewise use this vital service. Ed.

Dear Sir,
Could you please tell me whether the Traction Arriere section in FP is still to be included, as I have not seen anything recently on the RWD cars.

As we own a 1928 Citroen 12/24 we are always interested to read anything about cars similar to ours. It is very difficult to obtain spares and so any information to locate parts for cars such as ours is always appreciated.

I would also be interested to learn of any other members in the TOC who own cars similar to ours, if there are any in the club?

Yours faithfully,
Richard Wadsworth
Greneside, Sheffield.

Thanks for taking the trouble to write Richard, and after a deep delve into the club archives we found an old road-test on the 12/24 which is in this issue. We also found some interesting technical articles on your vehicle and these will be published in subsequent editions. Hope these will be of interest and help to you. Ed.

Dear Bob,
I was sorry that I did not make the 'Watchet' part of the Rally as intended due to engine problems following the fitment of new pistons and liners, and a replacement head. However, I did visit the site in by BX only to be told that the six Tractionistes had gone off to Exmoor for the day. This prompted me to return to my provisional base nearby via Exmoor, and lo' and behold, the six Tractions flashed past me going in the opposite direction on a very narrow road in dirty weather, and with nowhere for me to turn around to catch up! Unfortunatley, I had to return to S. Devon (100 miles away) that day, so never made contact!

Having read the letter from Jean Paul Morin in the July '86 edition of F.P. and as I intended to have a holiday in France, routing through Cherbourg and Valognes, I made arrangements to call on J.P.M. on my way, taking with me the July magazine. He was pleased to see me, gave me a ride in his Normale, and provided coffee etc., for my party. If any member is interested in the Normale (1953), he wants 25,000 FF. (roughly £2,500), and I can supply other details of the car if they contact me.

Other interesting points were a visit to Rennes Automobile Museum where a

Events

beautiful 1937 12 and an equally beautiful big-boot Normale were on display; A Legere for sale in a roadside second-hand car plot, in terrible condition at 25,000 FF., a visit to Depanoto where I met Hamish Fraser from New Zealand, a former member of the CCC and TOC. Hamish said he had written to our club Membership Secretary but had not received a reply? I told him about the Rally and suggested that there could be a delay as it was in the peak holiday season. He had two restorations in hand, a 1926 B12 and a 1950 Light 15, hence his protracted visit to Depanoto for spares.

Finally, if any members are down this way please call in, we Tractionists are a bit sparse on the ground in Devon, only me with a 'live and kicking' Traction in the whole of this very large County to my knowledge. An expert opinion on my car would be much appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
Jack Atkinson
Kingsbridge, Devon

Membership Sec. Steve Reed reports that details were sent to Hamish Fraser who had since joined the TOC. Jack has also very kindly added his name to our Mutual aid list, so if you are down in Devon and in a 'mess', Jack's the man to see! Thanks Jack. Ed.

Dear Mike,

Just a few words to thank you for the well organised Rally which will stay in our memory for a long time.

We had a marvellous journey back to Switzerland except for a stupid accident in the Dover docks which damaged my car and I cut my right elbow, but was able to continue the trip. On my car I bent the bumper, broke the left wing and the left headlight. The steering is damaged too, but not so much. But all the family are safe and that is the main thing.

As, in this accident, I broke also my Rally-plate, I ask if you are able to send me another one, if you still have one left, as a 'souvenir' of this tour.

Thank you in advance,

Best regards
Jean-Michel Beguin and family

Dear Jean-Michel,

Thank you for your letter which I received on my return to Whitchurch.

I was very sorry to hear of your accident, an unfortunate end to an otherwise trouble free tour, and I do hope your Traction is readily and easily repairable.

Please accept on behalf of the Traction Owners Club, a replacement Rally-plate, and I hope it will revive memories of the Rally.

We all enjoyed your compnay and that of your family during the three weeks that you were with us, and look forward to meeting you again (possibly in Germany next year?).

Yours sincerely,
Mike Wheals

TRACTION EVENTS

Bluebell Railway Rally

Mark Booker has organised a Rally on Sunday 2nd November, to take place in East Sussex. The meeting point is The Anchor Inn near Barcombe Cross, at 12 noon. (This can be reached from Uckfield on the A22 or A26, or from Lewes on the A26 or from the A275). After lunch at the Inn, members will proceed to the Bluebell Railway at Sheffield Park, arriving at 2.30. There will be an option of a trip to Horsted Keynes on a steam train and a visit to the engine sheds, or a visit to the National Trust Sheffield Park Gardens. If time permits, there will then be a visit to Lewes for tea. All enquiries to Mark Booker on 0892 43183.

