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YOUNGSTERS AT SPEED.

Look out, Stirling Moss, 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 Soapbox Derby for the no-horse-power, no-litre, formula - gravity class. In pairs, the young speed-merchants 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 badly 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 went on. Speed is the thing that counts. The winner was over the line, at an all time record of 25 miles an hour.

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

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

The most astonishing of all was the parachute-dropping.