

FRONT DRIVE

The Magazine of the Citroën Classic Owners Club of Australia Inc.

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Australian War Memorial BEL/69/0831/VN

This photo was supplied by CCOCA Qld members, Brian and Esther Wade and is from the Australian War Memorial. It depicts Australian Nurses in Vietnam with their 11BL.

*All the Way with André —
Citroën and Citroëns in
Vietnam*

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER, 1995

Volume 19 Issue 3

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FROM the Desk

As is usual, we try to give you variety as well as interesting and useful information, hopefully over a run of issues giving something of value to you all.

In this issue, we have placed particular emphasis on the Traction Avant scene in Vietnam, and some exciting cars coming here from that source.

In the last issue, we featured a major technical note on the short-comings of the Traction gearbox and how in principle these might be addressed. These notes have produced some appreciative feedback which we reproduce. In addition, we would note that in the short time since that publication, one gearbox has "thrown in the towel" due to just the sort of failure described, while another member got a bad fright when he thought his box had gone too!

Social and technical gatherings also get an airing, especially for the benefit of members unable to attend. Even those who did attend may have difficulty recognising themselves in the descriptions given!

Leigh and I are still trying to achieve better reproduction of photographs in the magazine, our goal being to achieve "newspaper quality" or a bit better, using the existing desk-top publishing (DTP) software and doing final copying via the photocopier on normal photocopy paper. We have already established that the present-day photocopier technology is a major

constraint in achieving much better than newspaper quality photos, but at present, we are having a major blockage in getting our existing DTP software to communicate the appropriate picture presentation to the laser printer (which is the step before the photocopier). Present technical advice is that the "cheap" DTP software is not up to the communication task, but perhaps there are still some undiscovered lurks in how to operate it. Maybe we will have to go into more expensive software, but any such moves have to be considered in the light of limited club/personal/corporate funds as the case may be, and also the knowledge that constantly upgrading reprographic technologies e.g. digital photocopiers, may soon throw up easier ways of achieving our goals if we wait a while. We will keep you informed!

We hope to have this issue of Front Drive in your hands quite early (before the end of July), but note that there may be a bit of a delay before the following issue (October/November) reaches you. This is because I am going to the 10th International Citroën Car Club Rally in Clermont-Ferrand (France) over August 19-20 and then touring in Europe over a total of about two months. Bob King's group comprises 19 from Australia and one Kiwi. President Leigh will also be "O/S" in roughly the same period. But of course we will be always looking for Front Drive material.

Happy motoring from Bill Graham,
Editor.

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS

Nance Clarke 1984

Jack Weaver 1991

CCOCA MEMBERSHIP

Annual Membership \$30

Overseas Postage Add \$9

CCOCA MEETINGS

Every fourth Wednesday of the month, except December, Canterbury Sports Ground Pavilion Room, cnr Chatham and Guilford Roads, Canterbury, Victoria. Melway Ref 46 F 10, or the Anchor & Hope Tavern, Church St, Richmond.

Citroën Classic Owners Club of Australia Inc. and Front Drive postal address is PO Box 52, Balwyn, Victoria, 3103.

CCOCA Inc is a member of the Association of Motoring Clubs, GPO Box 2374V, Melbourne, Victoria, 3000.

The views expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the CCOCA Club or its committee.

Neither the CCOCA Club, nor its committee can accept any responsibility for any mechanical advice printed in, or adopted from Front Drive.

Prez Sez

After a rather lengthy 'Prez Sez' last issue, just a short note this time around.

I spent the June, Queen's Birthday Weekend, in Robe, SA, with [amongst others] members of both CCOCA and CCCSA. Whilst bitterly cold, with the wind rushing straight off the water, it was a great time. No, I did not take any of the Citroëns - the Company Gallant was given a thrashing on the road west. I shared the driving with that well known speed demon, Mel Carey. At one stage I woke from the land of nod [yes, I know many of you think I either do, or should, spend all my life in the land of nod] to observe the speedo needle sitting on 180kph. We were the only non-Citroënists in the group. Two D-Series and a Light 15 [with D conversion] made the total.

I have recently taken my Visa GTi to Sydney. It will be there for some time as I am lending it to an old friend to drive for a few months. To our northern members, therefore if you see a red GTi being driven in Sydney in a rather erratic manner, it is not me! Given Clare's talent for driving, however, I would certainly suggest that you keep your distance - enough said?

Bill Graham has already told you that he is heading to Europe and that I am also heading overseas. I am taking myself to the USA - among other things visiting with the US Citroën club, based in Hollywood. London may also be on the list - just for a spot of shopping. I shall only be away for three or four weeks and hope to return with photos of Citroëns in the States and new brochures from the UK.

A plea from the Activities Officer - for some of our forthcoming activities we have to make bookings in advance. This means the Club needs some indication as to the likely number of people attending. These Events will be coded with an RSVP and it will be appreciated if you can confirm your attendance at these events, by telephoning Ted Cross in advance. As an aside, we have also on occasion undertaken a ring around to determine likely numbers attending events. PLEASE, if a message is left for you asking about your intention to attend an event ring Ted back and let him know!

That's enough from me, and I look forward to penning a note when I return.

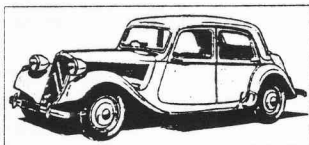
Leigh F Miles
President

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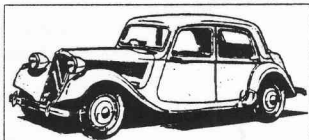
A-tractions

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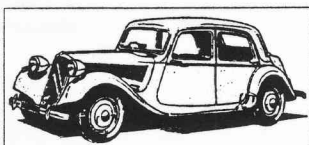
Some specific activities are marked 'RSVP'. Be sure to RSVP to Ted Cross [03] 9819 2208 to confirm your attendance at these special events - they have required a booking by the Club. These Events are undertaken in conjunction with commercial enterprises and deposits have, in some cases been paid already and we must have an indication of numbers to ensure our booking is retained.

August Events



Wednesday, August 23rd - General Meeting, Canterbury Club Rooms - Guest Speaker.

Sept'r Events

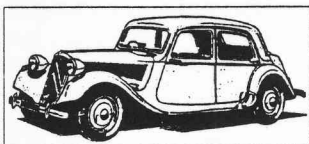


Wednesday, September 9th - Go Kart Racing at Side Track Entertainment Centre, 370 Huntingdale Rd South, South Oakleigh. We need a minimum of ten to make an Event, and the discount price is \$21/half hour. This is when the petrol heads have FUN. RSVP to Ted Cross.

Saturday, September 23rd - Morwell Hill Climb - A joint CCOCA/CCCV Event, also designed for the petrol heads, but a great family day too. Price is \$10/driver, for six to ten runs. Firm numbers must be pre-booked through Ted, so once again RSVP in advance.

Wednesday, September 27th - Club Open Night, meeting at the Anchor & Hope Tavern, Church St, Richmond. Some may be having dinner at the Hotel too.

Oct'r Events

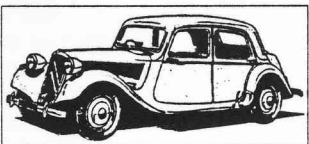


Saturday, October 14th - Turkish Dinner at the Golden Terrace Restaurant, 805 Sydney Rd., Brunswick - a joint Event with CCCV. Average price per meal is \$8 to \$9. 20 places have been booked for 7pm. This promises to be a great, inexpensive night out, so line up your friends for this too. Belly dancer is guaranteed! Confirm by RSVP to Ted by October 10th.

Sunday, October 15th - CCOCA/CCCV Concours d'Elegance. This year we are at Yarra Bend Park; top of Corben Oval [Melway Map 2D, Ref E7], for a pleasant change of venue. Judging will commence at 11am

Wednesday, October 25th, 6.30pm - General Meeting, Canterbury Club Rooms. Model Competition and Night Auction, with entertainment by auctioneer extraordinary - Luigi Boyle. BBQ facilities will be provided, so gather the family and friends for a balmy [barmy?] evening out.

Nov'r Events

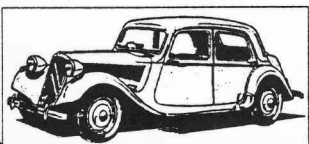


Friday, November 17th - Puffing Billy Dinner Train. Imagine a star lit evening in the Dandenong Ranges, riding on one of the great little trains of the world, dining in luxury. Booking is ONLY for 12 people -so first in best dressed - RSVP to Ted Cross, by November 1.

Sunday, November 12th - The CCOCA Inaugural Bob Sled Challenge at Alpine Slides, Plenty Rd, Whittlesea. Cost will be \$10 for 'Biggies' and \$6 for under 8, for 2 hours - 10am to midday. Lunch locally afterwards. The venue boasts both Alpine and Water Slides - so bring your 'tags' if it's hot!

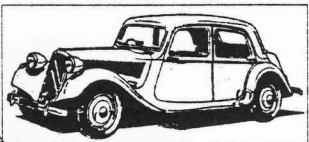
Wednesday, November 22nd - General Meeting, Canterbury Club Rooms - the last meeting for 1995.

Dec'r Events



Friday, December 1st - Evening Social Meeting at Leigh Miles'. Refreshments, modest social drinks and BBQ facilities provided. Wives, partners and children are particularly welcome. Father Christmas is expected, so bring a 'same sex' gift to the value of \$5.

Jan'y Events



Wednesday, January 24th - Club Open Night, meeting at the Anchor & Hope Tavern, Church St, Richmond. Some may be having dinner at the Hotel too.

Sunday, January 28th - Garage Crawl Technical Day. Visit a member's garage and see what delights have been stored away for longer than even the owner can remember!

Dial M for Merde - Strange Doings at Lisson Grove: A Case

A jangling metallic noise broke into my reveries as I was recalling with self-satisfied pleasure the triumphs of my most celebrated case, "The hound of the Baskervilles". A matter of some present significance as events were soon to prove.

"Bring-jangle", "Bring-jangle". There it was again. Now almost fully awake, I swivelled the chair and focussed my attention on the peculiar ebony device near the edge of my host's library desk. Surely, I was being summoned by the "telly-phone", the recent invention of the American, Alexander Graham Bell, that everyone seemed to want and was talking about if not talking into. But perhaps it was not for me, or maybe it was an "electrical malfunction" that I've heard people speak of. I continued my reflections a little longer.

It was early in a lovely autumn afternoon, and I had just taken a couple of pipes of the leaf of *Cannabis sativa* L., a pastime I had come to appreciate during my travels on the Indian sub-continent. The drug seems to liberate my lateral thinking functions, giving me that altered perspective so important to the solving of cases which baffle the minds of police officers and the like.

My good friend Watson had recently become intrigued by the proposals put forward some years back by young Charlie Darwin, and had persuaded me that we should journey to the Antipodes to see some of the strange creatures living there for our selves. As it turned out, we found some strange creatures indeed - not all of them of the marsupial kind either.

Just now, we were resting at the house of

the well-known antiquarian, T.S. Barr in the Melbourne suburb of Toorak. Dr Watson had wandered off after lunch, saying something about "giving a bit to the girls at the Daily Planet" in nearby Elsterwick. The "Daily Planet" I took to be some sort of workshop for sweated female labour, to which Watson in characteristic fashion was bound on a philanthropic mission.

Now, if this was a bad case of murder as Tim had said, who would be there who could be a suspect, what would be the motive and who would be the victim?

