





Dave Almond 1937 7C YSU 153  
 Mike Stacey 1939 11 BL EVY 682C  
 Walford Bruen 1939 Lt 15 Roadster SW 6178  
 David Boyd 1940 Lt 15 Roadster GWJ 293  
 Ian Narn 1946 Lt 15 KVA 444  
 Stan Barker 1947 Lt 15 GDD 931  
 Dave Harkett 1949 Lt 15 LLM 95  
 Chris Goffey 1949 Normale CSV 757  
 Paul Widdup 1950 Lt 15 KY 304  
 Andy Cartwright 1951 Normale USU 305  
 Patrice Crusson 1951 Normale 553 OTH 35  
 Dave Gardner 1951 Lt 15 MYW 86  
 Steve Southgate 1952 Big 6 MYP 575  
 Julian Hodges 1952 Lt 15 NNK 766  
 Mike Tennant 1952 Lt 15 NOD 226  
 Paul Riggs 1952 Legere SSU 808  
 Dave Green 1952 Lt 15 PXP 82  
 Tom Smulders 1952 11B Normale 152 BD 17  
 Peter Simper 1953 Lt 15 SZ 425  
 Dennis Ryland 1953 Lt 15 728 BBE

John Oates 1953 11BL WSU 254  
 Ted Gartland 1952 Big 6 UPA 992  
 Steve Leigh 1953 Legere CSU 705  
 Nigel Webb 1953 Lt 15 TPH 375  
 Nick Gundry 1953 Lt 15 HVG 659  
 Olaf Silins 1953 Normale 490 DEL  
 John Saunders 1954 Legere NSU 708  
 Mike Wheals 1954 Big 15 LWS 281  
 Alec Bilney 1954 Normale BPF 900B  
 Steve Reed 1954 Normale XSV 441  
 Christine Madeira 1954 Normale SSV 102  
 Jack Westwater 1955 Familiale 967 LGU  
 Arwyn Hopkins 1955 Normale BSV 866  
 Malcolm Wigmore 1955 Normale SSV 517  
 Chris Dixon 1955 Legere SCV 98  
 Lyn Richardson 1955 Lt 15 ORK 7  
 Kevin Bond 1955 Commerciale TSU 228  
 Nigel Howard 1955 Normale 755 AQ 36  
 Mick Boulton 1956 Commerciale WKG 304  
 Malcolm Fairley 1956 Normale JSU 228

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# Floating Power

Volume 15, Number 3

July, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety

Well here we are, half way through yet another year. I would like to thank Nigel Webb for putting on a splendid Annual Rally, a supply of the local cider appeared not only at the campsite but also at a local fete where we made an appearance. It reminded me of the Tour of Brittany when 'Pastis' was regularly offered round at stopping points. A full account of the Rally is within this illustrious tome of information together with an account of the Haute Savoie rally.

In response to many requests there are some reprints of technical articles, one of a water pump overhaul and one which you may have to size up after you have read it. With respect to the technical articles, they are produced in good faith, however neither the Club nor its officials accept any liability whatsoever for any omissions, misprints or inaccuracies contained therein. If you have any doubts get further advice.

The AGM has now taken place and hopefully there will be a brief account in the next magazine. I understand that it had the customary attendance, however I cannot make much comment since like the majority of you I had commitments which prevented my attendance. There have been some changes to the committee but see Club News for details. One which I will mention is that we appear to have lost the assistance of the magazine designer. I think we have lost something in the appearance of the titles and cover but Peter Stenner and his team are very helpful in interpreting my layouts and jottings to produce what I think is a reasonable magazine, but perhaps I am a little biased. If there are any members with an artistic leaning who would like to try their hand at "illuminating" the magazine I would be pleased to hear from them.

Every so often the magazine contains extracts from the FBHVC news sheet. This is an organisation which has been

set up to help protect the owners of historic, vintage and classic cars from the legislation being put through the EEC. It is made up of Clubs who consider the continued usage of their cars important. Each member Club makes an annual contribution. Part of the increase in TOC membership fee is going toward the FBHVC. A lobbyist is employed by the FBHVC to maintain a watching brief on all aspects of proposed motoring legislation. This is to ensure that legislation put through for new vehicles does not become applicable retrospectively because of poor wording or an omission within the legislation. I am sure that the majority of you will consider this to be a worthy cause.

The popularity of 'our' cars together with the number of cars being imported appears to have been a catalyst to the increasing number of establishments willing to fettle and refurbish your pride and joy. In theory this should provide an element of competition for business which, assuming quality of work is equal, should benefit us the owner who has to cough up the large amounts of money. It will be interesting to see how it all works out.

Another aspect to this is membership. Will these new owners feel the need to join a one make club if facilities easily exist outside the club for maintaining and repairing their car. This is an area which needs to be considered by members through the support of local and national events. After all the Club is more than just a source for spares, it is a forum for discussion of ideas on methods of repair and restoration and it also has a thriving social activities calendar where members can enjoy the fruits of their labour and money together. Think about it and encourage any new owner to join the Club and not go off on their own.

David Gardner.

# RALLYING AROUND THE HAUTE SAVOIE IN STYLE

with JUNE and MIKE REDGROVE

We have just returned from the 1st Rally in the Haute Savoie (French Alps), organised by the Saleve Traction Club. It was our first rally with our 1954 11B, which we bought in France last year, but not our first car rally and not our first in France.

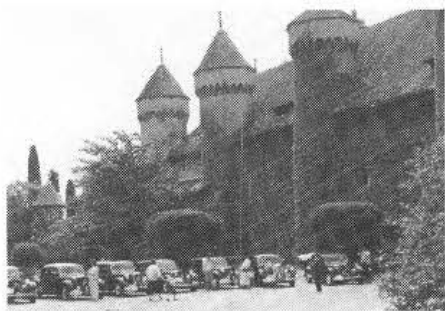
The Start was scheduled for 8.00 on Thursday, May 24th at Collonges sur Saleve. We decided to make a week's holiday and crossed the Channel to Le Havre the previous Saturday. The car attracted quite a lot of attention en route to Portsmouth. One passer-by exclaimed very knowledgeably to his friends "It's a Riley".

The boat wasn't crowded but we were completely outstaged by an immaculate veteran Mercedes Convertible and were mortally offended when someone asked us to stop so that he could take a photograph of ... ANE-TYPE, with the hood down. The driver and passengers looked a bit cold. The photographer was a Frenchman, who told us "Yours eez a good car too, eet is French".

I should say at this point, it isn't *our* car; it is *Mike's* car. I am just passenger, navigator, electrician and rally historian.

Mike wanted to stop at Depanoto at Nogent le Rotrou, for spares, which wasn't open Sunday, so we spent some time at Etretat, which is a nice Norman seaside town with some stunning cliff formations. On Monday morning, as we were approaching Nogent, I checked the Depanoto catalogue to find the address and discovered they were closed on Monday too, as were most of the shops, bakers and restaurants. Nevertheless, undaunted we carried on. It is listed as being on the main N23 – it is, in fact, on the *old* N23 in the middle of town, signs for the N23 take you around the by-pass. We spent a pleasant afternoon wandering around the chateau at Nogent.

What of the car? It had behaved superbly ever since Mike bought it, in spite of the previous owner's reservations when he learned that Mike proposed to *drive* it from Tours to London. He was so worried, we promised to ring him to tell him that we had arrived safely. Anyway, it behaved superbly until Mike steam-cleaned the engine, after which the starter wouldn't or couldn't start the engine. Various theories were tried and tested, eventually the fault was located to a dislocated brush and the stater was put back on to the car, cleaned, checked and in full



Lunch at the 'Chateau'.

working order, only hours before our departure. The starter worked all Saturday and most of Sunday, but after we stopped for a drink on Sunday afternoon, it was back to its old erghh . . . nothing. We ignored indications from the ammeter that the battery wasn't charging and leapt to the obvious conclusion, that the previous starter fault hadn't been rectified and hoped that something or someone at Depanoto might work a miracle, or have a suitable part.

On Monday evening on the way back from a restaurant, fortunately just *before* dark, the lights were very, very dim. I decided that the dynamo, regulator, or both, were faulty. I tended to favour the regulator, because the regulator on Mike's Series One Landrover packed up soon after I submerged the engine in a muddy pool, and because a regulator was much cheaper and easier to fit. Depanoto had a regulator and the battery started charging immediately it was fitted and was sufficiently charged to operate the starter by our next stop. From then on we had no problems.

We drove to the Haute Savoie via Sancerre, where we tasted and bought some wine, and Macon, where we tasted and bought some more wine. On the way we saw two Traction's parked in a field. Mike couldn't resist asking if they were for spares or for sale. The owner admired our car and said he was going to restore them. On the final leg of the journey on the autoroute from Macon, we encountered our first "working" Traction parked on the hard shoulder. It belonged to Dave Gardner, on his way to the rally. The car was overheating, but he assured us he was all right, so we carried on.

The rally was due to start at 8.00 a.m. From previous experience with French organisation we thought this could mean anything from 9.00 to mid-day, and if it didn't get started by mid-day we would be there till two – nothing starts in France over lunch. We got to the start at 8.30, and were the last to arrive and the first convoy was leaving. Several yellow-jacketed STC (Saleve Traction Club) members descended on the car and covered the bumpers with stickers, while we collected the largest goody bag I have ever seen, plus a wallet, route map and a pink rose, for me. I was asked to choose one from several flat coloured packets, which I assumed contained chocolates. When I opened it I discovered it was a watch.

