

**Chairman**  
Roger Dyer,  
Hill Top, Tuckey Grove,  
Send Marsh,  
Woking, Surrey GU23 6JG.

**Treasurer**  
David Shepherd,  
23 Longford Road,  
Bognor Regis, Sussex PO21 1AB.

**Social Secretary**  
Mike Wheals,  
Silk Mill Cottage,  
26 Winchester Street,  
Whitchurch, Hampshire.

**Membership Secretary**  
Steve Reed,  
1 Terwick Cottage,  
Rogate, Near Petersfield,  
Hampshire GU31 5EG.

**Club Spares**  
Denis Ryland,  
"Woodholme", Frithwood,  
Browns Hill,  
Stroud, Glous. GL6 8AD.

**Standing Committee**  
Philippe Allison,  
John Gillard,  
Colin Gosling,  
Tony Hodgkiss,  
Steve Reed,  
Graham Sage,  
David Shepherd,  
Peter Simper,  
Bob Wade,  
Sam Wells.

**Club Shop**  
Steve Southgate,  
11 Woodlands Avenue,  
Walsall,  
West Midlands WS5 3LN.

**Spares Technical Adviser**  
Graham Sage,  
13 Senacre Lane,  
Sutton Road,  
Maidstone, Kent ME15 8HB.

**Eastern Area Contact**  
Tom and Rosie Evans,  
West Cottage, Rectory Lane,  
Mulbarton, Norwich NR14 8AG.

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

**Central Southern Area Contact**  
Mike Wheals,  
Silk Mill Cottage,  
26 Winchester Street,  
Whitchurch, Hampshire.

**Northern Area Contact**  
Liz and Jim Rogers,  
11 Wilmer Drive,  
Heaton, Bradford BD9 4AR.

**Scottish Area Contact**  
Alan D. Hay,  
Rosewall, Main Road,  
North Queensferry,  
Fife KY11 1HB.

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

**Editor**  
David Gardner,  
33 Austin Drive,  
Banbury, Oxon OX16 7DL.

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

**Honorary Life Members**  
Fred Annells  
David Shepherd

ISSN 0265 0630

# Floating Power

Volume 14, Number 4

September, Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-Nine

**I** MUST DON sack cloth and ashes and joking apart make a public apology to Mr. S. Wells. The layout of the last magazine was entirely the responsibility of myself and P. Stenner, albeit the cover was a copy from a previous magazine. Unfortunately the credits at the front of the magazine attributed the design to S. Wells. It was obviously not to the high standard normally attributable to Sam and I unreservedly apologise for any inconvenience to those who took offence; were deluded into thinking that Sam had had a relapse in his capabilities or had used it as an example of his work.

This magazine is bung full of activities perhaps overly so but for that there will be no apology. It is unbalanced in not having any technical articles, but at least it shows what an active club we are. The technical articles will appear in issues of the 'darker' months when probably more technical work is carried out anyway.

Have you noticed how much the Traction is being used in publicity photographs and adverts, I hope to include some examples in the next magazine.

A thought occurred to me the other day (it was a full moon after all), when accosted for the umpteenth time in the street by a person unknown saying "I/my father/my grandfather had one of these cars", there must have been thousands more Tractions built than records indicate or one vehicle changed hands faster than the speed of light.

The 8th ICCCR at Flevohof was a

spectacular event even if on occasions it was a trifle damp. The enthusiasm of all concerned was wonderful to see. People from all over Europe travelling to a central point to share their experiences. I hope to see one or two articles for the next issue.

Working in the motor industry it is soon apparent that nothing is new, just a variation on a theme. I mention this in connection with all the discussion relating to low-lead fuels. On the page opposite are two technical communications from Citroën Cars dating from the early '50s. One relates to oil but the other I find more interesting because it relates indirectly to the addition of lead into fuel. So original Traction owners had the same problem that we, the current owners, have except the opposite way round. So as I was saying nothing is new just a variation.

As we (the royal) went to press I had a 'phone call from Carol Bilney to say that the Treasure Hunt planned for the 24th September was being cancelled due to lack of support. It seems a shame that when people put the effort in to organise an event they do not get the support even in the South East. However Carol is considering putting the event forward for sometime next year, hopefully it will get a better response.

With that I will finish and start thinking of something to write for the next magazine, by which time it will be almost Christmas, how time flies when you are enjoying yourself!

David Gardner



# TECHNICAL TIPS OF YESTERYEAR

## PREMIER GRADE PETROLS

You will probably already be aware of the considerable interest being shown concerning the introduction of branded petrols, including premier grades, on the 1st February, 1953. It is possible that you have already received direct from the petrol companies and from the manufacturers of ignition equipment, recommendations regarding ignition timing for the premier grades of petrol. These recommendations are the results of discussions between the oil companies, car manufacturers and the ignition equipment manufacturers, and if this letter is a repetition of one you have already received, we make no apology owing to the extreme importance of the recommendations being strictly observed.

### Ignition Timing

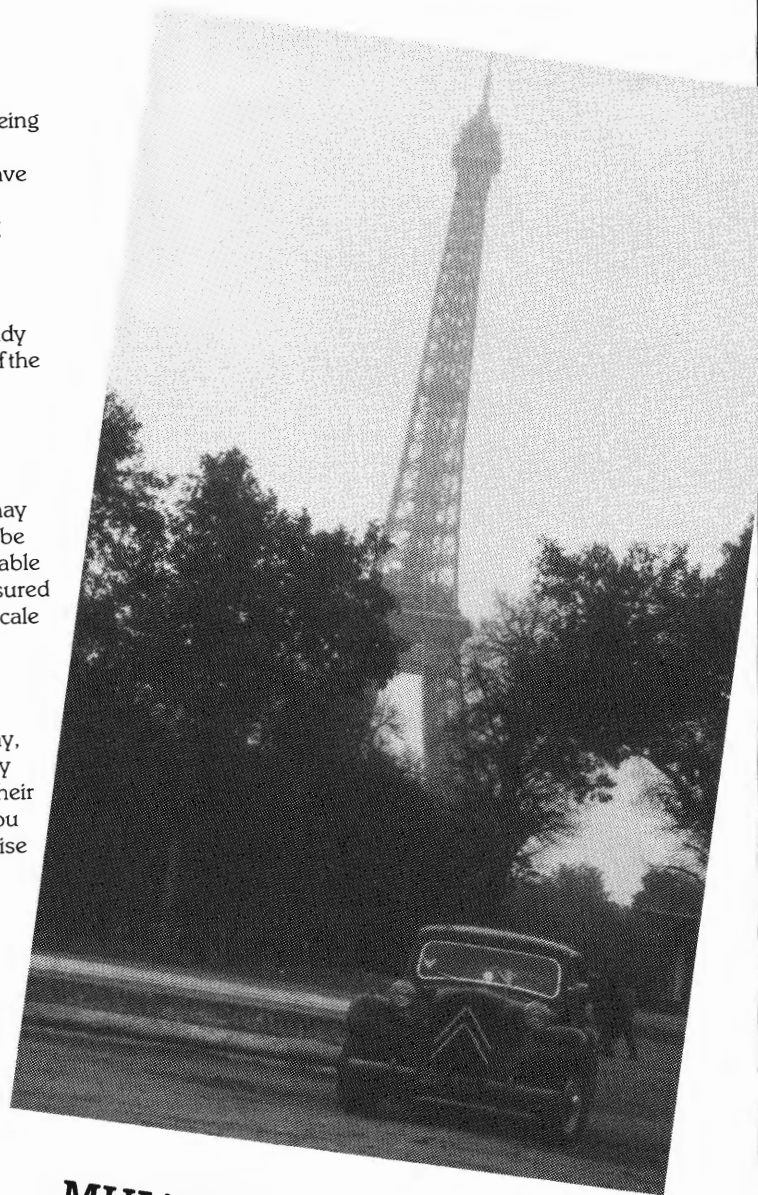
It has been a practice with pool petrol to time the engine just on pinking point at lower speeds. With the premier grades of petrol however, this practice will result in an amount of advance which may cause serious damage to the starter. In no case should the ignition be advanced more than three distributor degrees over that found suitable with pool petrol. This is represented by approximately 1/16" measured on the shank of the distributor of 1 1/2 divisions of the micrometer scale on those distributors fitted with an integral suction unit.

### Compression Ratio

Considerable publicity has been given to the fact that the premier grades of petrol will give better results, performance, and economy, with the higher compression ratios, and it is probable that you may have requests from your customers for the compression ratio of their engines to be increased. At the present time we can only advise you that such a modification is undesirable, and we would further advise you to accept no responsibility for such a conversion.

