

FRONT DRIVE

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR
CITROËN OWNERS AND ENTHUSIASTS



**CITROËN CLASSIC OWNERS
CLUB OF AUSTRALIA**

Australia's National Citroën Car Club

FEBRUARY/MARCH '06 Vol 29 No 8

POSTAL ADDRESS

CITROËN CLASSIC OWNERS CLUB of AUSTRALIA Inc.

The address of the Club and this magazine is:

PO Box 52, Balwyn, Victoria, 3103.

The Club's website is:

www.citroenclassic.org.au

Citroën Classic Owners Club of Australia Inc. is a member of the Association of Motoring Clubs.

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 printed in, or adopted from this publication.

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COVER IMAGE

The cover image is taken from the Traction Avant Nederland calendar and depicts Boulevard Gassendi at Dignes-les-Bains in Provence-Aples-Côtes d'Azur.

MEMBERSHIP

Annual Membership is \$40. For overseas membership add \$12.

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 Chatham and Guildford Rds, Canterbury, Victoria. Melway Ref 46, F10.

LIFE MEMBERS

The committee awards life membership to Club members in recognition of their contribution to, and support of, the Club. Life members are:

Peter Boyle	2003
Jack Weaver	1991
Nance Clark	1984

CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors to this edition of 'Front Drive' include:

Mark Ebery, Andrea Fisher, Bernie Hadaway, Rob Little, Jeff Pamplin, Christine Sandow, Ian Sperling and Bruce Stringer.

DEADLINE

The deadline for the next edition of 'Front Drive' is Friday, February 24.

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CITROËNING**CH PLATES**

When sending the VicRoads form to a club officer for ratification, please do the right thing and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

ABOUT TO ARRANGE A CLASSIC/HISTORIC PERMIT FOR YOUR CITROËN?

CH permit applications must be accompanied by a RWC. The onus is on owners to demonstrate that their cars are safe. Feel free to consult our Permit Officers for advice regarding getting your car on the road, and keeping it going.

FOR SPARE PARTS & TOOLS

Contact Rob Little. Phone: [03] 5823 1397 spareparts@citroenclassic.org.au [Please do it at a reasonable hour.]

CLUB SHOP

For Citroën models, memorabilia and other items contact Graham Barton on [03] 5987 0767 or clubshop@citroenclassic.org.au

OTHER CLUBS?

VIC: www.citcardclubvic.net.org/
NSW: www.citroencardclub.org.au/
WA: www.citroen.aceonline.com.au
QLD: www.citroenclub.org
www.doublechevrons.aunz.com

We all know all about André Citroën, his cars, his innovations and drive for publicity... but what were his competitors doing? This

ED SED	PAGE 4
PREZ SEZ	PAGE 5
A-TRACTIONS	PAGE 6

ED SED

issue we are looking at Renault's mid-'50s sales hit the Dauphine. At that time if you wanted a Citroën there was little choice – the 2CV was smaller and far more spartan and the ID/DS was in a class of it's own.

Many of you will have met Barry Annells, and most will have heard of Traction-afficianado Fred Annells. Last November Edna Annells passed away. The Funeral cortage included three Traction Avants: see page I6.

Past events, Spare News: it is all in this edition of 'Front Drive'.

Enjoy!

Leigh F Miles – Editor

**CONTENTS**

RECENT EVENTS	PAGE I3
EDNA ANNELLS	PAGE I6
MEMBER'S MODEL – RENAULT DAUPHINE	PAGE I8
TOY A-TRACTIONS	PAGE 30
MUCKLE FLUGGA	PAGE 34
A NATION'S SHAME	PAGE 40
SPARE NEWS	PAGE 44
CLASSIFIED ADS	PAGE 46

Happy New Year everyone, I hope Santa was nice to you. As a New Year gift to everyone, Leigh assures me there is a full year of activities already scheduled, so

there will be lots of chance to mix with your fellow club members, and bring your nice car out for a run.

One of these, that we will need your booking for soon, is the Labour Day weekend at Hotham, kindly hosted by Peter & Christine Sandow. Escape the heat and enjoy the scenery; architect-designed ski-chalet venue, fully equipped kitchen, and great company! Book now!

And for Easter, the annual Cit-In, this year to be held in Dubbo and including access to the Western Plains Zoo. Let me know if you are going; we might be able to arrange a convoy.

On a similar topic, Cit-In 2008, being run by CCOCA, is now just over 2 years away. I have now had two offers of assistance, from Leigh Miles and Davie Gries, so we now hope to start getting things organised shortly. Further offers of assistance would still be welcome.

Which leads me to the AGM in March [enclosed are the official documents to give the required period of notice]. Please consider standing for a committee position; all positions will be declared vacant, and our current Secretary Mark

McKibbin will not be re-standing. Also, you may have noticed that Leigh Miles is currently holding four or five significant committee positions; and while he is doing an ex-

cellent job with all of them, and he assures me he is happy to do it all, I don't think it is good in principle for the club to depend so heavily on one person. The club would benefit from a fresh perspective, our meetings are bright and friendly - and brief! - and we would love to have you along!

Enclosed with this edition will be your annual club account, and you will notice there has been a slight price rise to partially cover increased magazine costs. We are starting to include advertising to defray future expenses, but implementation was unfortunately delayed by taxation concerns.

The other big enclosure is the proposed changes to the Constitution. You will see that many of the changes are just tidying it up, correcting typos etc. In addition there is extra information about membership categories, to ensure our income from sponsorship and advertising remains non-taxable; the Committee requests your vote or proxy on this matter, to assist with running the club and keeping membership fees as low as possible.

Cheers,
Andrea

**PREZ SEZ**

Please note: events with dark headings are CCOCA-arranged events.
Those with headings in white are selected items of interest that have been taken from the AOMC programme of events.

A-TRACTIONS

● FEBRUARY DAY RUN – TRAMWAYS MUSEUM PLEASE NOTE DATE CHANGE!



WHEN: Sunday, February 19
LEAVE: 11:00am
FROM: Melbourne Zoo carpark
opp Royal Park Station.
Melway 29 E11
TO: The Tramway Museum,
Union Rd., Bylands, nr Kilmore.
VicRoads 60, H7

COST: \$8 museum entry
BRING: Lunch, rug,
chair, thermos, E-Tag
ROADS: Bitumen
BOOKING: Essential by
February 4
CONTACT: Leigh



Miles, [03] 9888 7506 [H]
activities@citroenclassic.org.au

You do not have to run to catch a tram at Bylands, in the rolling countryside. They are all sitting there, looking incongruous seen across the paddocks. Trams and a rural background are not a combination you encounter very often. So, come along and ride the trams at The Tramway Museum. The collection includes trams from Melbourne, Ballarat, Bendigo and Geelong and a display of heritage buses. Limited BBQ facilities will be available.



MELBOURNE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW

WHEN: Thursday, February 9
to Sunday 19
WHERE: Melbourne Exhibition
Centre, aka 'Jeff's Shed'.
Car park entrance off Normanby Rd

COST: Adults \$17, 5-15yo \$9,
under 5 free
BOOKING: Not required
CONTACT: Melbourne
International Motorshow,
www.motorshow.com.au

The whole world is coming to the 2006 Motor Show, with Rolls Royce, Bentley, Porsche, Maybach, Pagani and Ferrari just some of the marques showing their latest cars. Not forgetting for one moment that Citroën will be showing new C6, prior to its launch later in the year. For 2006 the Show runs three weeks earlier, to fit in with the Commonwealth Games, and opens at 5 pm on Thursday 9 February. In addition to the finest exotic cars, the Show has plenty of affordable offerings from Australia, Asia and Europe, along with a steadily increasing American presence. For sheer excitement, the star of the 2005 motor show is back again – Russ Swift and the Peugeot Precision Driving Team will show that a car really can drive on two wheels under complete control.

The ever-popular 4WD track will be back again, as will the Shannons Melbourne International Motor Show Auction of classic and collectable cars and memorabilia.

MONTHLY MEETING – GUEST SPEAKER: TYRES, YOU & THE ROAD

WHEN: Wednesday, February 22
TIME: 8.00pm
WHERE: Canterbury Sports
Ground Pavilion, cnr Chatham
& Guildford Rds., Canterbury
COST: Free
BOOKING: Not required
CONTACT: Leigh Miles,
[03] 9888 7506,
activities@citroenclassic.org.au

Recent tests show that 70% of all cars are using lower pressures than that recommended by the manufacturer. This results in higher fuel consumption and reduced



Below: Citroën will be showing the new C6 for the first time in Australia at the Melbourne International Motorshow. Be among the first to see this limousine!



safety.