We were in the second convoy of about eight cars which wound its way around hairpin bends up the Saleve, which is a mountain. We stopped at the top for a view of Mont Blanc, but it was so overcast all we could see at that height was clouds. Our first main stop was Annecy, on Lake Annecy, said to be the purest lake in Europe. There were 23 cars in the rally and we saw them all together for the first time when we parked them in a secure area by the lake. There was

a wide range of cars; in fact, no two cars were exactly the same. Most were black, *naturellement*. Perhaps the most interesting was a maroon Rosengart Super Traction, belonging to 'Super Henri', a Belgian. Before lunch we went to the Town Hall for a civic reception. The mayor told us about the town, the Club President thanked him for his hospitality and presented him with a model Traction specially struck for the occasion. We had a few drinks then boarded a large boat, where we had an excellent lunch cruising around the lake.

After lunch we set off for Morzine, our rally base. BP had sponsored the rally to the tune of F450 worth of petrol for each car, provided



June and Mike scale the heights.

they filled up at a BP station during the rally, and got receipts to prove it. BP stations were few and far between, so all 23 cars stopped for petrol at the same garage. It took us quite a long time to fill up.

We arrived at Morzine an hour later than scheduled. This was more like the France I was used to. We lined up outside the house of one of the Committee, Bernard, who got out his high pressure washer and washed each car, and we were more than an hour late when we arrived in the town square for another reception. But they weren't ready for us so it didn't matter. After a while, three young men appeared with alpenhorns and gave us a tune. Then, in the mayor's absence, a local councillor told us about the town, and the Club President thanked him for his hospitality and presented him with a model Traction specially struck for the occasion. Each team collected a T-shirt with MORZINE printed back and front, and everyone had more drinks.

We checked into our three-star hotel 10 minutes before dinner was scheduled. While we were unpacking and changing, there was a knock on the door and we were presented with a model Traction specially struck for the occasion. Dinner was an hour late. We were told to breakfast at 8.00 next morning for an 8.30 start.

We got away in good time and headed for Evian on Lake Geneva – yes, it is *the* Evian where the mineral water comes from; the plant is ominously near the lake. We drove around trying to find somewhere to park. One Traction wouldn't have been a

problem, 23 was something else. At one stage Mike and I got lost as the car immediately in front got through the traffic lights and disappeared round a bend. Fortunately, we had heard someone mention the Casino, and found everyone there, double parked, blocking all sorts of people in. The programme mentioned 'jeux' but we couldn't leave the cars where they were so we drove to Thonon, our next rendezvous. The local police directed us into what appeared to be a pedestrian shopping street, apart from a great delivery lorry parked half-way down. At the bottom a policewoman showed us into a small square. A children's roundabout, full of futuristic vehicles, was set up and in full swing. The cars were carefully parked around the Square and made quite a show while we went to the local tourist bureau for another reception. The head of the bureau told us about the town, and the Club President thanked him for his hospitality and presented him with a model Traction specially struck for the occasion. They opened a special local wine, which was delicious, and foreign participants were each given a bottle to take away.



Queueing for petrol – BP of course.

Lunch was at the Chateau Ripaille, an old Chateau set in a walled courtyard just outside Thonon. It has its own vineyards, which provided the grapes for a delicious wine served with lunch in the castle dining room.

The afternoon drive was to Les Contamines, a ski resort just under Mont Blanc, which was still covered with cloud. By now the participants were warming to the occasion. The afternoon convoy was considerably noisier as we hooted our way through the towns. I noticed that most of the people who appreciated the cars were very young or middle-aged plus. The former were excited by the unusual, the latter remembered their youth. The Mayor at Les Contamines welcomed us and told us about his fond memories of the Traction Avant. The Club President thanked him for his hospitality and presented him with a model Traction specially struck for the occasion. He was delighted with it. He took us to a spot just outside the town, which was the starting point for several walks. It would have been nice to spend some time walking, but the schedule demanded a return to Morzine for a Savoyard evening. We all stopped at the BP garage on the way back and arrived 10 minutes before the coach was due to depart for Avoriaz, a purpose-built ski resort, up a narrow winding mountain road above Morzine.

Avoriaz looked like somewhere on another planet, the still and silent ski lifts and

the huge apartment blocks, which are built in strange shapes, had a pink hue from the setting sun. In winter the car park would always be under snow, so it wasn't tarmaced, it was mud and stones, with small piles of very dirty, unmelted snow dotted here and there. Nevertheless we had a wonderful evening. We ate Raclette, made of cheese melted and heated to form a crust, salad and jacket potatoes. We had coffee Savoyard style, from a large wooden vessel, the shape and size of a curling stone, but unfortunately not the weight. It had drinking spoons all around it, from which each member of the party drank in turn. The coffee was spiced or laced with something and was very warming.

Several members of the committee entertained us, accompanied by a local accordionist, in true French style. Bernard put on his Savoyard costume and danced in clogs and sang to us. Alain sported a Savoyard hat and joined him. Gerard reluctantly sang solo. Gerard, apart from being a good entertainer and back-up mechanic, spoke wonderful English when drunk, but only French when sober. They sang on the coach back to the hotel; our driver was happy too. I tried not to think of the hairpin bends and the sheer drop and to convince myself that he had only drunk mineral water with his raclette. To be fair, his driving was impeccable.

Saturday was the big day – we were off to Geneva. As we left the hotel, the car in front took what we thought was the wrong route, but we had been told to follow, so we did. We saw another Traction coming from the opposite direction and were sure we were going the wrong way. We were just about to turn back when Bernard's wife told us to go to Bernard's to have the car washed and polished. A trip to Geneva in a dirty car was unthinkable.

We went in convoy but got separated as we passed several sets of traffic lights in Thonon and got mixed up with a cycle race. To my astonishment we were waved through, *with* the cyclists. That must be the highest accolade a Frenchman can give to a motor car, to allow it on the same hallowed road as a cycle race. We waited at the border for the convoy to be complete, then headed into Geneva where we were escorted to our allotted parking area by two motorcycle policemen.

This was the grandest reception of all in the renovated Town Hall, with a Guard of Honour at the entrance, comprising 'soldiers' dressed in traditional uniform. They had red coats, white trousers, black stockings and hats which resembled a squashed busby. They carried old muskets, looked very grand and stood to attention as we entered the town hall. We felt very special. The Mayor apologised for being late (he was delayed by important local matters), told us about the City, and the Club President thanked him for his hospitality and presented him with a model Traction specially struck for the occasion. We drank Swiss white wine, which was delicious.

We had a magnificent buffet lunch on the terrace of the Restaurant of the Parc des Eaux-Vives, one of the best in Geneva, set in lovely parkland, with a view of the lake. Our

guard of honour went ahead and this time saluted the vehicles as they arrived. After we had parked the cars they fired a salute, then lined up as a guard of honour as we went in to lunch, where they joined us.

The afternoon was spent at Yvoire where we had our only opportunity to wander at will. Yvoire is a very old town, restored as a tourist attraction. As we walked into the town we saw a stonemason ageing a brand new stone window frame by expertly bashing to with a hammer. It made me wonder how original the town was. Later, on the Restaurant terrace, the Mayor told the history of the town and the Club President thanked him for his hospitality and presented him with a model Traction specially struck for the occasion. After some local white wine we went into the restaurant where dinner included perch from the lake. The club held a raffle, which had lots of wonderful prizes. First prize was a week's holiday at a five-star hotel in Crans Montana. It was won by someone on our table. We got back to the hotel around midnight.

We thought Sunday morning was going to be a wind-down morning before lunch and the journey home. Of course, we were wrong. The rally took us to even greater heights – literally. We had a helicopter ride over Avoriaz, hopefully to get a glimpse of Mont Blanc, but it was covered with cloud, as usual. However, the flight was wonderful. The helicopter had been delayed and it seemed that only a few might get to ride in it. Our hosts, showing the impeccable hospitality that had marked the whole rally singled us out to go first, because we had come all the way from England. I had never been in a helicopter before and knowing that the weather wasn't perfect, I was a little apprehensive. It would have been churlish to suggest someone else go first because I was afraid, so I climbed aboard. We soared smoothly and gently above the mountains. There was one tense moment when we turned at the top, but I think the pilot made it a little more dramatic than it need have been, for our benefit.

There was a final reception in the centre of Morzine, before a 'gala' lunch at the hotel. We received farewell goody baskets of local produce: an aperitif made with wine and myrtilles, wine, smoked sausage and pate with cognac. We were given a book about Morzine and a wonderfully illustrated tourists book of Paris.

Representatives of each visiting club were presented with small sculptures made with parts of demolished Tractions, to take back to their clubs. A 'fun' gymkhana was won by David Gardner and a Belgian, I suspect on the basis that they were foreign and a foreigner had to win – our hosts were so generous, it would have been quite unacceptable for a local person to win anything.

Lunch was superb. Towards the end of dinner, Jacques, the Club President, asked if we would be going back in two years' time. I said no, and he looked disappointed.