Again, the "telly-phone" broke into my thoughts. I raised the listening piece to my ear and carefully tapped the speech opening to re-align the carbon granules. A tremulous voice, just on the edge of manhood, conveyed alarm to my now-alert senses. I thought I recognised the speaker as Tim, young man-servant in the home of Sir Edward Cross, a prominent banker whom I'd met at the Melbourne Club in Little Collins Street. The latter hot-bed of conservative politics and dubious diversions was where I had also met some of Sir Edward's friends in what he calls "The Citroën Classic Owners Club of Australia Inc." In these circles, Sir Edward likes to be called "Ted", a practice that I find rather distasteful and unlikely to command the respect that a man of his high office should enjoy when he moves among common people such as those seeking loans and the like.

Tim I had met on one of my few visits to Sir Edward's fine home in the leafy and desirable suburb of Hawthorn, and it was there too that I met Sir Edward's wife, Lady Helen. A fine upstanding woman of Calvinist leanings and social conscience, she provides the ideal foil to Sir Edward's more knock-about style.

"Holmes here" I said. "Is that Tim at Sir Edward's?"

"Mr. Holmes" he said, "The Master wants you to come over as soon as possible. He said to tell you that we've got a bad case of murder. Yes, that's right Mr

Holmes - murder."

"It sounds serious, Tim. Tell your master that I shall be there as soon as possible."

Pausing only to put on my cloak and deer-stalker (all strangely out of place in the warm Australian sun) and leave a note for Barr's housekeeper, the young Widow Krumpitt, I hailed a hansom cab in nearby Toorak Road.

"Take me to 173 Power Street, Hawthorn," I said. "Corner of Lisson Grove, Sir Edward Cross's house. And make it quick."

"Aye, aye sir."

That seemed strange. A sailor driving a hansom. My thoughts strayed to Tilbury where Watson would collect marijuana for me from the lascar seamen.

Alone with my thoughts for the moment, I pondered the situation. I knew that this was the afternoon that Sir Edward and Lady Cross were to entertain Citroën Club members at a presentation of club awards over wine and cheese. This much I had gleaned from a casual invitation passed to me by T.S. Barr who thought he might amble over himself. I declined, knowing only too well the kind of debauchery that can go on in our own Hellfire Club, and not wishing to be faced with an antipodean excess of the same. Not that I'm prudish, you understand, but I believe that certain standards should be maintained.

Now, if this was a bad case of murder as Tim had said, who would be there who could be a suspect, what would be the motive and who would be the victim? So occupied, I was soon alighting at the corner of Lisson Grove, my mind tuned to pick up the most subtle of clues that might throw light on the unfurling mystery. Tim I knew had recently travelled to Europe under Sir Edward and Lady Helen's patronage to extend his experience in singing medieval rounds and Gregorian chants. Was this a vital clue?

Looking round, I noted the vehicles already there in Lisson Grove. There was the striking red-and-white two-horse decouvrable belonging to Smith, the apothecary, and nearby was the black-and-cream conveyance of Dr George Tippet, the noted physician.

Greeting me at the side gate was Chop Chop, the Cross's massive Irish wolf-hound, hopefully in amiable mood.

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Dial M for Merde - Strange Doings at Lisson Grove: A Case

Jovial he was, putting his massive paws on my shoulders and pushing me quite gently to the ground, then standing proudly over me with his front paws on my chest and his hind paws somewhere in my groin. Though I did think briefly of the troubles we had at the Baskervilles, I must say that such canine playfulness I find quite charming, and really I have no problems with the whole front end of a dog (except when it sinks its fangs into one's gluteus maximus).

Rather, my objection is to the other end of the dog, and particularly to the indiscriminate way that stuff comes out of it. But I digress.

Rather soberly (which was just as well, considering his age) Tim ushered me discretely through the tradesman's entrance at the side of the house.

"All the guests are in the front sitting room, along with the Master and Mistress", he said. "Please follow me."

Entering the massive hallway, my practised eye took in the small details which could prove vital to unravelling the case - the newly sanded and lacquered floor in the food preparation and eating areas to the right, the "Do not disturb" sign on Mistress Claire's door, young Master Rickie working an example of Babbage's computing engine in a room to the left, the display case of small vehicles, the tasteful assemblage of erotic impedimenta in a satin-lined basket beside the enormous water bed in the master bedroom, the elephant's foot umbrella stand near the front door.

Tim ushered me into the sitting room to the right and I glanced quickly around. About a modest table were seated perhaps eight or ten of the Citroënists that I had met at the Melbourne Club. They seemed remarkably at ease, given the nature of my summons. On the table were bottles and the odd cask of wine, together with light refreshments - canapes, cucumber sandwiches, cracker biscuits, cheeses and dips - perhaps consigned by packet steamer from Fortnum and Mason's. Hardly the stuff to make up a riotous orgy I thought. Perhaps these people aren't in the same league as the members of Hellfire Club.

I acknowledged the hosts with a brief nod. Best to be business-like when on the track of clues, I feel.

"Holmes," they said, "so good of you to come at such short notice."

Just then, a lean man thrust out towards me from the group, his hand extended, and his face showing that fit but leathery tanning, characteristic of a man who is accustomed to spending much of his life outdoors.

"Sherlock Holmes, isn't it?" he said, taking me completely unawares. His face certainly was familiar. I thought of the lascars and the cannabis.

"Tilbury Docks?" I said, weakly. Thank God, I said nothing about the marijuana.

...the Smiths - pillars of society. They specialise in selling nostrums, lotions, potions, liniments and concoctions to the rich Jewish clientele of the area

"Why, Holmes, you're slipping. Touch of the sun, old man?" said Sir Edward, jovially. "You must remember Julian Newton Brown with the Chapron cabriolet from Paris. You wrote it up for 'Front Drive', our prestigious journal, just a few weeks back." He pointed out the window. "There it is, parked in our other entrance. Julian has just driven up from his 'Rip Inn' at Portsea, and is on his way to his lodge, 'Julian's', in the snow country. Should be a bit of mileage there for the club members, I would think."

Embarrassed, I smiled at Julian. "Sorry, Julian. Didn't pick you in the unfamiliar setting. Next time, no problems."

I was too confused to try to work out the obscure reference at the end of Sir Edward's remark. No doubt he had some "lurk" in mind to benefit club members, courtesy of Julian's wonderful-sounding facilities. The sort of thing that the Committee Members at the Hellfire Club were always up to, I know.

"Don't worry, Holmes", said Julian. "Well, other fishes to fry. Must away." And he was gone.

I said nothing to disturb the other guests - after all, they were all suspects in the case. I noted some trophies and plaques of appreciation arranged along a window ledge. Oddly, I could see no sign

of a body, nor even the chalked outline of one on the floor, which certainly would have been the case if Inspector Morse's men from the Yard had been on the job. Still, one never knows with these colonial police forces, what with the reports of corruption that come to my ears.

As the guests fell into spirited conversation among themselves, I decided to review what I knew of them and where they might stand with respect to committing a murder, remembering all the time the essential pre-requisites of opportunity and motive. The task was compounded by the puzzling absence of a body - still Sir Edward was always a man in full possession of the facts as befits his profession, so there could hardly be any doubt. And I was concerned that I had seen absolutely no sign of my friend T.S. Barr. Surely no harm had befallen him. That would be unthinkable, would it not?

But, let's start with the Smiths. Pillars of society, they keep an old-style apothecary shop with those huge balloon vessels of coloured liquid, near a corner in Glenhuntly Road. They specialise in selling nostrums, lotions, potions, liniments and concoctions to the rich Jewish clientele of the area. Robin, good-humoured and successful. "Wee Susan" (a reference to her small stature and not to some bladder condition, we understand) is bright, happy and a committed Francophile and Francophone. Should be no problem there since Wellington put Napoleon in his place but best keep her away from Murooa. Murderers? Hardly.

Robyn Stockfeld and Graham Bradshaw. Haven't been seen around the club for a while, so I'm told. Robyn with her head on the President's shoulder. Graham - bon vivant, raconteur. Not likely as murderers.

President Leigh Miles. Was heard to say once, "I'd kill for one of those". Suspicious? Not really - he was standing outside "Toffee Tops" in Malvern at the time!

The Hores? Colonel Peter - recently retired from the Second Poona Rifles, and now settled comfortably in "The Hore House" in much-sought-after Kew. Boring everyone with the story of how he bagged his first elephant - and how he had so much trouble getting a bag big enough. Now too engrossed in his skiing and the disgusting use of snuff to get into strife. Revolting, really. I saw him sneeze three times over the canapes before the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

Dial M for Merde - Strange Doings at Lisson Grove: A Case

rest of the guests realised what he had done.

Peter's wife Hazel, a titian-haired smasher, Viking blood that has carried from Scandinavia to Scotland to Barbados and eventually to Australia. Prone to drop cracker crumbs over the front of her jumper, as a temptation to tidy-minded males. Nothing criminal in that. Commendable diversion, really. Hazel used to cut quite a swathe around the Officers' Mess at Poona - which was just as well, really, since Colonel Peter had arranged for her to be in charge of the lawn mowing detail, as a way of getting some pin money.

Dr George Tippet. Rower in his youth. Some say the word should be spelled "roué" in George's case. Also drops cracker crumbs on his clothes in the vain hope that someone will molest him while picking them off. Conducts mercy missions to Vietnam to save kids and cars. Sorry George. Beyond strife, I think.

I took Sir Edward to one side as we were leaving after what was a pleasant day in which, oddly, the matter of making presentations seemed to get overlooked - no winners there, everyone having too good a time?

"Thanks for coming, Holmes", he said. "Now you've had a look around, I hope you'll come up with an answer to our problem".

"I don't know about that, Sir Edward", I said, "it's the rummest case of murder that I've come across. The suspects are squeaky clean, there's no motive, there's no body, and I'm not sure if anyone has gone missing."

"Holmes, old boy, what a misunderstanding," he said. "All this must be down to young Tim. It's really a problem with our hound, Chop Chop, you see, but Tim couldn't bring himself to tell you directly. Since we sent young Tim off to a private school to teach him manners and how to speak proper like, he, well if you don't mind me saying it Holmes old boy, he wouldn't say "shit" if he stood in it. And when he went on that singing tour on the continent, well he learned some of those foreign words, if you know what I mean. Now, you know what "merde" means, don't you Mr. Holmes? When Tim rang you, he wasn't talking about "murder". He was talking about these bloody great dollops that Chop Chop has been leaving all around the place.

"It's serious, I can tell you, Holmes. We wrecked a lawn mower when Mistress Claire went over a lump, and the Smiths got bogged when their motorised voiturette rolled into one out front. Which wasn't too bad 'cept when Robin's wheels got a grip while Wee Susan and Lady Helen were pushing. You're a man of the world, Holmes. You can imagine what happened - we nearly lost Wee Susan completely, and we couldn't let Lady Helen into the house for a fortnight. Holmes, you've got to come up with an answer."

Barely controlling myself, I had to admit that they had a problem, and I promised to look into it (but not too closely, if you know what I mean).



We wrecked a lawn mower when Mistress Claire went over a lump, and the Smiths got bogged when their motorised voiturette rolled into one out front - we nearly lost Wee Susan completely.

I hailed a hansom and taking my leave of Sir Edward, Lady Helen and young Tim, I made my way back the Barr house in Toorak, hoping all the while that Dr Watson had had a more rewarding day down at the "Daily Planet" than I seemed likely to have in combating "la merde des chiens" which threatens to swamp the world, or at least most of Melbourne.