Nitrogen filled tyres not only hold their pressure more effectively than conventionally inflated tyres, but offer improved ride and economy.

A-TRACTIONS

Come and learn more about tyres than you dreamed possible. Supper? Naturally.

● MARCH

AOMC AMERICAN MOTORING SHOW

WHEN: Sunday, March 5
TIME: Spectators from 10:00am
WHERE: Flemington Racecourse, entry from Epsom Rd.
COST: Adults \$12, under 16 free
BOOKING: Not required
CONTACT: AOMC, www.aomc.asn.au/USAshow06.htm
The AOMC is back at Flemington Racecourse this year and we have



been promised it is bigger and better than ever. So, gather a few mates and head to Flemington for Melbourne's biggest display or chrome and bad taste.

GET STUFFED!

WHEN: Friday, March 10
TIME: 7:00pm
WHERE: Leigh Miles, 16 Harrow St., Blackburn South
COST: Cheap eats
BOOKING: Not required
CONTACT: Leigh Miles, [03] 9888 7506 [H], editor@citroenclassic.org.au

HOTHAM HULABALLOO

WHEN: Saturday 11 to Monday, 13 March
LEAVE: 7:30am SHARP
FROM: Fountain Gate Shopping Centre, just off the Princes Highway, Fountain Gate
TO: Peninsula Ski Lodge, Mt Hotham
COST: \$27pp per night
BRING: Food for the weekend, refreshments, towels, sheets, pillow cases, etc
ROADS: Bitumen and well maintained gravel
BOOKING: Essential by February 24
CONTACT: Peter & Christine Sandow, [03] 9822 3226 [H], cpsandow@tpg.com.au
It has been, I think, a couple of years since we have ventured into the Victorian High Country for the



Labour Day long weekend. But, once again Peter & Christine Sandow have opened the lodge doors at Peninsula for the Club.

We will get away from the Fountain Gate Shopping Centre at 7:30am SHARP and stop for morning coffee in Bairnesdale, before embarking on the Alpine Way. Brilliant scenery and a great drive are promised for us. Once on Hotham your time is your own – Christine is bound to have arranged a walk for the fitter in the group. But you can just sit and chat if you prefer.

The Lodge is blessed with great cooking facilities so you will be able to 'cook up a storm'.

For any additional information, contact Peter or Christine and remember you MUST have confirmed your booking by February 24.

NATIONAL STEAMFEST

WHEN: Saturday 11 to Monday, 13 March
TIME: From 10:00am each day
WHERE: National Steam Centre, 1200 Ferntree Gully Rd., Scoresby, Melway 72, D9



COST: Adults \$10, children \$5, family \$20
BOOKING: Not required
BRING: Lunch, rug, chairs, sunscreen
CONTACT: Leigh Miles, [03] 9888 7506 [H], editor@citroenclassic.org.au

Steam rollers, steam traction engines, portable steam engines, stationary steam engines... working examples from the 1890s and beyond. Blacksmith's shop, with working steam hammer. This is one of the finest collections of steam and diesel machinery in the country and on the Labour Day longweekend if it runs, it'll be running this weekend.

The kids [big and small] amongst us will enjoy a ride on the 12" miniature railway too.

If you are not joining us for 'Hotham Hulabaloo' you should be making



certain you get out to the National Steamfest! Full details can be found at www.vicnet.net.au/~mstec

A-TRACTIONS

YERING STATION FARMERS' MARKET & ROUNDSTONE WINERY TASTING & LUNCH



WHEN: Sunday, March 19
LEAVE: 9:30am
FROM: Ringwood Lake, Maroondah Hwy [city-bound side], Ringwood. Melway 49 J8
TO: Yering Station, 275 C6
COST: Lunch at own expense



BRING: No particular requirements
ROADS: 99% bitumen
BOOKING: Essential with payment for lunch by March 10
CONTACT: Leigh Miles, [03] 9888 7506 [H] activities@citroenclassic.org.au

We will buy direct from the farmer at the monthly Farmers' Market at Yering Station, where producers offer the best local fresh produce and gourmet treats. We'll browse the stalls and enjoy the gourmet delights of Victoria's premier gourmet market – quite a contrast to the rustic charms of Talbot, that's for sure. Across the beautiful gardens lies the Yering Station Winery, where you can sample the excellent new season's vintages.

After we complete our purchases we depart for Roundstone Winery for an excellent [and mid-priced] lunch. The restaurant offers cosy fires, in an idyllic setting with views over the vineyard and lake. Roundstone for lunch is a particular favourite of mine.

We will start with winetasting so we can select the wines to accompany our lunch [the menu is designed to complement the wines].

Ralph Kyte-Powell, in his review of Victorian wineries writes: 'Roundstone is one of the picturesque smaller vineyards that make a tour through the gently rolling hills of the Yarra Valley so interesting. A big part of the approach here is to

make wines that are appropriate to good food, and to that end proprietors John and Lynne Derwin operate a smart restaurant with Lynne as chef. The wines employ the usual Yarra varieties with Pinot Noir and Chardonnay being specialities. John is the winemaker with advice coming from Rob Dolan, who knows the region so well.'

- Varieties produced: Chardonnay, Rosé, Pinot Noir, Shiraz, Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot.

- Licensed: Roundstone wines available to accompany lunch at cellar door prices \$15 - \$35/bottle.

- Food style: French Provincial from wood-fired oven

Our choice: \$30 for 2 courses, \$35 for 3 [includes wine-tasting, and your selections from the seasonal menu designed to complement the wines].

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

WHEN: Wednesday, March 22

TIME: 8.00pm

WHERE: Canterbury Sports Ground Pavilion, cnr Chatham & Guildford Rds., Canterbury

COST: Free

BOOKING: Not required

CONTACT: Leigh Miles,

[03] 9888 7506,

activities@citroenclassic.org.au

Please see the insert that has been sent with this issue of 'Front Drive' for all the details of the Annual General Meeting.

● APRIL CLEANSKINS WINE TASTING



WHEN: Wednesday, April 5

TIME: 6:30pm

WHERE: Australian Cleanskins Group, 85 Toorak Rd, between Murphy and Avoca Sts

COST: Well, that depends on what you buy

BOOKING: Essential by March 30

CONTACT: Leigh Miles

[03] 9888 7506 or

activities@citroenclassic.org.au

Cleanskins can be excellent value, but not always! CCOCA resident wine expert has pre-tasted from the huge range of wines available at Australian Cleanskins and chosen a selection of 'good value' wines for us to taste, and buy. With three reds, four whites and a 'sticky' or two Leigh has truly picked the eyes from the range. Members will all receive a 10% discount on the marked prices. Afterwards we are going for dinner at one of Toorak Road's many cheap & cheerful restaurants.

**DAY RUN: ACHERON
W A Y**

WHEN: Sunday, April 9
LEAVE: 10:30am

WHERE: Centred around
Western Plains Zoo
COST: Adults [13+] \$170,
Children [5 – 12]
\$110pp

BOOKING: Essential by 31 March
CONTACT: CCCNSW,
www.citroencardclub.org.au

MONTHLY MEETING

WHEN: Wednesday, April 26
TIME: 8.00pm
WHERE: Canterbury Sports
Ground Pavilion, cnr Chatham
& Guildford Rds., Canterbury

COST: Free
BOOKING: Not required
CONTACT: Leigh Miles,
[03] 9888 7506,
activities@citroenclassic.org.au

**AOMC BRITISH &
EUROPEAN CAR SHOW**

WHEN: Sunday, April 30
TIME: Spectators from 10:00am
WHERE: Flemington Racecourse,
entry from Epsom Rd.

COST: Display car, \$12 inc
occupants.
Spectators, Adults \$12
BOOKING: Preferred by April 23
if you intend to display
CONTACT: Leigh Miles,
[03] 9888 7506,
activities@citroenclassic.org.au

AOMC,
www.aomc.asn.au/B&Eshow06.htm

FROM: Ringwood Lake,
Maroondah Hwy
[city-bound side], Ringwood.
Melway 49 J8
TO: The Acheron Way, between
Marysville and Warburton
COST: Free
BRING: Picnic lunch, chairs,
sunscreen
ROADS: Bitumen and well
maintained gravel
BOOKING: Essential by Wednesday,
April 5
CONTACT: Leigh Miles,
[03] 9888 7506,
activities@citroenclassic.org.au

Personal view: The Acheron Way is one of the most delightful roads in Victoria. Oh, it does not the reputation of The Great Ocean Rd or The Grand Ridge Rd, but it is superb. Come along and experience it for yourself. NOTE: Considerable parts of this trip are on well-maintained gravel.