"Why?" he asked. "Haven't you enjoyed it?"

"Yes," I replied, "but you can't possibly do better next time."

"We will," he promised.

"Then we will certainly be there," I said, and meant it.

\*\*\*\*\* *BEGINNER'S WORKSHOP* \*\*\*\*\*  
*by G. Rease-Nipple*

For some club members, their Traction will be the first car they have ever worked upon and this series of articles is aimed at the beginner or novice.

Members are invited to submit their own articles, or letters, for this column describing how to undertake repairs and maintenance to the Traction. If you have any technical enquiries, or ideas on what 'job' you would like to see, please drop me a line via the editor and I'll see what I can do.

# WATERPUMP OVERHAUL

## Water pump – September 1950 onwards

A leaking pump or rattling fan is the usual indication that the water pump needs overhauling. For this job you will need no special tools. The bonnet can be left on the car.

(1) Slacken the fanbelt, by loosening the generator strap and swinging the generator towards the engine. Feed the fanbelt off the pulleys and over the fan blades.

(2) The base, or water pump cover, (A) contains no moving parts, and can be left bolted onto the cylinder head (the 17mm bolts generally rust and may be difficult to remove). Remove the seven bolts securing the water pump to the cylinder head. The water pump will now come away from the cylinder head if knocked smartly with a

mallet, but take care that it does not damage the radiator. Scrape the remains of the gasket (B) off both surfaces; paint stripper may help to dissolve the gasket 'glue'.

(3) The pump, with fan attached, will now be out of the car. Take out the split pin and remove the central castellated nut (17mm) and washer, securing the fan to prevent the shaft from turning; then unbolt the four 12mm bolts to release the fan.

(4) The pulley (C) can now be knocked off forwards off the shaft. (Caution: do not loose the Woodruff key which stops the pulley turning on the shaft).

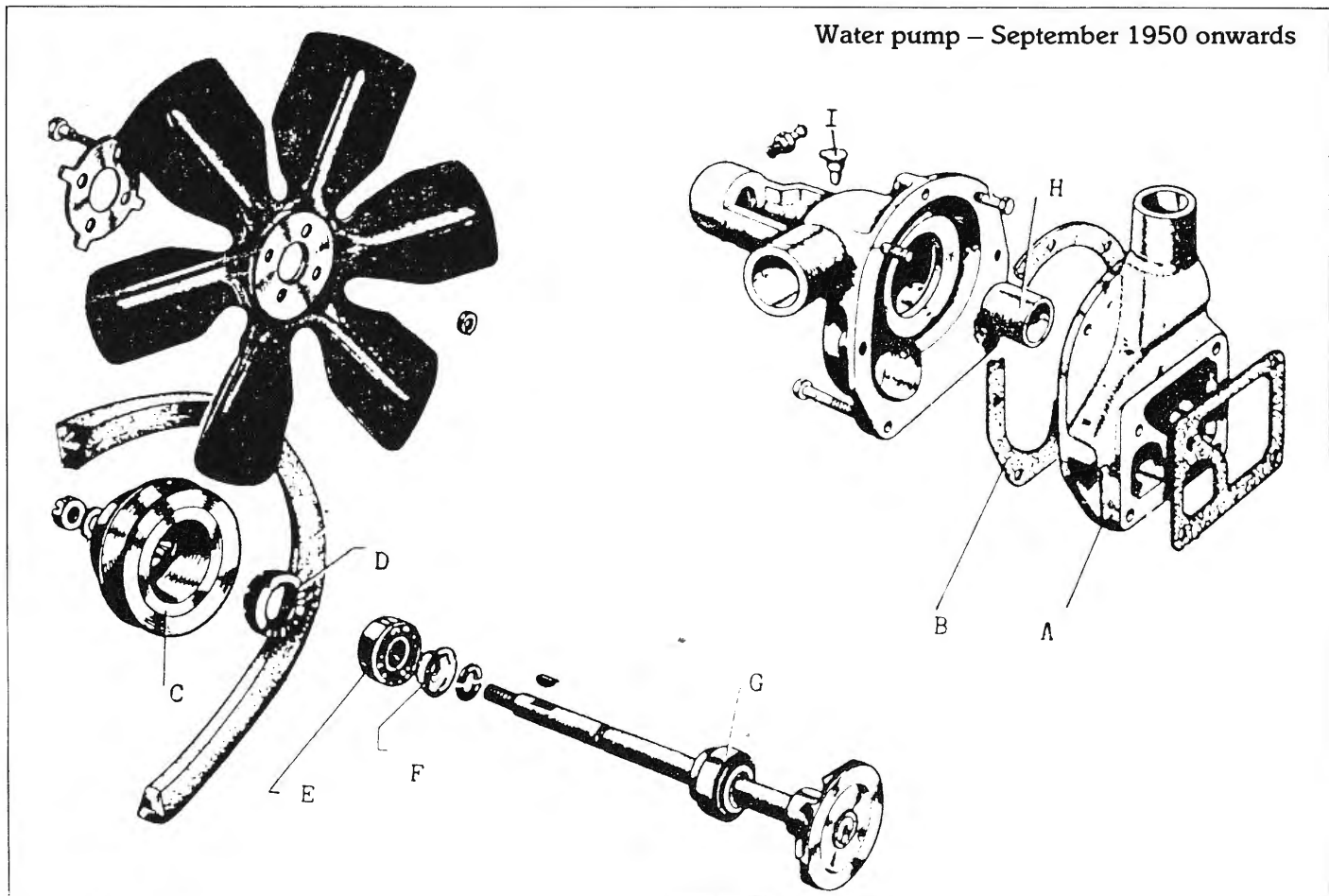
(5) A castellated ring (D) will now be seen, holding down the bearing (E). Remove the split pin, and knock the ring (D) around to unscrew it, using a screwdriver type drift in

one of the cut-outs if you do not have the proper tool. This generally presents no problem, but if it does, improvise a spanner.

(6) The shaft can now be drifted backwards out of the bearing (E). (Caution: Protect the threads on the shaft whilst doing this). As the shaft moves backwards, a shallow cup (F) enclosing two semi-circular tabs may be removed. With the shaft out of the housing, knock the bearing (E) out forwards.

(7) Slide the spring seal (G) off the shaft, noting which way it faces, and drift the bronze bush (H) from back to front out of the housing.

(8) Now inspect and clean the shaft and housing. Check the shaft for pitting, particularly on cars that have not run for a long time, and replace if necessary. Check also that there is a clear passage from the oil-



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well (I) to the bush (H), which is made of oil-porous metal, and that the grease nipple works freely.

(9) You should replace the bearing (E), bush (H), spring seal (G), and gasket (B) with new parts, all of which are inexpensive. Drift the new bush (H) into the housing from back to front. (The new bush may be driven in mounted on the shaft, with the old bush behind it to countersink it a little, but take care to strike the back of the shaft at its centre and not on the brass impeller wheel). Re-assemble the pump in the reverse order to dismantling. The bearing (E) may face either way. The cup (F) should sit snug against the bearing. The head of the split pin securing the castellated ring (D) should be flattened to provide clearance for the pulley (C). Use gasket jointing (e.g. Hermetite Red) to make the gasket (B) water-tight.

(10) Maintenance: The grease nipple should be greased during routine lubrication and the oil-well topped up weekly when the car is in use.

**Early type – pre September 1950**

Earlier water pumps are fitted with a gland packing and a second grease nipple instead of the oil-well. The overhaul is as per the later type except for the following differences:

Dismantle the water pump as above up to removing the shallow cup (F) enclosing the two semi-circular tabs.

(1) Next, slacken the lock-nut (J) in the water pump housing and remove the gland nut (K), followed by the gland (L) and then the gland packing (M).

(2) The bronze bush (N) is no longer available and should only be removed if the bush is obviously badly worn. If it is in good condition it should be left in the housing and given a good clean. The alternative is to have a new bush 'manufactured' or to change the complete pump for the later type.

(3) If the bronze bush is to be replaced the new bush should be pressed or drifted into the housing and then reamed to 15.02  $\pm 0.005$ mm, ensuring concentricity with the ball-race housing. Cut the face of the bush on the impeller side to give a distance of 19.7  $\pm 0.03$ mm between the bush face and the pump housing (gasket B) joint face.

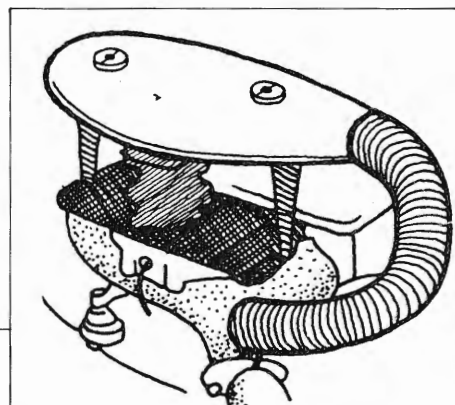
(4) Fit the gland packing with the aid of a mandrel. Again, the gland packing, as original, is no longer available so a suitable alternative such as 'treated hemp' or similar will need to be sought. (Please advise this column if you know of a suitable substitute). Perhaps, again, another reason for changing to the later type of water pump.