Disturbingly, at the time of writing this report several weeks later, there is still no sign of our host, T.S. Barr. Has he gone for good? What will become of the young Widow Krumpitt?

Now, I wonder why that lemon tree in the Cross's back yard does yield so well? The possibility is too horrible to contemplate. Perhaps I will have to call on the Cross's again, after dark with a shovel. Not a bad precaution anyway, given the ubiquitous presence of those enormous doggy doos.

SHERLOCK HOLMES. June 1895.

Post-script from S. Holmes: The report above was prepared at the request of Lady Helen herself, so as to provide a record of the peculiar events of the day. Broadly following her guide-lines, it was intended to be factual but inoffensive. Anyone with concerns should direct them to Lady Helen. A copy has been lodged with the Editor of "Front Drive" by way of public record.

Footnote: The Prez with the magic camera promised photos of the day, but terminal commuter melt-down at Cussons has conveyed the incriminating photos to the hard disc in the sky. Ed

Prizes awarded at the Presentation Day were:

Certificate of Merit - Mel Carey - Assistance in planning and running Cit-In '95

Certificate of Merit - Colleen Carey - Assistance in planning and running Cit-In '95

Certificate of Merit - Dennis Walton - Development and manufacture of Specialist Citroën Tools

Club Person of the Year - Leigh Miles

The Committee, and the members, would like to take this opportunity to thank Ted and Helen Cross for hosting this event - with special mention to Helen and Hazel Hore for the food preparation to feed the hungry throngs.

Leigh F Miles
President

Claytons Schmaytons

You will recall that a "Claytons" Austraction was proposed for the June Queen's Birthday Weekend in Melbourne, to permit an enjoyable low-cost outing with billet accommodation for out-of-towners. A set of casual but enjoyable entertainments was planned. Sad to report that it was all a bit underwhelming in terms of response. Nonetheless, those who did soldier on had an enjoyable night out, even though there was a general sense of disappointment that greater participation had not been forthcoming. The original proposals (Victoria Market, Polly Woodside, BBQ/spit roast, Yarra Valley winery, breakfast on the Yarra) would have been terrific had they been supported better.

In fairness though, the weather in Victoria has been more than a bit discouraging lately, with some places receiving heavier rains than since the record wet year of 1957. In addition, some people went inter-state to venues whereby they would be helping to forge or maintain links within and outside the club on a national scale. So it is not all bad news.

Those who decided not to let the occasion pass without notice in Melbourne did manage to enjoy themselves pretty well, with a couple of "dine-outs" on the Saturday night. Hazel and Peter Hore, from "Hore House" in up-market Kew teamed up with a Polish friend to descend on the "Bear Pit" (renamed the "Bare Pit" on the nights

when table-top dancing by the naked guests is a feature), while Ted and Helen Cross, Robbie Stockfeld and Graham Bradshaw, and Sue Bryant (recognised by most when they see her BX wagon) teamed up to descend on "Li Li" in the middle of Smith Street, Collingwood for a night of Vietnamese orgiastic satiation (note our Viet theme this issue). For the paltry sum of \$54.50, the group had a very tidy spread (no, we're not making some snide aside to Ted's waistline), meaning that you can dine there very well for ten bucks a head. So cheap and such good value that Peter Hore can

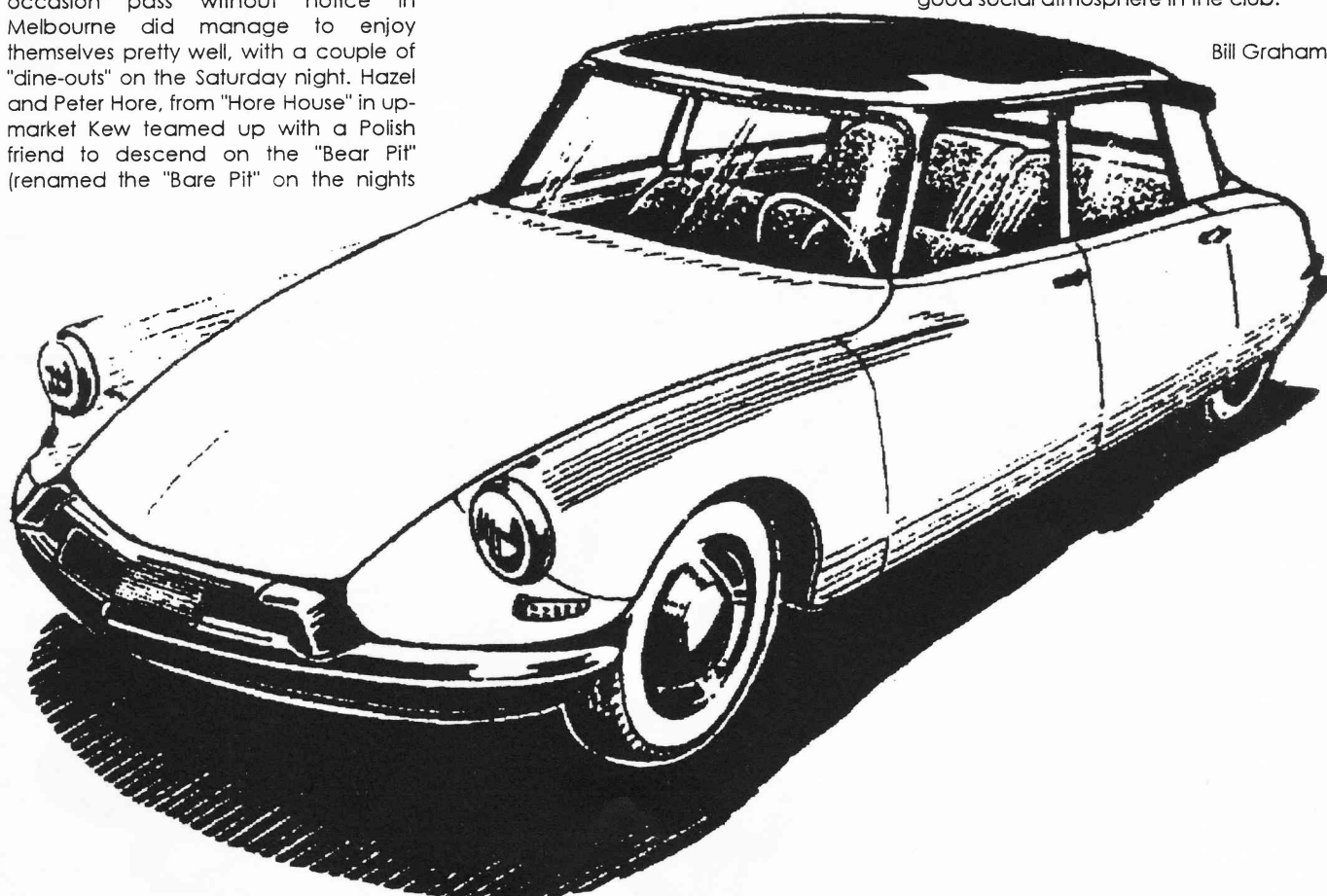
lunch there once a week on his public service salary! Definitely a "must do" now on the Editor's list of nosheries to explore.

Sad to report that Graham turned up to the event hobbling on crutches (not perhaps his first encounter therewith), having torn the cruciate ligament in his left fetlock while practicing for the Year 2000 Olympics. He is coy about the actual event that he is planning to enter, except to hint that it is not yet officially accepted, that Aussies should excel at it, and that it was the two-and-a-half twists with pike that did the damage in his case.

...renamed the "Bare Pit" on the nights when table-top dancing by the naked guests is a feature...

Given that it has been more than a touch draughty down here, might we note that "it's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody some good". However, it must be appreciated that the collapse of the proposed events for want of support must be disappointing to the organisers, and does not auger well for the club maintaining the interest (and in the longer term, membership) of people who joined the club or might want to, with a view to enjoying the social fruits of a Citroën-flavoured environment. Despair not, but do keep in mind the benefits and pleasures of retaining and extending a good social atmosphere in the club.

Bill Graham



No mushrooms please, we're Aussie

Bastille Day (July 14) is a big event in the Francophile year, and this year was no exception, despite the mixed feelings around because of the proposed resumption of atomic testing in the Pacific by the Froggies. The venue for a goodly roll-up of CCOCA types was Cafe de France in Burwood Road, Hawthorn. Just in case some enthusiastic protester went ga-ga, it was agreed that no one would bring a Citroën, but of course such prudence was completely lost on the ever flamboyant and fez-bedecked Peter Fitzgerald who turned up in his GSA.

Prudently, in case fire bombs should be thrown through the lower windows of the cafe, the CCOCA group had reserved the mezzanine area upstairs.

My companion, Margaret and I arrived a bit late for no particular reason that I can remember, and conversation was already in full swing. I know it can be hard to break into the general melee in such circumstances, and it is worth remembering the advice of Rampaging Roy Slavin and H.G. Nelson at just these times. They say a sure-fire way of getting the attention of the group is to climb onto the table nearest the centre of proceedings and drop your trousers. Works a treat, they say. Fortunately, this ploy wasn't needed on this occasion, because I was soon engrossed in the details of Peter Fitz's ingenious and very enviable plans for his retirement, to be split between Central Victoria and Provence, while Margaret found herself being chatted up by a very attentive Mel

Carey. It's those quiet ones from down the bush that you've got to watch, I have found.

Naturellement, the food themes were French and especially French colonial. Margaret had already been celebrating her last day at work following retrenchment earlier on, and so was feeling just a little off-colour. She settled for a couple of caraway seeds and a glass of water if I remember correctly. On the other hand, I was determined to enter the gastronomic spirit of things even if a bit sparingly. For soup de jour, I had a spicy thin Vietnamese concoction with coarse-cut snow peas, carrots julienne and string pasta. I had been warned it was hot, but found it simply delicious and mildly warm - until I found a whole chilli in my mouth that is! The contents of a couple of fire extinguishers later, I was just about back to normal.

For the main, I passed up (as passé) the fillet de kangarou avec sauce de l'herbe limon, and focussed my attention on a drop of cajun cuisine. We seemed to be a bit light on for crawfish pie aujourd'hui, the sort of stuff in which you can almost taste the keening of the fiddle, the insane semi-rhythmic cacophony of the washboard and knuckledusters, and the mesmerising discordance of the accordion. No, instead I had to settle for the mildly spiced medallions d'agneaux avec salade de Gambas. The spices were delicious reminders of Louisiana, though my rather conventional palate would have preferred the lamb a little less rare. By now I had of course a glass

of someone else's red wine to wash it down (the only way to drink - perhaps it was Phil Ward's?), and my palate, like the joint, was really jumpin'.

A moment of contemplation, s'il vous plait. For those who felt uneasy celebrating cette jour francaise, we were reminded that the day was also El Presidente's birthday - not the French President - no, our very own President Leigh! So we had the perfect alibi didn't we? And no, Leigh had nothing to do with the storming of the Bastille. That occurred several years before his birth!

Well, perhaps I've rambled too long already. I finished the evening with a small glass of Cointreau, and very beneficial it was too. There was more chitchat and gossip that I caught up on, but time and space - you know. Perhaps later. Kari Hawke was delighted to be able tell me that her daughter (you know - "young Kari") is going to make her a grandmother. Would this then become the first of "mother Kari's chickens"?

