AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR CLASSIC CITROËN OWNERS AND ENTHUSIASTS

Jun/July 2002 Vol 26 No 1

Austraction 02 Cit In 02 Citroëns I Have Known....



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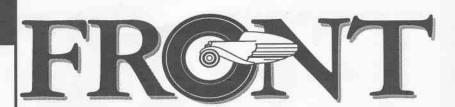
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Walhalla Weekend

Dont forget that CCOCA will be visiting Walhalla on the weekend of September 14/15. Drive to Walhalla on Saturday, stay at the Star Hotel, enjoying luxury accomadation, a three course a la carte dinner and return home on Sunday. But places are limited so book with Ted Cross by Aug 28 on 9819 2208.

Check out the following websites: www.starhotel.com.au and www.walhalla.org.au

Traction Tyre Tips

Because of import restrictions after WWII leading to a shortage of suitable tyres, many Light 15s brought into Australia had their wheels re-welded to 16 inch size and imperial cross ply tyres fitted. However, this proved unsatisfactory. The tyres provided a hard ride and were difficult to obtain.

Bernie Hadaway currently uses the Falken 175R16 tyres (currently used on the Russian Viva), which he says are a great success, guiet on the road and a good buy at \$130 each.

They can be purchased from NU Tyres 31 De Havilland Rd Mordialloc Ph 9580 1624

Bernie was impressed with this retailer, they had plenty of these tyres in stock.

Front Cover Illustration:

Ian and Kathy McDermott with their newly restored 11BL on its debut Club outing to the Mornington Peninsula.

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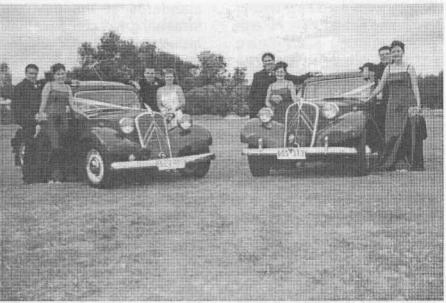
DRIVE

Published bi-monthly by The Citroën Classic Owners Club of Australia

Contents

Editorial Gippsland Gas Atractions Citroëns I have known and (mostly) loved Austraction '02 10 Voiture Familiale pour L'Enthusiaste

12 Cit In '02 14 **Spare Parts** 17 Classifieds 18



Recently John Fleming was asked for the use of his traction as a bridal car. The catch was, he had to find a matching car. Having assured the bride that there was no such car in the club, he found that Barry Teesdale was about to buy, sight unseen, a traction from WA. On arrival it turned out to be a perfect match - a sort of Brunswick/ British Racing Green. Although the above picture shows how attractive the cars are and how happy they have made the wedding party, being black and white it does not show the colour match effectively. You will just have to take our word for it.

CCOCA Membership

Annual membership is \$35 For overseas membership add \$12

CCOCA memberships are due on the 25th of March each year and run until the following March.

Club Meetings

Club meetings are held on the fourth Wednesday of every month (except December) at 8pm. The venue is the Canterbury Sports Ground Pavilion, cnr of Chatham and Guilford Rds, Canterbury Victoria.

Melways Ref 46 F10

Life Members

Nance Clarke

Jack Weaver

CCOCA is a credit card merchant

You can pay your subscritions, rally fees and not to mention the all-important spare parts in a more convenient way.

Bankcard

Mastercard

The views expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of CCOCA or its Committee. Neither CCOCA nor its Committee can accept any responsibility for any mechanical advice published in, or adopted from Front Drive.

Andrea & Ian's Editorial

Recently the club invested in a printer for the editors' use in producing Front Drive. No, we aren't printing Front Drive inhouse, we are using the printer to make a proof copy and ensure that the computer version of the magazine we take to the printers is actually what we want. The benefit for us as amateurs is that it takes much of the guess work out of the editing process. We hope that the resut will be a better quality magazine for you the reader.

We generally avoid reproducing material from the media in Front Drive. That is unless it is of significant interest to Citroën enthusiasts. Martin Stubbs sent us an article he found in his father's magazine collection from Motor Sport, December 1949 which reviews a supercharged Traction. While the subject matter may be of technical interest, the insights it

Members Address List

Recently concerns were raised regarding the privacy of members and the distribution of the Members Address List. If for any reason, you are reluctant to have your contact details distributed to other members, notify the Secretary to have your details omitted from future editions of the address list.

gives to the journalistic standards of the day are fascinating. Not only were their expectations of motor vehicles clearly far different to ours, but the language used harks back to the days of our forefathers. We hope you enjoy the article as much as we did.

Q: When is a Mazda 626 not a Mazda?

A: When Yves puts a 'Citroën' sticker and two chevrons on it, and it becomes a Citroën (well he tried very hard all weekend to try to convince us that these modifications had this effect!)

Q: How hard can it possibly be to pick up a piece of cardboard?
A: You would be surprised, but a very talented and agile few managed to achieve it - with great flair and panache! (A few people are capable of picking up a wooden dining chair, however this is not such a dramatic achievement.)

And let it here be noted for posterity that Ted can place an egg into a glass of water - with great dramatic effect!

These questions are unlikely to make much sense and neither will the answers, unless you went to Austraction at Beechworth. We are fortunate that Naomi Tippet has written about her first experience at Austraction. We have been able to draw upon the photos produced by Mark McKibbin, Jeff Pamplin and a whole herd of CCOCA members snapping digital photos.

There were few CCOCA members who were able to get to Cit In 2002. Fortunately for us Mike Neil was one of those who did get there. He has written about Cit In and the Raid that followed.

The deadline for the next edition is September the 1st.

Regards.