### Carburettor Settings

When using premier grade petrol no change need be made.



## MULTI-GRADE ENGINE OILS

You are no doubt receiving enquiries from customers regarding the use of multi-grade oils, such as Shell X-100 10W/30 and BP Special Energol, Visco-Static, in Citroën engines. The following notes are for your guidance in answering such queries.

Some oils of this type, in addition to their special viscosity characteristics, contain detergent and anti-wear additives in varying degrees.

Reputable brands of oils of this type are available for Citroën engines as alternatives to the specifications in our standard instruction books. On account of the detergent and anti-wear properties mentioned the following precautions must be observed:

1. A change to any multi-grade oil should only be made on an engine which is in a reasonably good mechanical condition.
- 2.\* If the oil is detergent, the cleansing action of the oil will release accumulations of dirt and therefore the initial charging of the oil must be drained off and the engine refilled with new oil after 500 miles. At the same time the oil filter must be cleaned.
3. Oils with anti-wear additives tend to retard the running-in process. In circumstances in which running-in is necessary, one of the oils shown in our normal table of recommendations should be used during the running-in period.



# UNION RUN

## *John Braithwaite tries out the Norwich Union Classic Car Rally*

### THE NORWICH UNION CLASSIC RALLY

Would my Citroën Light Roadster be eligible for the Rally? Would it be suitable? Would it survive the distance without breaking down? Would the new Peacock driveshafts really stand the test? Had I completely cured the waterleak and overheating problem? Should I take a towrope? Should I up the tyre pressures? Was the mileometer working? What spares should I take? Were any other Traction owners going? Was the cigarlighter working? I had asked myself many questions before deciding to take the Roadster out on a rally. Of course, most of them were totally unfair and I felt a bit ashamed to doubt the car's capabilities. Let me tell you a bit more.

I never seem to find time to enjoy and use the Roadster enough and to attend TOC meetings as often as I intend to do. This year I decided that I jolly well would make time to enter an event or two to make sure the car gets used. It seems today that, especially with the rising value of some old cars, many of them rarely leave their garages and are simply polished, insured and a source of worry. After all, I suppose you don't often see a Roadster out on the road do you?

This year was the fourth Norwich Union rally. I decided to participate in the

rally last year when it not only rained but hailed as well. Also, I did the rally in a powerful twelve cylinder car that just felt like having a greyhound on a leash as the rally is quite a gentle one. Quite unsuitable.

This year I decided that the Roadster was an eminently suitable car for the run and I duly got all the paperwork and was accepted. This year there were 900 entries! For the record, I had intended to attend the TOC Annual Rally but the dates clashed although I would have come to Stratford on the Saturday if my passenger had not been stuck at school until lunchtime on that day. In general, the rally is open to cars which are too young for the RAC Brighton Run and are eligible for the Norwich Union Collector's Car Policy (which admits cars over 20 years old). Therefore, it was open to cars built between the years 1905 and 1969. You can imagine the variety of cars that turned up ranging from a 1909 Vauxhall to a 1969 Lamborghini Miura! The cars set off from seven different points and, stopping at several checkpoints along the way, all end up at Castle Donington racetrack. In general, the cars start off at two minute intervals with a very detailed road map each and are expected to complete the total run within a fairly generous time limit which includes calling in at several checkpoints along the way. The total routes vary from about 100-130 miles long.

I decided to start from Oxford as, not only is it the nearest start to my home, but I thought it would be a picturesque route and the checkpoints looked interesting. My son and I got up early that morning and were relieved to learn the forecast was good for the weekend. It was the May Bank Holiday and I did wonder how much traffic we might run into, especially on the journey home to London after the day was over. A quick check on the oil, water and tyres was made and, most important, the picnic was put together. I always carry round with me a few essential tools and spares



'one happy starter'

and this time I brought a spare distributor as the car had been playing up a bit and missing, especially when hot (Graham and I had traced the fault to a loose-fitting distributor but it wasn't in fact needed).

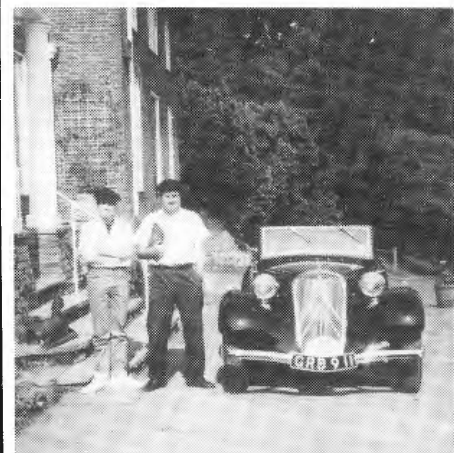
The event turned out to be very well organised and we arrived at the startpoint around 8am, along with an assortment of cars of similar vintage (presumably the older cars start first). I did wonder about the cigar-shaped MG near us but was informed it was a nonstarter! After various signing on and roadworthiness checks were completed, we joined our place in the queue. I did manage to meet up with the TOC Club magazine editor David Gardner who took time off from the TOC Rally to say hello and collect a TOC cup I had won previously. We were flagged off very promptly at 8.42am amidst a blaze of cameras and onlookers – we made jolly sure we selected first gear carefully



'some of the others'

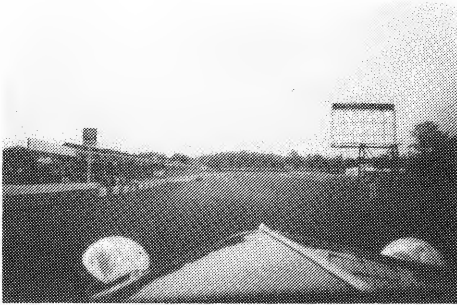
to avoid the graunch when you forget that synchromesh was not one of the car's features. No problems and off into the streets of Oxford. Actually the route book provided is almost too detailed and needs following the whole time – I think my navigator son would prefer to drive next time!

We were soon out in the country and I found myself catching and passing other cars with ease. The Roadster is still quite a nippy car and, of course, it corners better than many modern cars –



'All ready to go'

especially on roundabouts. We were regularly travelling at a good 60-65mph and often touched 70. As a rule, I don't drive the car hard as it's not that sort of car. With the roof down, it's much nicer to travel comfortably and to enjoy the scenery. It was a perfect May day and the countryside certainly was at its best. First stop was 50 miles away at Millbrook Proving Ground and it was great fun to make a lap of the circuit which includes very steep ascents and descents, blind brows and bends. "It should be treated with respect" said our routemap which we did. No problems at the 1 in 5 hill where we overtook a struggling Triumph. The next stop was another 50 miles on at Stanford Hall where we stopped for lunch as there was a very novel form of sport taking place there – small hovercraft racing. It was amazing to see these homemade machines racing over land and water at speeds up to 60 mph. I made a mental note to try one sometime, despite the noise. Apart from inspecting some of the

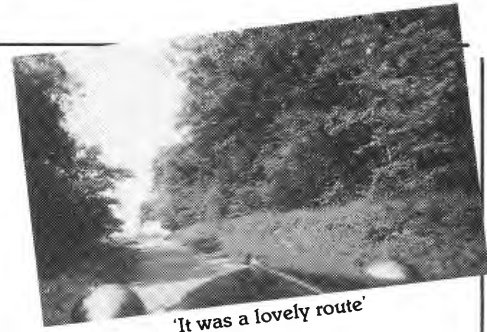


'Victory Lap at Donington'

other participating cars who had also stopped, there was also an interesting motorcycle museum to visit.

The last stop was only a further 10 miles from Bruntingthorpe Proving Ground. I know this one well from other club outings to this interesting circuit – it is unusual as there is a two mile straight on this circuit where you can really try and take off! Don't forget the bend at the end though. I met one other Traction participant there but I cannot remember who it was (my apologies if you read this). It was the only other Traction I saw all day which was a pity.

The final leg took us another 40 miles to Donington without much trouble except that, at one point, we met other entrants going the other way and wondered which of us had got it wrong. The routemap certainly was a bit confusing at this point but we soon found the route again. On our arrival, we were clocked in (in fact we had to clock in at each checkpoint in order to qualify at the finish) and found that we had arrived within one hour of the time limit, which obviously allows for stops, lunch, a pee or two etc. We were each presented with a small commemorative medal (very smart my son agreed) and then proceeded to complete a lap of the circuit at Donington in front of all the people who had either arrived earlier or just come to watch. We then parked in a sea of other entrants and an enormous crowd of enthusiasts. Off to the marquee to find some much needed tea



'It was a lovely route'

– bit disappointed to find nearly everyone had got there before us so we sneaked into the Norwich Union Hospitality Suite and were immediately plied with tea and cream cakes by white-coated waiters while we sat back with a commentator's view of the track!

