



CITROEN

Independent Front Suspension

which combined with Torsion Bar Springing —
Integral Construction — and

FRONT WHEEL DRIVE

is the reason of the wonderful stability and road-
holding of CITROEN CARS

INTRODUCED IN 1934, IT HAS PROVED SO EFFICIENT
THAT OTHERS HAVE ADOPTED IT FOR THEIR NEW
MODELS.

LIGHT FIFTEEN Saloon-de-luxe £697.2.10 with tax.

CITROEN CARS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS. Tel: SLOUGH 23811 (6 lines). Grams: CITROWORKS

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 Wheels,
"Ladie Cottage",
11 Fairclose,
Church Street,
Whitchurch, Hampshire.

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

Membership Secretary
Peter Riggs,
2 Appleby Gardens,
Dunstable, Beds. LU6 3DB.

Club Spares
Denis Ryland,
"Woodholme", Frithwood,
Brownhill,
Stroud, Glos. GL6 8AD.

Tool Hire
Peter Simper,
215 Whitton Road,
Twickenham,
Middlesex TW2 7QZ.

Standing Committee
Phillipe Allison,
Stan Barker,
John Gillard,
Colin Gosling,
Tony Hodgekiss,
Steve Reed,
David Shepherd,
Bob Wade,
Nigel Webb.

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

Eastern Area Contact
John Starke,
The Cottage, Harts Lane,
Ardleigh,
Nr. Colchester, Essex.

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

Central Southern Area Contact
Mike Wheels,
"Ladie Cottage",
11 Fairclose,
Church 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,
Mill House,
Market Place,
Houghton-le-Spring,
091 584 6097.

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

Titles
Giles Calver.

Honorary Life Members
Fred Annells
David Shepherd

ISSN 0265 0630

Floating Power

Volume 16, Number 3

July, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-One

MY prediction in the last editorial that the magazine would be too late for the Annual Rally was almost correct and probably was for some people, myself included. For others due to the grace of P. Stenner and the GPO it arrived the day before the rally. However that is all a bit academic for our overseas members who altogether number about 40-50. Having said that I recently had a letter from a member in New Zealand who attended the CCC rally at Billing Aquadrome, Northampton. Also in this issue there is an article from an overseas member which makes interesting reading with some equally interesting photographs, not all of which appear here, perhaps I will include them in a later issue.

We must be getting near to an AGM, now is the time to voice your opinions on the Club and more for my interest what you think of the contents of the magazine. I think that I have succeeded in getting the magazine onto a regular basis, alright it is usually one or two weeks late but it is always there. I know some professional magazines come out one or two weeks early, but I do not like to copy other people, I might plagiarise but I do not copy. Constructive criticism will probably be listened to, destructive criticism will be totally ignored as will comments such as "you could do an article on this or that," I am only the editor not the chief reporter or script writer.

However, if someone says "I would like to do a series of articles on Traction Arriere; the occasional crossword; quiz; cartoon or technical article" that would certainly be listened to and acted on.

Since the last magazine, was it really two months ago it seems like only yesterday, a number of events have taken place. The Annual Rally, for which we must all congratulate Mick Boulton and his team of helpers. Everyone who attends the rally must have had a good time despite the less than wonderful weather on Saturday, over which I am certain Mick had no control. The CCC rally in Worcester, sorry, did not go to that one because the following day the Tour of Wessex commenced. This was ably organised by Stan Barker and it was a most enjoyable tour. Last and by no means least the Tour of Brittany, a dozen or so cars from the U.K., good fun was had by all even if I couldn't find the camp site one night because it was foggy. Note all you doubting Thomas's (if that is correct English) I actually camped in Brittany. There is a future for me in the TOC yet. That reminds me I haven't seen any comments on whether anyone would be interested in an hotel tour in the U.K. That is enough of my ramblings, see you at the CCC Rally at Stratford?

DAVID GARDNER

How not to race a 1955 Citroën Traction Avant called Josephine in the Monte Carlo Rally

Firstly do not leave your entry until the last minute, it leaves you at the back of the pack with only 3 cars behind to help in the event of trouble.

Secondly do not even think about it until your earnings start to approach Richard Branson's (you will feel seriously out of place).

Thirdly get a good set of snow tyres, a good heater and about 10m times as much output from the dynamo as the usual 6 volt system is slightly inadequate.

Preparation for the rally involved mainly the fitting of peacock shafts and the addition of two 6v halogen spotlights (which could not be left on as their prolonged use would flatten the battery) and the painting on of teeth and eyes in order to give us negative points in the concours. Otherwise very little was done and the car spent little time away from its usual duties of commuter vehicle.

My co-driver was good friend and building surveyor Jane Chiswell from Cheshire who organised things!

Time optimisation was at its best on the morning of the start, after breakfast we ambled up to Edinburgh castle, got in the car and quickly nipped onto the start line as Mr. rally marshal was counting us down 5-4-3-2-1-GO! We were off on our 1900 mile journey.

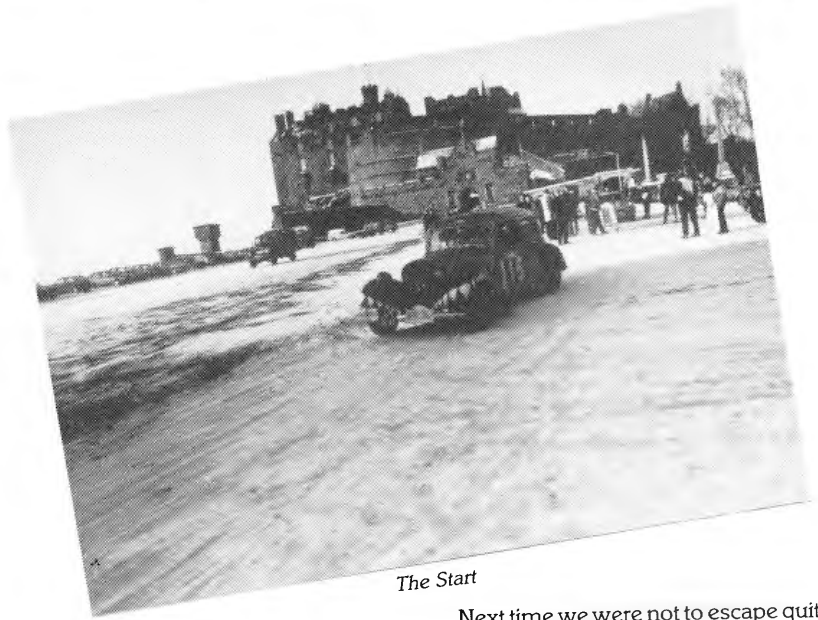
Soon we were hurtling down single track snow covered roads driving like stink in our ancient one and a half tonne family saloon car on normal road tyres (promised snow tyres didn't arrive), chasing a Sunbeam Rapier doing the same speed with just as much disregard for any poor local yokels who might be coming the other way.

Very soon we were in last position when we got a flat tyre and had to nip into Doncaster (after time control at Scotch Corner) to have it fixed (the spare had hardly any tread at all and was hardly legal). Then the route then took us past Castle Howard and York and many other places of interest, most of which could not be seen as it was dark.

We eventually got some rest at 2.30 a.m. next morning when we had an hour's kip on the Dover-Calais ferry. We woke up to a deserted ship as everyone had disembarked, any more sleep and we'd have been back in Dover.

Belgium was next, driving past the massive WW1 war cemeteries. There was a breakfast stop in Ypres where we met other rally drivers for the first time, though conversation was not exactly lively and everyone was feeling decidedly zombie like. We came out again to find the cars and the town under several inches of snow and some well equipped know-it-alls were fitting snow chains already, I knew there was something we hadn't got.