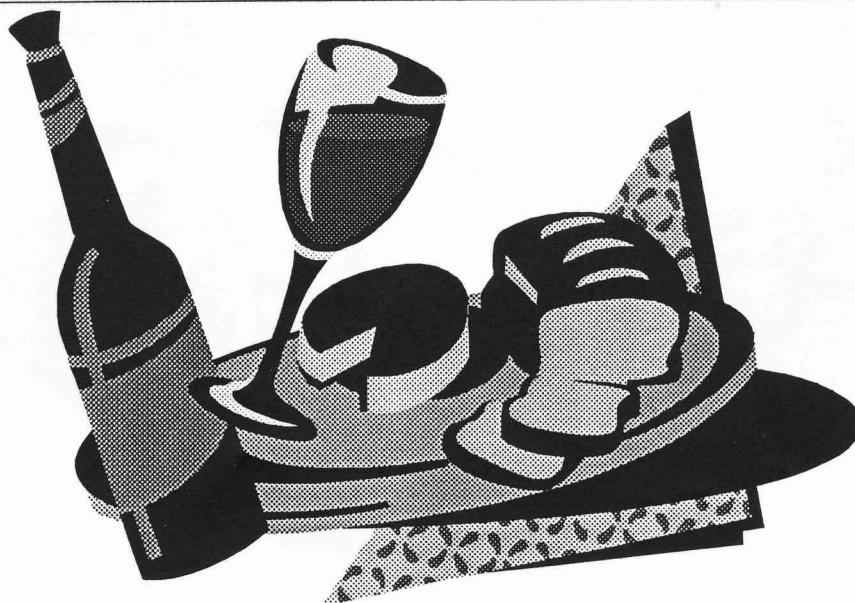
Others who were present and who could tell their own versions of the evening (alright, why don't they?) were: Robin and "Wee Susan" Smith, Ted and Helen Cross, Phil Ward [SA], Peter Fitz, Leigh Miles, Colleen and Mel Carey, James Henwood and Karen, Kari and Jack Hawke, Margaret and myself.

Bill Graham.

Hoons 'n' Hounds at Hayward's

As reported to me, the day run to Hayward's winery near Seymour on Sunday July 23 was a little ripper. I hope you were one of those wise souls who went along. And "hoons" (of the nicest possible kind of course) and an errant hound were features of the day - you know I can't resist a goodly chunk of alliteration. Might we also note that the day had great "six appeal" as well. A total of eight cars lined up for the photo shoot.

From the southern end of the state came the following: Ted, Helen and Tim Cross plus Hazel Hore in their Big Six; "Melancholy" Carey plus Peter Fitzgerald in their Big Six; Robin and Sue Smith in their four-speed Light 15.



(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

Recent Technical Evenings

Some aspects of liquid petroleum gas (LPG)

For most of us at the April CCOCA meeting, the presentation by Leigh Sharples from Gas Research Australia P/L was a bit too much to absorb in the time available, but it was far from a waste of time. In particular, we were shown an Australian-designed and -built LPG carburettor, and shown the benefits of having a dedicated LPG system fitted to cars, rather than the common "barbecue ring" set up. A number of fallacies about LPG were dealt with, in particular the one that a car on LPG cannot be as powerful as one on petrol. Because LPG does not contain the same energy per litre as petrol however, the L/100 km or mpg figure is likely to be worse with LPG than with petrol. However, the difference is likely to be small [by my own experience, negligible - Ed.], and the overall effect is to at least halve your fuel costs for a given distance travelled, certainly in Victoria, and probably in most other parts of Australia as well, depending on the relative prices being charged for the two fuels. We hope to go back to Leigh Sharples later and produce a more detailed summary of the technical highlights of his talk for a later issue. In the meantime, it is worth noting that more than one Tractionist is considering putting LPG on his classic car to make it into an economical cruiser, and that one installation is well advanced with a view to having a Traction Six roll up to Gayndah next year on a gas-only set up.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

From Shepparton way came: Rob and Libby Little in their newly-acquired green Big 15 (ex-Qld, ex-NZ); John and Jenny Grieve, who recently purchased Kim Harding's Six H, in the Little's cream DS Special; Fred and Kathy Hall in their white D Special; John and Robin Pettigrew in their black 11 BL four-speed (ex-Peter Hughan).

And David Hayward's 11 BL was rolled out of the garage for the shoot!

The weather was especially good, matched only by the hospitality of the Haywards, Betty, Sid and son David. Wine tasting and purchasing set everyone in a good mood, while the variety of cars gave opportunity for the odd test drive to broaden people's experience. Even the local hounds proved friendly!

A quartet comprising Mel Carey, Rob

Custom sheet metal

On the same evening, we also had a brief presentation by Keith Love of Tinwest Sheetmetal. Keith is a former "Pom" who has seen the light and headed to the better climate "Downunder", bringing with him an impressive set of skills acquired in his previous many years of employment in plant maintenance. In particular, he has focussed on sheet metal fabrication, much of it applicable to restoration and maintenance of older cars, motorbikes and the likes. He had with him an impressive photographic catalogue of jobs he had done, including relatively simple tanks, housings and the like fabricated from cylinders and cones, as well as shapes involving compound surfaces where curvature occurs in more than one direction at the same time - common in body panels. In the latter regard, he has acquired a couple of panel wheeling machines which are used to form compound or simple curves in larger panels such as mudguards etc. As a general rule though, Keith advises starting off with a piece of an existing panel e.g. from a modern wreck if one can be found, which comes close to the final shape you want. That way, you can reduce the total amount of work involved.

Keith is very willing to discuss your project with you to work out the best and most economical way to approach it. He works in various metals - brass, aluminium, steel etc.

Keith has a factory site at 6/371 Old Geelong Road, Hoppers Crossing, Victoria 3029. He also works from home. Telephone numbers are: 9360 9063 BH, 9749 3148 AH, 9369 5693 FAX.

Little, John Pettigrew and John Grieve were testing out Mel's Six in Seymour, when Rob stopped the car to let John G have a drive (in preparation for the Six H of course). The moment the front doors were opened to permit the swap, a farmer's dog, overcome with "l'amour pour les choses françaises", scrambled in, over the seat back and landed on top of Mel and John P in the rear. Quite a to-do to evict the pooch. Maybe it was Mel's after-shave? After all, he is one of the quiet ones from down the bush, is he not?

One thing that the run highlighted was the concentration of Citroëns in the area, perhaps the basis of an autumn run in 1996. With the imminent arrival of a 2CV

Nulon oil additives

The principle involved with these materials is the addition of very fine particles of teflon to the engine and gearbox oils. These particles, in varying sizes and quantities are also added to greases. This process has been around for about two decades, and to date does not seem to have caused a major change in lubrication practices.

Further information on these products was provided to club members who attended the CCOCA Technical Evening on 28 June. Nulon products are available from K Mart and other auto spares retailers in your area.

Photo Competition

June 28th was also the Annual Photographic Competition. A wide range of entries were received - including what appeared to be a professionally taken and framed shot of Peter Fitzgerald leaning nonchalantly against his newly acquired, but infrequently seen Xantia.

Graeme Barton had also been busy, though with a computer rather than a camera. He presented an image of a French Normale Cabriolet, which when seen previously had a backdrop of the Eiffel Tower. By the time Graeme had finished with the computer manipulation, the Eiffel Tower had gone, the steering wheel was on the right hand side and the registration plate was clearly Victorian in origin.

Other fine entries were received from Peter Boyle, John Couche, Ted Cross, Leigh Miles and David Hancox

Winners, who received a fine bottle of Australian Fizz, were:

John Couche [photo submitted by Ted Cross] for a shot of a pre-war Traction body, inverted on the roof of his GS. Peter Boyle for a shot that may well have been taken in his backyard - a junkyard containing a Citroën.

Congratulations to the winners and to the others, better luck next time!

from ex-pat Allan Brown in France, the area will sport a total of seven Cits, including those listed above.

So there we have it. A tale of "hoons and hounds at Haywards". Obviously, we should all have been there.

Bill Graham.

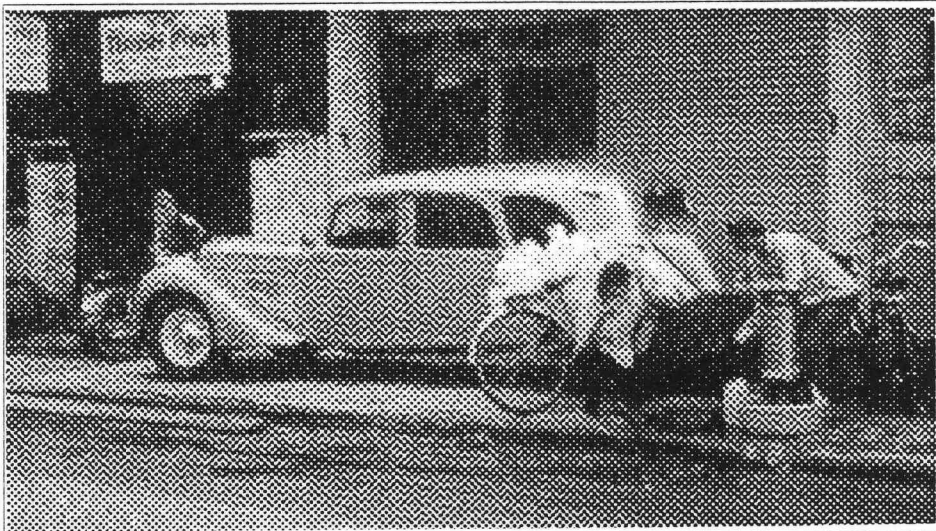
Tractions in Vietnam

Over the years the director of Citroën in the Netherlands, Erik Verhaest, had been aware that there were Tractions on the road in Vietnam. So in 1994 he set out to visit the former French colony and he returned with fantastic photographs that he kindly made available for publication.

The most spectacular is the gold '11' that has been modified both front and back to look rather 'British' and reminiscent of the 1950s. (This is the 'Splendilux' body, I think - Ed.) The wide front bumper bar is designed to be mounted with horns, driving lights and badges. However, this Vietnamese owner has only two klaxons - but other items are planned for. The vehicle is powered by the four cylinder engine.

The body has also been extended after the third window. Unfortunately the bicycle with its load of plastic bottles obscures the details, but the rear guards are rounded - in the style of the front ones and the boot lid displays a flatter than normal profile.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)



Tractions in Vietnam

Photos of 54H-01-03 have been published in 'Traksjon' previously. It is pleasing to report that the car has recently undergone an extensive overhaul. [!!!! Ed] The panel beating can still be seen under the black paint.