(5) Fit the gland (L), the the nut (K) by hand to avoid crushing the packing. With the shaft previously greased engage it with the bush (N), and then place in position the lock-ring halves and retaining cup (F).

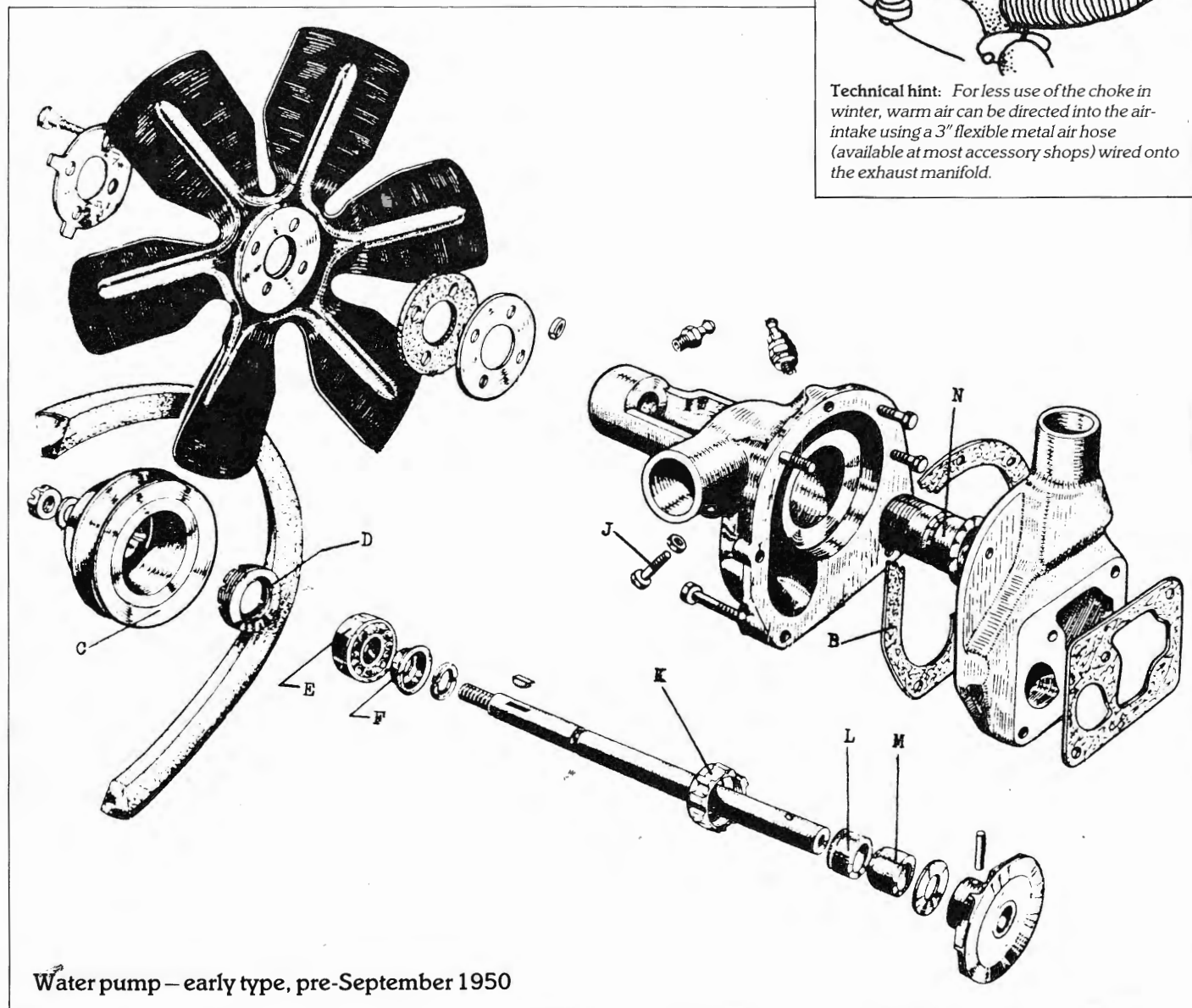
(6) After pushing the shaft into position, fit the ballrace (E) – packed with grease, fit the castellated ring nut (D) and tighten to 21 1/2lb/ft. Secure nut with split pin.

(7) Tighten the gland nut (K) to 14 1/2lb/ft, then screw in the lock-nut (J) to rest on the bottom of a slot in the gland nut. Lock the screw with a nut to 3 1/2lb/ft.

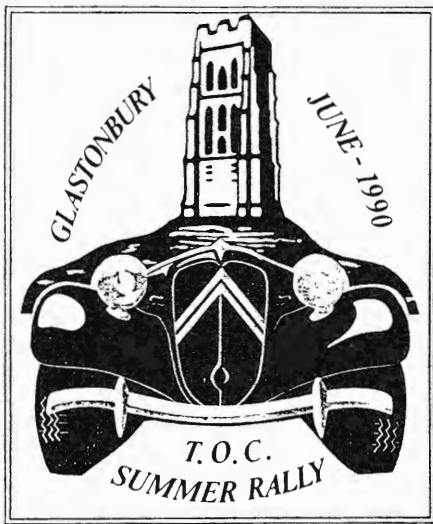
(8) Assemble the fan with the concave side towards the rear of the engine, fit and tighten the four bolts to 10 1/2lb/ft.



**Technical hint:** For less use of the choke in winter, warm air can be directed into the air-intake using a 3" flexible metal air hose (available at most accessory shops) wired onto the exhaust manifold.



Water pump – early type, pre-September 1950



## By Martin Nicholson

That's it, I've had enough, no more rallies for me, well not until the car's finished, that is! There are just too many nice cars in the club these days!

Personal anguish apart, congratulations and thanks to Nigel Webb and his team for an extremely enjoyable weekend.

I must admit that when I learnt that the T.O.C. Annual Rally was to be held at Glastonbury on the same weekend as the Rock Festival the thoughts of loud music at all hours of the day and night, which I didn't mind too much, and the traffic jams, which I did, was nearly enough to make me think again. Vicki and I were therefore pleasantly surprised when caravan towed by Vorsprung Durch Trac-nik, (I'm sorry, I can't afford an XM yet) managed the trip from Wokingham in 2 1/4 hours, not a jam in sight, and only a few hitching (or should it be itching?) 'travellers'.

Nigel's greeting when he saw the 'outfit' arriving at the T.O.C. site was along the lines of "is he in the right field?", made me think that I should have bolted the chevrons permanently to the front of the car. (See recent F.P.!)

Our thanks to Stan and Paul Barker for saving us a pitch and the very welcome cup of tea! Signing on formalities were duly completed with Nigel and daughter, and later Alan Kembury, although why he wouldn't enter us for the best (and only) Audi award is

beyond me!

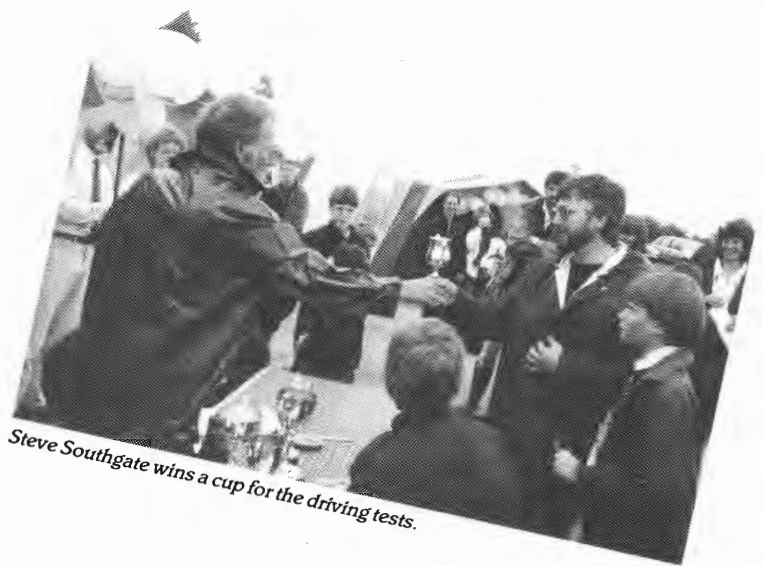
Some two hours later the caravan was a last set up, not because it takes two hours, but because scores of T.O.C. members kept coming over to say hello, passing glasses of wine etc., it was good to be back with the T.O.C. again!

I can't remember if I actually sat down on the Friday evening, but I did manage to take in the splendid views, as 'The Who' used to say, you could see for miles and miles (and miles!). We made a mental note to visit the site for sightseeing one day, particularly to sort out Gog and Magog, which Nigel explained were very old trees, not hills as I thought! Geographical experts would of course have told me that the Gogmagog Hills are in Cambridgeshire and you could not see that far, even though you could see for miles and miles, etc.

It was nice to see so many old faces again, particularly Patrice, Nicole and Jean Crusson from Brittany and talking of old faces, Mike Wheals, who I hadn't seen for almost a week, had arrived with Jan and her boys, having passed us on the A303 at his usual rate of knots, in the Big 15! Incidentally our congratulations to Mike and Jan on their recent engagement, a 'trancedance' of good wishes to you both for the future.