**CIT-IN '06 –
DUBBO**

WHEN: Friday,
April 14 to
Monday April 17



On Sunday, January 15 we had our first Event for 2006 – a simple day run to the Mornington Peninsula. Now, I do have to confess to a mix-up over this run. I totally forgot to include in the last magazine the meeting point for the start of the day.

Now, I realised I had committed this sin of omission after the magazine went to the printer. But, 'Ho hum', I thought, 'when people ring to book in I will be able to tell them the meeting point.'

Well, that was before I decided, on December 23, that I was flying to the UK on December 28 and not returning until January 14. Thank-

fully, through the delights of email, those of you who have an email address listed with the Club will have received a note confirming the meeting point as the Brandon Park

RECENT EVENTS

Shopping Centre. [BTW, if you did not receive this email, it could be that we do not have your email address. Please be sure to include your email address on your membership renewal.]

Sue Bryant offered to drive me on Sunday, which was really good. While I felt pretty alive and alert on Sunday morning, I was concerned that by the afternoon I would be feeling less than lively – totally correct, as it happened.



Rod Ward and
Jill Schofield
enjoying lunch
at Blairgowrie.

We rolled into Brandon Park and there were Andrea Fisher and Ian Sperling in their red 2CV, parked next to Robert and Kaye Belcourt

On the way south we were being joined by Michael Molesworth and his family, Alan and Sandy Baker and Graham Barton; all in Tractions. So the Traction total was six for the day!

First stop was the motor mu-

seum on Purves Rd, behind Arthurs Seat. The museum is small enough to be manageable yet large enough to provide diversity. Cars, models, memorabilia can all be found there. However, there was not a Citroën to be found – at least not a full size one. There were a number of models of Tractions and 2CVs and examples of DS, CX and SM.

The eagle-eyed in the group noticed the vintage Citroën radiator, as well. Lunch was a BYO-everything BBQ

RECENT EVENTS

with their 2CV Charleston. Tractions were represented by Mark McKibbin and Rod Ward and Jill Schofoeld. Ian McDermott and his Traction was there as well, but he had just dropped in to say 'hello'. Also on the drop in list was Rob Little in his white Volvo.

Peter, Caroline and Darrius Dekker formed the ID/DS contingent in their green Safari, with John and Tricia Fleming in their DS sedan, who joined us at the museum.



Sandy and Alan Baker were there on the day, as well.

at Peter and Christine Sandow's at Blairgowrie.

Well, perhaps not everything. Chairs, and BBQ facilities were supplied. Sitting under the trees, chatting with fellow-enthusiasts is a most delightful way to spend an afternoon and by the volume of the chatter everyone did seem to be enjoying themselves.

Well, I know I did.

Sue and I headed off about 4pm which seemed to put us in front of the worst of the traffic, for which the Nepean Highway is notorious on a summer Sunday evening.

Thanks to everyone who came along and helped make a great day and especial thanks to Christine and Peter for making us all feel delightfully welcome.

Leigh F Miles

PS: If Peter ever offers you a glass of red Italian bubbly... I'd recomend you decline. ☺



Mark McKibbin was carefully protecting his head form the sun in htis styl-ish straw hat.

SPARE PARTS FUND MEMBERS

For a one-off \$100 fee Spare Parts Fund members receive a 10% discount on spare parts.

Alain	Antonious	Christian	Ducasse	Max	Lewis	Alec	Protos
Graham	Barton	Jon	Faine	Rob	Little	Darien	Pullen
Grant	Bartrop	Greg	Fienberg	David	Livingstone	Keith	Radford
Andrew	Begelhole	John	Fleming	Brian	Love	Chris	Reid
Wyn	Boon	Eric	Forster	Dominic	Lowe	Phillip	Rogers
Peter	Bourne	Jason	Glenn	Peter	Lowrie	Barry	Rogers
Peter	Boyd	Bill	Graham	Iain	Mather	Warren	Seidel
Peter	Boyle	John	Greive	Ian	MacDermott	Robert	Shackley
Ron	Brookes	Ruth	Harrison	Andrew	McDougall	Peter	Simmenauer
Roger	Brundle	ND	Harwood	Mark	McKibbin	Lois	Smart
Greg	Bunting	John	Hawke	Leigh	Miles	Robin	Smith
Mel	Carey	Peter	Holland	Laurie	Moers	Lelvin	Stribley
Gerry	Carson	Alan	Hurst	Michael	Molesworth	Bruce	Stringer
Denton	Christie	Keith	James	Derek	Moore	Barry	Teesdale
Jeff	Cox	Jean-Pierre	Jardel	Dave	Morrell	Mark	Vickery
Doug	Crossman	Fred	Kidd	Ronald	Murray	Brian	Wade
Adelino	da Silva	Rob	Koffijberg	Mike	Neil	Rod	Ward
Serge	Doumergue	David	Law	Richard	Oates	Hughie	Wilson

Edna Annells 3 April, 1926 to 8 November 2005.

It is with great sadness we must report the passing of Edna

band Fred, and his ownership of his Citroën Traction 15 and she maintained her interest and lively sense of humour to the very end.

EDNA ANNELLS

on the November 8, 2005. For the last few years she had found it necessary to limit her participation in the long distance events, as she had to have heart pacemakers fitted on two separate occasions. She maintained her interest in all things Citroën through her hus-

band Fred, and his ownership of his Citroën Traction 15 and she maintained her interest and lively sense of humour to the very end. It would be fair to say that those attending the funeral had naturally expected it to be the normal, conventional funeral. They had assembled under and along the porch to await the hearse, however, to the surprise of everyone the hearse arrived as a Citroën Traction Commerciale, led by our local fu-

neral director, the rear door of the commercial was lifted to reveal a coffin in wicker-work draped in floral tributes.

The service was taken by the local Methodist minister, who touched upon the wide ranging travels of Fred and Edna and their mutual interest in all things Citroën.

Fred and his family would like to record their thanks for the many messages of sympathy they received locally and from abroad. They would also like to record

their gratitude for the considerable co-operation they received from the Citroën Traction owners for their part in the funeral.

Citroën Traction Commerciale – John Waghorn and son Mark

Citroën Traction IIB – Paul De-Felice & Peter Semper.

Citroën Traction 15 – Mike and Moira Holmes.

Mr JH Butcher

Family friend

C.C.C Membership no 20906



Member's Model this month is not quite a member's model. Unfortunately, despite promises of articles from members, none arrived

down about YOUR Citroën.

There came a time when I stopped placing ads in the more esoteric press and my lust turned to the For Sale columns in the classic car magazines. As a total devi-

ant, which is how I was described by a rather unsympathetic judge in his summing up, I was never part of the main stream: a Corniche, DS or pagoda top Mercedes was not for me. I needed to explore the darker side. Facels, Javelins, Guilia saloons and Panhards made my juices flow.

An ad for a white 1960 two-owner Renault Dauphine caught my eye. A couple of months later it was still

by the copy deadline for this edition. So, I have reserected an article written by a friend in the UK about his Renault Dauphine.

'That's not a Citroën!', I hear you cry. Well, no, but is French and I hope you will agree that Nicholas' report on buying and collecting his little bijou is a delightful read.

If you do not agree – then grab a pen and paper and put some words

MEMBER'S MODEL

Nicholas, horse riding in France. I know, there's something not quite right about it, isn't there.



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there and I called the mobile number. At the end of the conversation when I asked the advertiser where he lived we both realised that the distance between his smart part

What was I going to do for the weekend? I called Glasgow only to be told that someone had been to see the car for a third time and was haggling on the price. Just how one

can haggle on a £1,200 car is beyond my thought process

so I said there and then that I would pay the asking price and fly to Glasgow on Friday afternoon after work to collect it. The next day I discovered that there are lots of £39 return flights until you want one. Every seat was booked and I ended up paying £210 for a one-way flight.

By Thursday evening I was beginning to wonder if this was really a very good idea.

I had a meeting in Islington on Friday morning and my plan was to return home, pack an overnight bag and take the Underground out to Heathrow. The meeting overran and the traffic, as is ever the case when I'm running behind schedule, was horrendous. It was clear that if I was to go home I'd miss the flight so I drove direct to Heathrow, left the Fiat in the short stay car park with the keys and exit ticket under

the mat. My brother and I had spent our chaotic teenage years doing this whilst one collected the car for the other. I bought toothpaste and a brush, boarded the flight and sat back with a large gin and tonic followed by another. The taxi ride from the airport to the hotel on the far side of Glasgow where the car was garaged seemed to last as long as the flight from London and cost £40. Already this car was not quite the bargain it first appeared to be.