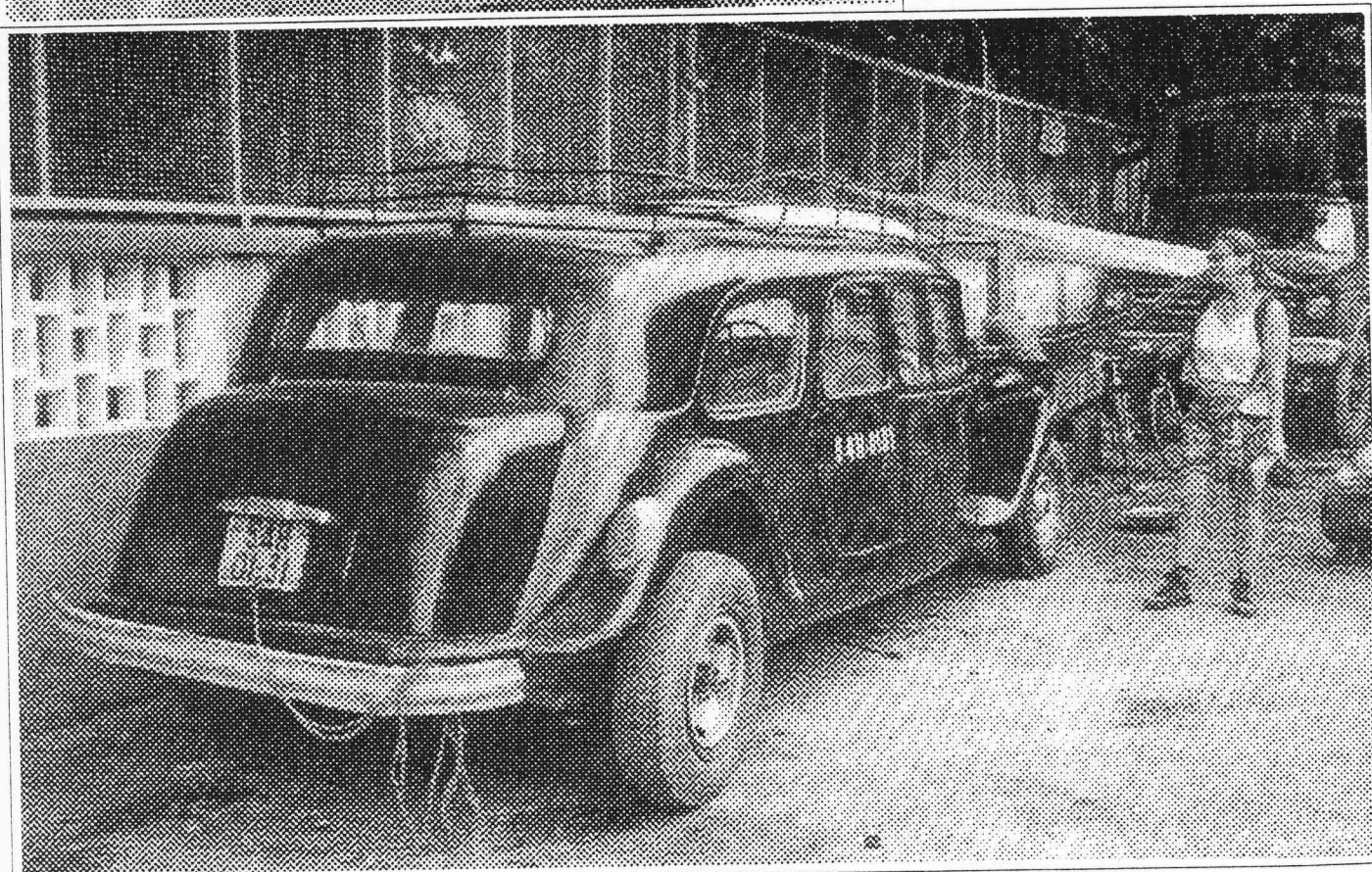
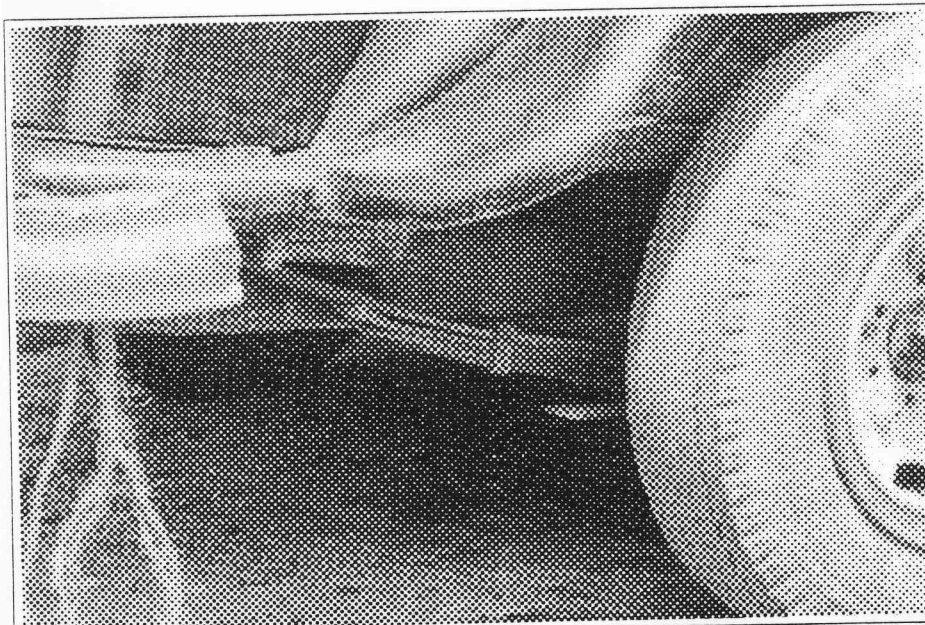
The body has been lengthened by around 20cm to provide even more room in the back. The interior still needs to be completed and this will be undertaken once the paintwork is finished.

Nice details include the rear leaf suspension.

Red and black colour schemes appear to abound and two are featured here - 60B-22-92 and 51M-04-73. The former boasts bright red bonnet and doors whilst the latter is graced with the entire sides being the contrasting colour. [CCOCA member George Tippet has provided a photo of 60B-22-92 painted totally in black! Ed]

The 2CV van, of 1960, in common with most 'Ducks' in Vietnam has the head lights fared into the guards.

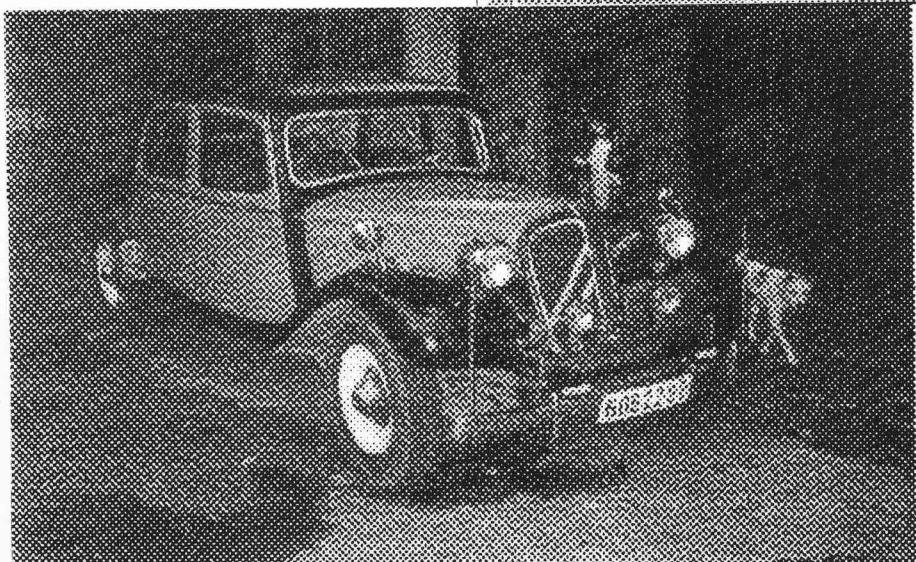
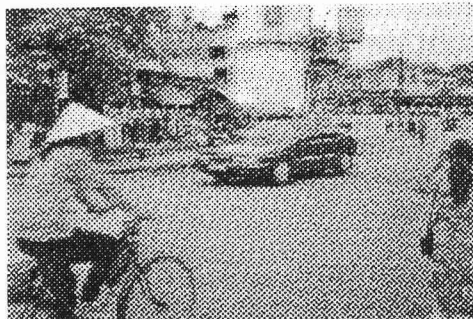
The Mehari-like transport is the Dalat - a jeep on a 2CV base that was produced in the local Citroën factory in the 1970s.



Tractions in Vietnam

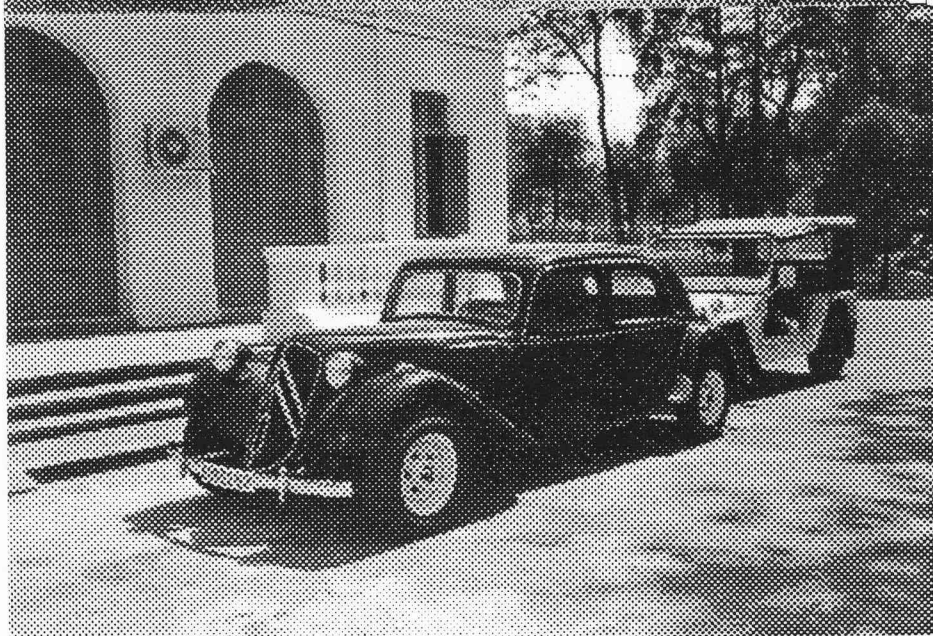
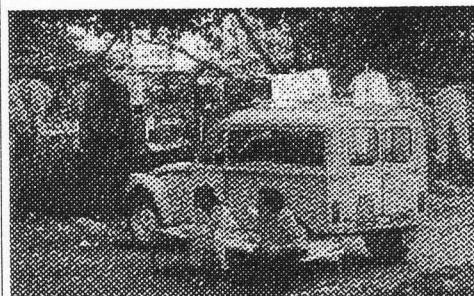
And, to close? An XM from Citroën's Vietnamese factory.

This article first appeared in 'Traksjon', the magazine of the Traction Club of Holland, October, 1994.



Above: Also from Citroën's Vietnamese factory - the Dalat. Based on 2CV running gear. Photo: George Tippet

Below: A common modification to 2CVs in Vietnam is the fairing of the lights into the front guards.



Above Left: Photo of Traction #60B-22-92 from the original Dutch article. The car is two tone.

Left: The same car photographed by CCOCA member George Tippet. We assume the Dutch photo is newer, given the presence of rear view mirrors on the front guards and the bar holding the lights, referred to in the article.