The site was a major tent construction area that Friday evening, we eventually turned to about 12.30, the last half hour spent assisting

Steve Southgate wins a cup for the driving tests.

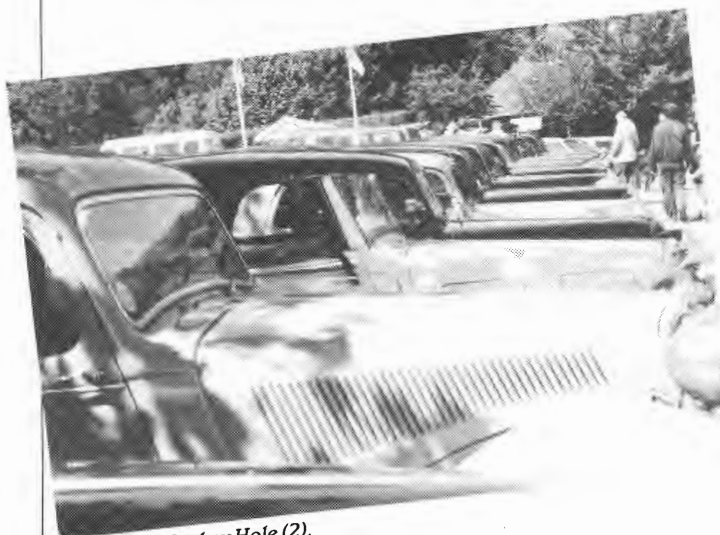


some late arrivals with tent pole identification!

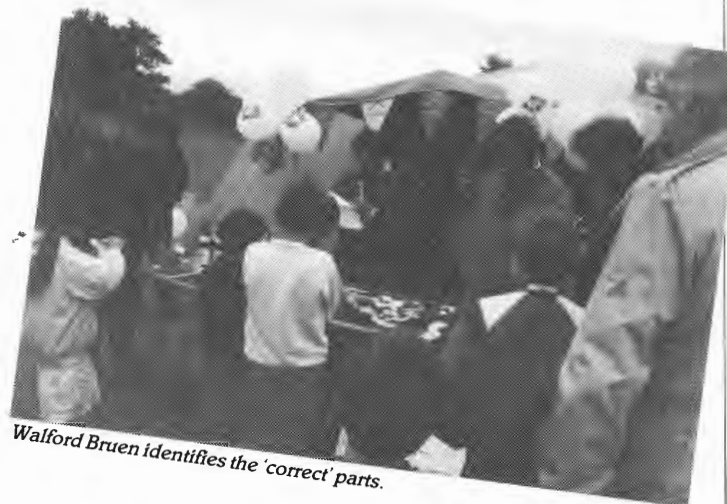
Before crashing out completely, I had a quick look through a very nicely presented itinerary, a lunchtime start was called for on the Saturday, so maybe just one more glass of wine, please dear!

Warning! What ever you do, don't park next to the Barker tent on any future events, Paul likes to get up at five o'clock for a walk round and a cup of tea, and the kettle has a whistle! enough said! Much later, a good English breakfast inside us, with endless cups of coffee from my dear 'Traction Provider', Saturday morning was spent discussing my old clutch, gearbox and cardans which I had brought down just in case anybody ran out of topics of conversation. Denis Ryland arrived with the spares trailer, having had an argument with a lady American tourist who swerved to 'her' side of the road damaging Denis's front and rear wings, sill, hub caps and kickplates. Denis was not amused.

Around 12.30 we assembled and 30ish Tractions set off in line, in glorious sunshine for Wookey Hole caves. Quite an eye turner anywhere but more so through the streets of Wells and the surrounding countryside. Vicki and I travelled with Stan and Paul in their Light 15. Only one breakdown with Patrice Crusson's distributor playing up, but soon



Line up at Wookey Hole (2).



Walford Bruen identifies the 'correct' parts.

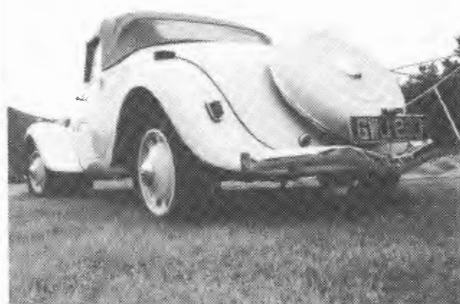




Dennis Ryland tries to identify the parts of a traction.

fixed. A splendid line up in a reserved area at Wookey Hole and a tour of the caves, paper mill, museum and waxworks followed, which appeared to be enjoyed by all except Denis and Maureen Ryland's little granddaughter who remarked with one hand over her eye "don't like!" We left mid-afternoon for a 22.5 mile run, it said in the itinerary, a tour to the High Ham Village Festival where the 30 or so Tractionists were the guests of honour. A real village fete with gallons of the Somerset REAL 'amber nectar', tug of war, static engine display, clay pigeon shooting, even cream teas thrown in!, oh! and a man selling extremely cheap and nasty tools, you know, the usual car boot stuff, I think though, most people looked, just in case!

Opening time found some members back in the beer tent, some searching out local hostellers and some heading back to the site. Paul was beginning to feel tired as were his immediate camping neighbours, can't think why, so we headed for Glastonbury and dinner chez nous! The usual convivial T.O.C. evening followed with wine, women but no song, we couldn't even hear the Rock Festival, although we could see several thousand cars just across the valley. The end of a glorious day weather-wise but unfortunately Sunday had to be different, with light drizzle in the morning and members scurrying back and forth from tent to caravan etc. Only Colin Gosling seemed oblivious to the elements assisting Alan



Worms eye view of a roadster.

Kembury on the gate where shirt sleeves were the order of the day. Steve Southgate set up the Club Shop under canvas and the new Sweatshirts were on sale and extremely nice they are too! Mike Wheals had obviously arrived first and bought the only wine coloured one. I would have thought a beer coloured one would have been more appropriate, perhaps we could get the White Hart at Whitchurch to do some! All these insults and we still remain friends!

All the kids were racing around trying to find a collection of hidden ducks, following which a 'colouring the Traction' competition produced some exceptionally good results. In the end the judges decided that three joint prizes would be awarded. So well done all you young Tractionists!

Denis Ryland set up the spares trailer in the same tent as the Shop, and was seen doing a roaring trade. David and Malcolm Boyd fired up the hamburger stall nearby and although I've never really been a hamburger type I have to say that these were delicious. It would be interesting to know how many were sold, quite a few people had three, Steve Reed I think had four, he said that the steering on his Normale was very tight and he needed the extra strength! He assures me that his wife Julie doesn't read the magazine!

Walford Bruen amused all with a stall displaying 40 odd or very odd Traction parts, well nearly all, one was from an Atco lawnmower! There was a great deal of interest in this brainteaser and some very high marks. By mid afternoon the site was a hive of activity with rain holding off, luckily. Mike Wheals and Stan Barker were running the driving tests. I think Alec Bilney was marking the entries for the concours, but he may have been making notes for his next restoration project! Two lovely ladies were selling raffle tickets and Paul Nicholls was displaying the 'Traction Avant!' limited edition print on special discount to the T.O.C. (see his advert in the last F.P.)

Nigel was holding the whole event together, it all seemed to be going well. The grand parade followed, once again not all cars paraded, but I suppose some people were tied up with organising. The various awards were presented, the raffle drawn and



Peter Simper tries the local cider.

about 5 o'clock we started to wander off to our respective homes. We managed to miss the festival traffic and had an easy journey home.

Once again, our thanks to Nigel and his team for a well thought out, well organised event, in delightful surroundings and despite the weather on Sunday, we all had a thoroughly good time.

Even John 'Baggy' Saunders, who regularly turns up at T.O.C. events as a 'guest', had to admit that the friendly nature and bonhomie of T.O.C. events might make him join. If you read this John, welcome, if not someone kick him again. Mick Boulton really summed up my feelings about T.O.C. membership in general, we were chatting on Saturday and he said "You know, I've never met a member of the T.O.C. that I didn't like." Amen to that!

We all look forward to the Annual Rally in 1991 at Ironbridge, maybe my car will be there?

On final word of thanks to all the unnamed helpers, especially those who stayed behind to clear up!

## RESULTS OF CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE SUMMER RALLY - GLASTONBURY

**Midland Section Trophy** for best post-war Slough Traction..... Paul Widdup  
1950 Light 15 - KYV 304

**Central Southern Section Cup** for best pre-war Traction..... David Boyd  
1940 Lt. 15 Roadster - GWJ 293

**Commended**..... David Almond  
1937 7CV Légère - YSU 155

**Best Post-War French Traction**  
1st..... Arwyn Hopkins  
1955 Normale - BSV 866  
2nd..... Andy Cartwright  
1951 Normale - USU 305

**Martin Lloyd Cup** for best T.O.C. member's car..... David Boyd  
1940 Roadster - GWJ 293

**Traction Owners Club Cup** for best First-Time Entry..... Paul Widdup  
1950 Light 15 - KYV 304

# GLASTONBURY – THE ORGANISERS

## VIEWPOINT – NIGEL WEBB

And so we all repaired to Glastonbury for this year's annual TOC Summer Rally. Well, not quite all – there were some notable exceptions – but you know who you were.