As soon as the man selling the car opened the garage door all sense of doubt disappeared and I knew the Dauphine was for me. The paint was dull but there was virtually no rust, the interior trim around the doors had turned to plasticised stalactites but she started on the third try and the sunroof glided back as if on Vaseline. The mileometer stood at 25,180 miles and I was to be the third owner since 1960. How exciting! A two minute drive convinced me that I was a complete fucking moron and what was I doing 450 miles from home on a wet Glaswegian November night in a car that to any right minded person was something approaching a death trap. But the die was set and I couldn't

go back. My father had driven from London to Milan in 1962 in a Model T Ford and changed the big end on the Mont Cencis pass, to boot. It would be just too wimpish to back out now so I handed over my £1,200 and the previous owner told me I could have a free bed in his hotel for the night. He also recommended what he assured me was an excellent restaurant.

I had a quick shower and headed out for the restaurant which was everything I'd been told it would be and more. The Dauphine was a mistake but this restaurant most definitely wasn't. If this was going to be my last night on this earth I may as well enjoy myself and so I ordered a half bottle of XXX to accompany the oysters followed by a half bottle of YXX, which was so delicious that I had a second and then a third. It took me an age to find the hotel but I eventually got there. I fell into bed having set the alarm for 6:00am and

Even in the 1950s crash testing was a part of motor vehicle development. Given they knew what they were making, it is a surprise cars like the Dauphine, Dyane or 2CV were allowed on the roads.

MEMBER'S MODEL

of Glasgow and my slummy area of South East London was really too great for a car that had only travelled 112 miles in the last 15 years to contemplate. So that was that.

By chance my friend Sue called to say that she was going to Edinburgh the following weekend. It was arranged that she would go and see the car and one Saturday morning in September an excited Sue phoned to say she was standing next to a white Dauphine and that I had to buy it because: 'it's just like the one I had in Singapore – it even has a sunroof. 'Sunroof?' I can't resist a car with a sunroof. [Nick clearly agrees with your Editor – a sunroof is essential, as it gives so much more legroom. Ed.]

Work was frantic and the weeks evaporated. Suddenly it was a wet Tuesday night in November and my partner was in Ireland for a week.

The 1956 brochure for the Dauphine, typically for the period, makes the interior appear extremely spacious.



knocking over what I recall as being a rather ugly lamp which smashed into a thousand pieces. The alarm woke me at the appointed hour but I felt cold and shivery and when I

pull yerself together'] ringing in my ears, I was en route. For reasons I still don't quite understand I didn't buy a map. I think it was probably because being a fifth generation Londoner I expected the road signs to point to London.

They didn't. Ninety miles later in torrential rain, but that was nothing in comparison to what lay ahead, I found myself back in Glasgow having driven to what is possibly, Ireland excepted, the most westerly point of the entire British Isles. The car hadn't missed a beat and my head was fine because you don't get hangers with really good wine. Neither was true but I half managed to con-

vince myself. In any event we were now heading south and there was a bit of blue sky ahead. I began to sing. Things were looking up.

The incident with the young man in the Porsche just north of Moffat on the A74 arose as a result of a number of most unfortunate circumstances and could probably have been avoided if A] the signs announcing the lane changes due to road works had been better placed B] the rain had not been of monsoon proportions C] he had been driving a little slower D] the Dauphine was less susceptible to side winds E] I had not been looking under the dashboard for the lever that controls the demister F] the windscreen wiper on the driver's side hadn't decided for a brief period, but a critical one nonetheless, to cease operating. Fortunately no damage was done but it was a scary moment and, when forward motion was resumed, he yelled out something that didn't translate terribly well into English.

The rain got worse. The wind was howling. It was bitterly cold. A sign announced that a service area lay 6 miles ahead. The engine began to misfire and speed dropped as we ascended what seemed like an interminable incline. We eventually got to the service area and, joy of joy, there was an AA patrolman. I opened the door, which was almost blown off its hinges. Someone, or so it seemed, threw two hundred gallons of freezing cold water over me as I tried to

get out of the car. I got back inside and wondered just what had possessed me to embark on this stupid adventure. It was clearly doomed and the most sensible thing to do would be to abandon the Dauphine, call for a rental car and drive back to London. No one need ever know. But I couldn't give up. At least try and get back to England, Nicholas. I decided to give it another try and when I turned the key the engine burst into life. We set off and as the Dauphine passed over the border into England, for what was possibly the first time ever, the sun came out and all was well with the world. I began to sing my favourite Helen Shapiro hits.

Carlisle, Penrith, Lancaster, Preston. We were eating up the miles. It was

MEMBER'S MODEL

pulled back the curtains it was pitch black outside. As I dozed I wondered what it was about me that had created this mess. It was still dark an hour later and at 8:30 it dawned on me that it was going to be one of those grey Glasgow days when it never really gets light. So with a banging head I decided that the time had come to head south. 10 minutes later with the words from 'Some Like It Hot' ['Damn it Daphne, you're a man

Design features I especially like on the Dauphine include the side lights on the C-pillar [this page] and the air vents for the rear-mounted engine [opposite].



MEMBER'S MODEL



desperately cold and at each service area I would stop, run into the toilets, take off my shoes and stick my feet under the hot air hand dryers in an attempt to get the circulation

MEMBER'S MODEL

going. The rain was back in full force but we were making great progress. Wigan, Warrington, Knutsford, Sandbach, Stafford. In the dusk Birmingham loomed, orange and misty. This was fantastic. What a great car! I'd lost most of the feeling in my feet due to the cold but the 6-volt lighting system was in full working order.

We were driving over Spaghetti Junction when I spotted the police Range Rover in my rear view mirror. It pulled in behind me and stayed there. Then it overtook me. Then the blue lights and siren came on followed by the STOP sign. Shit. I pulled over onto the hard shoulder. And then

followed a routine which was all too familiar as I got out of my car and into the back of the police car. [They do it differently over there. Ed.] 'Is this your vehicle Sir?' followed by all the usual questions. I hadn't got a road fund licence for the

Dauphine, but as you don't have to pay for one on any car built before 1972, this seemed like quite a minor offence to me. And the police officers agreed. They seemed rather startled when I told them I was en route from Glasgow to London and sympathetic when I added that I was the warmest I'd been for over 6 hours. I asked if they'd mind turning up the heating to full blast and letting me sit in the front for a few minutes and they kindly agreed. With a warm glow I bid them good-bye to continue the journey south.

It seemed likely that short of any major catastrophe I'd be home by



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7:00. Off the M6 on to the M1. It hadn't rained for a couple of hours. We were doing fifty miles an hour and I began to feel warmer and more optimistic the closer we got

at Sperrings Garage in Hoddesdon on March 3 1962 had been a Dauphine. I feigned interest whilst wondering whether there was time to get up to Leeds to meet the gerontophile in the call centre when he came off duty.

We'd be back on the road within 10 minutes. And then came the words: 'Where's the water pump?' My heart sank. This was a daft caper and it was always going to end in tears but I'd very nearly made it. The water pump had spent the best part of an hour a mile or so back on the M1 and by now was clearly as flat as a hedgehog. I could have cried. The AA man poked around in the gloom and lo and behold the water pump was still there. A new fan belt was slipped on and we set off for the final leg of the journey. The drive from Luton to London was completed in record time though it soon became apparent that two lanes of the Motorway were required at speeds over 60 as the Dauphine's stability was not that great on its ancient cross ply tyres.

Less than 12 hours after staggering out of bed I was home. I opened a bottle of wine and sent an email to Glasgow to say that all was well. Two minutes later the reply came back – 'delighted but surprised.' I wasn't. I never doubted the Dauphine for a minute.

Nicholas Beaumont



MEMBER'S MODEL

to my beloved London. And then it happened. Just south of Luton, the home of Vauxhall. There was a bang. I went cold. This was it. I'd bugged the engine. I should have checked the oil at some stage on this epic journey. But we were still bowling along and there was no loss of power. The green ignition light came on so it was obviously the fan belt. I pulled over on to the hard shoulder and stopped at one of the AA emergency telephones. The charming young man in the call centre two hundred miles away in Leeds had never heard of a Renault Dauphine but the technology is such that he was able to say: 'Wait a minute whilst I adjust my monitor.