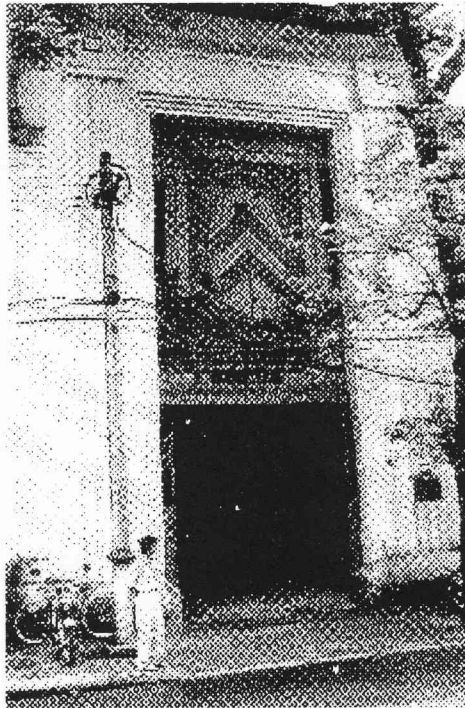
Citroën in Vietnam

A recent television documentary, screened on the BBC, portrayed Vietnam as a French classic car paradise, in tropical South East Asia.

A Dutch participant in the 1984 Paris-Moscow Traction Rally, Van Freek Tengnagel, has received some fantastic photos from Vietnam - but they are not of motor cars. Instead they depict a building; a garage.

Today it is used for the repair of Honda motorbikes and 'gas land transport vehicles' [No, I don't know what they are either, but that's what the translator wrote! Ed.] are repaired. But, originally, this Hanoi building was occupied by Citroën. The logo is still visible in the lead light glass above the main doors at the entrance. Amazingly, this piece of glazing - which is estimated to be 65 years old - survived both World War II and the battle for independence against the French and the Americans, unscathed!

Maybe it is time we all planned a different holiday next year?



This article first appeared in 'Traksjon', the magazine of the Traction Club of Holland, April, 1995.

Below: George Tippet has also supplied this picture of a Dalat with an extended body, converted to an ambulance.



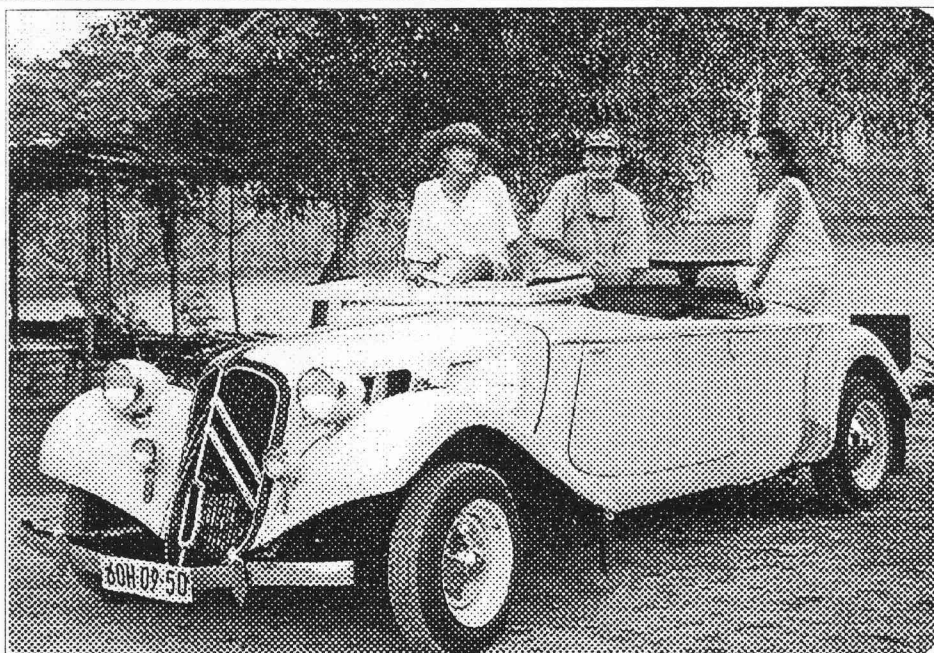
Cabriolets from Vietnam

Alert readers and Citroën enthusiasts in general who keep at least one ear to the ground may well have heard that there are still some Citroëns to be found in what used to be French Indo-China, this despite the fact that the French colonial hold in the area was effectively terminated by the actions of the Viet Minh, culminating with the defeat of the French forces in the battle of Dien Bien Phu in 1954. The departure of French control did not of course bring immediate peace to these territories (Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos), the best-known set of hostilities springing from the efforts of Communist North Vietnam to incorporate the South into a united territory, which effectively took place with the fall of Saigon in 1975.

Early photos which we have seen show the streets of Saigon (now Ho Chi Min City) literally awash with les autos françaises - Renault 750, Peugeot 203, Citroën Traction Avant - giving a clear picture that French culture and trappings were very much alive and well in this perhaps jewel in the crown of French colonialism. In these photos, and those we have seen from recent times, some of the Traction Citroëns are "big boot" models i.e. from late 1952 onwards, suggesting and consistent with French influence in the south not disappearing immediately following their defeat in the north. Nonetheless, the survival of appreciable numbers of these cars in everyday use is remarkable by our standards here in Australia, where the sight of a car from the 1950s usually causes a noticeable swivelling of heads, the more remarkable in Vietnam because of the fighting and destruction these old cars have survived there. However, most remarkable of all is the survival of cabriolets in Vietnam, which because they were not produced after World War Two, have now been around some 50 to 60 years, having in addition survived the occupation of the country by Japanese forces in 1942.

The first report that I saw of a cabriolet being "recovered" from Vietnam was of a small-bodied car (legere or light) that an American had had restored there and later shipped home. This was some three or four years ago. It is an Australian version of (and improvement on) this story that forms the basis of the present notes.

Before going further, it would as well to clarify some terminology since confusion can exist, especially among new members. Terminology with respect to vehicle body styles is not exact, and



common usage even less so. Sometimes things are worked out on a negative basis - "It doesn't seem to be one of these; hence it is probably one of those!".

"Cabriolet" would appear to relate to "a little goat or a kid" (from capra = goat). The movement of a kid is light, rapid, prancing, sure-footed. This image gave rise to a name which was applied to a light two-wheeled vehicle with a folding top, seating one or two people, and drawn by a single horse. In English, we tend to use the word "roadster" for the motorised version of this vehicle. If the top of the vehicle was abbreviated (or cut back or shortened) but did not fold down, then the French term to use is "coupe" (= "cut" from the verb, couper = to cut), presumably derived from the

Above: A Sunday picnic in the 1937 Normale Cabriolet. Saigon, 1994.

Below: The 1938 Faux Cabriolet.

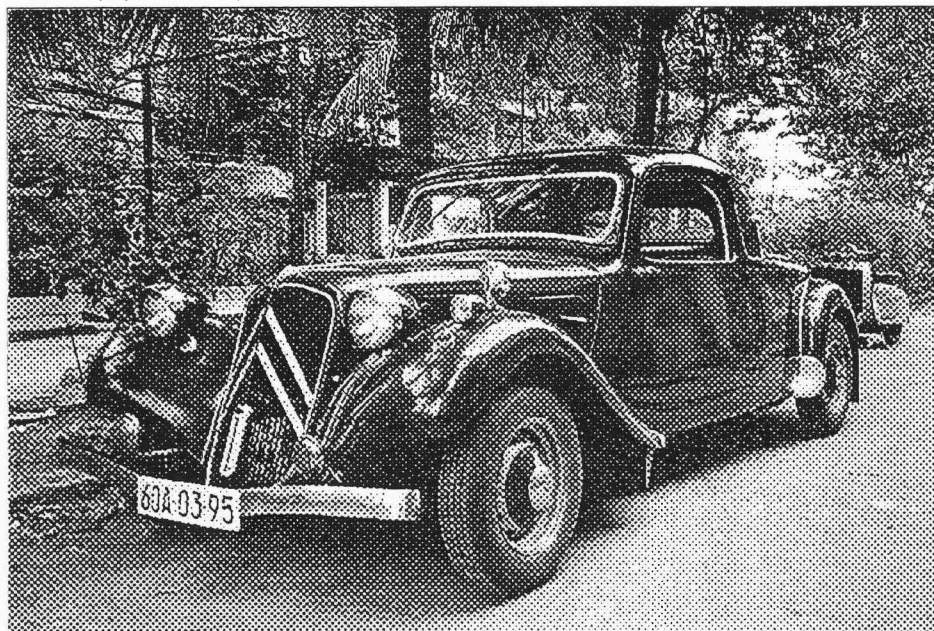
Right: The small bodied Cabriolet.

All photographs kindly supplied by Sam Scales

concept of "carrosserie coupe" or "cut-down carriage". Sometimes, the French like to use the term "faux cabriolet" (= false cabriolet i.e. it looks like a cabriolet, but it isn't because the hood doesn't fold down). Maybe our equivalent term is "hard top".

After these words of preamble, let us get back to the present time and a young engineer named Sam Scales.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)



Cabriolets from Vietnam

Sam graduated in Building Engineering from Victoria University of Technology (Footscray) but soon realised that there was little work around in his field in Australia. Not daunted, he headed up to Singapore. From there, he contacted the Australian construction firm, Transfield Engineering, and soon he had lined up a job with them on a project in Vietnam. Within days of his arrival in Saigon (Ho Chi Min City), he was on the job as a project engineer on the International Burotel Project there.

Sam's family "stamping ground" was Mount Eliza, but the parental focus has now shifted to Mansfield in north-central Victoria, where his father, Peter, has a rural property. Peter has always been interested in cars and as Sam says, "There have always been Citroëns in the family".



The first Citroën was a DS Safari, bought in 1972, and in which the parents and five children toured around Europe for 18 months. Sam was introduced to an SM (at age four!), and the car was brought back to Australia and sold. The family bought a CX Pallas in the early 1980s and it was sold in the mid-80s.

After Sam had been in Vietnam for three months, he noticed a Citroën Traction Avant sedan going past, and after talking with another ex-pat who eventually bought the car - it is still in Vietnam -, he went out to see the man who owned it. There, he saw a photograph of the Normale roadster which was to be his first purchase. He traced the lady owner and found the car "bogged up in house paint". He bought the car and drove it around for six months, including through "hard country"

down south towards the Cambodian border. He bought the car for its beauty, and used it for Sunday drives and picnics (as in the photo).

Around the same time, Sam saw the Normale coupe as an exhibit at the Floating Hotel in Saigon (ex-Queensland coast). Sam bought this car too, about a year later when its original purchaser had decided to purchase property instead.

The third car that Sam purchased was a Legere ("light") roadster, which he saw at the property of Mr Nhoph, about 30 km out in the country. Mr Nhoph had found the car as a body shell only in a rubber plantation up in central Vietnam. Sam purchased the car after Mr Nhoph had fitted it with running gear from another car.

All three cars were passed on to Saigon Motors in turn for restoration. The Normale roadster was finished in off-white, the Normale coupe in dark green, and the Legere roadster in mid green. Saigon Motors is described as the old Citroën factory, and still employs many former Citroën workers.

At the time of writing (July 1995), the Normale roadster has been in Australia since mid-January, and has since passed into the ownership of CCOCA member and doyen of the airwaves and the law, Jon Faine. The other two vehicles are "on the water", bound for Australia. The system has been to put the cars in 20 foot shipping containers via P&O Shipping, using a freight forwarder in Vietnam.

The body plate on the Normale roadster as seen now in Australia was there before

restoration commenced in Saigon, and is probably genuine according to Sam. The wording on this plate says:

"S.A. Andre Citroën / 124541 / Type 11 Serie B / Poids total en charge 1550 kgs".

This body number corresponds to a year of production of 1937.

In addition to the cars described, there are three more Normale roadsters there, in ex-pat hands.