**WHITE HART HOTEL
WHITCHURCH**

Christmas Menu

HOME MADE SOUP

**ROAST TURKEY WITH ORANGE
STUFFING, CHIPPOLATA
SAUSAGES & CRANBERRY
SAUCE, ROAST POTATOES,
SELECTION OF VEGETABLES**

**CHRISTMAS PUDDING
WITH BRANDY SAUCE**

£7.50

**BOOKINGS OVER 12
- £6.95 PER HEAD**

**EXCLUDING
CHRISTMAS DAY NO SERVICE CHARGE**



Christmas Dinner

The annual rural feast, organised by Mike Wheals, will take place on Sunday 21st December at the usual venue of the White Hart Hotel, Whitchurch, Hants. There's the usual extravagant fare at decidedly-non-extravagant prices, and this year we understand there's even a specially-priced children's menu. All enquiries and bookings to Mike Wheals as soon as possible, please.

Tour de Belgique

The Club Belge des Anciennes Citroen advises us of an interesting event next year. Taking place on 28th-31st May, it's to be a tour of Belgium commemorating fifteen years of the Club. Further details will be given as they are received.

7th ICCCR

As mentioned last issue, this auspicious event is to take place in West Germany, on 4th-6th September next year, at Loreley. This is on a picturesque stretch of the Rhine, not far from Koblenz. It would be particularly good to get a strong (in numbers, if not in physique!) TOC team together for what is sure to be a memorable occasion.

VII. ICCCR CITROËN-WELTTRIEFFEN LORELEY

GERMANY

4.-6. Sept. 1987



OTHER EVENTS

November 16th

Sheffield Autojumble, Dronfield Sports Centre, Dronfield, near Sheffield.

November 29th

Chester Autojumble, Northgate Arena, Chester.

December 7th

Huddersfield Autojumble, Open Market Building, Huddersfield.

December 14th

Mansfield Autojumble, Mansfield Leisure Centre.

RATES AND CONDITIONS OF ADVERTISING:

Private Adverts (classified).

Members and non-members of T.O.C., buying or selling Citroen Cars or parts (pre 1957) - NO CHARGE.

Trade Adverts

1/8 page, £30 per insertion. Advertisers must supply 'camera-ready' artwork. Where this is not available, the T.O.C. will provide it, after agreement with the Editor, on format and cost.

Inserts (loose)

Any size up to A4, £30 per issue plus handling charges, to be agreed with Editor. Artwork as above.

Terms of acceptance

Cash with order, all cheques and money orders will be cleared by the Club before the acceptance of any advert.

The Club reserves the right to refuse any advert which it considers unsuitable for publication.

All advertisements should be submitted to the Editor.

Diary Dates

WEST MIDLANDS SOCIAL SECTION MEETINGS

1st Wednesday of each month:
at the Swan, Whittington,
Worcester, 200
yards off Junction 7, M5.
Please contact: Simon Saint,
'Snigs End', Danes Green, Glaines,
Worcester. Tel. 54961 for
directions or further information.

LONDON SECTION MEETINGS

October 28th

The Anchor, Bankside,
Southwark SE1.

November 25th

The Sun Inn,
Church Road, Barnes
SW13.

ARCH OPEN DAY AT CLASSIC RESTORATIONS

AUTOJUMBLE

Bring your own unwanted
CITROEN parts and exchange
or buy.

To take place one Sunday in
November – exact date to be
finalised in next magazine.
For further information and
details of stall space etc.

contact the ARCH on
01-928-6613

Classified

For Sale

Citroen IIB Normale 1954.
Totally original and complete. In
need of full restoration. Stored
since importation. All import
duty paid. £850. Tel. Lapworth
3185 (Midlands).

For Sale

1950 Slough Light 15. Much
renovation and reconditioning
done incl. engine, clutch,
gearbox, brakes, interior and
chrome. Taxed and MOT.
£2,750. Tel. 089 272 2749
(Kent).

For Sale

1952 Slough Light 15. Runs and
drives. COMPLETE but interior
dismantled. Body frilly around
the edges. No MOT. Easily
renovated! £1,500.
Tel. 089 272 2749 (Kent).

Wanted

Big 15 (Slough), Commercialle
or Familiale for growing family.
Must be sound and ready to
work. Tel. 089 272 2749 (Kent).

For Sale

Citroen IIBL 1938, LHD, solid,
reliable, new MOT, tax,
stainless exhaust. £2,000 ono.
Tel. 01-348-1180 (N. London).

For Sale

Light 15 1955, Slough built.
Good condition. £2,500. Tel.
Colchester (0206)-42000.

For Sale

Slough Light 15, 1953.
Incomplete restoration, welding
done to floor and sills, rebuilt
front-end, good gearbox, good
tyres, many spares, rolling
chassis. £450. Tel. John Laskey
on Harrington 831 318
(Cumbria).

For Sale

Engine block, liners removed.
£25. Tel. Steve Hedinger
0753-852963.

Wanted

Two RADWAR front wing spats,
with boot scrapes.
Tel. 0508-78140.

Wanted

Familiale folding seats. Front
number plate for curly bumper.
Grill for Big 15.
Tel. 093928-254.

Wanted

Slough-built Light 15, must be
runner and complete, otherwise
condition immaterial. Tel.
M. H. White on (0488) 82012.

For Sale

The following parts are unused.
Some are rusty but some are
perfect. All for Light 15.