Andrea Fisher & Ian Sperling

Thanks you to our contributors in this edition:
John Fleming
Michael Jefferies.
Mark McKibbin
Mike Neil
Jeff Pamplin
Martin Stubbs
Naomi Tippett
Keith James



Logo courtesy of 2CV Suisse Romainde Dec 94

Gippsland Gas

By the time you read this, Sue, Lexie and myself will be heading north for warmer climes and hopefully a Citroen "Boys (& Girls) Own Adventure" driving an SM from Seattle Washington to the International Citroën Car Club Rally (ICCCR) in Amherst Massachusetts. The SM we have bought "sight unseen" so I would appreciate it if you would touch wood, cross your fingers and what ever else vou can think of that might ward of the inevitable consequences asking a 30 vear old Maseratti engine to not drop its valves, slip timing chains and everything else I have been told that these Italian masterpieces can do over a 5000 KM drive.

Again I would like to thank Ted & Helen for organizing a great Austraction at Beechworth if you couldn't come this year definitely pencil it in for next year, it's rumored that Bendigo could be a possible venue. If you have any spare time please consider joining us on the committee, Ted would appreciate help with activities and as long as you don't mind a glass of red or three I can't think of a better bunch of people to spend the occasional Wednesday evening with.

I was hoping I would have the Traction back on its

wheels before I left but it's unlikely now, it will now join forces with the 2CV in giving me black looks every time I enter the shed. I've missed the boat for the concourse again maybe...... 2003.

I hope to see you all when I get back in August, hopefully with the SM.

Mark McKibbin

CLUB TOOLS

CCOCA has a set of Traction Front End Tools for club members to borrow. The only charge is a refundable deposit of \$50.

See Mel Carey (spare parts officer) for details.

Club Shop Club Shop Club Shop

Due to other commitments,
Club Shop will be
UNAVAILABLE
until the end of
July 2002

but there will be a

MONSTER
CLEARANCE
SALE
at the Concours

Club Shop Club Shop Club Shop

A - TRACTIONS

July 24, Wed 8pm

Monthly meeting. The famous best-model and best-photo competition- Prizes Bring only your OWN PHOTOS please

August 23, Sat 7.30pm

Dinner. This is a CCCV event that CCOCA members are welcome to attend. Healthy (anti-allergy) food at the Silly Yaks Restaurant, High Street Northcote. For bookings contact Tom Grucza (CCCV) on 9728 1779 or email badja@alphalink.com.au

August 24, Sun midday

Bike Ride & BBQ. Joint CCOCA/CCCV event. Meet at Cross family home 173 Power Street Hawthorn at 12 noon, ride bikes along the bike track by the Yarra into Port Melbourne, BBQ lunch then ride bikes back to Hawthorn. For those who do not wish to ride, join us for the BBQ and good cheer. Contact Helen Cross on 9819 2208.

August 28, Wed 8pm

Monthly meeting at our Clubrooms

September 1

Deadline for the next edition of Front Drive

Sept 14-15

Club run to Walhalla and Dinner, Bed and Breakfast "Escape the city in your Citi" - stay at the Star Hotel. Bookings a must (\$115-00 per person - twin share) one night's luxury accomm / 3 course a la carte dinner / continental buffet breakfast - book with Ted Cross by 28 Aug on 9819 2208 (but be quick - Ted has booked rooms for six couples.)

Sep 25, Wed 8pm

Monthly meeting at our Clubrooms

Oct 23

Got any ideas? This is the interactive bit. Contact a committee member with any suggestions.

Oct 27

The annual CCCV/CCOCA Concours Details later

Nov 17

Day run organised by Andrew & Frances McDougall Details later

Nov 27, Wed 8pm

Monthly meeting last meeting for the year. Special supper/drinks

Dec 18

Christmas Kris Kringle and drinks. Location TBA

Jan 22, 2003

BBQ and Boules on the Yarra Our annual New-Year get together note**** 6-30pm start

Feb 16, 2003

"A Pleasant Sunday morning" breakfast and Garage crawl to two local members' garages Visit Andrew McDougall & Peter Boyle More details later.

^{**} denotes events approved by AOMC and enables red plate permit cars to participate, but not officially organised by CCOCA.

Citroëns I have known and (mostly) Loved

In the early fifties I began my career in the Bournemouth Municipal (now Symphony) Orchestra and just after the Coronation in 1953, I became a member of the BBC Concert Orchestra in London. Soon afterwards we had the doubtful pleasure, as it seemed then, of launching a new programme called "Friday Night is Music Night". This was a slight variation on the well known advertisement, "Friday Night is Amami Night" when everyone was supposed to wash their hair (with Amami!). In fact, the programme was a great success and ran for over twenty years - about the same run as the D Series! FNIMN was played live from the Camden Theatre until someone had the bright idea of relaying some programmes from the seaside - places such as Eastbourne. Being without a car or licence at the time led to my first ride in a Light 15 which belonged to one of the clarinet players, Peter Howes. For those of my generation and with long memories, his sister was Sally Ann Howes and their father was Bobby Howes, both well-known on the stage. In London at that time quite a number of musicians drove tractions including the famous horn player Dennis Brain whose recordings of the Mozart Horn Concertos have outlived even Maigret's

After two years with the BBC, I left to further my studies in Paris which, of course, was full of Tractions in 1955. My harp was tied on top of one of these for the journey from the airport into Paris. I had to check the reflection in the shop windows to see if it was still there!

Back in London, after two long periods in Paris, I was faced with immediate prospect of freelancing and my first task was to learn how to drive. This got off to a very shaky start in the middle of a busy Kensington High Street since the instructor had omitted to tell me how to stop the car. It was just as well that it had dual control. The conclusion was satisfactory, however, with a test at Hendon where the police driving school was situated though even after that I would have preferred to keep the L plates for a few months for the safety of other drivers! This would, however, have led to more confusion. My first car was a Standard Ten van which I think had sat in the showroom for too long and it therefore developed a few starting problems when it was obliged to sit in the street with a red oil lamp to the rear. I doubt if anyone does that nowadays, especially in Kensington!