Oh, it's very cute, and so are you. You better hop over the other side of the crash barrier to be on the safe side and I'll have a man with you in 40 minutes. If you were closer to Leeds I'd come out myself. I think the quality of the image was such that he was probably getting me confused with the telephone box. 'Cute' is not something I've been described as since before Nixon resigned.

The AA man arrived. The first car he'd ever worked on when he started



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The Dauphine was a vitally important model for Renault, which in the mid-1950s had a range rather like that of its archrival, Citroën: models at

new model at its own motor show, at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris in March 1956, just before it was displayed at the Geneva Salon.

The Dauphine was an immediate success; it had an attractive and modern

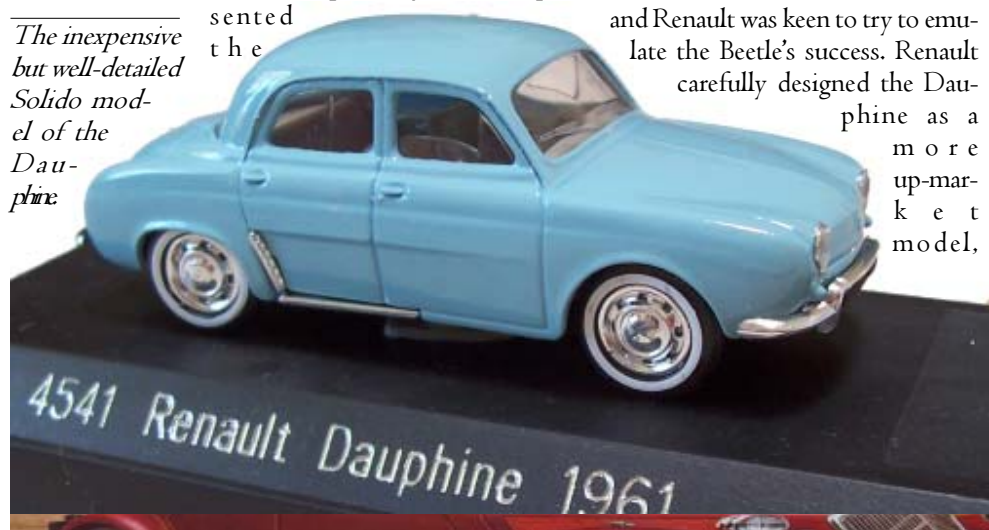
TOY A-TRACTIONS

the lower and upper ends of the market, but nothing to offer in between. The 750cc 4CV had made its appearance at the 1946 Paris Salon and its strong sales had saved the company. By the mid-fifties, it was still selling well [almost 140,000 in 1955], but it was a small car and distinctly utilitarian. At the other end of the scale, the large 2.1litre Frégate was frumpy-looking and had never sold as well as had been hoped. With the Dauphine, la Régie ['the firm', as Renault was often simply referred to] was hoping to move into new markets. To gain maximum publicity, Renault presented the

design, and its wraparound rear window contributed to good visibility and a spacious feel. Inside, the car looked stylish and practical. By the standards of the time, it could seat five in comfort, and cars like the 4CV and Volkswagen Beetle appeared cramped by comparison. It was the VW that Renault had studied particularly carefully when designing the Dauphine. By the mid-fifties, Volkswagen had become a major manufacturer and had already achieved large-scale exports, including to the United States. VW's sales drive in America proved that there was a market for small cars there, and Renault was keen to try to emulate the Beetle's success. Renault carefully designed the Dauphine as a

more up-market model,

The inexpensive but well-detailed Solido model of the Dauphine



whilst still keeping it competitive in price. Like the VW and its own 4CV, the Dauphine was rear-engined; its 845cc motor was robust, frugal and became popular with tuning companies [Gordini being the most well-known]. Several versions of the car were marketed over its 12-year life, including the more luxurious 'Ondine' and the Floride two-door coupé. The Dauphine had a distinguished sporting career, including in the Monte Carlo rally, the Mille Miglia, and even at Le Mans.

The Dauphine was the first Renault to be modelled by the French Dinky Toys company. This may seem surprising at first, given the popularity of Renaults in France, but just as Citroën marketed models in the 1920s and '30s under the Jouets Citroën brand, so toys based on

Renaults were made exclusively by the CIJ [Compagnie industrielle du jouet] company. However, when CIJ began to produce models based on other companies' products, Renault decided to allow rival toy manufacturers to make their own versions of its vehicles. Dinky's miniature Dauphine came out in Spring 1957 as model 24E [later, 524]. It was available in a range of colours, including pale green, grey, dark red, cream and brick red. A scarce version of this model was introduced in 1962 by the English Dinky company in the guise of a London 'Minicab' [English Dinky model 268]. This model had the French body casting mated to an English baseplate and wheels.

Minicabs were an attempt to break the monopoly of the famous London

The 1957 French Dinky catalogue featured this rather strangely proportioned Dauphine on its front cover.



taxis. Unlike the black Austin taxis of the time, Minicabs were painted bright red and were covered in adverts. The Dinky versions carry advertising for Kenwood kitchen

their whitewall tyres, lack of suspension, and tin baseplate, whilst some came with friction motors. Because the Dauphine had a fairly simple shape to model, Norev's versions don't seem to suffer as much distortion of the plastic material as some of the firm's other early products. Norev brought out a revised version of its Dauphine [model 50] in 1963, and this carried 'chrome' fittings and a modelled interior - remaining in the catalogue until 1969. Norev's current catalogue features many versions of the Dauphine, both in 1:43 scale as well as the tiny 1:86 scale. These are all finely detailed models, and one of the more novel versions in the larger scale is the Dauphine 'Assistance' Tour de France team car, with racing bikes carried at the rear [model 513097].

Solido never produced

TOY A-TRACTIONS

equipment, Meccano and Britax safety belts amongst other products. The advertising transfers are often damaged on models found today and examples of this model in good condition fetch high prices.

The range of plastic models made by the Norev toy company began to include Renaults from 1955, with the 4CV and a two-tone version of the large Frégate called the 'Grand Pavois'. They were soon joined by a model of the Dauphine, and this remained in the Norev catalogue for many years [Norev model 13]. Early versions can be distinguished by

The Norev Dauphine with original box. This model is in mint condition as it left the factory and retains a paper band around it, describing the plastic material it was made from. This was called 'Rhodialite', for 'Legeerte, Solidite, Fidelite'.



a model of the Dauphine in the 1950s or '60s, but in 1995 brought out an inexpensive but very detailed version in its range with the franglais title of 'Gamme Sixties' [model 4541].

Much rarer than the Dinky, Norev or Solido models are the Dauphines produced by the CIJ and JEP toy companies. CIJ's version [probably around 1:45 scale, model number 3/56] was available as a Paris taxi in red and black and also in Police colours, whilst the JEP Dauphine has a plastic body and diecast metal base. According to 'Classic Miniature Vehicles Made in France' by Dr. Edward Force, the JEP company only produced five different models - all are beautifully detailed and are very scarce today.

A Renault often displayed alongside the Dauphine at Motor Shows of the time was the small but sleek 'Étoile Filante' turbine-engined record breaker. In order to boost the company's image in America, this car was taken to the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah, where in September 1956 it broke various speed records. Many French toy companies [although surprisingly, not Dinky] produced miniature versions of this car, which was painted in patriotic French blue. With its whitewall tyres, helmeted driver and French flags, the Quiralu model [number 20] looks particularly smart, as does the rival CIJ version [model 3/2].

What happened to the Dauphine? For a brief time it achieved great success in the United States, even outselling the VW Beetle in late 1959. Then the 'compact' cars from the American companies hit back, and, coupled with a certain reputation for fragility and poor safety, sales collapsed. [It would take years before Renault ventured back to the American market.] In Europe and French Africa it remained a very popular car and for many years was the mainstay of Renault's range. In the mid-1960s, the Dauphine was replaced by the larger and squarer

ber 1956 it broke various speed records. Many French toy companies [although surprisingly, not Dinky] produced miniature versions of this car, which was painted in patriotic French blue. With its whitewall tyres, helmeted driver and French flags, the Quiralu model [number 20] looks particularly smart, as does the rival CIJ version [model 3/2].



Mark Ebery

R8 with

re-tained the rear-engine layout and went on to achieve its own considerable sales success.

The CIJ Renault Étoile Filante

Described by Jeremy Clarkson as 'very Welsh', 'damn funny' and 'far and away the most talented of the hack pack', award-winning journalist and Telegraph Motoring contributor Phil

by the reply. He is a regular listener to the BBC World Service, we are told. Another smile: 'English famous for playing cricket,' he says. Llewellyn, astonished and delighted, turns to one of his companions and says: 'Cricket! A flickering candle of hope in the alien darkness.'