Sam says there are about eight Traction sedans there as taxis, often driven between Hanoi and Ho Chi Min City [I seem to have heard of Familiales used in this way - Ed]. There are also "Yank tanks" - Chevs etc - used as taxis. Sam also knows of or has heard of other interesting cars there - Amilcar, Bugatti, Delahaye, Delage. A Bugatti was supposed to have been shipped out ahead of the Viet Cong in bits but it and its owner were lost when the ship was sunk.

Apart from the cars coming into Australia, courtesy of the Scales family, we have a separate report of a Legere sedan having been brought in by someone else. Naturally, all these cars are left-hand-drive, but under the present club permit scheme, they should be able to be driven as is, at least in Victoria, in club events.

We are very grateful to Sam Scales and to other members of the Scales family for information and the use of photographs to enable these notes to be put together.

Bill Graham.

Foot-note: Notes reproduced elsewhere in this issue of Front Drive from the Dutch Traction Club journal "Traksjon" refer to production of modern XMs in Vietnam. We have written to the French Trade Commission for more information if available about this possibility and also any information about the "Citroën factory" and its activities there. We will pass this on if it comes to hand.

Late Extra!

Jon Faine has advised that as soon as his Normale Cabriolet is mobile, roadworthy, or whatever, it will turn up at a Club Event. He has promised 'free rides for the kiddies' for interested members. If that is not an incentive to get you along to forthcoming Events, nothing will!

Photographic Memoire

Urbain Marrioneau was the only inhabitant of Ste Cecile who had always voted Communist. It seemed a natural thing for a bee-keeper to do. He pulled out the chestnut peg from the end of the hundred litre barrel of mead wedged behind the kitchen table and held a plastic jug of dubious hygienic bonafides to catch the clear, syrupy pencil of liquid which now flowed from the hole.

'Du miel et de l'eau. C'est tout.'

At eighty-three Urbain's hand was steady. So was his eye, shrouded by a straggly, inverted brow. He replaced the peg and gave it a tap with the ancient pincers which, like his trousers, were black and shiny with use.

'So, you want to know about the Traction Avant, my friend?' he said to the visitor, passing over a little Arcopel glass of 'Hydromel'. Two drops dripped onto the table top, their marks instantly lost among the stains of its surface. The stains bore witness to the endless stream of mead-drinkers who had dropped in, perhaps going back as far as the calendar on the kitchen wall:

'LA POSTE. BONNE ANNEE 1953'

This date was surely the last time the kitchen had been cleaned. The floor was strewn with the accumulated detritus of everyday bachelor living; matchsticks, onion skins, cat hairs, Gauloise stubs.

His visitor was researching a little-known

aspect of the village's wartime history: the 1938 Citroën Traction Avant commandeered by the FFI in 1944.

The octogenarian stood up and shuffled over to the dusty, dried-out cherrywood wardrobe which graced the limewashed back wall, opened the door and pulled out from a crumpled shoe-box a dog-eared print. The visitor took it and examined the detail. The Traction was there, full frontal. The number-plate had been removed, and the code 'J-277' was stencilled on the roof above the glassless windscreen opening. Astride each prominent headlamp sat a bereted outrider, each brandishing a machine-gun and a smile. Three other members of the Maquis were in position behind the car, leaning across the roof, an assortment of guns pointing towards the photographer.

'I'm on the right. The others are all dead....Je suis le dernier.'

He thought for a moment, his eyes glazed and distant, and added 'Some things are best left undisturbed, you know.'

He lifted his glass and his hand trembled as he raised it to his lips: 'A le tienne.'

The hydromel's sweetness flooded the visitor's thoughts.

It was fully two years until the two met up again. Mid-autumn in Ste Cecile brought rain which swelled the river and drove farmers into their wine cellars so sample the 'vin nouveau' and play 'Palets'.

November, being the month when the Dead are remembered, people put chrysanthemums on graves on All Saints' day in the same accepted, Cartesian way that they serve melon in July or oysters at Christmas.

Urbain and his visitor's paths crossed as they walked opposite directions between the two walls leading into the gravel, yew trees and chrysanthemums of the village cemetery.

They shook hands. Urbain looked solemn and reflective, but was clearly pleased to see the other.

'Meet me this afternoon at the Moulin des Bois. I think you would be interested to see the beehives there.'

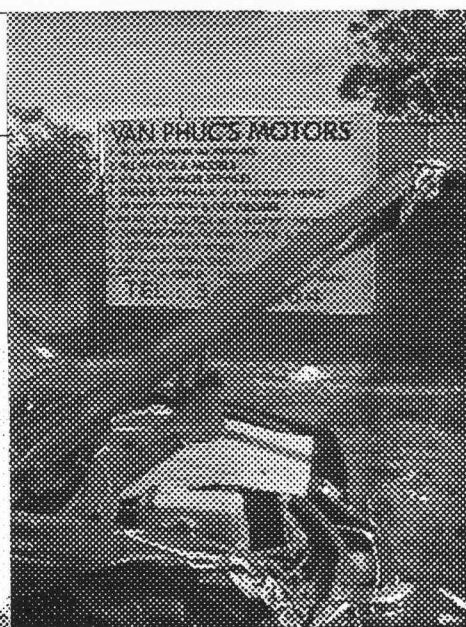
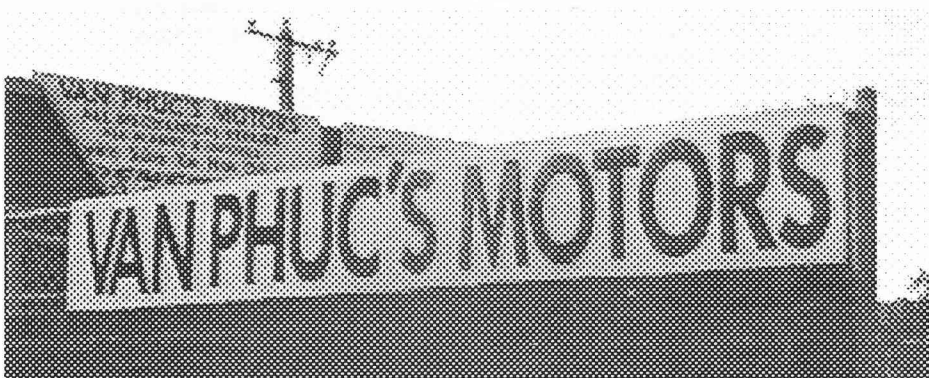
The visitor drove up to the highest point of the commune, through the hairpin bends which made it the best time trial for the 'Tour de Vendee' cycle race, to the summit and the five windmills from which this breathtaking spot had taken its name.

The mills were in various states of repair; one had been butchered into a holiday home by Parisians seeking a panoramic view who had later abandoned the project when funds or enthusiasm ran out. Another was completely overgrown by mature ash trees. Two others were now merely empty towers, standing sentinel-like on the hill-crest. The one nearest the road had been earmarked

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17)

Viet influence on Aussie motoring

Following the war-time destabilisation of Vietnam, Vietnamese migrants have appeared in appreciable numbers in several countries, Australia being notable among them. Many of these people soon go into their own businesses, their signage giving a distinctive flavour to often identifiable parts of town. Sometimes, the impact may be different from that intended! Perhaps a variation of the old headline, "Man eats dog"?



Photographic Memoire

for preservation, and had been given a temporary cone-shaped tin roof and 'Defense d'Entrer' signs by the Monuments Historiques commission.

Urbain was waiting astride his orange moped, the trailer behind carried his bee-keeping equipment. The colour of his conveyance and his red crash-helmet blended in with the autumn hues of the remaining leaves on vines which descended the slopes in disciplined, undulating rows. Beyond was the whole of the Vendee hinterland, stretching like a patchwork quilt to the horizon of hills locally called 'Le Suisse Vendéenne'. In the middle distance, surrounded by a lingering autumn mist, rose the slender spire of the village church, perhaps three kilometres away. Urbain raised an arm toward it.

'I put three holes in the weather cock at the liberation -- two new eyes and a new arse-hole. A crack shot I was.'

He smiled.

'We thought we'd change everything after the war, you know. Don't believe all this fiftieth anniversary stuff about glory and liberation. They were confusing times. Many things have not been said.'

The pair walked along the path to the woods. The chestnut trees were almost leafless now, and the ground below was a slippery carpet of decaying leaves and spiky chestnut husks. The crows echoed a sound of nature on the verge of hibernation. Just inside the wood, the hives were arranged like a coven of hunched witches in a circle cleared from the spindly, vertical trunks.

'The bees are sleeping now', explained the bee-keeper.

They made a path through brambles and holly which brought them into an overgrown 'chemin creux' -- a sunken lane which must have served, perhaps up until thirty or forty years ago, the little farm at Bois Mignon. Where men, cattle and ox carts used to pass, there was now a tangle of blackberry and thorn bushes.

'I brought it here,' Urbain explained as his companion walked towards the object which obstructed what was left of the laneway.

The Traction sat, half in the lane, half in the hedge, with an oak tree growing through the windscreen. The tree had forced the aperture into an ellipse, and

bark had begun to grow over the letters J-277.

The headlamps were sightless, and most perishable parts had long since succumbed. Here and there, weathered aluminium highlighted the otherwise rust coloured hulk. From the front, the curiously still-graceful curves of the wreck would have been invisible but for the unsubtle presence of two chevrons.

Urbain related the story in short, telegramme fashion.

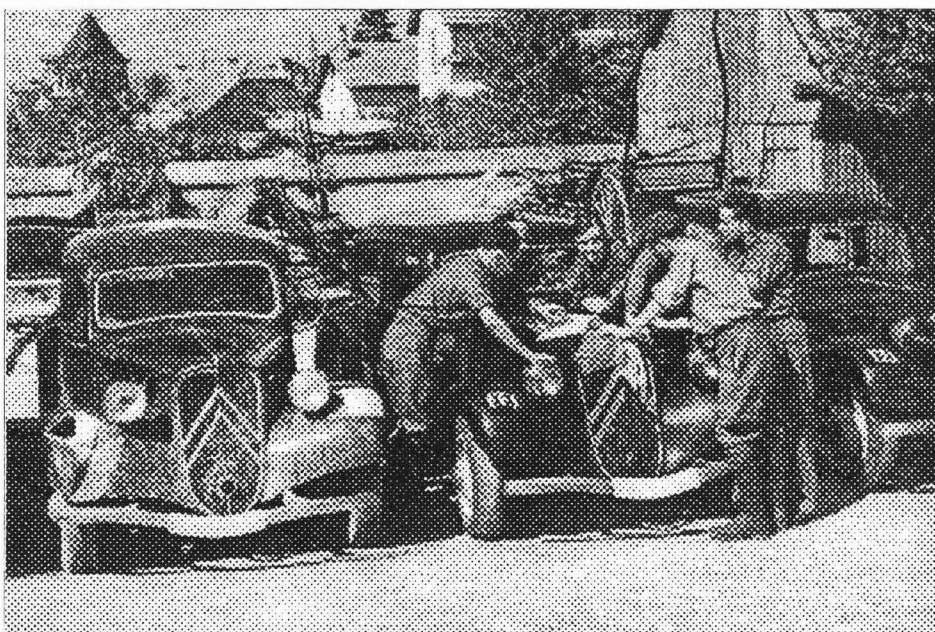
'...a terrible argument...I was tired of those neighbours who became 'resistants' as the Germans moved

the visitor's mind for a long time. When the news came to him of Urbain's passing, he was in a land far away from rural France, but the telephone call took his mind immediately back to the bonfire smoke and the cawing of crows of the autumn afternoon.