When we moved to our house in Wembley, not too far from the stadium, I often used to pass an elevated garage on the North Circular which was never without a row of a dozen or so Light 15's on the forecourt. So it was not too long before my Standard Ten was traded for one of these. Mine was a 1952 and black, PXP82, but I think that they were all black anyway. With the forward opening door and the front seat removed it was fairly easy to load the harp but then my wife Beryl had to sit in the back, which on long journeys was rather unfriendly! I enjoyed the Light 15 very much, having found a good garage (S.E. Thomas in Chiswick) and joined the CCC although by this time I was harpist with

London Philharmonic and weekend concerts prevented me from attending many events. With the purchase of a slightly larger harp, I managed to convince myself that I needed a slightly larger car so a Big Six was the obvious choice. These were somewhat rare but I found a 1953 model in Leeds, which meant a long and tricky drive home in a more powerful car.

After two years with the LPO, I became principal harpist at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and I stayed there from 1960 until 1965. In those days the Opera was still in the middle of the fruit and veg. Market so it was not unusual to finish the performance at 10:30pm only to find the Big 6 blocked in by lorries, which led to a few confrontations. The opera company did not travel much because of the huge expense but we did get to Lisbon for a few days and also went to the Edinburgh Festival for a month where the Citroën came into its own, especially on days off. A later visit to the Coventry Festival was not so happy since the big end went on the M1. I knew that one is supposed to drive slowly to the nearest Citroën agent but I decided to drive to Watford station instead where, by a stroke of luck, the next train in went to Coventry and I made it on time to the rehearsal. Few conductors want to know about cars breaking down especially when they belong to harpists. I do remember an occasion some years later at the Festival



Citroëns I have Known and (mostly) Loved cont.

Hall when a horn player arrived late and was asked for the reason by a well-known Australian conductor. When the player stated that "the pedal fell off my bicycle" Charles — - decided to leave it at that. Horn players do, after all, come in "squads" of at least four and are something of a law unto themselves. The Big 6 was repaired, of course, but it did not seem to come back to its old self so I sold it to someone from New Zealand where it may still be and, if so, would be worth a small fortune. A percussionist friend of mine offered me his Peugeot 403 family wagon when he updated to a 404 so I jumped at the chance. It was black and soon became known as the "earse" and it was much easier when loading the harp. 'Shooting-Brakes' had been around for some time but not for the general public although Citroën had, of course, been well ahead in this area with some Traction variations. We had our first holiday in France in the 403 at a time when it was loaded on to the ferry by crane - not a pleasant sight!

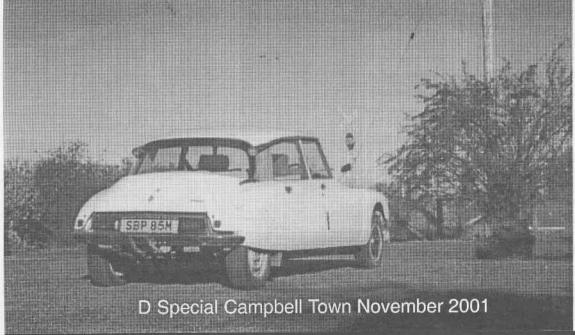
After five years at Covent Garden I had performed most of the Opera and Ballet repertoire and I moved to the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in 1965. The orchestral repertoire is, of course, also repetitive but at least there was the opportunity to play it

in much of Europe and America even if the time spent in most cities was only one day and travel was usually by coach. Some of the concert repertoire did not require the harp so I was free to work elsewhere and eventually this led to a tour of Australia with the English Opera Group which began with a month at the Adelaide Festival followed by visits to Melbourne, Canberra and Sydney. Indirectly, this led to the offer of the harp position with the West Australian Symphony, which I accepted, having been very impressed with what I had seen of Australia. So we arrived there in 1971 "en famille" and staved until 1977. It would have seemed very un-Australian at that time in WA to drive anything other than a Holden or Ford, which is what I did. Cutting corners and overtaking on the inside lane was very much in vogue to say nothing of giving way to anything on the right, even cars leaving their own driveways! So I had to make a few adjustments to my driving. Citroëns were nowhere to be seen except at what was then the start of the Kwinana Freeway. Just at the traffic lights it was possible to view the garage on the opposite corner where D Series were being shunted around although I did not take much notice at the time.

At the end of 1977 I was invited to

return to the RPO in London, which I did, partly for family reasons but also to re-charge my batteries, as it were. We left our house in WA in charge of our eldest son Maurice so that we could return in due course and this happened in 1981. While in England I bought a Peugeot 504 Wagon, which was a nice car but with a Friday afternoon paint job which was unimpressive - I gather that 1972 was not a good year in that respect. I was at last ready to acquire a D series. After all, they had been around since 1955! I looked at a 5 speed Safari with a full length sunshine roof but, on a short run round the block I had trouble finding the four gears, to say nothing of the 5th, since they were the exact opposite to the Peugeot. I finally settled on a 1974 DS 23 semi-auto Safari in metallic green which served me very well and which I brought back to WA in 1981, prices in the UK at that time being very low for secondhand D series. I used it for several years in Perth but after the head gasket had been repaired and the sun had spoilt the metallic paintwork it seemed time to part with it. I got an equivalent price to my original outlay and I gather that it may be one of only two semi-auto Safaris in Australia. I still have one son in Perth and he has not seen it around for many years. Also, while living in Surrey in the UK, I