Having had a good look round (I did like that Lamborghini – wonder if he'd swap?) and chatted to several acquaintances who one inevitably meets, we set off on the long hot journey back to London. Two and a half hours later, I was very happy to park the car safely back in the garage. We had covered nearly 400 miles on the whole outing with no drama whatsoever. We encountered no traffic holdups mercifully, despite the Bank Holiday, and the car ran faultlessly as indeed I really knew it would. It was a good day out and I think all credit is due to the organisers who arranged a diverse rally for 900 cars which worked perfectly. They will probably select different routes next year so I definitely will go again. How about a Traction contingent next time? Let me know.



'Arrived at the finish'



# TOUR de 4TH

*in which  
Bernie Shaw  
has a dashed  
good time in  
Brittany...*

**A**STHREATENED here is my report on the goings-on in Brittany. The names are all correct, only the facts have been changed to incriminate the innocent.

This year eleven British-based cars took part in this event organised by the "Club des Tractions d'Ille et Vilaine". The following report is submitted on the understanding that if anybody disagrees with my interpretation of the trip – hard luck.

## *Wednesday 12th – Bracknell to Rennes*

Why is it that one never sleeps well the night before an 0400 hrs start? At last the water hissed into the teasmade pot and the wireless crackled into life – it was pleasantly strange not to hear Jameson, compensation enough for getting up at that hour. Everything was ready, cases were packed, the cats were catered for, the Légère had been washed, serviced and fuelled and the Navigator had been brainwashed into believing she was going on holiday. (Sucker!). The drive to Portsmouth was uneventful but chilly. Had we known the temperatures in store for the next few days we would probably have savoured that drive a little more.

As we joined the happy throng of merry motorists queuing to suffer from "mal de mer" we became aware of a couple of other Tractions already through the first check point. Denis and Maureen Ryland joined us and I saw somebody in a Ford Escort double-check his own ticket when he saw Denis's proclamation of a round-trip to Moscow emblazoned above the windscreen. Once on the ferry a brief pow-wow revealed that breakfast was first priority.

This was followed by lots of hours sitting in the sun talking about the important things in life, you know – big ends and drive shaft knock. It was so rivetting that the Navigator read about seventy-five percent of a novel the size of "War and Peace"! At about 1700 hrs French time we arrived at St. Malo.

After a cursory glance from a French Customs Officer we formed a convoy for the drive to our overnight stop at Rennes. There were ten Tractions headed by the intrepid Mike Wheals, organiser and liaison office of the British group. Traffic was heavy. Sun was hot. Most traffic lights were red. The Fishers' newly built six took objection to the whole scenario and stopped. Denis knew the way so he lead on while Mike and I stopped to prevent Derek from catching the first boat home once his motor had cooled down sufficiently to re-start. We could only wait, so the junior Fishers practised asking for maps in French. Finally patience was rewarded and we reached Rennes with no further problems en route, not even a chance for Michael to ask for a map.

The next problem was when we tried to find the welcoming reception at St. Erblon. Fortunately we were spotted by Patrice Crusson, President of the organising club. It seems that there was no Civic reception so Patrice invited us to his home where we met the Club Secretary, Gérard Hody, who insisted that we drank all Patrice's wine in the form of Kir. At this stage the party was nearly halted by the arrival of Denis who

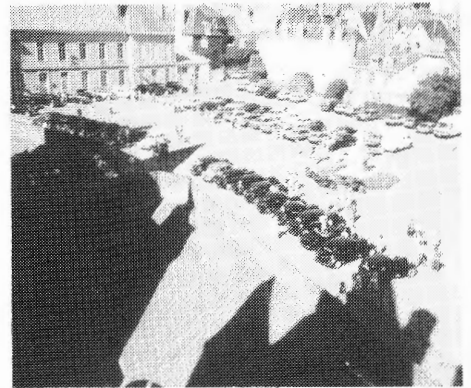


Camping was very friendly.

had become fed up waiting for the reception at the town hall and expected us to share Patrice's wine with the rest of our fellow Brits. We couldn't be too selfish so we let them join us.

Another problem then became apparent. Due to a minor misunderstanding, there were no campsite or hotel arrangements for "Les Anglais" for that evening. The tenters were offered the back lawn, whilst Gérard tried to contact hotels on behalf of those of us who are too used to home comforts to camp. It was late and people were hungry. Patrice lead the Bilneys

and Chris Dixon and family into Rennes and I cadged a ride with him in his unique Splendilux. After a very welcome steak in a local restaurant and a calvados or two when we returned, the Navigator and I spent the night in Patrice's bed while he crashed out on the settee. Mike Wheals meanwhile had slipped off for a quiet banquet with friends with whom he had previously arranged his own party's overnight accommodation!!!!!!!



## *Thursday 13th – Rennes to Gourin*

By 0700 hrs there was a fight for the bathroom as seven tents, one bedroom and a settee all disgorged their contents. Patrice served bowls of coffee to those requiring it before we set off for the start point at the local hypermarché. Ladies went to shop for the lunch-time "pique-nique" whilst the chaps registered and received rally plaques and windscreen stickers. Dave Green sallied forth to get repaired the puncture that he had collected on the way to Portsmouth, leaving Carole thinking that she had been abandoned in a foreign land. The windscreen stickers were cleverly designed so that when fitted to the screen all forward vision was completely obstructed. They usually ended up on precious paintwork (except in Mike's case where the paint is not so much precious but rare).

The British contingent was now at full strength with the arrival of Sean ?????? in his Belgian built Légère and the convoy, 23 vehicles at this stage, was due to leave at 1100 hrs. The French regard time with the same contempt that the Italians have for traffic lights. As a result, from now on, I will only refer to days of the week and occasionally qualify by specifying before or after lunch. There is absolutely no truth in the vicious rumour that the volume of alcohol consumed over the next few days prevented me from remembering the schedule of events with any greater accuracy.

Our Belgian friends set off on their

own, probably not wishing to be associated with the main rabble. The rest of us finally followed Patrice out of the now crowded car park on the first leg of our trip. We arrived at Josselin in plenty of time for those who had not shopped at Rennes to attack the local shops. Having discovered the French for ribbon – (different spelling but sounds the same!) – Carol Bilney purchased lengths of blue, white and red stuff on the pretext of decorating the Normale. It was however obvious to those of us with knowledge of such things that this ribbon was in fact being used to enable the Bilneys to identify their own vehicles in a long line of black cars following a typical wine-faced lunch. (Now you know why my GB plate was upside down).

Josselin is a beautiful Olde Worlde town with a river and a castle. There was plenty of time to sight-see for those interested, even after the running repairs carried out to Stan Barker's water pump which was extruding the gland packing like a sausage machine. Like Derek's Six, Stan's engine had also been rebuilt and



Do not drink the water!

had only been finished micro-seconds before departure. Under the circumstances this was a mere running-in problem. Throughout all this important technical business the Navigator continued to read and be on holiday.

From Josselin we drove on to Gourin, another small town where we assembled on the outskirts before driving together to an open air party celebrating the 40th anniversary of the local region. The road to the building at which this reception was held, was extremely dusty. When we stopped so were the cars. We were compensated by the distribution of a selection of wines, Champagne and soft drinks. There was live entertainment and numerous games of Boules were in progress. The building itself was under renovation and served as a sort of apprentice training centre for local craftsmen.

Later than evening after the Belgian contingent had washed and polished their cars we all sat down to a meal

together in a town centre restaurant before joining the locals in the square outside. They celebrated their bi-centenary with music, dancing, a display of fireworks on and around the church tower and even more wine. The proximity of the fireworks to the Church kept the local fire brigade busy. Our hotel may not have been the Hilton – the only stars it boasted shone through holes in the roof – but it could not have been more convenient. It was less than ten paces to bed when I finally admitted defeat.

Looking through my photos I get the impression that some of our party were very carried away by the atmosphere that evening. I will not embarrass individuals by naming names, but if they would like to buy the negatives, I will be very pleased to hear from Nicholas Wheals and/or Mercy, his young lady!

### Friday 14th – Gourin to Rosporden

I started the day by looking out of the hotel window in time to catch Alec Bilney writing "wash me" in schoolboy French in the previous day's dust on the bonnet of my Légère. Bloody students – they're all the same. The official day started with a communal breakfast in the restaurant in which we had dined the night before. The convoy then set off from the campsite, first stop Locronan.