China rates 197th on the motor industry's list of favourite destinations for journalistic freebies. It is in the same class as Chad, Albania and Spitzbergen. Scribblers who toe the line are brimmed with champagne while executive jets whisk them to nine-star hotels in locations favoured by the world's wealthiest sybarites. At the other end of the scale, I was squeezed into a CAAC airliner's cattle-class seat for the interminable flight to China, handed the keys to nothing more exciting than a 55bhp hatchback and invited to visit People's Cotton Mill Number Three or the Han Yang Maternity and Family Planning Centre.

This opportunity to take a look behind the Bamboo Curtain came about when Citroën invited me to spend a few days with the Operation Dragon caper that gave young people from nine European countries an unprecedented chance to spend a month seeing all manner of sights while driving AXs from Hong Kong to Peking. Operation Dragon was given the go-ahead because 'Dragon Years' in the Chinese calendar have always been associated with significant events. The powers that be agreed to mark this one by grant-

ing Citroën's I08-vehicle travelling circus more freedom of movement than any western half-devil monster faces have enjoyed since October 1, 1949, when Mao proclaimed the People's Republic of China.

This was also a massive public relations exercise. There is talk of China needing two million vehicles by the end of the century [That is the end of the 20th century. Ed.], so the doors are wide open. Operation Dragon's real raison d'être was to make sure that Citroën's name rang the right sort of bells in Peking. Three thousand Brits applied for places. Twenty were accepted. They included one actress, two policemen and the computer programmer without whom no latter-day Canterbury Tales would be complete. My convivial comrade, a young motoring writer from Yorkshire, was looking forward to being screen-tested for BBC TV's Top Gear programme when he got home. His name was Jeremy Clarkson.

We studied Citroën's guide to China while heading for Paris to join a posse of Euroscribblers. This document had useful advice on just about every appropriate subject – apart from driving in China. Take earplugs, it suggested, because Chinese hotels tend to be very noisy. Toilets? Out in the sticks, what few facilities exist come nowhere near western notions of acceptability. Ladies interested in privacy should pack a folding screen. Avoid seeming too familiar with young Chinese women, it cautioned. There was also a note about the Chinese being in the Olym-

pic gold medal class for spitting.

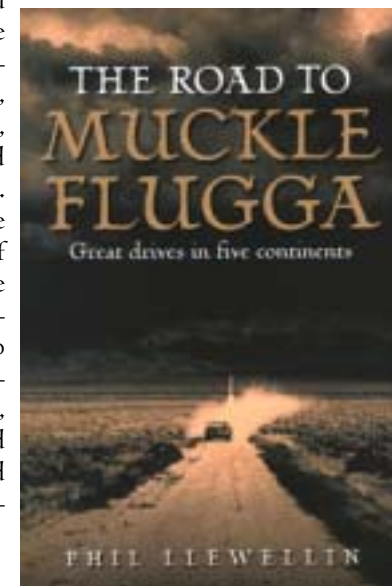
A few other snippets of information had been gathered before leaving home. For instance, China sprawls over almost four million square miles and is home to 1.1 billion people. Road transport? The vast majority of China's 300,000 cars are either taxis or official transport for VIPs. The fact that 477,305 cars were sold in Britain during last August puts that figure into some sort of perspective. Most people rely on pedal power, so national assets include some 350 million bicycles.

Chinese motoring magazines are difficult to read, or would be if there were any, so I consulted an automotive encyclopaedia before packing my chopsticks. It revealed China to be the home of such revered marques as Dong-Feng [A joint operation with Citroën, producing booted versions of the ZX. Ed.], Hong-Qi, He-Ping, Changjiang, Feng-Huan and Jingganshan. None of these names rolls off the tongue quite like Ferrari or Jaguar, but they do sound much better than the Zil, Zim, Zis, Zat and Zother inflicted on Russian motorists.

MUCKLE FLUGGA

Llewellyn has driven more than two million miles in everything from giant American trucks to classic cars. The Road to Muckle Flugga was his first book, describing 42 great drives in five continents. Here, in an exclusive extract, is the story of a 1988 trip to the very far east...

As Welsh Frankton's prodigiously perspiring answer to Marco Polo, I am in Peking, where an immense depiction of Chairman Mao Tse-tung gazes inscrutably down from the medieval Gate of Heavenly Peace. Flanked by slogans – 'Long live the People's Republic of China' and 'Long live the unity of the peoples of the world' – the portrait stares across a square literally bigger than many a British farm. This flagstoned vastness, a popular place for flying kites big enough to frighten Boeings, is also overlooked by the Great Hall of the People, the Monument to the People's Heroes and the People's Cultural Park. The People's Republic of China is indeed a very people country. It accounts for one in four of the world's population. A young man with a shy, polite smile approaches the trio of Europeans. We are known, colloquially, as 'monster faces' and 'western half-devils'. He says: 'Excuse me. Do you speak English?' and is delighted



Sunday night was spent at the Holiday Inn near Charles de Gaulle airport. The food and service were awful, so we investigated the contents of several bottles of wine. Clarkson had a theory

trikes equipped with platforms big enough to take goods plus two or three people, account for most of the rush hour traffic.

First impressions of Peking? It makes B l a e n a u Ffestiniog on an incredibly vile

MUCKLE FLUGGA

that getting well and truly beveraged would help deaden the pain of our non-stop flight to Peking. I agreed, seconds before falling off a bar-stool for the third time that night.

Monday: CAAC stands for Civil Aviation Administration of China. 'China Airlines Always Cancel' and 'Chinese Airlines Always Crash' are alternatives. Wish I had not read a 'Daily Telegraph' report that highlighted CAAC's reputation for poor service, an apparently indifferent attitude towards safety and scant regard for timetables.

Tuesday: Flight CA934 lands on time at 7am. Having to wait for customs and immigration officials to report for duty suggests that such punctuality is indeed unusual. Outside, it looks grey enough to be England on a really cold, miserable November day, but temperature and humidity make me feel as if I am wearing a heavy blanket in a sauna. The air is like hot cement dust. Our minibus has speed-related air conditioning. This depends on how wide the windows can be opened, and on the position of the driver's right foot.

China's answer to the M4 between Heathrow and central London is little more than a bosky lane. Bicycles burdened with immense panniers, and

day look like a cross between the Garden of Eden and Shangri-la. Modern buildings completely devoid of anything other than ugliness line mile after mile of broad, straight, characterless streets. Mission Control is the Jianguo, one of several posh hotels built since China started welcoming visitors who had previously been regarded as imperialist running dogs. It is as typically Chinese as the Savoy, Claridges or Connaught, which may not be a bad thing. The contents of my room's mini-bar include Beefeater gin, Bell's whisky and small bottles of claret.

We need sleep, but lunch is served at 11am. Dishes include what look and taste like fossilised golfballs. The last course is soup. Thought for the day? If the Chinese were so clever, why didn't they invent the knife, fork and spoon? Then it is off to the Forbidden City, which was actually the imperial palace from the 15th century until 1912, when the last Manchu emperor was given the old heave-ho. This complex of huge but elegant pagoda-roofed buildings painted in greens, golds, reds and blues is described in one authoritative guidebook as the country's most imposing architectural masterpiece and, indeed, "without a doubt the

most magnificent historical structure in existence today". But even the most magnificent of masterpieces is difficult to appreciate when fatigue and brutal, suffocating heat are exacerbated by several million people. Many of them stand by Clarkson while cameras click. Being snapped with a giant western half-devil monster face earns extra points. Just about every visitor totes a still or video camera, but the Forbidden City is just that from the Belgian television crew's viewpoint. What is the problem? They have been told that their cameras are too big.

Wednesday: The Citroëns we have travelled so far to drive are 800miles from Peking, heading north for Zhengzhou, where we are due to join the convoy tomorrow. Today, a minibus whose driver is in no danger of exceeding the nationwide 40mph speed limit takes us to the Great Wall. We spend forever droning through drab suburbs that swelter beneath a yellow-grey sky. It is that baleful colour because pollution is mixed with dust carried eastward at high altitude from the deserts of central Asia. Motorised vehicles are heavily outnumbered by bikes, trikes and cars powered by up to three horses. Eyes peeled for such things fail to spot any sources of petrol or diesel.