Next stage was on the motorway to Luxemburg. Only the inside lane was free but this did not stop all the BMWs and Quattros being overtaken in a flurry of snow by this eccentric herd of Englishmen in their precious old cars (Tony Curtis eat your heart out).



The Start

We then went back into Belgium and on into Germany where as you would expect, they have banned snow falling on the roads. We had a race with a Healey Frogeye Sprite on dry roads. It must have been a very frightening experience for him, being chased by one and a half tonnes of family saloon car, *with teeth!*

As night fell the snow began to defy the law and fall on the road in ever thicker amounts. We were still somewhere near last to go through all the passage controls, though we were equal 1st on points having not picked up any penalties. The omens weren't good when we drifted off the intended route twice, quite gracefully as the conversation indicates;

co-driver: the road goes left here

driver: yes I know

co-driver: well why are we heading straight ahead at the snow drift?

driver: I don't know (soft crunch)

Josephine seems to have a different opinion to me.

Next time we were not to escape quite so lightly. Josephine's wheels came off the side of the road and in the attempt to get them back on again we went into a 180° spin, we glided ever so elegantly across to the other side of the road and rolled 15' down the bank coming to rest upside down on a tree with mine and Jane's heads squashed in the roof and all the carpets, blankets, seats, food, teddy bears and tiggers etc. on top of us.

Miraculously we were O.K. All was dark but we managed to climb out. I had a little bump on the top of my head and Jane had a cut above the right eye (later to become a black eye, very becoming and ladylike).

We found our way to the nearest village. The phone box was not working so we entered a bar where they seemed to be having a cross between a pancake Tuesday party and a Bavarian lederhosen slapping James Lastish beer festival. When we phoned the rally office they thought we had given up and decided to get down and boogie Herman Goering style.

2 hours later after Jane had had some treatment we were taken back to inspect the



car and looked rather silly when we couldn't fine it. "It voz ere" we said in best allo allo German. Later we found out that the polizei had mistaken Josephine for one of their missing Gestapo staff cars and whisked her off 30 miles away, Tigger and Ted had been Pooh-napped.

Next day we eventually were reunited. All the fluids had been drained out, so we replaced these and started her up and were on our way massively behind schedule. Damage was remarkably little, no glass was broken and the pillars were still straight. There was a big dent in the roof and the door and the wing was bashed and the steering wheel somewhat buckled, all in all a tribute to the sturdiness of the design, who needs roll cages in a Citroën?

It was about 4 p.m. when we got started and we drove without stopping through the night and through Switzerland, again on heavily snowed up roads and we eventually caught up 11 hours later at Aix le Bains where we crashed out in our hotel room.

Next day we missed our start again so decided to have some breakfast instead. Later we assisted two Irish chaps who were having electrical problems and so we were in last place again. To catch up we hopped on the motorway until Grenoble. With a slipping clutch (the fan had come off and eaten part of the radiator hence water leaked onto the clutch) we headed up into the mountains. The roads and the scenery were superb. The frozen waterfalls were spectacular and everywhere was white. We kept on meeting Carolyn Hoy coming in the other Traction coming the other way, navigation problems Mrs. Hoy?

On the very high ground temperatures must have dropped below -20°C with a wind chill of -200 on top of that. Again we drove through the night and with a considerable amount of Terry Thomas style cheating caught up again. There was obvious

surprise when people saw us, will nothing stop these intrepid heroes?

After a lot more despicable cheating throughout the night we were first to arrive in Monaco so we settled down in the car and went to sleep to allow the others to catch up.

WE WON!

Some hours later all the finishers gathered on the concourse in Monte Carlo where we showed off our gleaming machines (or twisted wrecks as the case may be) to the locals who all came out of their yachts to see us. Josephine chose this moment to boil up the radiator so we stood there in clouds of steam waiting for her to cool down. We were interviewed by Tony Dron of *Classic Car Magazine* (see March issue) before driving over the official ceremonial finish ramp for a photo.



Impressive Scenery

Next day there was the prize giving at the Hotel de Paris which made Buckingham Palace look like a warehouse, dead posh like!

The next two days in Monte Carlo have to hold the record for the most amount of money either of us have spent in such a short time (beer was £2.20 per 1/2 pint). We met many interesting people from many walks of life (largely of the higher social or financial orders) and this aspect and the inevitable atmosphere of the event and the place and the conditions of the rally was what really made the event.

Although it all cost us about £1k each for the week it was worth it as one of the best "holidays" I have had and we hope to enter again next year.

Finally none of this would have been possible without the outstandingly generous help given by Dennis Ryland, Thanks Dennis, I will pay you, honest.

TOC CLUB SHOP 1991 – PRICE LIST

Posters

"Les Tractionns"	£2.50
"Traction Avant 3D"	£2.50
"Traction Avant Blue/White"	£1.50
Set of Magazine Covers Blue/White.....	£4.00
Greetings Cards (pack of six)	£1.50

Badges

Metal TOC Bumper Badge.....	£15.00
TOC Windscreen Sticker	£1.00
Enamel Traction Brooch.....	£2.50
Blazer Badges 3" square.....	£5.00
Embroidered Traction Badge.....	£5.00
"Blinkies" battery operated	£3.50

Models

Burago Black Diecast 15cv.....	£7.00
Matchbox Roadster/Coupé.....	£4.00

Various

Ball Point Pen (Traction)	60p
Baloons – various colours	10p
Mugs – Mugs – Mugs	£1.50
Tea Towels (Traction)	£2.00
Golf Umbrellas Blue/Gold	£17.50
Enamel Plaque (Traction 15cv)	£18.00

Sweat Shirts – Embroidered Traction Motif

Childrens (26", 30", Small).....	£12.00
Mens/Ladies (M, L, XL, XXL)	£14.00
Red, Navy, Grey, Burgundy, White	

Sports Shirts – Embroidered Traction Motif

Mens/Ladies (38", 40", 42", 44")	£14.00
Red, Navy, Blue, Green etc.	

Tee Shirts – Traction Print

Childrens (26", 30", Small).....	£5.00
Adults (M, L, XL)	£6.00
Red, White, Blue, Grey	

Workwear – (Blue Polycotton with Traction Motif)

Overalls (42", 44")	£19.00
Warehouse Coat (42", 44")	£15.00

Post & packing at least £2.00

Please give alternative colours when ordering Shirts.

STEVE SOUTHGATE

"SPRING COTTAGE", 11 WOODLANDS AVENUE, WALSALL, WEST MIDLANDS, WS5 3LN.

Telephone: 021 357 2256



Tropical Attraction Cameroon to Barbados

"MY brother thinks he's seen one in Saa." Fateful words from James Fongang, the office driver. Together we have been looking for a restorable Traction for the past year. As we pass through towns and villages, James has eyes left, I have eyes right and we hope that nothing untoward is happening up front. So far we have found the shell of an 11 Normale on top of a container in Douala, a big boot Six slowly composting in Mbanga and a burnt out and rusted something at the base of a tree in the capital, Yaounde. Idle moments on field trips out of Yaounde are spent chatting up mechanics in country bars, and gathering a small crowd as we pass round a photo of the desired object. We were in Saa the previous month, but even so it is worth a look. No directions are given, Sunday is free and Sue is in England, so with daughter in tow, we head for Saa. Coming up the rise into the town on a lousy dirt road we

start our usual head-swivelling act, and there it is — fourth hut on the left, right next to the road — how did we miss it last month? "Now play this cool James, we'll just go and see what we have and talk to the owner," We stroll over, small boot . . . a small boot 6, no floor, repairable bodywork, engine all there. Mr. Agwa appears. "Nice car." Small talk ensues, beer is offered, and interest in a sale is established. Mr. Arya is adding a kitchen to his place, hence he moved the car last month from the back to the front of the house; all is explained. We are shown a shed in which the radiator, spare wheel cover and other vital parts are stored. A deal is struck. He gets £240, I get the car and a stem of bananas. Transport is extra. We return the next weekend, Black Label in hand to clinch the deal. A friend will provide the lorry — I come



The second car — as found. "sitting on a plinth of earth."