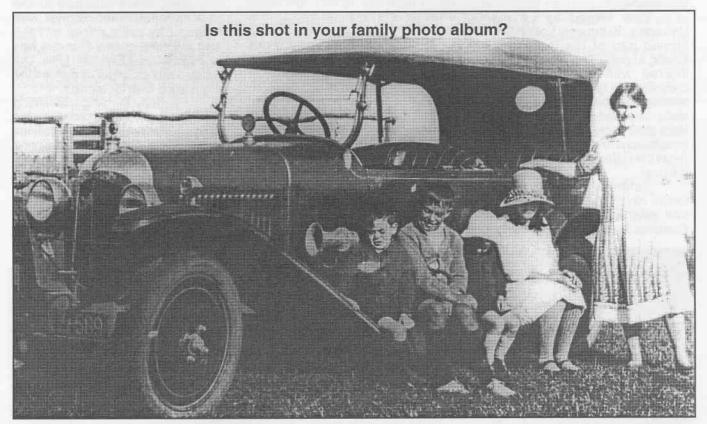
> "rescued" an Ami Estate, which had been sitting neglected bv Horley station for several months. We towed it with the DS the short distance back to our rented house and my youngest son, Andrew, (then only 12) had it running in less than an hour. We even used it to visit Paris and Brussels 1980. With foreign plates, parking was not as



difficult as I expected. It was an excellent car but I had to leave it behind in England and it was sold to an Australian who, I am sure, would have enjoyed owning it.

Since I returned to WA in 1981, I have been a free-lance harpist, playing on occasion with most of the orchestras in Australia but also providing background music with a trio comprising flute, cello and harp and playing solo harp for various functions. Our middle son. Paul. is still in the UK but when the other two had flown the nest we were free to escape from the sometimes overpowering heat of Perth and also the lack of seasons - it seemed to be either Summer or Winter. On our second holiday in Tasmania we found an attractive 1840's house in Campbell Town in the Midlands, about 50 minutes from Launceston and even nearer the airport than many people would be in Victoria! On our holidays in Tasmania, it was still possible to see a few D Series on the road including a very nice

Pallas in Ross, only ten minutes south of Campbell Town. The first "D" I found, had been sitting in a field for over a year at Orford on the East Coast. With a bit of encouragement from an expert (not me!) it started up and I was able to make the one and a half hour's drive home in spite of some overheating. I still have this 1968 ID 19 painted in original blanc carrare and it is in good shape but would have been even better when new! My second "D" was not only an ID but a Special having been made in 1970 and had been garaged for a year by its elderly lady owner. It has the late dash but not the latest steering wheel and also has Lucas rear lights. It is in very original condition all round and is Bordeaux with a white roof. But, I am considering selling it (see ad in Classifieds) in view of my acquisition last year of a white D Special made in late 1974 and with only 50,000 miles on the clock. It had been in a garage for 12 years with two badly damaged doors, now repaired. With the help and skill of the previous owner I was once again able to drive it home without incident- only about 40minutes this time. So it is on the road again now and behaving well. as one would expect from such a "new" car. By the way, I have a very original 404 Wagon in which to move the harp when required. Who knows what other treats for Citroën Lovers may be lying in wait in garages or "Behind the Hedges" of Tasmania? Tailpiece This concludes my journey via the Royal Opera House, London, to the MillHouse in Campbell Town where, behind my own hawthorn hedge, can be seen a white D Special with a UK number plate! DS Safari's were designed to have three number plates (the third being only visible with the tailgate down) - not a concept that appealed to the W.A. Department of Transport where (like Noah's Ark) only two plates were issued and, of course, only two returned!



Keith James found this photo of an early Citroën and family group in a book "The First 200 Years. A Hunter Pictorial with Norm Barney" which covers the Newcastle and Hunter Region from 1801 to 2000. The caption "The Family Car in the Early 1930s" is the only information provided about the family or the car. Keith adds: "Evidently Dad is taking the photograph, the kids don't seem too happy but Mum seems quite contented. Hoping this may be of interest, someone might even recognise the car or the family." Keith has met the author on several occasions and this print was produced for him from the original negative.

Austraction 02 at Beechworth

This being our second Austraction, we had a better idea of what to expect than last year. The usual group of Victorians arrived. And also, some members traveled from considerably further afield. Regulars Barry and Dot Solomon traveled down from Ulladulla. Set back by a failed alternator in their Light 15, they told us how they had to smuggle its battery into the motel room every night to recharge it. Phillippe, Anita and their young son Oscar from Adelaide joined us. The award for the those who traveled furthest to get there went to Barry & Margaret Markwick who drove their highly restored blue 11BL all the way from Tamworth.

We met at Kurrajong Lodge for dinner on Friday night. Steaming bowls of pea & ham soup were only the start of the meal. Pretty soon we were sated and revived from the journey to Beechworth. The Lodge featured a large dining and lounge room where we met and socialised in comfort throughout the weekend.

Now owned by LaTrobe University, Kurrajong Lodge once formed part of the Beechworth lunatic asylum. The grounds seem littered with buildings slowly decaying through neglect. All of them bearing the unmistakeable mark of state care and institutionalisation. Here dark misty nights allow fertile imaginations to step back in time and recall the sufferings endured here in the past.

Saturday morning saw us form a cavalcade of Citroëns, drive into town to create a display of Citroëns in front of some historic



buildings. After lunch it was time for passion. Normally mild mannered become wildly ambitious. Tempers flare, divorce is threatened and perhaps even a few speed limits are Yes folks its time for the broken. Observation Run. Ted cleverly took us through some of the culinary delights of the region, wineries, cheese makers and mustard Dinner was at the makers. local Hibernian Hotel. Afterwards George produced a chocolate cake to celebrate Naomi's birthday.