Half of China's population has chosen this day to visit the Great Wall, which is 3,750miles long and said to be the only man-made structure visible from the moon. That is nonsense, but it is a fact that work on this otherwise mind-boggling bulwark started several centuries before the birth of

Christ. The section nearest Peking dates from 1368-1644 when the Ming dynasty ruled the roost. Wide enough for five horsemen to ride side by side, it snakes and switchbacks over steep, wooded hills. This must be a magical place to visit when the world is cool, clear and quiet, not hot, hazy and seething with humanity.

The other half of China's population is at the Ming Tombs, which we visit after chopsticking a lunch whose best dish may well be spiced worms. The tomb chosen for our delectation would make an adequate underground car park or a magnificent wine cellar. The nearby Sacred Way, lined with all manner of 15th-century statues, is far more impressive. The guide asks if my country's culture includes mythological animals. She is amazed to be presented



with a badge depicting the red dragon of Wales. 'Is this dragon more important than your king?' she asks.

By midnight all the Chinese who had been at the Great Wall are sleeping on

400 miles from the sea – and prepare to become part of Operation Dragon at long last. Just before the train reaches Zhengzhou our carriage's cleaning lady throws all the rubbish out of the window.

'The main topic of conversation

is bowels, because we've all had the trots at least once since leaving Hong Kong,' we are told by a cheerful and rather pukka English girl who appears to be smuggling a pair of melons. She is an excellent source of information. 'Chinese ladies do not have much in the way of boobs, so everyone's fascinated by the bigger variety. The Chinese students travelling with us are delightfully naïve. One of them looked very puzzled when contraception was mentioned. He said they were taught to whistle until the urge went.'

There have been one or two unfortunate accidents on the road from Hong Kong, so People's Traffic Commissioner Chow tells the new intake of monster faces how to drive before licences are issued. He talks like an AK-47 automatic rifle. 'Be careful! Be careful of cars! Be careful of trucks! Be careful of buses! Be careful of bicycles! Be careful of animals! Be careful of people! Be careful of anything that can move! If you hit a person, and they are alive, discuss accident with them! If dead, discuss with other person! Stop when light red! Go when light green!' Capitalist lackey Llewellyn is tempted to ask Commissioner Chow a question – 'Shouldn't it be red for go in a Communist country?' – but re-

calls some advice in the guidebook: 'Remember that if the Chinese have a sense of humour, it is certainly not the same as ours.'

The afternoon is spent visiting People's Cotton Mill Number Three, where 9,000 people are employed. Salary plus bonus averages £50 a month and they get seven days holiday a year.

Friday: Literally tens of thousands of people line Zhengzhou's streets as the half-devils hit the road for Luoyang. Out of town, going fast enough to snatch top gear for a few seconds is greeted with ironic cheers, because the heavily policed convoy's pace is glacial. Average speed to Luoyang is 22.4mph.

Immense crowds watch us driving to the Friendship Hotel. It's out in the sticks, where locals accustomed to seeing one Dong-Feng a month are astonished by the size of Citroën's cavalcade. In addition, we are almost certainly the first westerners these people have ever glimpsed. Here, as in Zhengzhou and other towns, the cars ahead of us are greeted with nothing more than polite smiles or blank looks. Clarkson and Llewellyn are greeted with great gales of laughter, because we wave through the sunroof. People point, wave, shout and almost fall off high buildings. We couldn't have attracted more attention had the AX been pulled by a dozen naked Playboy bunnies. Clarkson turns to me and says: 'This makes you realise what it must be like to be famous.'

The night's entertainment, a press conference, is worth attending just to hear

the interpreter trying to say 'molybdenum'.

Saturday: Twelve hours are needed to drive 240 miles up the Yellow River's valley to Xian. The roads are good, apart from a few very short sections where the surface has vanished, and what other traffic there is has to stop while Operation Dragon passes. Why so slow? Because the schedule includes no fewer than four food-and-leak stops. Because we encounter brief but ferocious downpours. Because no Chinese policeman is going to break the speed limit, even when escorting monster faces.

Xian is the end of the driving road for Clarkson and Llewellyn. Tomorrow we visit the world-famous army of terracotta soldiers before starting the homeward haul. The otherwise excellent Hotel International can't provide the celebratory champagne we have been promised by Citroën's public relations lady, Dominique Morgan, but does stock Guinness Foreign Extra Stout. The extent to which the world has shrunk is underlined when I sip it while flicking through the 'China Daily' newspaper, reach the sports page and am informed that Surrey's cricketers beat Glamorgan by 10 wickets at The Oval.

The Road to Muckle Flugga, by Phil Llewellyn [with foreword by Jeremy Clarkson] is published by Haynes [ISBN 1 84425 036 9] and is now available on the internet from Pitstop Books for \$49.99, plus p&p.

MUCKLE FLUGGA

the ground outside Peking's main railway station. All those who had been at the Ming Tombs are snoring on the floor inside. We board a 'soft' sleeper – these trains are reserved for monster faces and Chinese bigwigs – which departs within five seconds of the advertised time. Clarkson is awarded an extra can of Changlee beer for discovering how to switch off the six-berth compartment's source of ying-tong music punctuated by incomprehensible announcements.

Thursday: The sado-masochistic Brits torture each other with visions of home – bacon and scrambled egg, sausage and grilled tomato, toast and marmalade – while breakfasting on noodle soup, spring onions and boiled string vest. People's Train 121 heads south across a surprisingly green plain. We pass fields planted with rice, works where bricks are still made by hand, and herds of goats tended by eternally patient old men whose faces, shaded by traditional straw hats, are the colour and texture of medieval parchment. Our train shares the line with earthquaking steam locomotives, notably QJ-class 2-10-2 giants based on a Russian design from the Fifties. We cross the Yellow River – more than a mile wide at this point, despite being

Louis Renault and the shame of a nation. As the 129th anniversary of the birth of Louis Renault looms, on February 15, Ian Morton of 'The Independent'

prison at Fresnes.

Officially, cause of death was given as urine in the blood, but according to eyewitness and family accounts, the previously wiry little 67-year-old

had been tortured and beaten. A nun

at Fresnes testified that she saw Renault collapse after being hit over the head by a jailer wielding a helmet. An X-ray organised by his family indicated a broken neck vertebra.

Louis Renault had been accused of wartime collaboration. Some 40,000 French died at the hands of vengeful compatriots in the confused aftermath of the Second

World War, and Renault was a high-profile scapegoat needed by the post-war administration to demonstrate its political direction and resolve.

But there are those who to this day regard him not as a collaborateur but as a hero, and his end as an enduring national scandal. But for his efforts, Renault factories and employees would have been shipped to Germany. When France was attacked in 1939, Renault was sent by his government to America to ask for tanks. He returned to find a Franco-German armistice in place.

From that point, like some other industrialists, Renault felt that his duty was to preserve France's manufacturing base. Military and Daimler-Benz officials arrived at the gates of his Billancourt factory to assess

it for removal into Germany, together with its workforce. Renault fended them off by agreeing to make vehicles for the Wehrmacht. He was heard to remark: 'Give them the butter or they'll take the cows'.

From this situation the charges of collaboration and profiteering were to arise, though if Renault was guilty of anything it was Gallic pragmatism. While his firm undeniably contributed to the Nazi war effort, later studies showed that he also hived off strategic materials and sabotaged trucks. Dipsticks were marked low, for example, and engines dried and seized in action, an outcome much in evidence on the Russian Front.

But with liberation, Renault became the personal target of a reprisal campaign. Left-wing newspapers wildly

Opposite: left to right: Marcel Renault in the passenger's seat of an 1897 de Dion, Louis at the wheel of his 1898 3/4hp Renault and Paul Hugé driving the first production example of the Model I. Below: Marcel Renault driving in the 1903 Paris-Madrid Race, in which he was killed.

A NATION'S SHAME

ent' ponders whether the French will own up to a monstrous injustice against their greatest automotive pioneer?

Little more than 60 years ago, on October 24, 1944, Louis Renault, giant of early motoring and arguably the greatest single name in French auto history, died in a hospital in the Rue Oudinot, Paris, having been transferred there from



accused him of making six billion francs from the war, and of responsibility by association for many military and civilian deaths. The authorities were accused of failing to

enemy'. Though the Renault name was retained, compensation was not paid to the family. Even today all mention of Louis Renault is avoided by Régie Renault officials.

A NATION'S SHAME

act. Convinced he had performed honourably and confident of justice, Renault refused to disappear discreetly, as did some others whose wartime conduct had been questioned.

