



August 18th 2003

THERE is still much talk about the Redex Rerun. There is no doubt that everyone had a great time. I got an email from Alastair Inglis, the UK entry, saying that he was most impressed with Australia and Aussies and that he would be back.

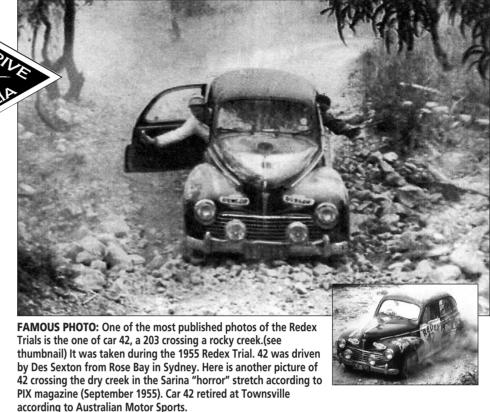
The enthusiasm generated by the Rerun is obviously carrying over into looking forward to the 2003 Worm Weekend at Young, NSW. Last month I asked you to email me if you were coming so that I could gauge accommodation requirements and so far 24 people (cars) have rung/emailed me saying that they are coming. I have NEVER had such an early response before. So fill in the entry form with this month's Worm Review guickly and send it off. Only 50 motel rooms have been reserved.

I got a call from the south coast of NSW from the recent purchaser of a 203 station wagon. In talking to him I realised that he had bought John McCarthy's lakeside property when John moved into a smaller property in town. John has been a regular at 03/Worm Weekends for many years and had a big shed full of Peugeots. The Peugeot infection must have lingered on the property after John left and now the new owner has caught the bug.

A Silent Back Axle

IN 2000 two 203 Station Wagon Commerciales drove from Cape Town to Paris rerunning the trip that Charles Cortanze had done in 1950. I followed the rerun on their web site and have always wondered where they found a replacement worm wheel in Abyssinia for one that had well and truly destroyed itself. Leigh Wootten who was one of the overseas entrants in the Redex Rerun drove one of the wagons on the African adventure and Didier Pijolet the other. I met Leigh when he passed through Melbourne and asked him about finding the bronze wheel. He emailed me the story.

We left Addis Ababa one December morning in 2000 and noticed some oil leaking from Didier Pijolet's car while



going up the mountain which dominates the city. Once on the plateau his car started to slow and we pushed it into a bit of bush bedside the track. Engine working fine but no propulsion, and no untoward noises. It was getting a bit dark so in the general state of bad reasoning that follows after a sudden breakdown in the middle of nowhere the word clutch was muttered.

The engine was out in an hour with the aid a large tree branch, some rope and various hefty natives who materialized out of nowhere, one of them determined to defend the operation with a big gun. My spare clutch went back in. All was finished in the wee small hours and we climbed up to our car top tents for a kip. Sunrise, Didier's car was fired up and not a lot happened, deduction from all of us led to the discovery of an inexhaustible supply of bronze glitter paint through the diff inspection hole. So the station wagon was towed back to Addis Ababa.

Spare parts in Addis don't come on a lorry from Neo Retro, all is found at the bazaar. In the middle of the city is a vast area with seemingly a million of small boutiques all separated by mud or tin walls, each about 12ft square with standing room only for the proprietor. You enter this labyrinth and hire a guide, who after receiving his fee and a description of what you want, takes you straight to it; in half an hour, through the small passages. In the middle of the bazaar a boutique had shelves of diff bits and back axle trumpets. There were 3 bronze wheels, and one was the right type for Didier's Commerciale. It cost about £250. It was fitted at Peugeot Addis Ababa.

Didier set off 2 days later to catch us up as we had decided to carry on. Luckily Didier's mum posted yet another wheel from Lyon which they picked up just before leaving Addis.

In the tortuous mountains where one dives to the Nile gorge from 2000 metres and then climbs out again the Addis replacement diff failed also. It was another all night job to change it. Roger and I were in the Khartoum Hilton, courtesy of its benevolent Sudanese owner, when Didier and Jean Pierre



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arrived, darker in hue than most of the local populace, after the night under the car.

All went ok until Cairo when Didier stopped in the middle of a manic 6 lane flyover. This time just the prop shaft had popped out. Final analysis would put the blame on a missing spring at the back of the prop tube but driving long distances with a broken engine mount could also have something to do with it.

The 203 Commerciales of Leigh Wootten and Didier Pijolet, 203km from Johannesburg in 2000



Gran Prix of Argentina

THE 1966 Gran Prix of Argentina was run over 4214 km of highways, rough roads and tracks. Peugeot 404s were first and second in their class and second and third overall. Only 69 cars finished out of 414 starters. The 404, in spite of an extremely hard race, behaved with it's usual strength and elegance, and with matchless drivers were only dominated by a vehicle with double the 404's piston displacement.

I was able to translate these facts from Spanish using a free online translation service. One word stumped the service and that was "brio" as in "con su brio habitual". One of the advantages of having a Spanish speaking daughter-in-law is that an email got a quick response, "Brio is usually used when referring to a horse. It's about strength and elegance in some way", which of course sums up the 404 nicely.

Auto Sparks

ONE of the Redex cars called on a Northern Australian Auto Electrician to be reassured about a perceived electrical problem. The young Auto Electrician had never seen a generator before! A sign of the times perhaps. Next we will have a new generation who have never seen a carburettor. But I am sure that there will be carbie and generator specialists about in future, but they won't be just round the corner. You can still get magnetos serviced and when was the last time you saw a magneto on a car?