In Locronan chaos ensued as our two dozen cars parked in the cobbled square outside the church. We were eventually moved off to a side street to make way for a procession which had still not



OOHH --- AHHH.

proceeded by the time we left for lunch. It is a very old touristy town and all the shops now sell modern knitwear at Paris prices. Still worth a visit, if only to see the unusual work of one of the local craftsmen whose metal sculptures of old ladies can be found sitting on benches or standing at water pumps throughout the town. We spent a pleasant hour there before a short drive to the designated lunch stop at Plogonnec.

During an excellent lunch we were entertained by Jean, one of the French party, who proceeded to "shave" Stan Barker whilst performing a parody of "The Barber of Seville". Later, dressed as an Arab he went on to search for a wife amongst the ladies present. In response, the British contingent gave a sneak preview of the TOC team representing dear old Blighty in the Five Man Bob at the next Winter Olympics.



I know nothing.

Not to be outdone the Belgian party gave everybody a chip!

After lunch and by majority vote it was decided to make a detour to the coast.

The weather was magnificent, the sea was warm and most of us were unprepared. That did not stop us. An unusual variety of underwear doubled as bathing apparel as we took the plunge. I will not embarrass individuals by naming names but if she would like to buy the negatives, I will be very pleased to hear from Gwen Barker. After our brief dip Patrice led a small party of us to Pointe du Raz, the French equivalent of Land's End, leaving the others to enjoy their sand, sea and sun.

These two detours though pleasant were both unexpected. As a result yours truly found himself low on fuel and set off ahead of the others to find an open petrol station. Prayers were quickly answered and we were soon cruising through typical Brittany countryside with the open windscreen doing nothing to



Tractions on parade.

counter the heat of the day. Convoy driving is fun but the opportunity to do your own thing now and again is also enjoyable.

We had a short break at a tiny village where a group were dancing to traditional music played on Breton bagpipes before speeding on our way towards Rosporden. En route we came



I prefer Gillette.

across Stan, Mike and a Frenchman all trying to work out why the Whealsmobile would not run. Nick denied all responsibility despite the fact that he had been driving at the time! I agreed to press on and get help. On reaching Rosporden our first priority was to alert Patrice. This operation had the same degree of difficulty as climbing Everest in a submarine, but after about an hour the rescue party and trailer set off. We then settled in before gathering at the campsite to refuel with yet more wine, courtesy of the organisers.

Dinner that evening was about twenty tortuous miles away in a little sea-side restaurant. So little that we ate in shifts! The food was good but the meat was not burned enough for some of the Brits. Mike's stoppage was eventually traced to a distributor fault, but not in time for him to join us for dinner. *C'est la vie!* — you can't win 'em all, Mike.

## Saturday 15th — Rosporden to Caro

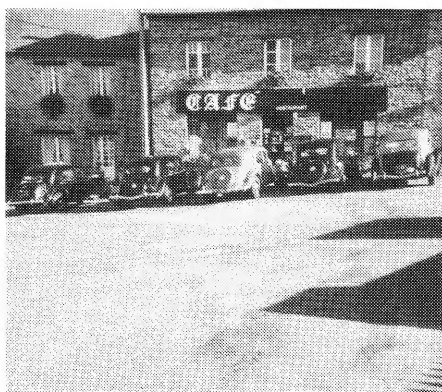
We arrived at the campsite to find that Stan had had his sump tightened and Derek Fisher was re-torqueing his head. Not a pretty sight. The Greens, who had absolutely no sense of priority, were making their farewells "due to other commitments". Rubbish — it was just a mild case of alcohol poisoning.

It was an uneventful drive to Port Louis where the local Festival Committee welcomed us with a selection of drinks and biscuits, before we "pique-niqued" on the beach and swam. This time most of us were prepared, although I did note some of us

snuck away to sunbathe topless in our knickers. I will not embarrass individuals by naming names but if she would like to buy the negatives, I will be very pleased to hear from Carol Bilney. Suitably sunned, fed and watered Navigator and I decided to join a small French convoy for a detour through Auray, a lovely old inland port. The only mistake was that the bar at which we settled had no licence to serve alcohol.

No wonder it was not crowded. Still, it was a nice orange juice and we know which place to avoid when we return.

All too soon we were back on the road heading for the assembly point just outside Caro. Life was made difficult by deviations where whole towns/villages were cut off to vehicles because of the celebrations. We were late. It didn't



A nice row of derrières.

matter. One of the French cars was looking very sorry for itself as it sat on the trailer with a shattered gearbox casing. The convoy eventually moved into Caro, a one church, two urinal place, where we brought the village tractor to a complete stand-still as we jostled for the parking space. Patrice settled outside a bar and the Brits ordered afternoon tea.

Once the "timetable" had been winkled out of Patrice, everyone headed for the campsite and yet another Kir reception. This campsite left a couple of things to be desired, e.g. water and toilets. The mechanics had already started to remove the gearbox from the stricken Normale and the trailer had been despatched to rescue Rod Burn and son who had suffered a broken inner drive shaft. Guess who was driving. You would think that Rod would have learned from Mike's experience the day before. I noticed Dave Hackett was less keen to let his son Alieyn loose behind the wheel after this.

That night the Caro Syndicat d'Initiative offered us a fine cold spread in the village hall. This was followed by a disco during which Noel, one of the three motorcycle outriders who had been travelling with us keeping the

convoy together and rounding up stragglers, managed to baffle us with three empty cups. Luckily for Noel his secret was fairly safe as most of his audience were incapable of focussing on what he was doing anyway. Simultaneously Johnathan Dixon was performing his own conjuring tricks for the benefit of Patrice's son, with no apparent language barrier. There you



Now watch closely.

are, Chris, trip now justified on educational grounds. At around midnight it was announced that both the gearbox and drive shaft had been replaced and all vehicles were running again.

The evening finished with a "Torchlight Procession" around the village. We were all given firebrands, symbolic of those used in the storming of the Bastille. These were then held out of the car windows as we drove through Caro. Navigator was threatened with a not so symbolic burning of the current novel if any wax dripped onto the paintwork. Next morning I noticed that Stan had obviously not taken the precaution of making similar threats to Paul, and Denis was using the droppings on his vehicle as Simonize substitute.

## Sunday 16th — Caro to Vitre

As we drove to the assembly point we waved goodbye to Chris Dixon and

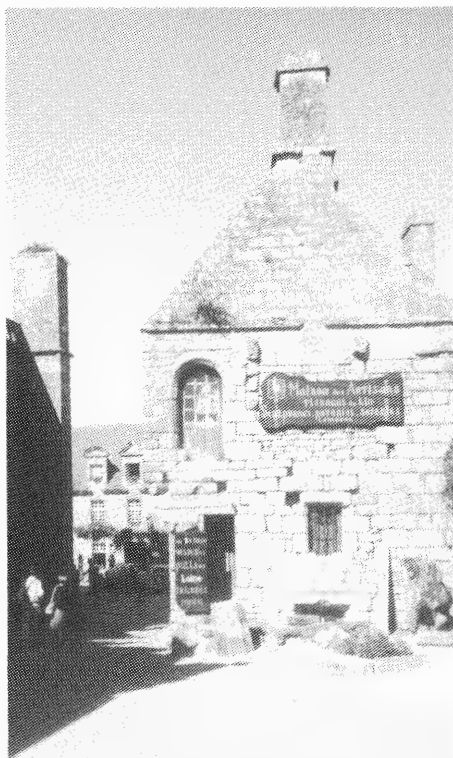


The clutch is a bit sharp.



party on their way to catch a ferry from Roscoff. We then came across a French mini-convoy going the wrong way so we all blocked the road for ten minutes while everybody argued over the route. Just outside the campsite the rest of the rally were all peering at Stan's engine which had acquired a new vibration and was losing oil faster than it was using petrol. The rattle was later diagnosed as an irritation to be sorted out at a later date and the oil leak was traced to a damaged rocker gasket. Once moving, and despite a coffee stop en route, we made good time to our lunch venue at Le Peinière, close to St. Didier. Here we were joined by some additional local owners for an excellent meal and one or two drinks. Despite a worsening valve problem Sean was fortunately still with us, albeit lumpily. During lunch Michelle presented Patrice with a pair of braces this invalidating the book being run on when his jeans would finally succumb to gravitational forces.