For most, the proceedings began on Friday, 22nd June, but for me it had all begun back on a dark December night when I answered in the affirmative to a telephone request from a distant Social Secretary in a distant County for assistance in the organisation of "next year's" rally. Apparently the Club computer had come up with my neck of the woods as being eminently the most suitable site for the event in the whole country.

I remember experiencing slight misgivings at the time but they were quickly dispelled on the basis that "next year's" rally was six months away, and anything which is six months away should be achievable at a doddle!!

In terms of TOC Rally organisation of any description, I was a babe in arms. In view of this I decided to co-opt a few members local to me for practical assistance and to boost morale. However, a protracted analysis of the official TOC Membership Whereabouts Guide revealed that my nearest neighbour of like mind was Ted Gartland. It further revealed that Ted lived in the foothills of Minehead, some 40 to 50 miles from me and was separated by countryside best described as Sioux Indian. It dawned on me that I was all alone.

Panic did not set in immediately – time was still on my side. On several occasions I retired to a darkened corner to contemplate the responsibility and to look for inspiration. Initially the responsibility weighed lightly and the inspiration was composed largely of the romantic and totally impractical variety. At that stage I was thinking in terms of producing something the NEC might aspire to!

As the months passed, reality began to set in. The Rally was to run for three days. Three

days!! – what the hell was I going to find to organise for three days? What if it rained solidly for three days? What if no-one turned up? What if I were to faint on the Thursday night and not come round 'til Monday morning? All of these matters had to be addressed. I decided that legislation on the probability of success in all departments was a bit like trying to irrigate the Sahara Desert – on your own.

I had by now done the easy bit though, and booked the Rally Site. After all, it was only down the road and Jim and Sally White, the owners, were distant friends. I had also approached the Directors of Wookey Hole, who were only too pleased to co-operate in organising a trip around their complex. I had even had a phone call from the organisers of a local village fayre, who on hearing of our little gathering, requested that we wend our way over and indulge in some cider and cream tea extravagance.

In the meantime, Walford Bruen, from his South Devon retreat, through a combination of hype and marketing rhetoric, had managed to whip up enough support to form a TOC South West Section. As a consequence, offers of assistance were now forthcoming.

My little world was now beginning to look quite bright, except that one very black cloud which had been eyeing me from a distance suddenly decided it was time to deposit. I had always known that there was the distinct possibility that our Rally dates would clash with another local event, known by various names to local people, but nationally as The Glastonbury Pop Festival. At last the local magistrates had granted a licence for this event to go ahead for yet another year and yes, the dates coincided. Now I won't dwell in detail on the type of individual which attends this event (some of you may be reading this over supper) but suffice it to say that some 125,000 of them with assorted transport tend to descend on the area,

effectively reducing it to the equivalent of a massively itinerant M25 on a wet Friday in February. My Traction convoy plans were now looking decidedly iffy.

And there was another consequence to consider. The Pop Festival would completely close the A37/A361 approach to our site thereby affecting our members travelling from the north and east. This had to be communicated since I had visions of Big 15s and Legeres being sucked into this morass and being lost to the vintage car movement for ever.

Have you ever submitted an article to *Floating Power* in good time and then waited for it to appear? Just occasionally it can make the reunification of Germany seem like a piece of cake.



*The line-up at Wookey Hole.*

Eventually the months turned into weeks and days, with most waking moments and some sleeping ones being interrupted by some aspect or other of the Rally. This was the time to engage the experts. There were meetings with Mike Wheals, a stalwart who has been involved in organising things TOC for so long that his external appearance now totally belies his true age. There were phone calls to David Boyd whose knowledge of the beefburger field goes way beyond the call of duty. And there were phone calls to Alan Kembery who knows so much about organising rallies that I don't know why the hell he didn't organise this one!

There were rally plaques to design and David Shepherd to tackle to get them produced. There were tressle tables to hire. There was Dave Hackett to remind that, in a carefree moment, he had volunteered his family holiday tent as our central marquee. There were existing trophies to track down from the four corners, there were new ones to get engraved. There were phone calls to make to remind people that it was happening. There were teabags to buy, my car had to be polished. There people to organise, there was a programme to be prepared. Thank God for photocopier at work. Rope had to be collected, so did some traffic cones. There were kids games to devise and prizes to sort out. There was the weather to worry about.

The final Thursday night before the Rally found myself and daughter Sarah sat in front of the latest England World Cup dirge, carefully putting together 100 Rally Packs.



*The organiser leads the way.*



*Awarding the prizes for the Colour A Traction competition.*

Outside the rain was coming down in stair rods, the traffic past our front gate was bumper to bumper and stretched the full eight miles between the Pop Festival and the centre of Glastonbury. Suddenly through the gloom, as if to compound the whole scene, there appeared four itinerant males of dubious parentage, who proceeded to pee obliviously into our front hedge before hurling some empty six-packs into our garden and hurrying on their way.

Come the weekend of the Rally, on balance I think it was a success. Everyone who attended seemed to enjoy themselves despite the weather misbehaving itself on the Sunday. I believe that Martin Nicholson is submitting an official rally report but in the meantime there were some memorable moments for me.

Moments like having to rescue and tow back a broken down Patrice who had managed to grind to a halt right in the middle of the Festival chaos. Getting to him was bad enough but when we finally arrived he was propped up against his Normale swigging from a pastis bottle in the middle of the biggest police presence seen since the miners strike. No problem!

Moments like the queue forming on the Saturday waiting for Dennis Rylands spares service. Dennis had seemed unaccountably late until we noticed that when he did finally arrive, one side of his trusty Light 15 had been somewhat rearranged by a wayward American lady driver. Thankfully no-one was hurt but transatlantic relations were apparently rather strained for a while.

There was the moment when some new faces approached us with a view to joining the Club. They explained that they had been trying for ages without success and had finally decided that the only way to get to join was to come to the Rally. This had entailed flying in from Ireland specially.

There was also the moment when the time had come for me to open up the day's events

on the Sunday. With a purposeful flourish I stepped up to the microphone, pushed the button and began my introduction. Frantic gestures from Alec Bilney went unheeded on the basis that he probably hadn't put his own battery in. It wasn't until veteran mike-man Chris Goffey acquainted me with the fact that the complete PA system was knackered and that no-one had heard a word of what I had said, that the full extent of the disaster became apparent to me. Needless to say, the engineer was at the Festival but we got him back eventually.

There were things like Mick Boulton entering the Village Fayre fun run and getting

back to find that everyone had left. There was the moment when Mike Tennant observed that I had a 700 metre drum of rope in the back of my car after I had enquired whether he had anything to tow Patrice with. There was the fact that loads of people left without settling their camping fees. There was also the fact that hardworking Steve Southgate and family probably created a new record with Club Shop sales. We even had a member present from Latvia, although it has to be admitted that Olaf left there when he was three. In view of the alternative society up the road, many members felt it necessary to bring their own sniffer dogs with them. Happily I am able to report that, with the possible exception of Andy Cartwright's tent, no suspicious substances were uncovered. I could go on and probably have.

I suppose in the final analysis, the whole event was summed up by a character whom none of us had ever met before and I suspect never will again. He turned up as a non-member with his family in a Legere and rejoiced in the name of Baggy Saunders. He was just happy to be there and the expression on his face when told that the owners of the site on which he had just pitched his tent produced their own cider, was a joy to behold.

I understand that Mick Boulton has volunteered to organise next year's Summer Rally in his area and he's already enrolled in a delegators class for the winter. For my own part, there are many people to thank for their help and support both before and during the Rally. In fact, there are too many to mention but without them it wouldn't have happened. In the end it was a lot of laughs but at the same time it provided me with a stark insight and appreciation of the efforts our unpaid Club stalwarts have put in over the years on behalf of the rest of us.

On reflection, Mike Wheals deserves a special mention, just for being there – sometimes!



*Judging concours on a dark Sunday morning.*

# The RIGHT KNIT...



Photos Marianne Hias (Citroën 30-293)

## PULL CADEAU

### 2 chevrons à l'endroit

Neither disco nor punk, neither baba-cool nor clean-jogging, here is the super sweater : the retro sweater! A Fair-isle type knitting job not calling for a great deal of know-how: the Citroën trade mark of the thirties. In grey, white and blue. Or other colours, as you fancy. Times are hard. Times are cold. It is proper that the (almost) naked should be clothed. Aunty Pia will tell you how. Follow her directions – a gift from Double Chevron to its readers. Get out your wools, grab your knitting needles!

#### Materials:

Adult size  
 Pingouin comfortable double knitting  
 10 balls of GREY    / / /  
 4 balls of BLUE    0 0 0  
 4 balls of WHITE   v v v

#### Procedure:

##### Front

Cast on 104 stitches. Work 2" K2 P2 rib. Continue in stocking stitch (one row plain, one row purl); increase one stitch at each end of the needle every 3 cm (1 1/5") until there are 134 stitches. Continue without further shaping until work measures 38 cm (15").