"There it is — 4th hut on the left."

away with a bag of eggs! A fortnight later a lorry appears and Mr. Agwa, in black homburg, looks pleased. Our hasty earth ramp is about right for unloading, but the car drops the last foot. As a Landover pulls up the driveway a wheel tilts off the studs, but we manage. The strip down commences. The underside and engine are ochre with mud and dust, and mud wasp cocoons are in an on everything. The guts of the engine are filled with a black tar, and there are lizard eggs in the oddest of holes.

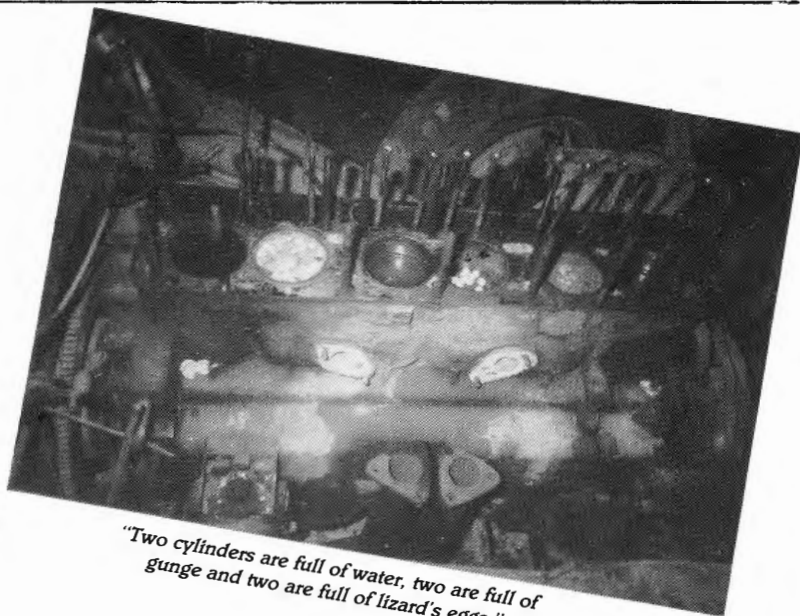
After botched local efforts at renewing the floor, a call to Mick Peacock has a new one on its way. A second mortgage is taken out to cover the cost of the London-Cameroon airfreight. The brightwork is rechromed in England during our annual leave, and the con-rods are re-white metalled in Rugby to be finished in Cameroon later. Fred Annells comes up trumps with a set of manuals and a spares book, and Depanoto and the Arch are added to the list of essential places when on holiday in Europe.

As work progresses we spread the word that we are interested in other wrecks. Mbarga the sleuth has heard of something promising this side of Mbalmayo. Only such sightings have usually resulted in wrecks that would only interest a Tractionist archeologist, but James is free so we invest a Saturday morning. As we stop to ask for directions, there beyond the shoulder of the local school teacher is what we are looking for . . . another small boot 6 — a bit older (1949 as it turns out) and sitting on a plinth of earth. The car has protected the earth underneath it, while over the years the surrounding area has washed away. Someone has had the sidewalls of the tyres to make flip-flops, and water has got in the top of the engine, but there are plenty of useful spares. We engage the owner in conversation. Some Americans wanted to buy it, but he agrees it will never go again. As I am the only person who is ever likely to find a use for it for spares, I can have what I want for £140. We agree that I will come back next weekend to strip it. Thinking about it during the next week I decide to lift it home instead.

so we hire a lorry for the following Saturday. As we cannot quite remember where the village is, we get lost and excuse our circuitous route to the increasingly irate lorry driver as a detour needed to avoid local flooding. When we arrive the owner agrees to the new plan, the Black Label is quickly tucked away into his sideboard and we reshoe the car with a fresh set of wheels. With the car ringed with helpers we raise it 4ft. into the air and shove it on the lorry. Amongst our helpers there are some that discover that a Big 6 has a heavy end. We produce the beer and everyone is happy. The paramount chief seals the bill of sale with his special rubber stamp, money changes hands and largesse is distributed to the helpers. We now follow the lorry back to Yaounde, and the earth ramp comes into use again.

This time the car has to be left on the ramp overnight before we can summon assistance, so we tie grass all round it to show that it is owned and not abandoned. Such ju-ju is used to protect heaps of building sand so I figure it should work of the car. "DING", metal on metal, "That's coming from my car". "DING" — shorts on, door open, curse the nightguard, down the drive. There, with bonnet open, is the local fruit and nutcase sitting on the engine hitting the rocker cover nuts with a broken lorry spring. He has a carrier bag full of bits from other wrecks. I curse him like hell in French and point to my knots of grass. A scene worthy of Monty Python. It takes weeks to take the car to pieces. Two cylinders are full of water, two are full of gunge and two are full of lizard's eggs. The offending lizard is found dead next to the rocker shaft. The front suspension has been supplemented with wooden bracing, which is something that Andre never thought of. It brings tears to my eyes as we cut the body in half, and even more when I drop the rear half on my big toe and am crippled for a week.

By now we have been befriended by the owner of Yaounde's best machine shop, Bernard Liboutry. Helping restore a Traction appeals to his French instincts. He refuses to accept payment for any work done, so a good tip is given to the machinist that does each job — the new main bearings are line bored, valves re-seated, special tools made, brake drums skimmed and new running surfaces made for most of the oil seals. The engine is reassembled and is discreetly hidden in the living room under the children's playhouse. Work on the body proceeds slowly. To get at the underside we tip the vehicle on its side. The gardener, Ignatius Loweh, is enlisted as trainee mechanic, and starts his apprenticeship by grinding off the rust and paint from the body shell. We paint the underneath with a well known rust preventing primer and then go on holiday to England. When we return the paint is bubbling up all over the place. So, section by section, we take it all off and use a two pack primer and seal it with a filler coat as soon as it is dry. We then get the news that we are being transferred — to Barbados. The car is totally in pieces, every room in the house seems to have parts stashed away. To sell it, all now is unthinkable, so we locate a cheap 20ft. container. Ignatius now switches his attention to repainting the container, and I



"Two cylinders are full of water, two are full of gunge and two are full of lizard's eggs."

start a rapid assembly of the car so that it can be rolled down our steep drive and secured into the container. With a few days to spare we make it, and I leave Cameroon by air with the bumpers as excess baggage (UTA are very accommodating when they hear what car they are from) for depositing with John Gillard for dechroming. The container takes four months to pass via Britain (new tyres, exhaust etc. are added to it) until it eventually arrives in Barbados.

Meanwhile Mick Peacock has supplied a new set of sills and a better boot lid. Heavily wrapped in bubble film, but very neatly taped up, we check these in as baggage at Heathrow. "Got a windsurfer"? "Grunt". No names, no pack drill. Now before us is the job of restarting the work. The car has somehow collected a few dents in transit.

The container is the new workshop and we have discovered the owner of the only other Traction on Barbados. The Mercedes distributor will hopefully tackle the welding of the new sills, and those precious few hours once the children are asleep are now spent at work in the container.

The project is a hell of a lot of fun, it must satisfy some sort of creative urge and tractionists and their ilk are an amiable bunch. Any club members visiting Barbados during the next few years are welcome to stop by for a rum punch or two, so drop a line if you are coming (P.O. Box 1392, Barbados) or give us a call (427 2823) but be prepared to get your hands dirty.