Sunday started with a semiguided tour of the grounds. Thanks to Trish Fleming. Lunch was at the famous Beechworth Bakery. Then it was off for a tour of the district. Graham Barton kindly chauffeured us around in his Light 15. A street market in Rutherglen provided various items of interest.

For me though, the afternoon's highlight was calling in to the home

of Ian & Margaret Turner. Tucked way in the corner of their shed is a red boat-tail 5CV looking better than new. Also, there was the chassis, frame and transmission of another 5cv under restoration. Thanks to Ian & Margaret for their hospitality and allowing us to view their collection. A dinner dance followed at the International Hotel. Dinner was followed by raffle prizes and the award for the observation run was won by Rob and Elizabeth Little. The hardy souls amongst us danced the night away until far too late.

Monday morning a steaming hot breakfast fortified us for the trip home. It was time for the ubiquitious group photo, pack up and say good bye to friends new and old.

We had a great time and I think most of us did. But there were some negatives. Ted Cross suffered from a recalcitrant condenser. Graham Barton endured a more

mysterious tuning problem which plagued him most of the weekend. More seriously, Kate McKinnon fell, breaking her wrist. We were all pleased to see her return from hospital in good spirits on Sunday. A hell of a way to win the 'hard luck' award.

Ted and Helen Cross put an incredible amout of work into making this weekend a success. Every aspect had been thought through, planned and executed to an extremely high standard. Ourselves and everyone else who took part in this weekend owe them our thanks.

Ian Sperling



A FIRST TIME

By Naomi Tippett

Never could I have imagined when I saw that shabby, old Light 15 sitting in a cabbage patch all wet and smelly, weeds growing out of her floor boards, a candidate for Sim's metal, that nine years later she would make a four hundred kilometer round trip all the way to Beechworth and back- without hitch or hesitation. She's smart, perky and enabled us to enjoy a very pleasant weekend.

I have been to other car club meetings ranging from rugged outback camping to the Five Stars. At some, the owners are more concerned with polishing their old Dinosaurs, obsessively fitting out their picnic baskets and drinking champagne out of monogrammed

glasses. Nor have I developed a great enthusiasm for listening to in depth mechanical discussions, or to the value of various wood and leather preparations, though I must admit a certain fascination to the range of venues from dust or swamp to picnics in the gardens of stately homes.

Those outings have had little appeal so

it was with some trepidation that I contemplated a weekend with what George had always referred to as "the cheap and cheerful, but



an interesting group." However he had also said that he was interested in what drew them all

the run of a beautiful University campus, the weekend was well-organized, well-balanced, with very interesting options.

Although we have not been regulars at Club functions the atmosphere was relaxed, friendly and welcoming. This made me wonder about the social dynamics of it all. As a hobby it was relatively economical the catering was simple and generous and it had drawn enthusiasts from wide range of occupations and professions, yet they all

moved so easily together thoughtful, considerate and anxious to share their diversity of interests.

As an artist I started to realize that this icon of automotive engineering must be an aesthetic magnet which draws together those with pure and idealistic souls whose hobby is an expression of the wonderment of their various personalities.

So where were we coming from? As I looked at the sun filtering through the glorious gold and russet autumn foliage and said to George "stop and look, you have no soul." He replied "wait till I open the bonnet."



together.

Imagine my surprise when I found the accommodation facilities gave the feeling of having



Voiture Familiale pour L'Enthusiaste

(The eternal quest for more power, speed and comfort while using less fuel. There is nothing new in motoring and personally I find that strangely comforting.)

Taken from Motor Sport, December 1949.

Towards the end of last month, by courtesy of Mr H M Johnson, we took an evening drive in his Citroën Six saloon with Wade-Ventor supercharger installation. The appearance of the car intrigues, even seems mildly aggressive in a purposeful sort of way. As the unusually long wheelbase forecasts, there is ample room inside for five grown-ups. This then is a comfortable family car, but after driving out of London as far as Maidstone, during the evening peak, we realised that not only are all the splendid qualities of the " Light Fifteen" reproduced in this latest front-drive car from the Citroën factory but that in spite of its capaciousness it is able to shame so many so called sports cars in the matter of performance.

Mr Johnson, who formerly owned, Darracq, Rolls-Bently and Studebaker cars, bought this Citroën and drove it about 1.000 miles in standard form. He decided that he liked it and took it along to Pat Whittet & Co Ltd to have some additional urge instilled. The Ventor blower installation fits in very neatly with the under-bonnet scheme. A four-lobe 020 R Type supercharger is mounted high up on the near side and driven from the front of the camshaft in two stages, first by chain enclosed in a neat alloy casing and thence by short triple belts running over spring-loaded jockey pulleys. An S.U. carburetter behind the blower feeds via a curved inlet pipe and a large-bore delivery pipe passes from the blower, behind the engine, to the centre of the six-branch inlet manifold on the off side, where the blowoff valve is hidden beneath the delivery-pipe/manifold junction. At the back of the engine the main oil feed is tapped to provide dripfeed lubrication of the rotor gears and the driving chain. Ki-gass injectors enter the delivery pipe on the off side and here also it is tapped for the boost-gauge line. The pulley on the camshaft having been sacrificed for the chain sprocket, a new belt drive has been devised for the fan and dynamo. The supercharger blows at 4 to 4 1/2 lb/sq.in. at the speed; maximum compression-ratio of the engine has been lowered from 6.7 to 6.4to-1. To obviate valve bounce 1/ 16 in. packings have been inserted beneath the valve springs and a Fram filter and Runbaken Oil Coil are fitted. The engine is otherwise the standard 3-litre Citroën unit evolved some years ago for lorry propulsion. The bonnet has been felt-lined to absorb noise and a boost gauge and oil and water thermometers have been added to the square unobtrusive instruments on the right of the standard facia panel. Hand ignition control is a standard fitting.