##### Then:

- 4 rows: WHITE • 1 row: 2 stitches BLUE, 1 stitch WHITE, to end of row
- 1 row: BLUE • 5 rows: GREY

Then continue: following the Fair-isle diagram given, finishing with: • 1 row: BLUE • 1 row: 1 stitch WHITE, 2 stitches BLUE to end of row • 5 rows: WHITE • 4 rows: GREY

##### Back

As for front, but finishing with:  
 • 9 rows: GREY

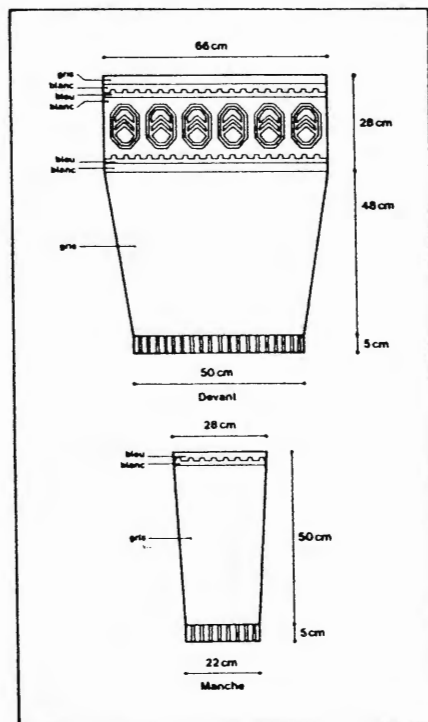
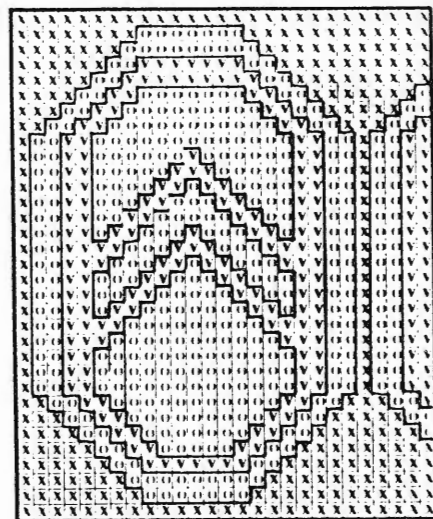
##### Sleeves

Cast on 25 stitches. Rib in K1 P1 for 2". Continue in stocking stitch, increasing one stitch at each end of needle every 4th row until there are 136 stitches. Continue without further shaping until work measures 18".

##### Then:

- 5 rows: WHITE • 1 row: 1 stitch WHITE, 3 stitches BLUE to end of row
- Finish with: • 1 row: BLUE

Join front and back at side seams. Fold sleeves and sew seam before joining on to the body. Press the garment, and slip it lovingly onto its delighted intended owner.



#### Stitches used:

1 plain, 1 purl rib / 2 plain 2 purl rib.  
 Stocking stitch. Fair-isle stocking stitch.  
 Needles: 3 1/2 - 4 (mm diameter)



# CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Dave,

## SOLEX CARBS

I was interested to read the article on Solex Carbs in the recent issue of *Floating Power*.

The jet sizes recommended are certainly in line with those suggested by the manufacturers, but, in my opinion, the Solex 35 FAIE is under-carburated using a MainJet size 125.

This size produces a tendency for the engine to "hesitate" or "flutter" (if those are the right words), particularly when doing speeds of 45/55 m.p.h. in top gear. This hesitancy often causes lurching, which is irritating and can easily be cured by increasing the MainJet size to 135, which improves smoothness and performance, although petrol consumption may suffer slightly. Try a 135 and go in peace!

Regards to all,  
David Boyd,  
Redditch

Dear Steve,

I have just seen your name included in the March issue of *Your Classic* under 'The Traction Owners Club'. Last summer, whilst holidaying in France, I made friends with a bar owner in the Pyrenees and late one evening saw a Traction being driven past the window of the bar. I remarked to him that I would like a similar car and could he find one for me and my partner. Imagine my surprise when in February of this year he phoned to say that he had found two cars which he described as "tres jolies". So last weekend my wife and I, and Vernon and his wife, flew down to Montpelier and purchased the above cars.

The first was a 1954 11BL White and was commandeered by myself, and the other was a 1955 11BL which Vernon bought. After a hectic weekend we returned with the cars via Le Havre and Porstmouth and arrived back in the Swansea area on Tuesday night. There is work needed on both cars but they were surprisingly good for their age, perhaps the dry South of France had something to do with it.

Could you let us know how many members you have, are there any in our area, who specialise in repairs, etc., and also whether it is possible to purchase parts through the club.

Yours sincerely,  
Tony Phillips,  
Penclawdd,  
Swansea.

*PS Exhaust systems for both cars are urgently required! After 800 miles return trip, Pascal (Black 11BL) lost his equipment just outside Tours!*

Dear David,

I was very flattered to be asked by Nigel Webb if I would be one of the judges of the cars entered in the Concours d'Elegance at Glastonbury. My co-judge was to be Mike Tennant, so I knew I could rely on his experience where my knowledge would surely be found wanting. To my surprise he told me it was his first time also.

To the seven owners who bravely submitted their vehicles to our scrutiny, and

to everyone else who wondered whether they should have, and others who never even considered it but are interested in the methods, I therefore offer the following notes.

We were given a printed pro-forma showing what to look out for, and how many points to award for each aspect of the car. It is clearly a matter that has had some thought from previous judges, and my thinking agreed broadly with theirs. 100 marks are available between three different aspects, these being usage 25, prettiness 55, and originality 20.

Judges have no discretion in the first part, marks being awarded according to annual mileage and whether it was driven to the show. David Boyd's car was therefore already in the leading group with 20 marks, but not ahead of Arwyn Hopkins, Andy Cartright and Malcolm Wigmore.

It is hard to separate physical condition from tarding-up. The engine compartment of the white roadster was an embarrassment to the club. However, a maximum of only 10 marks are available for presentation of the mechanicals — from gearbox through to tools in the boot. It is keeping it in that condition that means it receives regular attention, therefore incipient bothers are caught early on and corrected.

All cars are, by definition, well loved and cared for, better than average. 15 marks are available for the condition of the steelwork in general, and another 15 for the condition of the paintwork and panels, whether rippled or dented. In such a competition, even the worst will get 10, surely, so that you are really marking on a scale of 5. Should the worst car in the concourse be awarded 1 so that the spread is over the full 15?

Originality is sub-divided, 5 marks for what is original to the car — David Almond had 53-year-old Bedford Cord still fitted to seats and door panels. — and 10 marks for what has been re-done but in original style. Some discretion is called for here, since Paul Widdup, for instance, had chosen to restore his car to its Rally-winning condition in the 50s, not its ex-factory state.

One area, that I think should have had a significant portion of marks made available for but did not, is Presentation. If a car is simply driven to the show then leathered off in the arena and left, it should attract less marks than one that is prepared all over, with the front cradle degreased, the underbonnet area touchable, and the boot empty. This could be another area where an impecunious owner could compete on even terms with the wealthiest. (No need to go as far as Bernie Shaw and polish the brake shoes, though!)

I thoroughly enjoyed it, but tried to be aware of the need to judge each bit separately. It is not a task that can be hurried. I have judged my own car in retrospect, and discovered it would not have been disgraced in the company of those who did enter. There were many other cars there that would have done as well if not better than mine. Perhaps I should enter again, now that I am judging...  
Alec Bilney

Dear Club Secretary,

Brooklands Museum Trust is pleased to inform you that the Museum will be open for pre-booked group tours from Tuesday, 12th June, 1990.

We are able to offer visitors a guided tour of the Museum area including the history Clubhouse, Members' Banking and the Aviation Collection housed in a wartime dispersal hangar.

Tea and coffee will be available, and sandwiches by arrangement.

The opening hours for pre-booked tours are:

10.00 a.m. — 4.30 p.m. (gates close)  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

The gates will be open to the general public on the following weekends/bank holiday: 11th and 12th August; Bank Holiday Monday, 27th August; 15th and 16th September.

Opening hours: 10.00 a.m. — 5.00 p.m.

Tickets are £3.00 adults, £2.00 students and OAP's, £1.50 under 16s (accompanied by adult), under-5s free.

If you would like to make an appointment to see what is available to visitors, please contact me at the Museum.

Yours sincerely,  
Diana J. Bedford,  
Events Organiser.  
Tel. (0932) 850 000

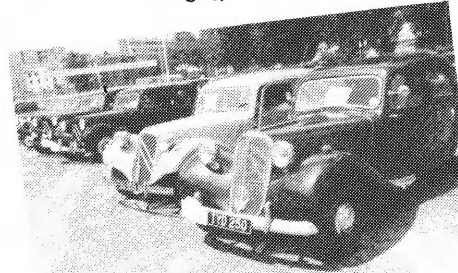
Dear David,

Just a brief note from deepest East Anglia. Sorry for the delay but hopefully the enclosed photographs can make it into the forthcoming *Floating Power*. All were taken at the recent Bourgogne '90 Rally. I will try and find some time to put pen to paper in a more detailed article shortly (promises, promises). In the meantime hopefully one or two of the photos will be useful.

If anyone in the Eastern Area wants to contact me regarding the Club in general and future meetings/events could they please write to me at: The Cottage, Harts Lane, Ardleigh, nr. Colchester, Essex CO7 7QE.  
Regards,  
John Starke



C. Gosing at Bourgogne.



The gathering at Dijon.