BILL FARMER



"TOC CLUB HELPLINE"
0425 74476 (Answerphone)

When phoning give:

1. Full name.
2. Phone number.
3. Brief description of subject matter on which information is required.

THE 1991 TOC ANNUAL RALLY

COLIN GOSLING

"Welcome to sunny Bridgnorth" was how Mick Boulton had put it in his introduction to the varied programme of activities and events he'd arranged to make up the 1991 Annual Rally in the Severn Valley. Mick's irrepressible optimism about the weather for that June weekend eventually paid off on the Sunday but not before Saturday had brought heavy downfalls and yet another temporary return to winter. As a consequence, I may have been spotted sporting an uncustomary anorak for a few minutes – a sighting about as rare as a pre-war 22CV Traction!

But it takes a lot to dampen the spirits of Traction enthusiasts, especially during their annual rally.

While some had spent a comfortable Friday night in caravans and B and B's – even in a quality hotel in at least one case that we know of (shame! Ed) – a small number of hardy souls had survived the onslaught of torrential rain under canvas. That first evening had seen the arrival of the first two dozen or so Tractions at our private campsite in the grounds of the Midland Motor Museum in Bridgnorth, including Steve Southgate with a brace of 6's and Peter Stenner, along with French Normale, Jersey-registered LHD Legere, Cloverleaf but alas! as yet, no sign of the 1939 Roadster!

By now the cold had so stimulated our appetites that Mick recommended we retire to the warmth of a local hostelry "The Danery" at Quatford on the River Severn, where he would join us later, once the marquee had arrived. A group of us duly set off in Nigel Webb's Light 15 and in one of Steve's 6's, up along a narrow lane, winding its way over the hill and then down to the village. My thanks to Steve for the transport there (and back) in NYU 424 – my first ride in a 6 – allowing me to appreciate its smooth power and undoubted luxury. Fellow passengers were T on Schmuders and Remy from Brittany, equally in awe of the



Lunchtime car park on Saturday.

impressive finish of our Slough-built cars. I had christened Steve "le Roi des Reines" but I suspect that for them the phrase may have lost (or indeed gained) something in translation.

"The Danery" offered good, family fare, which we enjoyed. We had much to talk about, stories to exchange, photographs to study; we were soon joined by others from the campsite. Mick Boulton's 1951 Bedford coach began the shuttle service between the two points. David Evans from Bridgend was recounting his hilarious experiences of driving from Shrewsbury to Glasgow, and back, in what was to become Martin Nicholson's H-van (sorry, Martin!). His account of losing a windscreen wiper blade, then the arm, then the other arm was a classic piece of high comedy.

I suppose I had had my tongue in my cheek when I ended the article in *Floating Power* on this year's Retromobile Exhibition in Paris by wondering how long it would be before the H-van became the subject of a special feature at the Show. David, of course, a veritable mine of information on the H-van,

assured me that the Dutch had already elevated it to the equivalent of an art-form, so it can't be long now. He was able to point to subtle differences across the various models in what was apparently a record production-run, from 1948 to 1981, for a commercial vehicle. The only reason production ceased, so the story goes, was because after switching the designation from HY to HZ, they found there were no other letters to go on to! Three H-vans had even been built at Slough, apparently RHD models.

Saturday's departure time for the convoy tour of Shropshire had been set for 10.30 am, with a lunch stop at the Yew Tree pub in All Stretton. Knowing the ropes, Mick correctly predicted an actual departure of 11.00 am. Off we set, about 10 Tractions led by Mick in his Commerciale, accompanied by the Bedford bus and a busful of passengers, following the itinerary that Mick had painstakingly thought out. Details had been provided to every driver. We quickly reached Much Wenlock, and on to Church Stretton. We drove along the ridge known as Wenlock Edge. What a pity about the weather! Rain, mist and cloud everywhere preventing us from appreciating what should certainly have been spectacular views. We left the beaten track and made for Asterton, Medlicott and then a stop at The Horseshoes pub at the Bridges. Just enough time for a quick half – but where was the bus? We had come along some very steep, twisting lanes (last one through, close the gate!), many awash with mud after the previous night's torrential rains, steep on the way up, equally steep on the way down. What Shropshire scenery we were able to glimpse between the clouds and the showers was green, rugged and beautiful, strangely Welsh rather than English somehow, I felt. Sweeping countryside, rolling hills with outcrops of rock, isolated farmsteads, dry stone walls, sheep and cattle – reminiscent also of the North Yorkshire moors, especially as we drove across the Long Mynd towards All Stretton.

And so, on down to the Yew Tree, where other Tractions, and the bus, which had taken a short cut, joined up. Mick had forewarned the landlord of our invasion, so that he could "attend to our thirst and



The start of the Saturday Tour.

THE PICTORIAL ANNUAL RALLY



Brollies the order of the day — start of the Tour.



And these cars were all cleaned by the next day!!

ANNUAL RALLY STATISTICS

Number and types of Citroen:	Rear Wheel	1
	Commerciale/Familiale	4
	Light 15/11BL	24
	Big 15/11B	10
	Big 6	4
	Other Citroens	15
	Total Tractions	42

AWARDS:

Martin Lloyd Best Car in Show	David Boyd – Slough Roadster (Runner-up – Dave Stockwell)
TOC Best First Time Entry	Dave Stockwell – Pre-war 11L (Runner-up – Steven Southgate)
Central Southern Cup Best Pre-war Car	David Boyd – Slough Roadster (Runner-up – Dave Stockwell)
Midland Cup Best Post-war Car	Steven Southgate – Slough Big 6 (Runner-up – Peter Stenner)
Driving Test Winner	Peter Simper



A happy Steve Stockwell receives "Best Time Pre-War."



Steve Southgate receives his award.

hunger". The first he did admirably, but fell very short on the latter – possibly overwhelmed by the size of the invasion.

There just didn't seem to be enough staff around in the kitchen, and with several series of ticket-numbers for lunch on the go simultaneously, any attempt at serving orders in a logical sequence was scuppered. A bit of a free for all! I felt particularly sorry for Steve Southgate. He was organizing the Severn Valley Steam Railway trip – one of 3 options available to us in the afternoon. Not only were some people who would have liked to go on the trip unable to because of the long wait for the meal, but also since he as the organizer and his family had to leave by 2.30 pm (literally to catch the last train from Arley), they had no choice but to cancel their lunches.

Those of us, however, who had put their stomachs first, and had thereby missed the train, returned to the campsite by way of the Acton Scott Museum, an historic working farm demonstrating life on a Shropshire upland farm before the introduction of the internal combustion engine. It was a fascinating collection of old farm buildings and assorted implements from the turn of the century – ploughs, grinders, threshers, sorters, harvesters, everything – not forgetting a splendid pig-sty replete with local Tamworth pig and piglets! Magnificent Shire horses, Shropshire sheep and cows, poultry – and a generous helping of mud underfoot. In a shed nearby a girl with churn was busy at her milking. When she'd finished, she asked if we'd come "from the Ministry" (God forbid!).

Perhaps her question was triggered by reports of recent cases of Blue Ear disease in pigs, which Ton Schmulders volunteered had started in Holland. We could so easily have spun her a yarn!

Back at the campsite more Traction had arrived. Dave Hackett's son's Normale had developed petrol problems on the convoy and had to be towed back. It turned out to be the rubber tube at the top of the tank – see Steve Reed's timely article on page 11 of the May '91 edition of *Floating Power!* by 7.30 pm the first shuttle service to The Danery began, where supper and

entertainment in our own private room had again been arranged. Others preferred to make their way there by car. The weather, which had seen rain fall for most of the day, began to improve but unfortunately, not enough to go ahead with the barbecue which had been planned. Entertainment later in the evening was in the form of a duo playing guitar and electric keyboard. The guitar player, who reminded me of a latter-day Tom Lehrer, sang a few songs offering his own witty, social commentary on topical issues – Greenpeace, Women's Lib and so on – before signing the Citroen Traction Avant song composed and written by him the previous evening, which had all us of young and old alike joining in. It was really quite clever.

