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YOUNGSTERS AT SPEED.

Look out, Stirling Mess, and all other Grand Prix aces, there's a new generation on your heels, bursting to burn up the track and knock speed-records sky high. It's the Dutch Seepbox Durby for the no-herse-power, no-litre, formula - gravity class. In pairs, the young speed-marchants left the front grid, dashing away in quest of fame and fortune.

The big thrill of the day came when one competitor lost control and crashed. Was he bedly hurt? Was it a hospital case? Did this mean the end of his racing career? No, the young speed demon came out of it unscathed. The car was a write-off. And of course the race want on. Speed is the thing that counts. The winner was over the lime, at an all time record of 25 miles an hour.

The Inscious lips of junior Miss Holland were the victor's first reward. Second presentation, a bigyele. Hang it, they have have given him a B.R.M. Over to Manshing, Bavaria, for the model plane championship, strictly at the spectators' own risk. This model plane hobby has eaught on in Germany in a big way.

Many of the machines were radio-controlled. It was almost uncanny to watch the medels obeying the electronic control.

The most astemisking of all was the paraelute-dropping.