After lunch we assembled and moved



on to Vitré. It was hot and for once we arrived early. After driving around town several times we made our way to a large car park on the outskirts until we were led into the town centre to take over the square outside the castle entrance. The local committee welcomed us and provided refreshments in the town hall (situated within the castle). Afterwards we had about an hour to look around Vitré before the final leg of the tour and the farewell dinner at Champeaux. The restaurant laid on an excellent spread but time was now getting short as the



English contingent had arranged to drive to the St. Malo area that same evening. Thanks, farewells and invitations were extended all round. Patrice and his colleagues presented all participants with a souvenir plate and at 2100 hrs we departed. The campers followed Denis to a site that he had used before. I had booked a room at the Hotel Du Commerce in the old town so we made our own way via "D" roads to St. Malo. We suffered our only car problem on this stretch. The engine died at road junctions and other similar circumstances. I had advised the hotel that we would arrive by 2300 hrs, so we pushed on using the choke to overcome the idle jet. We arrived at the hotel at 2245 hrs. The room had been let. I swore. We found another hotel, parked and went for a crêpe.

## Monday 17th – St. Malo to Bracknell

We were woken at some ungodly hour by a dawn chorus of seagulls. The car started easily and I decided to leave the jet until I reached the ferry terminal. That way if I did some irreparable damage there would be somebody to tow me on and off the ferry. We breakfasted at leisure and drove to the port where it took under thirty seconds to sort out my carb. We were soon joined by the rest of the group before boarding the boat where we continued to bask in the sun for the whole of the return trip. All except the Navigator. She was determined to finish the book she had borrowed from Kenice Fisher. She succeeded, despite watching the film "Crocodile Dundee" as well as being dragged away long enough to share a lunch table with the Bilneys. The boat docked at 1900 hrs and we all said farewells on the car deck and agreed to meet in Holland – only six weeks away. Alec and I stayed together for part of the route up the A3. We parted at Farnham and Navigator and I stopped at a hostelry a couple of miles from home to top up for one last time. Arrived home at 2200 hrs. Total distance door to door was 1,245 Km and Navigator still thought she had been on holiday.

Thanks to the French for organising the event, to Mike for co-ordinating it and to all the other participants for their friendship throughout. It really was a great tour and we look forward to going again next year.

P.S.

I forgot to mention that at Caro one of the ladies took a picture of two of our party using the urinoir. I will not embarrass individuals by naming names but if she would like to sell me the negatives, I will be very pleased to hear from Mike's sister, Betty.



All safely packed in.

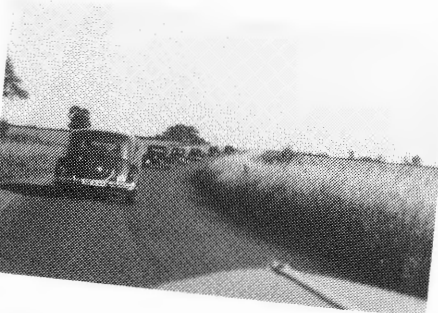
# Second Success

## Dave Stockwell on the Central Southern Tour

I had the unenviable job of back-up man with tools and spares following on behind in, first of all, Mike Wheals' CX Safari, and then in my own Dyane.

After following Mike in his Traction at high speed the CX was struggling a bit, but we nevertheless arrived at the start of the rally in Southsea in good time only to find that we had to wait over an hour for the others to arrive.

A flat tyre was one excuse, but we hadn't really started then. On to lunch in Chichester at 'Sweeny Todds', which was thoroughly enjoyed despite any connotations with the name. After photographs of Tractions lined up in front of the old city walls, off we went on the return to Whitchurch.



A cream tea seemed a good idea, Petworth being the venue. However, a couple of miles from there I lost them; would it be left or right at the fork? Left for Petworth but no sign of Tractions, carried on into town, didn't worry much as it is a one-way system, bound to come



The line-up against the old city wall at Chichester.



'I was in low gear'.

across someone and I did, right on his tail. I followed him through the town and out the other side heading towards Billingshurst. Must know where the rest of them are, I thought, so I followed for two or three miles but couldn't catch him (not in the CX anyway), so turned back to eventually find the others just about to start their second scene.

Then on through the lanes and byways towards our base at Whitchurch, fairly straightforward you might think, but not so — lost again, this time in Petersfield. Must have gone across two or maybe three level crossings on the same line before getting on the right track back to Whitchurch. Where have you been? was asked several times and that was only the first day!

On Saturday, the next morning, off we went bright and early, or it would have been if it wasn't for a few minor adjustments to the Classic Convoy. As I didn't seem able to keep up with the Tractions in Mike's CX I thought that I would use my Dyane as it had at least one more gear in working order. However, after slowing down to enter a village the Traction in front disappeared in a cloud of black smoke. After a minute or two it cleared. Good Lord, I thought, it has turned into a milk float! No sign of Tractions though. After a skirmish with traffic at Caversham and various stops to look at maps I eventually found my way to Henley-on-Thames where the picnic party would have been on their second glass of wine if they had had a glass — fortunately I had!

After a couple of treks into Henley on the pretext of a shopping expedition, but in reality to look for a toilet, we set off on the return journey. This would have been quite uneventful if it had not been for a little hill at Streatley. Cars, I believe, use more fuel than usual when going uphill, but I did not realise that Tractions use more than most. At least one of them did, pumping it all over the place. Fortunately I did not have to use my fire extinguisher and after a neat repair job by Dave Hackett we were able to carry on back towards Whitchurch.

The last call of the day was Pioneer Autos, who restore and sell a variety of Classic cars. They provided us with an excellent buffet and



refreshments which were greatly appreciated and consumed whilst we looked at the various exhibits. The day was rounded off by an evening meal at the White Hart.

Day three started out fine and not quite on time, as before, but everybody eventually got going, me bringing up the rear again in the general direction of Oxford. After a few stops for photographs and light refreshments we eventually arrived at Chris Goffey's delightful residence where we were privileged to picnic in his garden. Then after a minor diversion due



Pioneer Autos.





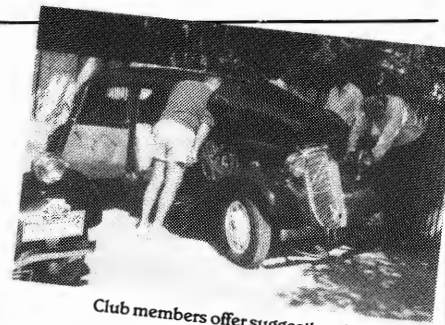
The line-up on the Ridgeway.

to an inspection of a rescued 5CV we went into Oxford for the afternoon. After temporarily losing two Tractions at a busy roundabout we eventually reached the city centre to see the sights. I spent a fair bit of my time watching an AA man trying to help a stranded lady with a tatty Dyane that would not start. I was quite impressed really. Then back to our cars and after a tour round the one-way system of Oxford we managed to get into some sort of complete convoy and headed out towards Wantage. After a stop we started off once again for Whitchurch only for Bernie Shaw and myself to be stuck at traffic lights for about five minutes, so lost the others once again, but pressed on in order to try and catch up, but I seemed to be losing Bernie, and when he disappeared from my rear view mirror I turned back to look for him but he had turned off for home, I believe, for as I found out later on, he was only with us for the day. So I carried on my own back to Whitchurch for the now familiar cry Where did you get to?

So to the last day of the Tour, destination Southampton, to say that we were late starting out is a bit of an understatement due to the now familiar exclamation "the car will not start". Not quite terminal but it was decided to leave it behind as we had not time for an engine overhaul. By the way, this particular Traction is



Queuing for a pint in West Hagbourne.



Club members offer suggestions!

reckoned by a friend of mine to be one of the best in the club, or could be. As a result possibly of the above vehicle being unable to continue it was decided that we no longer needed a back-up vehicle and I was invited to travel in style as a passenger in the superb Light Fifteen of David Gardner. After arrival at the Red Lion Inn, a building dating back to Tudor times, we refreshed ourselves whilst awaiting the arrival of some of our number who had deviated from our route in order to look at some old relics (no, not Tractions) on Salisbury Plain. We had a very enjoyable buffet lunch, then most of us made our way to Porchester Castle; some, however, missed out in order to partake in a sightseeing tour in the direction of Bournemouth!

Porchester Castle turned out to mainly of Roman origin with a Norman tower. However, I found the Norman church next to it most interesting. For example, if you were to use the words on a plaque dating back to the eighteenth century, which was on a wall inside the church, one would not repair and restore but "repair and beautify" one's Traction. Strange, isn't it, how the use of words has changed over the years, not always for the best however. After fond farewells we went our various ways and I made the return journey to Whitchurch in the company of Mike Wheals, a most enlightening experience. I suppose the only way to fully appreciate a Traction Avant is to drive and own one. I was amazed at how these vehicles took hills in top gear and corners without slowing down all in their stride. It seems to me that a well-driven Traction can hold its own on the roads of today in a style beyond the reach of most modern cars. So ended a wonderful tour with many thanks to Mike Wheals and all who helped him succeed with this event.