Another happy evening therefore, at the end of which some of us made our way back to the campsite independently. Dave Gardner's Light 15 steamed valiantly up that steep winding lane to the campsite with the Oates, Kathy, Lynn and me on board! Others relied upon the Bedford bus for transportation. Relied too much perhaps in the case of the 10.13 pm shuttle which ran out of petrol going up that same steep winding lane (where else?). Eleven passengers disembarked to watch Mick's driver back the bus down to the main road – in everyone's book an almost impossible feat and surely one which should have been voted outright winner in the driving skills event planned for the following morning. Relief came in the form of a welcome gallon of petrol which once administered, and the passengers once more on board, enabled the journey back to be completed, the engine displaying sporadic bursts of activity as petrol tossed around in the tank.

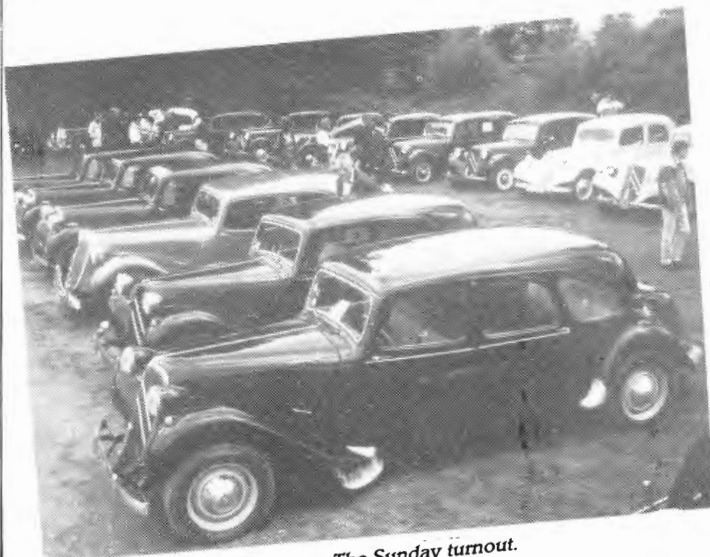
Mick's timetable for Sunday said "9.00 am. Get up and polish the car". For those of us who had used their cars on the convoy it was more a question of trying first to remove the layers of Shropshire mud that we'd collected. At the campsite preparations were underway for the driving skills event and the concours entry and judging.

Traction were arriving at a steady pace. There must have been about 50 by now. And the weather improved to give a bright sunny day! There was a flurry of activity everywhere. In the marquee, Steve Southgate and family were busy setting up the Club shop; next door David Boyd and brother were stoking up the barbecue; children's games were starting. It was a good time to take a few photographs. Denis Ryland was peddling spares on behalf of the Club – business all round seemed to be brisk. The first hamburgers were almost ready and a long line began to form. Lynn was pressed into active service at the stand. Smoke enveloped everyone. Then out of the blue came a shower – and in turn Steve to the rescue, bearing a couple of those enormous brightly-coloured TOC umbrellas, not to prevent the hamburger customers from getting soaked rather than to keep David's buns dry! Nothing worse, of course, than a soggy bun, especially if it contains a tasty Boyd-burger!

The rain quickly cleared and the atmosphere was one of bustle and excitement, and it was encouraging to see such an impressive turnout of cars and people, some new faces, many old ones. Really an excellent day for everyone.

Particular thanks to Mick Boulton and his colleagues, including the local scouts, who devoted so much time and effort to organizing a success, highly enjoyable rally. They did an outstanding job. The posting of those yellow TOC flags along the route of the convoy impressed me; it was also an indication of the attention to detail and the hard work that had been put in to ensure things went well – as they did.

I came away with happy memories of Shropshire and the Severn Valley which must certainly be one of the most beautiful parts of England, and its local attractions. The happiest memories, of course, were of all those people and places, the cars and the camaraderie that came together to make for an unforgettable rally.



The Sunday turnout.



Concours judging.

Big Six Rebuild



My article in the March 1990 issue of *Floating Power* told how I became the owner of a 1949 Slough Big 6. I did the minimum work on the car to pass the MoT, so I could use it in 1989 and, I hoped, for some years to come, doing a bit of work each winter; however, this was not to be! On the return journey from the ICCCR in Holland, September 1989, as we boarded the ferry at Vlissingen the engine started to misfire! On arrival at Sheerness further investigation revealed Number 6 had no compression at all. We decided to try and get home.

Sheerness to Bath is about 140 miles, so it was going to be a difficult journey, particularly as we were towing a caravan. We made it, but the last 30 miles were difficult due to a complete lack of power. On the 9 September 1989 I did a compression test and found all six cylinders were down on compression: 1=115, 2=90, 3=100, 4=120, 5=90, 6=000, lbs.

On these results the head had to come off. As I had the engine completely rebuilt 1,800 miles previously and on the recommendation of the engineer supplied new exhaust valves for them to fit in the overhauled cylinder head, I felt a bit sick at having to spend time and money on the engine again.

To disconnect the exhaust downpipe from the manifold I found a $\frac{3}{8}$ drive socket, universal joint wrapped with tape to stiffen it, and a long bar you can get at the six nuts from under the car. Undo the cylinder head nuts in sequence, cracking off the first time round. A Big 6 head is heavy so I climbed onto the car and straddled the engine to lift the head off; I will leave the rest to your imagination.

On the bench all was revealed: Number 6 exhaust valve had a piece missing back to the stem and had the appearance of being attacked by a cutting torch. On removing all the valves, the exhaust valves had carbon deposits on the face and down the stem, the inlet valves had warped so were not seating equally all round – what a mess!!!

I took the head and valves to a friend who is an engineer and car enthusiast. He diagnosed that three of the valves were of the wrong steel; at the time of the engine rebuild I could only get three of one sort and three of another. The valve seats had also been cut too wide, creating too much pressure under the valve head, preventing them from closing properly. The moral is on having a Traction head overhauled, do not assume the engineers will have the information on valve seat dimensions and profiles – give it to them, it is in the workshop manual illustrations section.

I was still unable to get six inlet and six exhaust valves the same type and that could be guaranteed. A lead-free conversion was also being investigated for Traction heads. I made enquiries about having inlet and exhaust valves made in stainless steel.

As it was going to be some time before I could see a lead-free conversion, I decided to completely rebuild the car over a period of two years. I have completed one year. This is completely dismantled to a bare shell to remove rusted metal, parts of the bodywork had been cut away to allow the fitting of steel plates and C girders onto and into the sills to stiffen the car for South African roads.

When I remove parts from the car I put the bolts and screws in a polythene bag with a label to remind me where they came from. I would advise anyone to do the same; undertaking a rebuild of any sort of car can take a long time and one forgets.

November – January

Stripped out the front end, wings, radiator and associated engine and transmission connections. Paying particular attention to the engine/gearbox, ensuring that the lifting chains and hoist are capable of taking the weight – it is a heavy unit and should be respected as such. Various body panels were ordered.