Some days later, a brown envelope arrived on his desk. He sliced it open and laid the dog-eared print before him. On the back of the photo an unsteady hand had written... 'Le denier est parti'.

Alan Brown

Originally published in the journal of ACE[NTN], WA



out...easy to tar and feather a young girl to show what a patriot you were...I never talked about it...'

He was silent for some minutes. A few leaves fell in slow motion onto the car's rusted roof.

'You must bring your children here when they are old enough to understand. For us it is too late. We have never talked of these matters since I brought the car here. So many things have been left unsaid, and now so few of my generation are left.'

Urbain turned away, and walked slowly back towards the hives. The other lingered until the smoke from the bee-keeper's bonfire percolated down to him, and the chill of the air brought him back to the present.

The image of that visit, and the memory of their final handshake stayed sharp in

Afternoon D-light

A recent Sunday found the Editor, along with a certain Mr Ferdinand Saliba (of CCCV) and a photographer and assistant roaming around the environs of Melbourne's very pretty Studley Park. Oh, and we should mention Ferdi's 1962 Australian-built ID 19. Beautiful is the only word to describe the car - black with red-and-cream upholstery. We were taking specially commissioned photos for a new book on the D series cars being written by John Reynolds in the UK. This book (in English of course, but also in Dutch, French and German if you prefer) will probably set the standard in describing the variations, all in colour, that were available and survive today as top quality D vehicles around the world. It is aimed to have the book out for Christmas in Bay Books "Original" series.

Over 40 individual cars will be covered, and in excess of 250 colour plates will appear. David Gries and Ferdi Saliba are helping me to get the text relating to Ds Downunder up to scratch. John Reynolds feels confident that almost certainly, a similar coverage of the Traction Avant cars will follow the successful completion of this project on the Ds.

Clearly, these books will represent a feast for English-speaking Citroënists, supplementing the existing standard references (in French) by the formidable Olivier de Serres.

We finished our photographic day off beside the old Continental and General factory site at West Heidelberg, where Ferdi's car was born, if not conceived.



Above: Ferdi Saliba's ID 19 being photographed at Studley Park, by Peter Dulson and Beverley Allen

Below: Ferdi poses with the car at its birthplace - the former Citroën assembly plant at West Heidelberg, Melbourne



Gearbox Feedback

The technical notes on the Traction gearbox in our last issue may well have sent a shudder through many a Tractionist's timbers (and potentially through their wallets), as they realised that most such boxes are really "bombs" waiting for the opportunity to blow up.

A couple of "club experts" commented on the information presented in reply to a members enquiry.

Peter Boyle: "I am very pleased to see this kind of technical advice go into print for the benefit of our members. The information that Jack Weaver (and Dorothy Fixx!) can provide is top stuff and should be understood and appreciated by all our members. Apart from the generally recognised problems with the crownwheel-and-pinion, the weakness in the second gear is not widely understood, yet clearly is a major source of failure in the box. I would very much like to get a source of replacement second gears to help overcome these problems. Any one who drives on with

an old box that hasn't been thoroughly and competently overhauled is really just asking for trouble."

Mel Carey: "I'm more of a six-cylinder specialist but now I'm coming to deal more with the four-cylinder cars. These notes certainly opened my eyes about this aspect of the TA Fours, and I'll be much better placed now to deal with these problems. Clearly it is important for the owners of these cars to be aware of this information, and for them to consider taking appropriate corrective steps." Since the last issue went out to you, we've had two reports of Traction transmission failures.

John Couche was motoring along in his 11 BL when there was a nasty crunch from up front. John had had a CWP failure a few years back, and in that instance, the wedging action of the dropped tooth split and wrecked the gearbox and bell housing and dropped the oil on the roadway exactly as in the notes. This time, it was not the CWP that failed, but rather it was second gear that dropped a tooth. This

then produced the well known wedging action against the gear below, with the result that it also lost several teeth. Messy but not as bad as it might have been. Maybe this is the time to do a proper overhaul of a box while you still have the bits available to use, John? Max Graham was similarly motoring in his Light 15 when there were two hellish bangs from up front. One caused the centre disk in steering wheel to pop out! Then he found that he had lost "drive" to the wheels completely. Fearing that the CWP had failed, he had the vehicle trailered home. Eventually, he found that it wasn't the gearbox that had failed at all. Failure of the cardan joint on one of the drive shafts had let that side of the gearbox output simply spin, so no power was going to the wheels. A lucky reprieve, fixed by using a replacement cardan joint. But still enough to make him convinced that he should install a fully overhauled and strengthened box.

Going back to John Couche's experience, Jack Weaver recalls a similar problem many years back where a pressure aspirated motor was feeding through a Traction box. In this case, every tooth but one was stripped off the gear below second!

News from Europe - 1

TULIP, the Peugeot/Citroën group's latest answer to the problem of urban congestion, could be on the roads by the year 2000.

But first, Peugeot/Citroën [PSA] has to talk local authorities into buying large

numbers of its £3,500 TULIP electric car and creating a city-wide recharging network; cars are then rented out for individual journeys.

PSA says a city like Paris would need 100,000 cars and a network of 5,000

recharging stations.

The TULIP [which stands for Transport Urbain Libre Individuel et Public; or self-service, public and private transport] is a two-seater with a maximum speed of 80 kph. Its range is 60 km and cars must be collected from, and returned to, charging stations.

The TULIP is also interesting because the whole car is built using just five glass-fibre/foam sandwich panels. Such a technique is extremely cheap, with excellent crash absorbency and could be used for future city cars.

PSA already builds electric AXs and 106s; the 106 may take part in a trial planned for Coventry next year with the backing from PowerGen and the city council.

What Car? June, 1995



News from Europe - 2

Estate-car fans are in for a treat in October when rival models from Citroën and Renault go on sale at the London Motor Show.

Early signs are that the new Xantia and Laguna will be fighting it out for best-in-class honours: they're both bigger than rivals and both offer lots of highly

desirable features.

Renault's Laguna arrives with a neat split tailgate [you can raise just the top hinged rear window in confined spaces - Sounds like Australian station wagons of old. Ed] and a optional pair of rear-facing seats that fold neatly into to one side of the load bay. There are three point seat belts for all three rear seat

passengers and for the two children in the 'boot'. Other nice touches include demisting elements in the the rear side windows and integrated roof rails.

Citroën reckons its new car is so stylish that roof racks would spoil the lines. Instead, there are flush mounting points in the roof for the optional rack.

The Xantia differs from most rivals in that its estate body was designed as a whole instead of being 'tacked on' to the hatchback. Aside from styling benefits, new rear side doors provide improved access and visibility, while rear headroom is slightly better. The Xantia also has trio of three point belts in the back; both have floor-to-ceiling safety nets to stop luggage from lethally hurtling forward into the cabin in the event of a frontal impact. UK prices have yet to be set for either car, but should range from £13,200.

What Car? July, 1995



Classified Advertisements

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English Light 15
Small Boot, 1950

Restored Condition with good tyres, new radiator, clutch, ring-gear, fly wheel, brakes and exhaust system. Re-built carby and re-chromed head light reflectors.

Recently repainted, in original shade of green. Original number plates. Registered 'till April 1996

Runs extremely well. Complete with Owners and Workshop Manuals

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FOR SALE

D Special

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DS 21

5 Speed, EFI

Damaged front - restorable. Also quantity of new spares including rubber boots, muffler, headlight glass.

\$1,500

Contact: Neil Rankine [056] 72 1185, who has seen the cars in question, or the owner:

John Mackay
[069] 67 2241

FOR SALE

D Special
1972

Needs mechanical work [clutch, brakes etc.]. Body OK - no significant rust. Needs paint, love and a RWC. Registered and driven until March 1995.

Suit home restorer.

\$2,000

Contact: Bruce
[03] 9 525 8715

WANTED

WANTED

Vintage Citroën Bits!

Swap for Light 15 stuff or will buy outright.

Contact: Neil Rankine
[056] 72 1185

DS/ID

Joe Romer
[03] 9786 9062

FOR SALE

Traction
11BL

Wrecking for Bits

If you need anything,

contact:

Jon Faine

[03] 9482 4737 or

[015] 807 813



*CCOCA Spares***TRACTION**

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Wishbone shaft, upper, reco	\$180.00
Lower ball joint adjusters [Permanently fixed to car]	\$60.00
Bushing, second gear	\$12.50
Bronze bush, brake shoes	\$4.00
Big boot bottom rubber	\$20.00
Scuttle vent rubber	\$30.00
Pedal rubber	\$10.00
Rubber grommet - petrol filler, 2 sizes	\$10.00
Door V block rubbers	\$35.00
Bonnet rubbers	\$0.35
Big and small boot paint protectors [under handles and lights]	\$30.00
Steering rack boots [pair]	\$44.00
Gearbox gasket set	\$18.00
Gasket set VRS [Big 6]	\$180.00
Gasket set VRS [L15, 11BL]	\$90.00
Exhaust muffler and tailpipe	
• Light 15	\$190.00
• Big 15	\$150.00
• Big 6	\$140.00
Exhaust hanger, rubber	\$2.50
Front hub	
• Outer seal	\$8.00
• Inner seal	\$8.00
Door lock [French]	
• Big boot	\$22.00
• Small boot	\$22.00
Front wheel bearings [state width when ordering]	\$26.00
Valve guides	\$12.00
Fan belt	\$13.00
Door lock springs	\$3.00
Inlet valves	\$20.00
Clutch plate	\$125.00
Fuel pump	\$50.00
ID/DS Main bearing O/S	\$85.00
ID/DS Conrod bearing	\$85.00
78mm Piston rings	\$85.00
Big 15 Drive shafts [each, less inner cardin shafts]	\$480.00
Brake master cylinder [new]	\$85.00
Brake master cylinder kit	\$15.00
Tie rod ball joint kit	\$15.00
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• Front	\$28.00
• Rear	\$24.00
Throttle shaft 32PBIC Solex [0.5mm oversize]	\$20.00
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DYANE / 2CV

Brake hose	\$22.00
Seat rubbers	\$1.00

EARLY 2CV

All parts are new, unless otherwise stated

Clutch linings	\$15.00
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Starter motor [reco]	\$40.00
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Front brake drum	\$15.00
Rear brake drum	\$15.00
Starter Bendix unit	\$10.00
Windscreen wiper speedo worm & drive	\$8.00
Front over riders	\$5.00
Head gasket [375cc]	\$2.00
Lock & key set [2 barrels & 2 keys]	\$15.00
Oil pump bodies [bronze, no gears]	\$10.00
Valve springs	\$1.00
Steering pinion & bearing	\$15.00
Door catch	
Right front	\$6.00
Left front	\$6.00
Accelerator pedals	\$1.00

A large selection of old and recent 2CV parts are available through the Club, over and above those listed, at very reasonable prices. These are not held in stock by the Club, but we can arrange delivery quite quickly, in most cases

WANTED

Change over Silent Blocs [front] \$56.00 each, provided your Silent Blocs are serviceable

NOTE: ORDER FORMS TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER TELEPHONE CALLS

I cannot justify the time to chase second hand parts. If you need them, advertise in Front Drive

Prices subject to change without notice.

Contact Spare Parts Officer -Peter
Boyle, 35 Newman St, Thornbury, 3071



Australian War Memorial BEL/69/0831/VN