The last supper (or lunch).



# Southern Social

Martin Nicholson reports from the Land of the White Hart . . .

## CENTRAL SOUTHERN SECTION NEWS

It's not that things have been quiet here in the deep south of England, it is just that there hasn't been any mags to communicate in! However that has all changed otherwise you wouldn't be reading this, if indeed you are.

The CSS meets regularly once a month, first Sunday generally, (but always check with Mike Wheals to avoid disappointment) around lunchtime in the White Hart in Whichurch just off the A34 as you will have already noticed on the back page of FP.

There tends to be a nucleus, or is it nuclei, of members including my own lot, Mike Wheals, our hard working badge emblazoned, Traction mending, big six wheeler, scarlet painted, diesel engined 97 horsepower (you remember it too) area representative Stan "leave well alone" Barker and family, Steve "her's your chrome guvnor" Reed and family, Jon "I can't remember where I live now" Peace, Dave and Grace "someone find us a Big 6" Stockwell, Jamie "I've already got a Big 6 thanks" Miasey and family being some that come to mind.

Those of us from the South that attended the Annual Rally at Stratford couldn't fail to be impressed by the Midland organisers at work, however one little secret out of the bag. I, ably assisted by Simon Saint managed to cut off the water supply to the adjoining Skoda Owners rally camp on the Friday afternoon. Mike Wheals insists that they didn't notice because they were all busy congratulating the owner of a three year old model that had just passed its MOT. I'm sorry, no more Skoda jokes. Anyway a most enjoyable weekend, thanks to the organisers and what a splendid turn out of Tractions – an enormous 'Transcendence'!

The Central Southern Tour followed closely and I must say that Mike Wheals scored another winner with the event. I don't know how he finds the time, but grateful thanks from us all Mike. I'll say no more 'cos there should be an article on the event elsewhere in this issue.

At the CSS meeting that followed not a single Traction was present until Mike Wheals nipped off home to collect his Big 15 just to prove to new members that cars do exist and are not a figment of our imaginations. After the meeting a few of us followed Mike to view the "Traction Production Line". Four cars in various stages of restoration as well as the Stan Barker Light 15 with the offending parts removed.



Someone commented that the TPL is looking more and more like the 'Arch' everyday. We couldn't agree with that tho', the Arch is definitely unique, and that is meant in the nicest possible way John and Bryn! I bet the Arch is the place to be in all this hot weather – nice and cool man – just like its owners! (You remember Woodstock, was it really 20 years ago?).

So it was no Tractions in July but what a contrast at the August meeting, 8 or was it 9 cars in the White Hart car park. Strangely enough some of the nucleus were absent, Stan Barker and family having retired to Broadstairs for the summer, Stan muttering



about having to sell ice cream on the beach to pay for his engine rebuild, and the Reeds were away in Scotland. However the remains of the nucleus welcomed Carol and Alec Bilney, Pearl and Bernie Shaw, Maureen and Denis Ryland, Mike Wheal's son Nick and girlfriend mercy (that's Nick's girlfriend, not Mike's), Dave Hackett and son Alleyn, newish members Steve and Mike Westhead who I still haven't had a chance to talk to at length and last in and new members Jonathan and Emma Wadey with relatives Robin and Fiona Ferguson. Oh and the Ed was there too!



Jonathan has a very nice grey Normale which he has owned for the last 14 years but only recently joined the TOC. Most of the talk and photo swapping was about the Brittany Tour which seems to have been enjoyed by all. Next year I must try to get there. Forthcoming events such as the September Treasure Hunt in London and the Rally in Holland were also on the agenda. Bernie Shaw quizzed some of those present with a "name the special tool" contest. Two pieces of slotted angle, one with a piece of string attached and a Nyloc nut on the other end. Yes of course it was a device for checking wheel camber.

Photographic sessions followed in the car park, of cars silly, and about 3.30 p.m. the meeting seemed to adjourn to various parts of Whichurch depending on whether you wanted to watch the overfed trout in the River Test which runs by Mike's front door, or you fancied a visit to his other home (apart from the White Hart) that is the 'TPL'!

Incidentally I recently purchased a 'No-Gas' Mig welder which I have nearly mastered. A contradiction in terms? I will let you know more about it next time.

# CLUB NEWS

## QUOTATION COMPETITION

See page 10 of June/July issue.

'Is this the one who ordered the two handled cup?' - Carol Bilney.

'Is there a master spline in here?' - Alec Bilney.

'He paid how much for a Light 15?'  
'Is this the man that writes that drivelf for Floating Power?'

'I remember him before the haircut.'

This competition seems a bit one-sided; the last three suggestions were sent in by Martin Nicholson who appeared in the photograph. Does he have inside information?

## ERR-RAH-TAH

Last but not one issue of Floating Power contained the startling statement that the Club Spares were 'in the cars of Denis Ryland', giving rise to an appealing picture of rows of vehicles on Denis's driveway filled choc-a-bloc with loads of bits - "Head gaskets? Yeah, try the boot of the Light 15, third from the left". Alas, it was no more than a typesetter's error, and should have read 'in the care of Denis Ryland'.



## THE WHITE HART HOTEL CHRISTMAS MENU

SOUP OF THE DAY

PRAWN COCKTAIL

TRADITIONAL ROAST TURKEY  
With Stuffing, Bacon Rolls, Cranberry Sauce  
Roast Potatoes, Carrots, Brussel Sprouts & Peas

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

WINE PIES

COFFEE

PRICE £9.95p

## DLVC - an extract from the Federation of British Historic Vehicle Clubs News Sheet

'One ray of hope is that there is good evidence that applicants for the re-issue of original registration numbers who state that they would be happy for the registration document to be marked "number not transferable from this vehicle" are finding it much easier to obtain the original number for their vehicles.

We reiterate the importance of integrity on the part of Clubs when writing to support owners' claims of historic interest or rarity in connection with an application for the re-issue of a registration number, DLVC do check up on claims from time to time, and it would do the movement no end of harm if any organisation were ever proved to be inventing history ..."

## NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

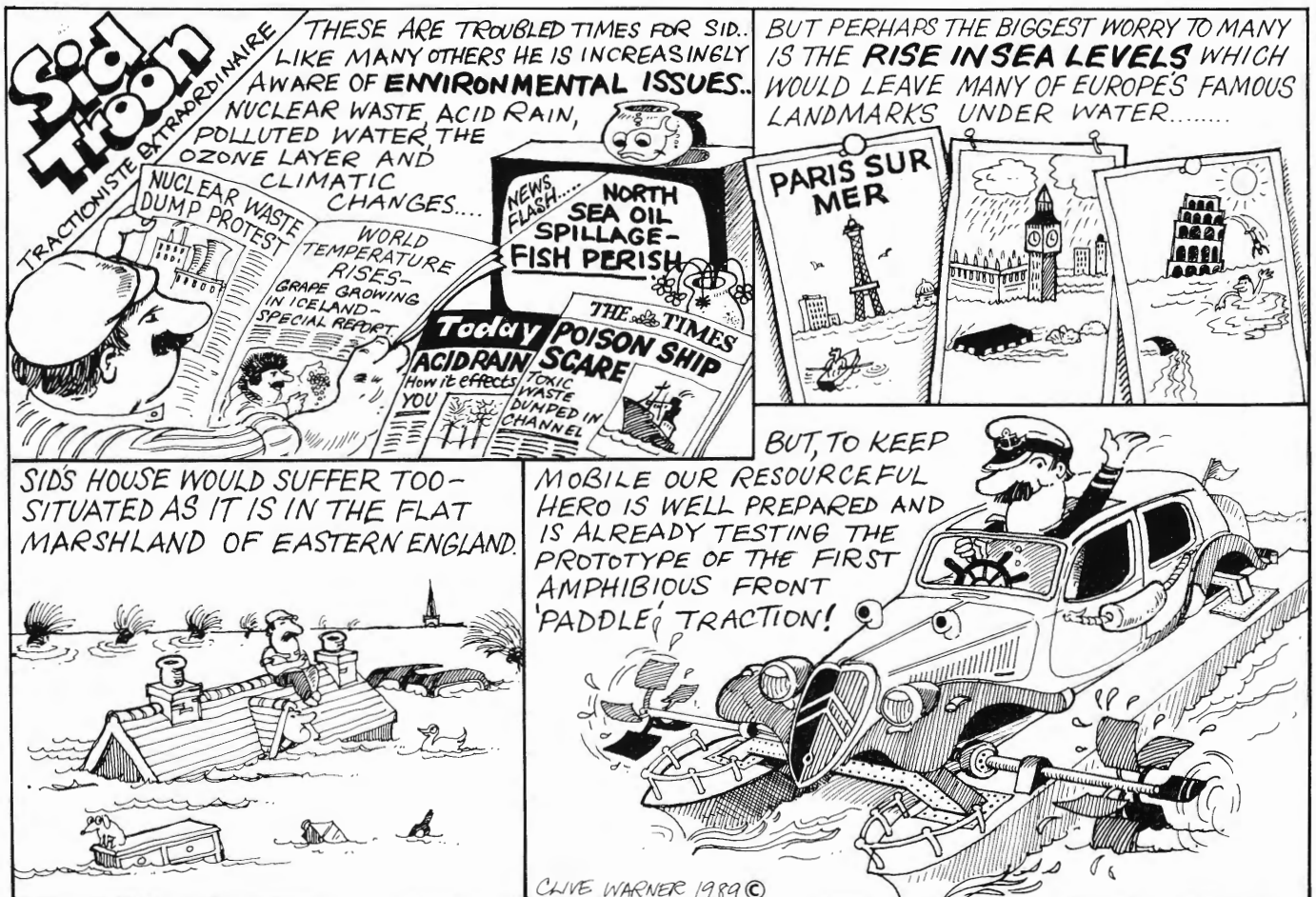
Last date for articles, adverts, correspondence, abuse, etc.:

10th NOVEMBER, 1989

In the next issue we have:  
'Off Track(tion) from Nick Olsen.  
Technical Reprints.  
Flevohof '89?  
not much else.

## CAR CHOICE, CAR CARE

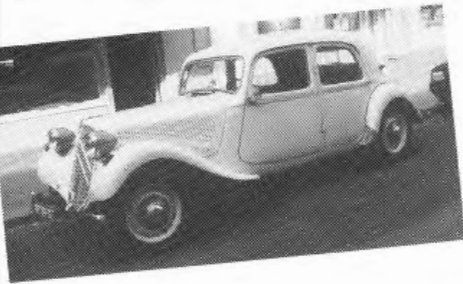
TOC members who also read FF Publications' 'Car' magazine will have been delighted to learn that editor Steve Cropley has just purchased a Traction, having been without a car of his own for some time. It is perhaps significant that it should be an editor of a 'modern car' magazine who runs a Traction rather than a 'classic' car mag member - after all, 'our' cars are significantly more modern than some current vehicles, leave alone most classic ones.



# CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Dave,  
Another espistle from north of the border that I hope will be of interest. The Glamis extravaganza has come and gone for another year and as usual attracted a massive turnout of both exhibits and spectators. The Traction did not go up this year although entered since my usual co-driver fancied a run in the R-R. I quite liked the idea however as company on a long drive is always welcome. There was no other Traction on show so next year it must make the journey North.

Two friends locally are both searching for British built Light 15s. One has to be Concours or near Concours, the other perhaps requiring some work. If any member knows of any such animals would they please get in touch with me. It would be most satisfying if we could raise a small Scottish Section and perhaps attack the Southerners on their own ground in the near future.



As I mentioned before my wife and I, with some help, took forty children to Le Touquet this year and they were all primed to look out for Tractions. It was left to yours truly to find one and a photo is enclosed. It belonged to one of the local doctors and was used daily on his rounds and as the photo shows was in very nice condition. There were two other interesting things as far as I was concerned, one the new Citroën XM, very sleek and beautifully appointed. The other was a lapel badge spotted in the local car model shop. It is the poster produced by Citroën in the thirties and again a photo is enclosed. For camera buffs the photo was taken by a Canon 1:1 macro lens and camera. These badges are expensive but I thought worth the money as they are so unusual.

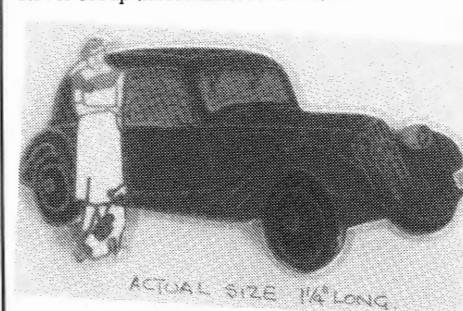
The Traction will be going out on the 27th August to Hopitoun House near Edinburgh to help raise money for Cancer Relief where it will be part of a very large exhibition and fair.

Don't forget South members there is always a bed for use here if you want to have a few days in the kingdom of Fife.

Yours Aye,

**Alan Hay**  
"Rosewall"  
Main Road  
North Queensferry  
Fife KY11 1HB.

*Keep the epistles coming Alan it is always interesting to hear from members 'up North.' By the way my address is quite apt since I work for the Rover Group (latest name for BMC)—Ed.*



Dear Dave,  
It has been suggested that it is high time there was a South Western section of the TOC—after all, most other geographical areas seem to be catered for!

Having said that, there seems to be some doubt about the number of Tractions actually resident in this neck of the woods. I only know of 5 or so in the whole of Devon. Cornwall, renowned for its legends and folklore is full of rumours concerning cars past and present—"I 'eard tell o' a bloke in Mevagissey what 'ad one o' they Maignret motors" etc.

Dorset reputedly has a handful. The story goes that on misty evenings in late summer a black Traction is seen parked at the end of the jetty in Lyme Regis staring sadly out to sea towards France.

Anyhow I should be delighted if all (?) of you from Midsomer Norton to St. Just would come out of the woodwork and make yourselves known and we will take it from there.

Yours sincerely,

**Walford Bruen**  
"The Barn",  
Beech Farm,  
Kingston,  
Kingsbridge,  
Devon TQ7 4HA

Dear David,

We enclose a photo of our Onze Normale taken 17th June at a wedding. The bride had wanted to use her Jaguar as the main car until she saw the Traction. The second Jag belongs to the local doctor.

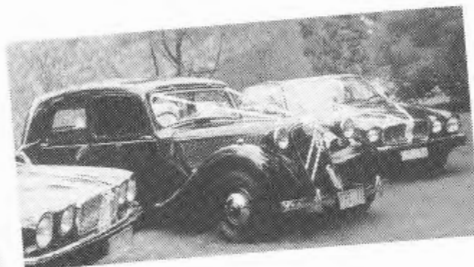
We haven't had any luck with the badge for our Family 9 (4 cyl over wings). We would appreciate a further ad. as we would love to have it to complete our car. We plan to visit next year all being well or maybe the year after. Looking forward to attending a rally.

Other news from Australia is about a two day visit by the four French journalists (Tour de Monde). We were impressed by their keen interest in their travels around the world, and the cars were running well. We have enclosed a clipping from our local newspaper. The last we heard they were at Mt. Isa.

The Australian Interstate Rally organised at Eildon by the Victorian Club was a top event, perfect weather. Eight Tractions, one of them a six cylinder. Next Easter it goes to Queensland, Mt. ----? (sorry I couldn't read the writing—Ed).

Look forward to receiving our next copy of Floating Power.  
Regards,

**Pam, Peter & Les Hayezzyhuth,**  
Gayndah,  
Queensland,  
Australia.



Dear David,

I enjoyed reading Bob Cordon Champ's article in the last "Floating Power", but I question whether a trailer really is "the safe way to bring a Traction back from France."

The regulations governing personal import of passenger cars require (at least if, like us, you are dealing with pre-National Type Approval cars), that the car shall have been used by the importer or his dependents on roads outside Great Britain before importation.

It is possible that not every Customs Officer or Department of Transport official would apply the letter of the law, but in my own case, the Customs Officer who dealt with me certainly had his

regulation in mind, commenting "well, if you've driven it from Marseille, I reckon that counts as using it abroad." In addition, the LVLO asked to see some evidence of the car having been insured by me in France before giving me a British registration.

Thus, in my view, safety lies in sticking to the rules, even though there may be a sporting chance that they will not be strictly applied.

Yours sincerely,

**John Hinchliffe**  
The Corner House,  
Ivychurch,  
Romney Marsh,  
Kent TN29 0BB



## French reporters visited Gayndah

Four young French reporters, whose 600 day world trip in two antique Citroën cars is being followed by their countrymen through magazine and television reports, spent two days in Gayndah last week.