To appease the baying press, he was arrested. Though he was never charged, or tried, and died before he had the chance to put his case, his company was seized by the state after his death on the grounds that it represented 'guilty enrichment obtained by those who worked for the

The company's post-war recovery is officially attributed to the efforts of Pierre Lefauchaux, who took over the running of the nationalised factories. When the centenary of the original Renault Frères company was celebrated by Régie Renault in 1999, his grandchildren Louis and Marie were ignored. Will France ever rehabilitate her outcast son? Will Régie Renault ever proclaim its founder?

[Today, on the Renault web-site the main comment on the death of Louis Renault and the nationalisa-

tion of his business is:

'At the summit of his glory, Louis Renault was completing his lifetime's work but he was no longer in tune with the times. And in 1940, he did not understand the shape history was taking. When he died in 1944, his company was nationalised for being "an instrument of the enemy".'

Those in France who argue against what they may see as an injustice meted out to Louis Renault believe it unlikely. Legally it could be argued that Régie Renault, that jewel in the country's industrial crown, constitutes the proceeds of murder and theft. The administration could not allow this argument to surface, for any admission that Louis Renault and his company had received rough justice would raise the ques-

tion of compensation – huge compensation.

Even those who know enough to raise a glass to the great man on his birthday – February 15 – do so circumspectly, for it is murmured that to speak publicly in France of such matters even 60 years later is to risk some sort of indirect reprisal, perhaps a tax investigation.

The same pragmatism that guided Louis Renault through those dark war years and saved his company from displacement and absorption by Daimler-Benz must still direct both his supporters and the government.

This article by Ian Morton first appeared in *The Independent* on 14 May, 2005.

When Citroën grabbed the headlines in 1922 with its special half-track models crossing the Sahara, Renault's response was to develop a version of the IOCV with the aim of making it the first wheeled vehicle to traverse the desert. In 1927 the six-wheelers were in limited production.



Well Christmas has come and gone for another year but we do have some presents still unopened, the accompanying photograph is that

SPARE NEWS

of the tail lamp bases I spoke of in the last magazine.

They were delivered to me on the 30th of December, in the initial batch we received seven sets, four of these were presold so if you want a pair for your car order quickly. They are priced at \$110.00 a pair, I would consider we will run at least one other batch of these as I expect to sell the original stock quite quickly.

I would like to thank once again the contribution made by Rochester member Brian Love who did all of the leg work in bringing this project to fruition.

Sometimes people ask why you put so much time into a task such as spare parts officer, believe me when you can suddenly supply a part that has been unprocurable for many years and know how important it is to have the correct part fitted to cars, it is then all worthwhile. One day we may see all big boot tractions refitted with original tail lamps instead of the mixture that exists today. [Says he who has fitted Volkswagen lights to his own]

The other nice thing is that other members have been involved in

quite a few of these new products and that is great as this sharing of resources is really gratifying.

This year has been very good for business and many members have utilised our spare parts stocks, I am

certain there must be a growing number of tractions hitting the roads in not only better condition than in the past but also looking more original than ever before thanks to our alliance with overseas people such as a Traction Avant Netherlands, most ably represented by our contact, Rob Koffijberg. If there is an elusive part you are looking for, please do not hesitate in contacting me as one never knows what can be found and don't forget the value of advertising for a part in the magazine, as I am not privy to what each member is holding in his shed, there is still many parts in member's sheds, some of whom are only too willing to divest some in exchange for a few dollars.

I have still not seen any Kevlar brake pads for the 'D' series as seasonal and family pressures have limited the amount of time I have to devote to such things, nor have any more news on the long awaited hub caps but I am eternally optimistic and patient and I ask members who have these ordered to be likewise, as after speaking to the people making these products in Birmingham, I am certain their clocks tick a lot

slower than ours.

Another new part has just turned up after Christmas, these are floor repair panels for tractions, they measure 700mm x 1200mm and have the strengthening ribs pressed into them. Chris Reid a member from Canberra had these made up so I added a few to the order to keep the unit price down as I thought most tractions needing restoration normally require a front floor thanks to thoughtfully positioned scuttle vent. We currently have 5 panels in stock and these are priced at \$89.00 each.

Now one for our members with CX

& GS models, an email arrived from an English CX and GS specialist called 'Chevronic Centre Ltd', their website is www.chevronics.co.uk may be worth a look as they are advertising new seat foam for both models plus other goodies. [I have been using Chevronics for some time – both for the supply of parts and when I was living in the UK they were servicing my GSA. Rob Moss, who owns the business is very pleasant and remarkably helpful. I can only endorse him as a potential source for parts and expertise. Leigh Miles. Ed]

Rob Little.



The missing image from the last edition: Here are the lamp bases Rob referred to in the last 'Spare News'.



FOR SALE

1986 CITROËN MEHARI

Rare opportunity: Hoggar Beige ABS body in very good condition, 602cc standard engine and gear box. Technically everything is the same as a standard 2CV or Dyane so no problems with parts or servicing. Full Queensland registration [SIX02] right hand drive. Includes full standard roof/door screens plus additional 'pickup' style roof and rear cover. Fitted with Michelin 135 x15 'XMS 100' mud and snow tyres. 2 spare XMS100 tyres + 1 standard 135x15. Very sound reliable runner, in daily use. For sale by original owner. Call Anne on 04 3869 8840. Offers around \$9,500. [29/08]



WORKSHOP MANUALS

Two early Citroën repair manuals each in two parts: repair description and diagrams. The manuals are reported to be in good condition with only colour fade of the hard covers:

- 1 x 1938 12 & 15 CV [Traction] – red cover
 - 1 x early 50's 2CV – green cover
- \$120 the pair plus postage from Qld. Phone David 07 5465 8657 [29/08]

1960 ID 19

1960 ID 19 in good restored condition, Reg: PZJ 319. \$7,500 ono. Phone Andrew [03] 9486 4221; mob 04 2722 0249 [29/08]



1955 2CV #85510007

More than a car, this is a complete life! Ex-CCOCA member has decided to 'divest' himself of his 2CV and his collection of parts, publications and the like. Babette is a 1955 2CV, #8551007.

Registered as JS IIII Tasmania [JS=John Stafford]. It is all there, I bought it as a project, body/chassis has the usual steel cancer. The owner has not had the engine running, however.

Other parts

- 2 x chassis, 1 on wheels, 1 incl. axles/hubs
- 1 x spare driver's door & front wing
- at least 2 gearboxes. [see photos]
- 2 x early engines [not complete]
- also odd pistons/pots/miscellaneous engine/body parts
- Crankcase of the earliest 2CV through Commonwealth Mtrs. # 8530005
- Original registration: GCS 900 photocopied micro documents in associated box
- 4 x boxes of workshop manuals, spares books, sales brochures, books, memorabilia, notes/facts, interesting articles, 2CVGB Help binder-book & magazines, Planet 2CV magazines in English, a few in French, photo/postcard album. Front Drive magazines
- 1 x English 2CV original bonnet badge. All these items are in Mildura, Vic. Contact John Hancock, PO Box 962 Cooroy, Qld., 4563, phone [07] 5442 6523 or email him at hanky10@bigpond.com [29/06]

1987 CX 25

Rare 5-speed manual, recently fitted fully re-conditioned engine, tyres with less than 2,000km. New front and rear discs, pads lower ball joints, inner and outer steering track rods. Upper ball joints could do with replacement and these parts are supplied with the car. Mechanically excellent, as is the body, although there is some slight corrosion in the sills. Asking \$1,500, but the car

is in Bangkok. Seller estimates landed price in Australia is \$5,000. Contact Peter Symons by email: SymonsP@halcrow.com [29/06]

1983 2CV

This red 2CV is in excellent condition and won its class at the 2005 CCOCA/CCCV Concours. Reg: NVS 192. Asking \$12,500. Contact: Rob Little, [03] 5823 1397 [H] or spareparts@citroenclassic.org.au. [29/07]

1985 CX 25 IE PALLAS

White, beige leather upholstery, no cracks in the dash. Auto. CCN 586 [No RWC]. One Owner 124,000km. Registered to February 2006. Deceased estate \$1,250 ONO. Phone David Walker [03] 9725 7255 [B] or 04 1854 5000 [M]. [29/06]

WANTED

LIGHT 15 WHEEL TRIMS

Light 15 wheel rim, and hubcaps [one piece, domed]. Please email rob@jeircreekwines.com.au, or phone 02 6227 5999. [29/08]

BX HAYNES MANUAL

I have just acquired a brace of BXs. One has a done gearbox and the other has a screwed engine! I would love to get a hold of a Haynes owners work shop manual for these cars. Contact Tim Donaldson by email: donaldson@fuzion.com.au [29/06]