As a result of adding a Wade-Ventor installation to the Citroën Six a very good motor car has been rendered out-standing to the point of being unique. The engine responds instantly to the throttle and acceleration is most

impressive both by reason of its degree and its continuity. As soon as possible you get out of the 13.24-to-1 bottom gear and in the 5.62-to-1 middle ratio of the facia controlled three-speed box, the car surges cleanly forward up to an easy speedometer 60m.p.h. Although top gear is as high as 3.87-to-1 and the car weighs 26cwt unladen, speed continues to build up just as rapidly as in second

"...a very good motor car has been rendered outstanding to the point of being unique."

gear, the engine as smooth as a turbine and inaudible except for a faint hum from the blower. On the over-run things are just as smooth and unobtrusive.

The true maximum speed is probably in excess of 90m.p.h., and on the traffic-infested roads 70 to 75mph. was the usual gait. The feeling of absolute security up to maximum speed is most pronounced. As with the "Light Fifteen," however, so in this "Six" speed as such is subordinate to the delightful manner in which the car gets on with its job. The steering is so obviously connected to the front wheels and so pleasantly highgeared that its heaviness is no disadvantage. The Lockheed brakes require fairly heavy pressure but are free from fade. The ride is so level-keel that it ensures complete confidence when cornering or standing on the brakes in an emergency, and the suspension so effectively absorbs road shocks that to ride in any seat in this car is to realise how much the French knew about motor car design fifteen years ago and how sadly our designers lag behind. For the Citroën Six derives its delightful riding and handling qualities from frontwheel drive, low build, torsional suspension, and rigid one-piece construction, features which caused English eyes to goggle at the Citroën Twelve away back in 1934 and have enabled Citroën cars to serve ordinary Frenchmen as such satisfactory utility motorcars ever since. It may even be said that the "Six" has more refinement of running than its famous contemporary the "Light Fifteen."

Moreover, as it has been naturalised, the car we tried has r.h. drive and spares and service were available from Staines.

In his blown Citroën Six

Mr. Johnson has a profoundly inspiring car. The supercharger, now that its bronze and steel rotor gears are bedded in, imparts merely a low hum to the under-bonnet silence and apart from that only a little resonance and windroar, more noticeable in the back than in the front seats, proclaim the sort of performance that is being delivered. After the wire-mesh was removed from the radiator grille no serious overheating has been

experienced, and during our drive the water temperature did not exceed 75°C. The blower belts have lasted about 5,000 miles. Castrol XL oil and the plugs supplied with the car are used, and the double S.U. pump now looks after the fuel feed. Fuel consumption has scarcely increased since the engine was blown, 16 to 17 m.p.g. being normally obtained; 10 per cent benzole is added when available. The only serious trouble in 5,000 supercharged miles was clutch slip which Monaco of Watford cured by fitting different linings, which sweetened the action. Oil pressure, when hot, is 30lb./sq.in at 70m.p.h.

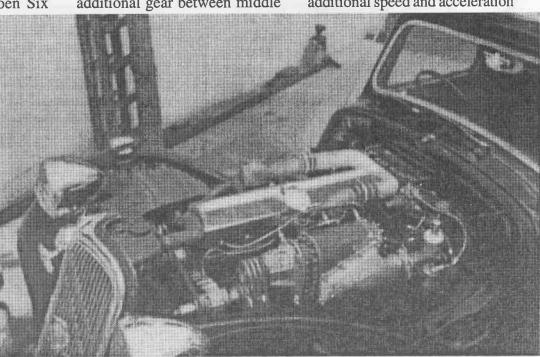
In spite of its 10ft. 1 1/2in. wheelbase the car can be thrown about with impunity. An American Bosch radio is fitted and tyres are 185/400 Michelins.

No car is perfect, as Mr. Johnson is the first to admit, but the snag-sheet relating to his present car is a very short one. Bottom gear is too low, and an additional gear between middle

Citroën is a top-gear car. Hunting at idling speed is evident to a slight degree due to supercharger surge, which is common to many blown engines, and the car sometimes suffers from a slight "flat-spot," noticeable when opening-up from low speeds. The accelerator pedal has rather a long movement and clutch engagement is rather difficult.

After which you return to the opinion that here is one of the truly-great quantityproduction cars of the present day. That such a bold statement exaggeration no appreciated when to the foregoing remarks are added the facts that Citroën still refuses to streamstyle or aerodyne his cars and that the doors of the all-steel body swing easily on their hinges and allow entry and egress with a minimum of contortion.

This Citroën is a roomy family saloon, endowed with additional speed and acceleration



and top, with the latter a still higher ratio, would be an improvement, as at present the by reason of a mild boost, and it would do some of our designers a power of good to drive it.

Cit In 2002

Mike Neil recounts his trip to Tasmania for Cit In 2002 and the following raid.

I decided to attend Cit In Tasmania two vears ago while at Easter in Jindabyne. take some extra leave and see the state in more detail. When the Raid directly after Cit In 2002 was that announced. sealed the decision. thinking it would be great travelling with other Citroëns. It proved to be the best trip I've done and now it's all over, I'm glad Claude and my 1960 ID19, made the trip. I was thinking of taking the 11BL, but glad I didn't with so much gear changing and braking on the scenic

route taken, the ID was better equipped for all conditions. However, the Traction would've been the only one from the North Island at Cit In, accompanied by three from Tassie which appeared at the Monday farewell, one with an ID engine and transmission, which created much

Monday's Cit In participants

interest. There's a strong Citroën ownership there with variety too, and I think we'll see them attending future Cit Ins if the enthusiasm generated by this year's event is anything to go by.