Cylinder head £20

Gearbox casing £30

Starter £20

Dynamo £20

Box of gears and shafts £20

Screens and side windows £8
and £15.

I also have lots of second-hand
parts for Light 15 incl. complete
engine – offers?

Another engine in bits £10

Brake drums £5

Wheels £4.

Tel. Mick Boulton 06943-226.

Service

WISHBONE SPINDLES RECONDITIONED

£30 pair + P&P

BRAKE DRUMS SKIMMED

£20 pair + P&P.

Roger Williams, 37 Wood Lane,
Beverley, North Humberside

HU17 8BS.

Tel. 0482-881220.

4-SPEED GEARBOX CONVERSIONS

complete with gearchange
mounted behind dash as per
original.

Roger Williams.

Tel. 0482-881220.

For Sale

1953 IIB for restoration. Sound,
complete but engine out.

1954 Light 15. Front-end and
brakes overhauled. New MOT.
Needs panel work and interior
finishing.

1946 Light 15. Very rough for
rebuild.

1938 Slough Big 15. Believed
only surviving example.

Bodywork nearly complete after
restoration. Chroming done and
most parts ready to fit.

1954 IIC Commercialle
completely stripped. Sound.
Good project.

1951 15CV Special bodied
estate. Needs full restoration,
but would make unique vehicle.

1949 Light 15. Nice original car.
Very sound. All mechanics
overhauled. New MOT.

For further information on any
of above, contact Arch.

Tel. 01-928-6613.

For Sale

1934 Traction Handbook. Very
good condition. Four Pre-
Traction Hub Centres.

Aluminium with double
chevron emblem.

Pre-Traction Wheel Nuts, 4 off
'G', 4 off 'D'.

One off Wheelnut enscribed
'Michelin'.

Rosalie Radiator Cap.

C4 Clutch Linings.

1923/28 11.4HP and 12-24HP

Friction Discs.

Citroen 6 1932-35 Head Set.

Citroen 6 1929-31 Head Set.

Rosalie 4 Head Gaskets.

Old Tyres – Michelin 380/

145x15, 165x380 Crossply,

145x380 Crossply, 145x330

XN Studded.

Plus the usual new and second-
hand Traction parts. Contact the
Arch. Tel. 01-928-6613.

For Sale

1952 Citroen Light Fifteen.

French model. This car has
been totally professionally

restored to concurs standard
with no expense spared

including new rebuilt engine,
suspension, back to the metal

shell black paint finish to very
highest standard, complete

interior retrim, new wiring, new
chrome, new parts throughout.

Spare Pilote wheels and new
tyres. Open to offers.

Tel. 01-235-5101 weekdays.

Club Tools for Hire

Front hub and outer bearing puller
Deposit: £25 Hire: £2.50

Top ball breaker
Deposit: £10 Hire: £1.00

Bottom ball breaker
Deposit: £20 Hire: £2.00

Inner bearing nut spanner
Deposit: £5 Hire: £0.50

Hires are for nominal periods of 7
days, although earlier return is
appreciated. Deposits are
refundable only on SAFE return.
Any damage to tools will be
deducted from deposits. Person
hiring fetches and returns. Prior
booking ensures availability. ALL

AVAILABLE FROM PETER SIMPER,
215 Whitton Road, Twickenham,
Middlesex TW2 7QZ.

Workshop Manual Loan Service

The Club has Light 15, Light 12 and
Big 6 manuals for loan; please send
details of your car, with name,
address, work and home phone
number together with a deposit

cheque for £25 made payable to the
T.O.C. – this will be cashed but your
deposit will be returned if the
manual is sent back in a complete
and good condition. Please also
send a separate postal order for
£2.50 for postage, made payable to
A. D. Sibley. Enclose a S.A.E. for
return of your deposit. Manuals
available from Allan Sibley, 174C
St. Ann's Road, London N15 5RP.

Club Shop Price List

Models

Burago 15CV/20.....£4.95

Back No's Floating Power

1 copy.....£2.00

2-9.....£1.50

10+.....£1.25

Posters

Les Tractions.....£2.00

Traction Avant.....£1.25

T-Shirts

New style 'Citroen'.....£3.75

Amaze your friends.....£2.50

TOC.....£2.50

Sweat Shirts

New style 'Citroen'.....£7.75

Assorted 'ICCCR'.....£4.00

Badges

Metal TOC.....£10.00

Button.....£0.50

Enamel Brooches.....£2.00

Set of three.....£5.00

Windscreen Stickers TOC.....£1.00

Place your orders with the Club
Shop (see page 2 for new
arrangements).

All prices exclude post and packing.
Cheques to be made payable to
T.O.C.

**SPARES SCHEME: When ordering
spares, please send remittance with
order, using current spares list
prices. Any extra will be invoiced at
time of despatch of your order.**

**FOREIGN MEMBERS: Please note
that an International Money Order
is required with overseas orders,
payable in Sterling for full amount
after any bank charges have been
deducted.**