# CLUB NEWS

## CLUB NEWS

The AGM has taken place and hopefully I will get an account for the next mag. There have been some changes to the committee, some old (with the greatest respect) faces have withdrawn and some new faces appeared. Many thanks for unstinting service to those who have stood down and welcome, do you know what you have let yourself in for, to the new members. Steve Reed has relinquished the daunting task of Membership Secretary to Peter Riggs. Steve however will remain as General Secretary of the Club. We are also pleased to welcome Stan Barker onto the committee. I would like to welcome and thank John Starke for taking up the position of Eastern Area Contact (it sounds like a

touch of Glasnost), I explained to John that I was not sure of his responsibilities but I am sure he will soon find out.

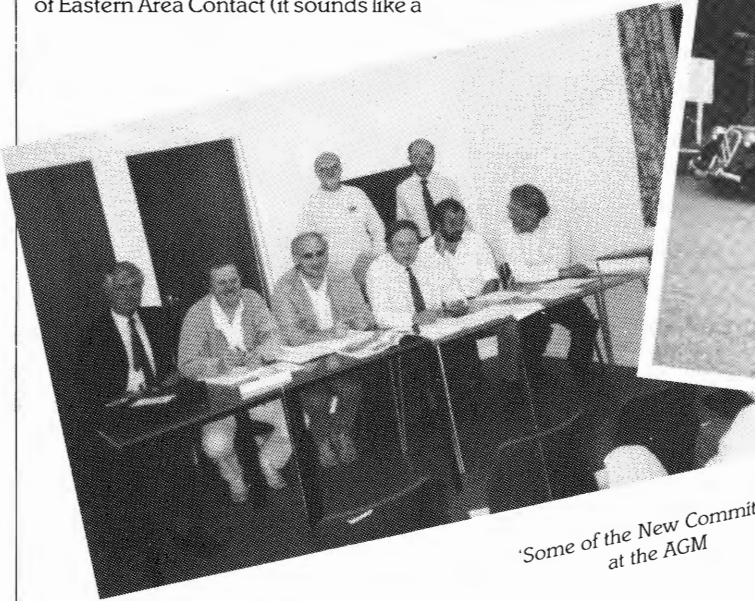
For those who participated in the 10th anniversary rally 'Des Chevronnes de Bourgogne', and anyone else who is interested, a video has been produced of the event. Total cost including taxes, post and packing (assuming my French translation is correct) is FF340,00. If anyone is interested please contact the Editor who will endeavour to send you an application form post-haste.

## NEXT MAGAZINE

Last date for articles, abuse etc. FRIDAY, 7th SEPTEMBER 1990.

You have to look forward to a reprint of another technical article, an article on how to restore a worn steering box and hopefully, lots more.

*Some people attended the AGM in a Traction!*



*'Some of the New Committee' at the AGM*

Rear l to r: Stan Barker, Colin Gosling  
Front l to r: Peter Riggs, Steve Reed, Bob Wade, Roger Dyer (Chairman and President!), Phillipe Allison, Mike Wheals

For those of you holidaying in Sweden the following may be of interest, although by the time you read the magazine the event may have taken place.

If you are in possession of a French vehicle, the Association for French Vehicles in Sweden invites you to participate in an

### **INTERNATIONAL MEETING, August 25 – 26, 1990 at the Axevalla Trotting-Track, Skara, Sweden**

Skara is situated some 150 km west of Gothenburg.

The two-day event is a festival for French vehicle enthusiasts and contains a lot of amusements, such as: exhibition of vehicles, flag parade, spare-part market, contests, entertainment, distribution of prizes. Special dinner Saturday evening and a cortège to an attractive excursion place Sunday morning.

The secretariat opens Friday 24th at 4.00 p.m. but no activities are planned this evening. The big amusement park, Skara Sommarland is situated nearby.

- \* The application fee is SEK 50 for everyone above 15 years of age.
- \* A camping lot is situated in connection to the Trotting-Track. Fee is SEK 50/night.
- \* Accommodation in 4-bed bungalows nearby (limited number) cost SEK 380/night.
- \* Festive dinner Saturday evening cost is SEK 150/person. For children below age 15 is the cost SEK 75.
- \* **Last date for application is July 15th.** For application, which is binding, use the enclosed application form.
- \* Information in English, call Int. +46 551 20819 Christina Liljeqvist, Int. +46 758 30953 Magnus Anefeldt or Int. +46 8 58 35 26 Stig Hagberg (evenings).

## RATES AND CONDITIONS OF ADVERTISING

### *Private Adverts (classified)*

Members and non-members of T.O.C. buying or selling Citroën 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.

## Events

**August 10th-13th:** Tour of the Cotswolds.

**September 1st-2nd:** CCC Autumn rally at Stratford.

**November 30th-December 2nd:** National Classic Car Show at the NEC Birmingham.

**December 16th:** Christmas Lunch, White Hart, Whitechurch.

FURTHER DETAILS AVAILABLE FROM MIKE WHEALS.

## Classified

**FOR SALE**  
**Traction Normale 1950 (small boot).** Paris built. Engine and transmission rebuilt, body straight and in good order. Interior very smart but not original. New headlining. Extremely reliable, used daily for the last year – drive anywhere. £6250. Phone Mike 071-221-8244.

**FOR SALE**  
**Back issues of 'Floating Power'**. 1977 Vol.2 Nos. 3, 5 and 6. 1978 Vol.3 Nos. 1, 5 and 6. 1979 Vol.4 Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 6. 1980 Vol.5 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. 1981 Vol.6 Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6. 1982 Vol.7 Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 6. £40 the lot. **Citroen Dyane spare parts catalogue**, good clean condition, £5. **2CV workshop manual**, text/illustrations, very good condition, £25. **1826T Citroen Fenwick inner bearing tool** £10. **1826T Non Citroen inner bearing tool** £5. **1852T top ball joint lock nut spanner** £10. **Wilmonda hob puller**, excellent condition, £25. **WY hub puller** (works off 5 wheel studs, £10. Phone Bob Wade 0730-813714.

**FOR SALE**  
**Citroen Light 15**, 1952, Slough built. Stripped ready for restoration. Reg. No. SB 8947. £1500. Phone Mervyn Tippen 0580-892122 (Kent).

## Classified

**FOR SALE**  
**11B (Normale) 1956**, restored over the last year; new MOT, age related number, sound solid example. Sensible price £6500. Tel. 0494-671-391 (Beaconsfield).

**WANTED**  
**Spare wheel and tyre** for 1955 11D Familiale (French). Phone Andrew Burnett 071-901-3514 (W) or 0582-37921 (H).

**WANTED**  
**Front brake drums** with damaged tapers. Please contact Roger Williams, 35/37 Wood Lane, Beverley, North Humberside, HU17 8BS or Tel. 0482-881220.

**WANTED**  
**For 1956 Paris built Light 11.** Headlamp, spare wheel, bonnet, front wings, rear wing (passenger side), water pump. Brian Thorley (0253) 295409 (days), 882558 (evenings).

## Diary Dates

**CENTRAL SOUTH SECTION MONTHLY MEETINGS**  
On the first Sunday of each month the Central Southern Section meets at The White Hart Hotel in Whitechurch, Hants. Whitechurch is situated halfway 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 month, White Hart, Rooley Lane, Bradford. Phone Liz or Jim Rogers for directions and info. Tel. (0274) 45600.

**LONDON SECTION MEETINGS**  
All meetings last Tuesday of each month at the Sun Inn, Barnes.

# TOC CLUB SHOP PRICE LIST 1990

GREETINGS CARDS. Pack of Six with Envelopes.....£1.50

### POSTERS:

"Les Tractions".....£2.50  
"Traction Avant Colour 3D".....£2.50  
"Traction Avant" Blue/White.....£1.50

MAGAZINE COVERS. Black/White..... 4 for £1.00  
Ideal for Frames or Gifts..... Set of 20 for £4.00

### MODELS:

Burago Black Diecast 15CV. Boxed.....£7.50

### BADGES:

Metal TOC Bumper Badge.....£15.00  
TOC Windscreen Sticker.....£1.00  
Enamel Brooches.....£2.50  
Blazer Badges (last few available).....£5.00

### NEW ITEMS AND ABSOLUTELY SUPERB

#### SWEAT SHIRTS

Embroidered Traction Motif.  
Men's/Ladies (26" 30", M, L, XL)  
Red, Navy, Grey, and Burgundy.....£14.00

#### SPORT SHIRT

Embroidered Traction Motif  
Men's/Ladies (S, M, L, XL)  
Red, Light Blue, White.....£14.00

#### T-SHIRTS

Traction (S, M, L, XL, White/Red/Blue/Grey).....£6.00  
Traction (26" 30", Red/White/Blue).....£5.00

#### TRACK SUITS

Available (Embroidered) to Order.  
Send details of size/colour.....£24.00

#### UMBRELLAS

Small Red/White Available Soon..... TBA  
Large Red/White Available Soon..... TBA

*New Items Soon*

**Please Add £2.00 for Post & Packing – Cheques to TOC, any overpayment will be refunded.**

**Several colours are available in T-shirts and Sweat Shirts, but please give alternative colours when ordering.**

**With Compliments,**

**Steve Southgate**