Statistics now, and about 120 people attended Cit In, with 56 cars

depending on when you counted them, the dominant model being D-series with 20, including 7 Safaris! And 14 went on the Raid carrying about 32 people; and what a mix, with 5x 2CV, 3xGS, 2xSafaris, 2xXM and 2xID19, both grey! The weather was superb and over the week we

were told at a few locations, like Cradle Mountain and Strahan, that we were lucky to strike one of those handful of days a year that was fine.

The organisers also told us that we'd be well cared for gastronomically, both at Cit In and while Raiding, and they were right. So we had all the ingredients for a good time.

Queenslanders put everyone to shame with the size of their group,



including a French family in one Safari, followed by NSW, Victoria on par with Tassie, five from ACT, four Kiwis and at least one from SA.

It's always a pleasure to take the ID19 on a trip, the holiday starting as I drop it into top gear near the ACT border, and it gets into that leisurely, long legged cruise. It's the best useable classic with great comfort and economy, consistently returning 10 litres/100km or 30mpg. As long as you keep it wound up, long hills aren't a problem and I love the way it fixes up trucks and blows the doors off Morris Minors and other "classics", as you float past at 120kph plus, it gets more stable the faster it goes, a tribute to the body's wing shape.

I teamed up with another guy from UK, David Webb, who was looking for a ride. He was travelling with Neil and Wendy Trotter from Port Macquarie, but formerly of Canberra, in their XM. We all met claustrophobic. No sleep that night as we felt the bow crashing through waves.

Rolling off the ferry next morning was interesting. We were called in order of which deck your car was on, but couldn't get to it until the row next to yours had gone as they were parked so close together. As the choke cable was broken, it had to be set on the carby and fortunately started OK; on the return to Melbourne I wasn't so lucky. The motor fired then died with too much choke, so as the battery started to fade it fired after clearing the plugs-They were getting ready to tow me off! Rhonda Mortimer from Evandale wearing a red Citroën jumper and waving a French flag greeted us at Davenport. Nice start. There was an ABCTV crew as well doing a story on fox Quarantine and if you saw Landline on Sunday 28/4 you would have noticed sniffer dogs investigating a funny little red the Tasman Series. Some Tasmanian club members met us at Miena as an early welcome.

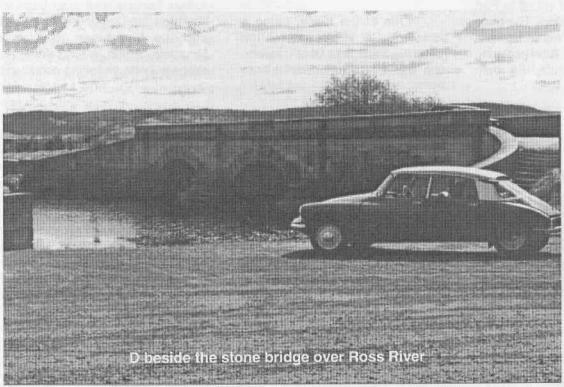
Next day, Good Friday, saw us drop down to Tunbridge for lunch and a formal welcome from the mayor of the region, and club president, Andrew Charlton. A chilly wind blew but the catering was tops as was the company. So there was a gradual build up to Cit In, as we headed off to Richmond via the old town of Ross, for afternoon tea and registration in the old Council Chambers.

Returning to Richmond next morning with the weather just right for driving, we set off on the observation run to Orford on the coast. Lunch was had in the new dining room of the local club backing onto the river. The mood was high as we left for the drive down the coast road taking in some spectacular scenery and the

questions got cunningly harder. Back at Richmond Arms, the odd drink was had then onto the Domaine A winery a great smorgasbord dinner. which was the only formal dinner of the weekend.

A perfect Easter Sunday morning greeted me as I opened the curtains revealing Mount Wellington from my room at Andrew Charlton's place at Otago Bay. I was unable to take advantage of the weather to drive up

to see the view as we had the lunch and Motorkhana to go to. Unfortunately, the event was scaled down to a novelty event due to the inability of the club to get public liability insurance-not their fault, it's the climate of the insurance industry all community groups are having to deal with. Lunch was catered and



on the ferry from Melbourne on Wednesday evening and along with other old friends from Queensland, started Cit In early. By the time we turned in, or should I say down, the boat was rolling more than I expected, and descending eight decks to the bunkroom just below water level, I felt a little

car with "For Sale" plates. That was lan Gamble from Canberra.

I then joined the others from Queensland on the drive to Miena in the high country, via Deloraine and Longford. I soaked up the history there from its role in motor sports in the sixties when it hosted rounds of some fun driving events followed. Standing out from the common Citroën was Alec Lowe's 1951 mint green Bentley which was on the registration list as a Big 6, which was technically correct with the kind of humour expected from Lance, Alec and others from up North.

Sunday night was free with prize giving and concourse held at the delightful Richmond village green next morning, accompanied by a big breakfast provided by Shannons. The twenty one D Series cars really made an impact lined up there, especially the seven Safaris with their tail gates open. Other cars to appear there were a 1925 Roller and a 1940 Buick! Funny the things that come out to play in such a small town.

The number of 2CV's tripled by late Easter Monday morning, as the Raiders prepared for the week ahead, for Wilderness Raid Tasmania 2002 and set off to Port Arthur for the first stop. The pace was whatever you wanted, with a daily guide to follow. After exploring the Tasman Peninsula, the route

to relax and talk. There was also a fluffy duck awarded to whoever had any incident during that day. I won Tuesday's for misjudging a U turn as we missed the lunch turn off, both blaming each other for not wearing our glasses! The ID dropped it's front wheel into the gutter on the exit of the turn. It was covered in grass level with the road and I saw it too late. I wasn't going forward, that would've crushed the car's pristine undertray, so with the help of two other motorists and the suspension on high, it reversed gracefully out and lunch was had.