January – March

Stripped out the steering and suspension. If only the front end of the car is jacked up you only need to raise the front wheels by two feet and then after removing the steering wheel, track rod ends and fixings the rack and steering column can be withdrawn forwards. The rear of the car was then jacked up. Do not use a jack on the rear axle without a support spanning the width of the axle as it is possible to bend the axle, so upsetting the camber angle of the rear wheels. Support the car just forward of the heel board, putting a substantial piece of wood between the supports to spread the load. The rear wheels and brakes can now be removed. Having removed the shock absorbers and the tie bar, the rear torsion bars can be removed. Check that the car is stable and well supported as this operation can take a lot of effort. After removing the centre clamp plate the special tool was clamped to one torsion bar and hit with a heavy lump hammer; at the same time the axle was supported on the same side to relieve the tension on the appropriate torsion bar. This can be a long hard job. Repeat for the other torsion bar. The axle can now be removed by removing the bolts fixing each Silentbloc. These bolts were rusted so I had to use some heat – be careful of the petrol pipe and petrol tank.

The front driveshafts were removed, N/S nut anti-clockwise, O/S nut clockwise. The front hubs were drifted off from the inside using a block of wood against the splines. The front harness was removed; if the colours are fading ensure that the cables are marked sufficiently for reconnection. The front cradle was supported on a trolley jack and carefully levered off. The cradle on my car hung on to the last – the reason why comes later in the rebuild.

The brake drums were taken to an engineer to be checked for trueness and machining if necessary. Only 2mm can be machined off! Two original valves and guides were also supplied for replacements to be made.

April – June

Carefully drained petrol tank into a suitable container and removed tank, rear wings and valance below the boot lid. Removed the wooden dashboard and door trims to be cleaned and polished during the winter evenings. Removed headlining and interior trim and also the rear window by carefully easing the mastic seal between the glass and the body. Removed rear harness as I will be welding on new door gutters. Removed seats and runners keeping them in pairs. Removed remainder of the brake pipework and bulkhead fittings. Collected floorpan, sills, door gutters and scuttle vent. Tried a fitting up but did not accomplish a great deal – the car seems to be the wrong shape!!

A friend at work, on seeing the Big 6 water pump impeller, offered me a phosphor bronze one that, with a bit of machining, will fit. The original alloy part had virtually corroded away.

At this point the stripping down had to stop as I had run out of space in the garage. The next part of the diary will deal with cutting out and replacing the rusted metalwork.

Colchester Classic Car Show 1991

The original intention had been to have four local Traction presents on a joint T.O.C./ Citroen Car Club stand at this years Colchester Classic Car Show; perhaps somewhat optimistic given certain circumstances.

Harvey Shortt's 11BL had undergone major gearbox surgery during the winter, following an untimely seizure at last years show.

However, thanks to the attention of Dr. Gillard and the team at Waterloo, the patient has made a full recovery.

Restoration of my latest acquisition, a 1952 Slough Light 15 had certainly been adversely affected by my recent redundancy; I had been hoping to have the car back on the road for both the Colchester show and, of course, the annual rally.

In the midst of these bleak happenings we did manage to secure the use of my old Traction, TYD 250, (regretfully sold last year to provide both space and finance for the new project), and Marcus Lasance's grey Normale.

I was obviously disappointed not to be able to complete SB 8947 in time, but three Traction in the wilderness would have to suffice.

Driving TYD 250 to the showground at the Colchester Institute early on a sunny Sunday morning, and the memory of the various organisational problems that had occurred over the past couple of weeks soon disappeared. A great day was in prospect!

We had half the stand complete when I spotted Harvey approaching - very



obviously minus his Traction. The gremlins had struck! The car had apparently been fine a few days ago, this morning however, no go. While we were contemplating our collective misfortunes, John Passfield, a C.C.C. member who was going to display his Panhard 24CT, joined us with the jolly news that he had broken down en route, just off the A12 . . . marvellous!!

The joint T.O.C./C.C.C. emergency recovery service sprang into action like the well oiled, professional unit they are known to be, (certainly well oiled anyway!), and half an hour later a friend's Acadiane was towing the Panhard onto the showground. At least we got it there; the RAC would have the pleasure of getting it back to Chelmsford.

The final line-up was as follows:

- Slough Lt 15
- Paris Normale
- Panhard 24CT
- Acadiane
- Slough ID19
- SM
- Slough DS 23 Safari

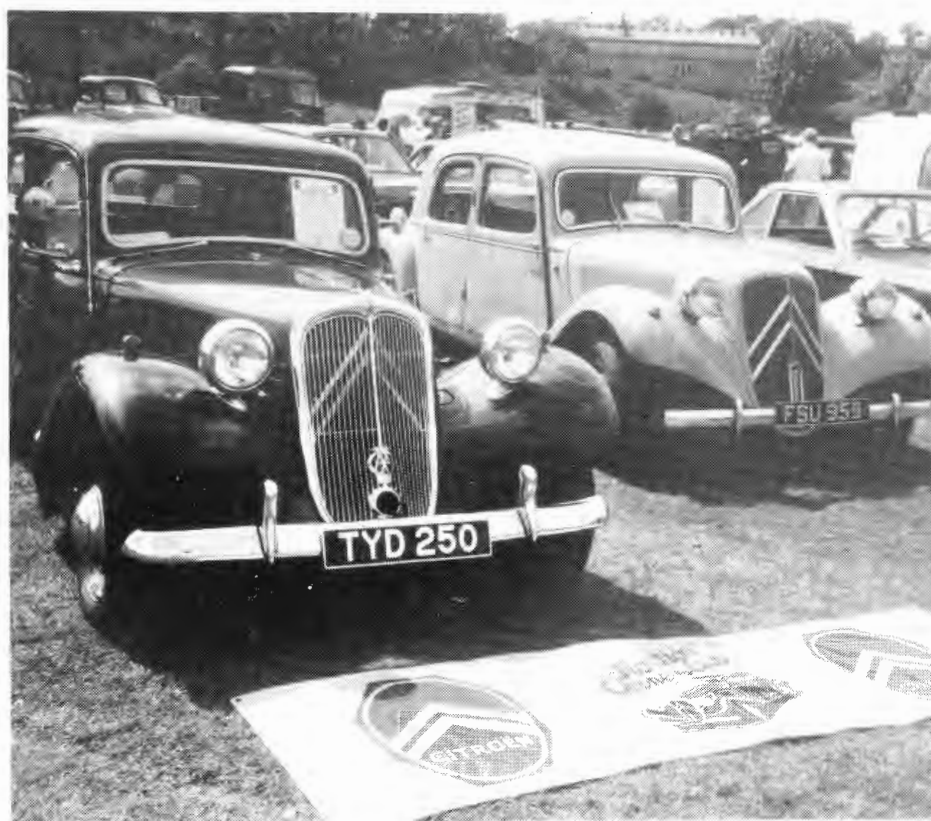
Jim Croyden's superb ID 19 recently had the dubious honour of retiring from the Monte Carlo Challenge, with a combined driveshaft and gearbox problem. Now all sorted and rectified, he has entered the Welsh Classic at the end of May.

The autojumble proved well worth a ferret about as I was fortunate enough to uncover a very clean copy of an Owner's Handbook of the correct year for SB 8947.

Overall, despite various problems, it was an enjoyable day, with the complete spectrum of classic cars represented by over 500 vehicles ranging from the jumble Austin Seven through to Aston Martins etc.; and although our display was perhaps a shade modest, it certainly attracted a lot of admiring visitors, well informed and otherwise.

John Starke

PS - If any or all Eastern Region members would like to contact me at the address in the front of the magazine, I will endeavour to organise a meeting / day out / chinwag or whatever. Thanks.



CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Dave,

May I make use of the columns of *Floating Power* to express my appreciation and I am sure that of all Club members, of the good work put in by Mick Boulton to organise the Annual Rally. I personally felt that this meeting was, in spite of inclement weather, a huge success, with that perfect atmosphere which is so difficult to create. Even such incidents as the Vintage coach running out of fuel in a narrow country lane at 11 p.m. and having to be pushed by the nine passengers (which in other circumstances would have been regarded as gross inefficiency), became instead part of the memorable fun of the evening.