Messrs. Eric Massiet, Yann Vrignaud, Luc Marescot and Christophe Hermerier were the guests of Gayndah Citroën owners, Messrs. Les Hay, Peter Huth and Ms. Pam Ezzy for two nights.

The energetic quartet, using two 1953 11B model Citroëns (their "travelling press agency"), will arrive back at the Eiffel Tower, their starting point, in January 1990.

After leaving Gayndah they planned a visit to Fraser Island as guests of the Sugar Coast-Burnett Regional Tourism Board to promote the island.

Their itinerary will then take them to North Queensland.

From there they will tour the outback, and leave Australia, via Darwin for Asia and Africa.

Throughout their trip, which also took in the Americas, the four men have submitted progress stories, photos and videos of their trip to Channel 2, the French television station and ten monthly magazines.

Gayndah, they said, was where they managed to have sections of one vehicle spray painted the red and blue French colours to match the second car.

Mr. Stan Medhurst performed the service for them.

Gayndah also achieved brief and somewhat spurious fame when it was featured on French television on April Fool's Day, as the place where one of their two Citroëns was "stolen."

The town's good reputation was re-instated in a follow-up report phoned through by the men to France.

As ambassadors, they have also been promoting the 1992 Winter Games, which will be held in Alpes Savoie, Mont-Blanc, the French food oysters at Marennes and the Earth Flag project.

The latter, according to spokesman Mr. Vrignaud, is a search mounted by Doublet Inc. for a flag which will represent "people and things of planet Earth" rather than any country.

"The judging panel will include notables such as Paul McCartney and Steven Spielberg and the winning flag will be presented to the people of different cultures and countries."

The experiences of the men, who have appeared on Australian television, will be featured in two 26 minute films.



# Events

## December 17th

Christmas Dinner at the White Hart, Whitchurch, Hants. 12 noon for 1 p.m. Children half price. Father Christmas with presents for the children. See advert for menu. Book early as many places have already been taken. £9.95 per head. Contact Mike Wheals.

## 1990

### April 14th-16th

Classic Cars World at Olympia.

### May 24th-27th

Tour of the Haute Savoie area of France on the borders of Switzerland. Organised by the Saleve Traction Club. Full information as it arrives.

## June

Annual Rally. Date and place to be confirmed.

## July

Tour of Brittany. Four days in marvellous company. Always recommended.

## August

Tour of the Cotswolds. Members in the Cotswold area are requested to offer their help in organisation and planning.

# Classified

## WANTED

### Wanted

After many years of longing we are finally in a position to buy a Big 15, preferably with a small boot. RHD or LHD. Must be in good condition as time at present is short. Phone Michael Carr on 0544 318321.

### Wanted

Pre-1940 Traction Avant for restoration. Condition — relatively immaterial. Must be complete. Phone David Boyd on 0527 892131.

### Wanted

Big 15 for restoration project. Anything considered. Please contact J. D. Waller on 0298-5354 or write to 'Rosslyn', 30 White Knowle Road, Buxton, Derbyshire, SK17 9NH.

### Wanted

A Traction for restoration. Ideally a Légère, complete and registered. Please contact Derek Steele, 16 Lyttelton Street, Worcester, WR1 3JN. Tel. 0905-22171.

### Wanted

One folding seat for Familiale. CX Familiale (preferably diesel). contact Mick Boulton on 093928-254 or write to: Ivy Cottage, Grinshill Hill, Clive, Shrewsbury, SY4 3LF.

### Wanted

To assist the restoration of a few Big '6's, the whereabouts of useful spares including derelict cars would be appreciated. Particular spares desperately required: 1 pair wing flitches; front wings; grille, rear suspension unit complete. (Big 15/Normale is the same); seats; dashboard with clocks. a complete restorable car would be considered. Contact Steve Southgate, 11 Woodlands Ave., Walsall, WS5 3LN. Tel. 021-357-2256, or 0902-45758 (work).

### Wanted

For Small Boot Light 15. Set of Easiclean or Pilote wheels, steering wheel, heater tube, locking boot handle, toolbox. Contact Kevin Scully at High Wall Cottage, High Street, Streatley-on-Thames, Berkshire, RG8 9JB. Or phone 0491-872930 (home), 01-637-8575 ext. 213 (work).

# Classified

## Wanted

Enthusiast still looking for a Citroen Light 15, RHD preferred but will consider LHD in either roadworthy condition or restoration project. Phone John Cresswell on 01-560-3261.

## Wanted

For 1939 11C — radiator grille, pre-war bonnet flaps, black faced kph speedo and all dashboard switches, plus any photos showing detail to assist in rebuild. Phone John Gillard (daytime) on 01-928-6613.

## Wanted

Citroen Traction Avant preferably with MOT. Phone A. Murdoch on Northwood 29427 after 8 p.m.

## Wanted

For French built post-war Big 15. Set of bonnet handles. Grille chevrons. Grille aluminium inner surround. Grille top motif. Pair of headlamps with mounts (maybe just an off-side lamp and mount will do). Please contact Clive McKeough on Saffron Walden 0799-25352.

## Wanted

Parts manual for Rosalie 10, 1934. Roger Waters, 01-866-9392.

## FOR SALE

A Tea Towel with a reproduction of the *Autocar* drawing. 100% cotton. £2.00 each. Postage 30p for one, 40p for two, postfree for more. Alec Bilney, 30 Mill Street, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, KT1 2RF. Or at major TOC functions.

## For Sale

1938 11F, very original, rust-free, rebuilt. 1932 AC4, major part of restoration complete. 1946 Light 15, structural welding completed. 1938 Big 15, restored body shell, new chrome. 1936 Big 15 Familiale, restored body shell, needs assembly. 1954 Light 15, all MoT work done, needs finishing. Contact John or Bryn (daytime) on 01-928-6613 (trade).

# Classified

## For Sale

New traction driveshafts, as manufactured by Peacock Engineering. Fit and look like original shafts but have greater strength, are longer lasting and are maintenance free. Now also available from Classic Restorations, Arch 124, Cornwall Road, London, SE1. Tel. 01-928-6613. (Trade).

## Service

4-speed gearbox conversion complete with gear change mounted behind dash as per original. Contact Roger Williams, 35/37 Wood Lane, Beverley, North Humberside. HU17 8BS. Tel. 0482-881220.

# Diary Dates

## CENTRAL SOUTHERN SECTION MONTHLY MEETING

On the first Sunday of each month the Central Southern Section meets at The White Hart Hotel in Whitchurch, Hants. Whitchurch is situated half way between Winchester and Newbury just off the A34. The meetings are lunch time meetings commencing at noon. Food available.

## 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', Daines Green, Glaines, Worcester. Tel. 54961 for directions or info.

## NORTHERN SECTION MEETINGS:

4th Thursday of each month at the White Hart, Rooley Lane, Bradford at 8 p.m. Please contact Liz or Jim Rogers, 11 Wilmer Drive, Heaton, Bradford BD9 4AR. Tel. 0274 45600 for further info.

## LONDON SECTION MEETINGS

All meetings last Tuesday of each month at the Sun Inn, Barnes.

## Club Tools for Hire

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

Top ball breaker  
Deposit: £15 Hire: £1.50

Bottom ball breaker  
Deposit: £25 Hire: £2.50

Inner bearing unit  
Deposit: £15 Hire: £1.50

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.

## Club Shop price list and ordering details

Greeting Cards  
Pack of six ..... £1.50

Mugs  
New flaired Traction Mug ..... £1.75

Posters  
"Les Tractions" ..... £2.00  
"Traction Avant Colour" 3D ..... £2.00  
"Traction Avant" Blue/White ..... £1.25  
Magazine Covers Black/White ..... 4 for £1  
Ideal for frames ..... Set of 20 for £4

Models  
Burago Black Diecast 15 CV ..... £6.00  
Matchbox Roadster/Coupe ..... £3.00

T-Shirts  
Citroen (S, M, L, XL, white) ..... £5.00

Sweat Shirts  
Citroen (S, M, L, XL, Navy) ..... £10.00

Badges  
Metal TOC Bumper Badge ..... £15.00  
TOC Windscreen Sticker ..... £1.00  
Enamel Brooches ..... £2.50  
Blazer Badges ..... £5.00

## Back Numbers Floating Power

1 copy ..... £2.00  
2-9 ..... £1.50  
10+ ..... £1.25

For Club Shop address see page 3. Please add 50p p&p for orders under £10.00. Make cheques payable to TOC. Overseas orders by Sterling International Money Order please.

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.