Wednesday, and breakfast at Mount Elephant Pancake Barn was fortifying leading to a big day ending at the Carrick Inn, near Launceston, via St Helens and inland to Scottsdale. I could rave on forever about the scenery and townships we passed through, but suffice to say you need to do Tassie if you haven't already.

One of the Kiwis, using a borrowed GS in this interesting group of people, was Paul Trenwith, who was elected musical director

each crew would contribute a verse for the Raid song, which quickly took shape at Carrick, to the tune of Waltzing Matilda.

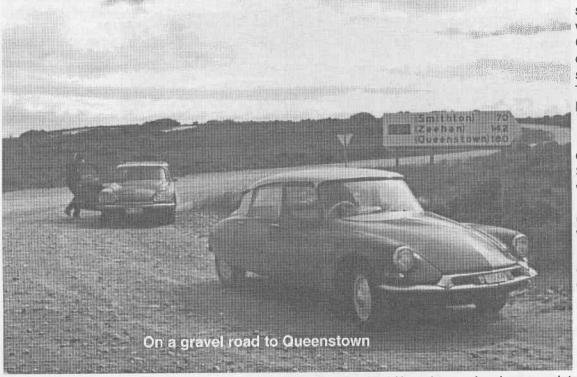
On Thursday, I went back for a few hours to Longford to poke around the old circuit, which put us behind a bit. After we headed for Stanley on the North West Coast, via Deloraine, Latrobe and Burnie. Stanley reminded me of a north England fishing village, with it's natural harbour to the east of a huge headland called the Nut.

There were choices the next day on the route taken to Cradle Mountain. One was to keep to the bitumen and visit forests via smooth forestry roads; the other was to take the sealed road to Marrawah and down the west coast to Savage River and onto the Murchison Highway. It was advised to be rough that way, so we opted to go halfway via Marrawah. Arthur River and the Arthur Forests and loop back to Smithton, then continue to Wynyard and the Murchison to Cradle Mountain. Again, a long drive but rewarded with changing conditions

and spectacular scenery. I can see why the Hellyer Gorge had road closure advice signs out for the Targa Tasmania Rally!

A shorter easier drive followed on Saturday, after walking around Dove Lake at Cradle Mountain. We knew we were in the high country again and the crystal blue sky and sharp wind. made this Canberra lad feel right at home! Heading west after

lunch, we ran into mining towns like Zeehan, named after Able Tasman's ship. More smooth flowing roads led us to Strahan and the official end of the Raid, where a seafood dinner



took us back up the East Coast to Bicheno for Tuesday night. There was a strong duck tone to the Raid and each evening at 6pm we'd meet at the designated "duck pond" when it was discovered he'd bought a cheap guitar to amuse himself on the Raid. Director Neville Dean decided once Paul found a new string for the forty dollar instrument,



saw us farewell Neville and Colleen Dean. They had business to deal with on Monday.

Raiders spent Sunday in various ways exploring the area. I joined others on a day cruise around Macquarie Harbour, taking in a guided tour of Sarah Island and the Gordon River. A very reasonable smorgasbord lunch and drinks anytime kept us happy. It was such a nice change from driving, as the big alloy catamaran cruised at 27 knots over the

Harbour.

We chose Strahan's People's Park for our final farewell and lineup, and after u С photographing and good wishes, headed off in different directions. I went via Queenstown. Derwent River and Miena, giving Rhonda Mortimer a lift back to Evandale, near Launceston. So on Tuesday, after a motorbike ride around Evandale,

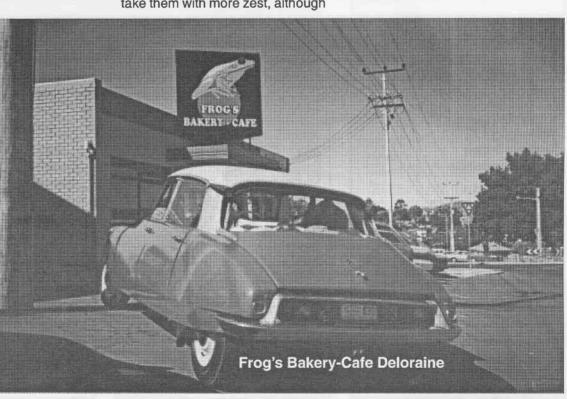
courtesy of Rhonda's husband Roger, and a look at Launceston's Motor Museum, it was off to Devonport and the ferry to Melbourne.

After 4,200k of gravel and sealed roads, the front spheres need attention and the play in the left steering relay arm got worse and he needs a good clean. The main roads in Tasmania are superb and I'd love to return with a sports car to take them with more zest, although

there were times I enjoyed throwing the ID around on some, and blowing the doors off 2CV's on the straight ones, although some were driven well and were hard to catch!

We certainly covered some ground in a week, and I'm looking for another trip like this one, possibly Raid 2004. Travelling daily in a group has given the saying "a change is as good

as a holiday" a new meaning. I didn't watch a TV news bulletin or read a paper for two weeks!



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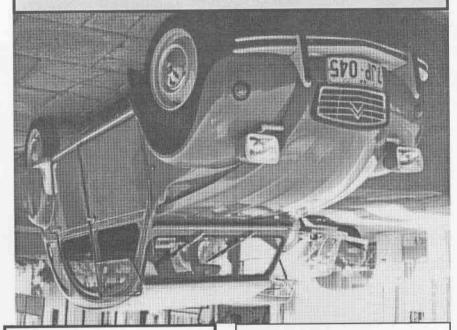
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