This, I'm sure, was due in part to the great spirit of 'camaraderie' and also to Mick's unflagging personal charm and 'joie-de-vivre' in spite of the constant pressures and demands upon him as rally organiser.

So once again, thanks Mick for such an enjoyable weekend.
Dennis Ryland

Dear Mr. Dyer,

First, an especial thank you to your Members for their obviously keen and valuable support for our work on the European front: your club's generous donation (once again) sets an example for all others and the Chairman has asked me to express his especial appreciation.

We have also noted your comments about our subscriptions in general (I have a feeling we may have corresponded on this topic before) and I will read the relevant parts of your letter at our next committee meeting. There is no doubt whatsoever that a simple per-capita charge is the fairest method of levying subscriptions in an ideal world. Unfortunately, the world is far from ideal and I can envisage several problems which could arise from a per capita charge – and that is from someone who approves of the Poll Tax (at least in principle). I'll let you know what the Committee think!

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,
Jim Whyman,
Secretary,
FBVCH

Dear Mr. Dyer,

Thank you for your organisation's 1991/92 subscription payment of £56.

Thank you also for your donation to our Eurofund – we need to raise £20,000 to cover our commitment to the lobbyist until the end of 1992 and every penny is much appreciated!

Unless otherwise noted, all FBHVC material for your organisation will be addressed as on the label below. The number of News Sheets we will be sending is shown on the label.

Yours sincerely,
Jim Whyman,
FBHVC

BIG 6 ROADSTER

I had a short note from Fred Annells about a "discovery" in the USA of what is almost certainly "the other 6 Roadster". It apparently tallies with being pre-war by the fact of the engine/gearbox dates being cast in, also the chassis/coque numbers are correct. The gentleman who discovered the vehicle is a Richard Haynes of Detroit who made the following comments in an article from the *Detroit News*: "Discovery, Haynes points out, is almost as exhilarating as resurrecting a disabled antique car and getting it back onto the highway. And that led him into the story of the 1939 Citroen convertible now being restored in his garage. Long an enthusiast of the Citroen, Haynes some time ago read that in 1934 the famous French manufacturer designed a revolutionary new type of convertible, complete with rumble seat, racy windscreen and all the advanced features of the car. But it was not until about 1939 that three of these hand-made models appeared in public. The company made only these three models. The war came and ended and nearly everyone forgot about the convertibles. Everyone, that is, but Haynes. Like a detective Haynes went to France in pursuit of his quarry – the convertible. He made scores of inquiries of car buffs and other authorities. There is no such car he was told. Finally he went to the factory. A veteran employee nodded in agreement. 'The factory indeed made three models', Haynes was told, 'but one was destroyed in an air raid, another was wrecked and the third, I believe, is somewhere in Paris'. Haynes was introduced to a Parisian who knew as much about old cars there as Haynes did in Detroit. Within a day the convertible was located. It was in bad shape and about ready for the junkyard. Haynes, however, was not one to permit a classic like that to sink into the quagmire of disinterest. He bought the car, brought it to Detroit and now it is being readied for daily travel on the street."

Fred's contact in the USA, who supplied the article, is called Red Dillinger. Americans always seem to have wonderful names and he is as great a fanatic of Citroens as Fred. He currently has a field full of various models, amongst them three roadsters and the 'Challenger' models. I hope that they are not all kept in the field. He has also just recently purchased a container load of new spares from Uruguay. Dennis, you know where your next spares purchase trip will be!

REFLECTIONS ON NUTTINESS

REFLECTIONS ON NUTTINESS

I was struck by a comment from Martin Nicholson in the last edition of *FP* about the different sizes of bolts used in British Tractions, and thought I would try to share a little information that has come my way as a result of work over the years on old British motorbikes (as idiosyncratic a set of ironmongery as can be found anywhere!).

What follows is relevant to Slough Tractions, pre-war ones especially, but will interest anyone who owns or works on British post-vintage vehicles.

Everyone knows that, in both Whitworth and British Standard Fine varieties, a bolt which is 0.25" diameter across the unthreaded portion of its shank is called a 1/4-bolt. Fair enough. A bolt which is 0.375" is called a 3/8-bolt, and so on. Naturally, a spanner which fits the head of a 1/4-bolt is stamped 1/4W or 1/4BSF. But anyone who has a pre-war spanner stamped 1/4W will find it does not fit the head of most 1/4-bolts. The reason is a wartime emergency measure, designed to save steel by reducing the size of nuts and the heads on bolts, but necessitating a new size of 1/4W spanners.

Naturally, the manufacturers saw little benefit, in rationed post-war Britain, of resuming the previous (heavier and more expensive) style, so the temporary measure became a permanent one. Spanners designed for a 3/8-bolt have an opening of between 1.000" and 1.010" and are stamped 3/8W, whereas pre-war spanners stamped 3/8W are 1.250 across the jaw.

In reality this is more likely to manifest itself to someone having pre-war bolts in a car they are restoring and trying to fit modern BSF spanners to them. As Martin points out in his article, over the years older bolts with

rounded heads from the attention of the wrong spanner, are often replaced with newer bolts of the same shank size but different heads. These cause no end of trouble when you are, for instance, tightening something down evenly and have to change the socket for some bolts.

To add to the confusion, the Unified system which was gradually introduced across the British motor manufacturing scene in the '50s created another size called Across the Flats, or AF. This said the head of a 1/4-bolt should be 0.4375" instead of 0.445" as in the BSF system, and the spanner to fit it should be stamped 7/16 AF.

Thread dimensions, of course, are another matter altogether. Not only does the pitch vary, quoted as threads per inch, but the actual shape – or form – of the individual vee-shapes also differ. Anyone urgently needing Whitworth threads up about a 1/4 should try locksmiths, because the American firm of Yale was still using Whitworth as recently as 1981, and may still be.

Finally, please note the oddity of BA sizes. An 1/8 spanner (BSF or Whitworth) fits a 2BA nut. But 2BA is officially a 3/16 BSW or BSF bolt, as defined in BS 1083 of 1951. I am still researching this muddle. Anyone wishing to know more themselves is recommended to Bruce Main Smith's column in old copies of *The Motor Cycle* from where a lot of the above was garnered.

It is certainly comforting that the metric system has only one meaning for spanner size: a 17mm spanner fits a nut or bolt head 17mm across regardless of the thread pitch or the shank diameter.

ALEC BILNEY

D.G.

CLUB NEWS

Apologies to Mike Wheals and A. N. Other, the phone number in the trade ad. in the last issue was incorrect, I misread Mike's handwriting. It has now been corrected, sorry for any inconvenience caused.

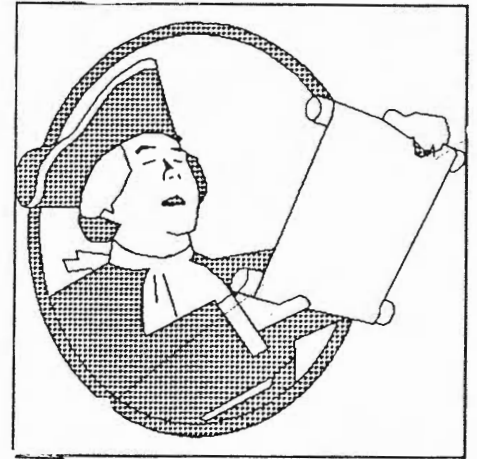
The Club have a Stand at the National Classic Car Show at the NEC Birmingham. Assistance is requested from local members. Any volunteers should contact Mike Wheals or Stan Barker via the "Helpline".

You will note that I have deleted the 'Highland Autofest' at Inverness from the events list because my request for information was returned by the Post Office as "not collected from the box number". I believe this was also the experience of another Club member. Do any members North of the Border know whether the event is still taking place and that had I just written to the wrong address or what? I would be very interested because I have booked some holiday for the event.

The Christmas Lunch is to be held at the usual venue, please book early via Mike Wheals.

NEXT MAGAZINE

Last date for articles etc. September 7th. I will try and include another TA (Traction Arriere) item amongst other things. If anyone finds an error in their address please send the correct information to: Mr. R. Waters, 9 Egerton Close, Eastcote, Pinner, Middx. HA5 2LP.



9th ICCCR 92

The 9. ICCCR 92 in Denmark has been moved from Billund to

HERNING

and the dates have been changed from 28 - 30.8. to

21, 22 and 23 August 1992

Remember the Annual Rally, well those of you who missed it have probably heard on the grapevine about a Citroën song written especially for the event. I must apologise to the people on the Brittany rally for not bringing the words with me but now for you all, no expense spared etc. etc. here they are:-

THE CITROËN SONG

by Peter Lockerman

(written for the TOC Annual Rally 15.6.91)

CHORUS

*I love my Citroën, with its front wheel drive
I love my Citroën, more than anything alive
I could be Maigret, or anyone I want
When I drive my Citroën Traction Avant.*

I've got a gasket and a grommit and a gudgeon pin
Can't find a hole to shove them in
These French mechanics must be awfully thin
If they can get their hands down here
I've got a pinion and a trunnion and a connecting rod
The whole thing's becoming a bit of a sod
I need a can of Swarfega and half a dozen pints of beer.

CHORUS

I found my Citroën in a rusty barn
And the guy with a beret he spun me a yarn
Said he'd fought with the resistance
And travelled through the streets of gay Parea
But the string of plastic onions made him look like a fraud
Plus he said, more than once, that he'd never been abroad
And he bought the motor last month from a dealer in Bermondsey

CHORUS

Now I've done up my car 'til it sparkles and shines
Stuck on all the relevant car club signs
Picked up quite a lot of parking fines
'Cos it keeps on breaking down
Keep your Renault Clio and your 2CV
My old Citroën's the girl for me
If it gets going by '93 we'll have a drink when your all in town.

Chorus

Herning is located in the middle of Jutland, Denmark - only 1/2 hour of driving from the amusement park "Legoland", 1/2 hour of driving from the North Sea and only 170km from the border between Germany and Denmark.

During this summer further information and registration forms will be sent to all Citroën clubs and major magazines.

RATES AND CONDITIONS OF ADVERTISING

Private Adverts (classified)

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

Trade Adverts

(one-eighth page maximum)

Current Club members carrying on a Trade related to the servicing, repair, restoration or manufacture of spare parts for the Traction or Rear Wheel Drive Citroens - No Charge (proof of membership will be required i.e. membership number).

Non-members £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 26th

Bolton Victorian Street Fair.
Town centre secure parking for 'old' vehicles of any make. Further details from Stephen Barry 0204 493 299.

August 30th – September 1st

C.C.C. Midland Section Annual Rally, Stratford upon Avon Racecourse.

November 9th – 10th

National Classic Car Show, NEC Birmingham.

December 15th

Christmas lunch at the White Hart Hotel, Whitchurch.

Classified

FOR SALE

1954 Legere, big boot, only 56,000 miles, in original very good condition. Run regularly, taxed and MOT. £6000. Also small boot Slough Lt 15 with sunroof, complete for restoration. Phone Roger Williams 0482 881 220.

CLASSIC



RESTORATIONS

As one of the first companies to specialize in the Traction, we believe we have an unrivalled expertise in these cars.

Following a complete reorganisation under the sole proprietorship of John Gillard, we are now able to offer a wider range of professional services than ever before.

Whether you're interested in restoration, regular servicing, or just a supply of tried and tested spares, we can help you.

For our spares service, you can simply phone or fax your requirements any time, quoting your Access/Visa/Mastercard number.

Arch 124
Cornwall Road
London SE1 8QT
Telephone and Fax:
071-928 6613



Classified

FOR SALE

Big '6', 1954 Slough built, engine overhauled, coachwork restored. Stainless steel exhaust system, many new parts, some spares. Requires rewiring and retrimming. Best offer secures, contact Barry Drennen, phone 0453 882 754 (H) or 0242 862 265 (H) temporary. 0242 533 424 (W).

FOR SALE (Trade)

DIY import of Tractions and Ds from all over France. Tractions from £3,200. Ds from £2,300 on, H-Vans from £1,500. All French export papers delivered with the vehicles plus advice given. Cars visible three hours from Portsmouth—St. Malo ferry, two hours from Plymouth—Roscoff. Already several Citroenists satisfied. Delivery possible. Enquiries welcome. Contact Ton Smulders, 8 Square Botrel, 29930, Pont Aven, France. Tel. 010 33 98 06 12 48. Vive la Reine de la Route!

ALSO FOR SALE

Citroen DS 20 Pallas 1975. Silver metallic, beautiful leather upholstery, left hand drive, recent import from Belgium, fully restored, full years MOT and half years tax. Please telephone Colchester 0206 230109 evenings. £3500

FOR SALE

Because of planned purchase of Big Six. French built 1954 Normale. Fully restored. Light grey. 11D engine. New upholstery. Loved and cherished by me since 1975. Tel. Marcus 0206 230109. £6000 ono

FOR SALE

1955 Normale – rebuilt engine and gearbox. Rebuilt front suspension. Peacock drive shafts, the majority of the bodyshell is good but requires attention to the usual places. Seats recovered as original. The whole car needs tidying respraying and rewiring. £3800
1950 Slough built Light 15, small boot with factory fitted sunroof. Rebuilt engine and gearbox, refurbished body shell, refurbished front and rear suspension including new silent blocks and Peacock drive shafts. New leather seats, refurbished instruments and dash board and many other parts. Original registration and green logbook. £4800.
Steve Reed 0730 821 792.

Classified

TOOLS FOR YOUR TRACTION

Hub/outer bearing puller, inner hub nut spanner, Top Ball joint breaker, Bottom Ball joint breaker, if there is sufficient interest I will make up sets as required. Eliminate clutch judder by fitting a new diaphragm clutch and a new release bearing (greased for life) to your Traction. For details of the above contact Roger Williams 0482 881 220.

FOR SALE

1954 French big boot Legere. Black, resprayed to a high standard, original interior in fairly good condition, tyres too. It has been dry stored since Late '89 but should run with very little problem. For a small amount of work it could make a very nice car. Possibility that it could be sold as a runner with MOT. Situated on the Surrey/Sussex borders. For further details phone Roger Dyer 0483 223 890.

Diary Dates

CENTRAL SOUTH SECTION MONTHLY MEETINGS

On the first Sunday of each month the Central Southern Sections meets at The White Hart Hotel in Whitchurch, Hants. Whitchurch 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

2nd 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

1st Thursday of the month, New Inn, South View Road, East Bierley, Near Bradford. Phone Jim or Liz Rogers for directions and info – 0274 545 600.

LONDON SECTION MEETINGS

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

TRACTION RENAISSANCE SERVICES

Repairs, Servicing and Restorations undertaken at reasonable rates.

Phone Dennis Ryland
Traction Renaissance Services

**TELEPHONE:
0453 883 935**

TRACTION RESTORATION

Routine Servicing, MOT preparation,
Major overhauls and complete restoration.

All work is to a high standard
and at reasonable rates.

Phone Mike Wheals at 0256 896 876
after 6 p.m. or write to:-

TRACTION RESTORATION,
11 Fairclose, Whitchurch, Hants
RG28 7AN

