

## Thrilling Tales Of Great Speed Demons

High powered engines snarling in the distance above the seething of rain, the fast-growing dots that were the leading cars bobbed towards the big double bend in the Grand Prix of Monte Carlo. The spectators craned forward anxiously, seeing the ugly spread of oil that a broken-down car had dumped on the treacherous track.

As the leader shot into the bend he silhouetted wildly, out of control, and crashed into a smoking heap. The second car followed suit . . . then the third, which took the grinding slip, tearing impact of the next two. The sixth car was already on top hard down, was making no attempt to slow.

Slamming his wheels from side to side faster than the eye could follow he only sent his scarlet Alfa Romeo thundering and sliding safely through the oil, but miraculously missed the five wrecks that were piled up all around him. Those who saw it—the year was 1935—vow there has never been such a display of racing skill and daring. But they'll also tell you that the driver was the greatest ever. The magnificent "Il Maestro" The Flying Mantuan.

Everybody who knows anything about it will argue the proposition that Tazio Nuvolari was the greatest driver who ever held the wheel of an automobile. writes Ken Purdy in "The Kings Of The Road", an absorbing book about great cars and drivers.

He was never smooth and impetuous like Caracciola and Chiron and the other fabulously good drivers who came up against him. He yelled, shook his fist, bounced up and down like a jack-in-the-box and beat on the side of the car with the other. But none of them could get around corners like him.

He broke all the rules. He and go into a corner straight and come out sliding—or power-slide the whole way through. He could corner without touching his brakes, until only gears and throttle. He could slide a car through a curve at 150 m.p.h. with his front wheels inches from the fence all the way round.

Born in 1892, little Tazio Nuvolari first showed his contempt for danger as a boy when one of the early wood-and-wire planes crashed near his home in the tiny village of Castel d'Ario in the province of Mantua. He salvaged the wreck, rebuilt it, then hoisted it up to the roof, tied it to the chimney, and cranked the engine.

When the prop was turning he cut the rope and took off. It was a dramatically short flight—straight down—and little Tazio was picked up with a broken clock, the first of seven major smash-ups he was to have.

As a young man he worked off his passion for speed on motorbikes, winning some 300 races in Italy and abroad. Once at Monza he was in plaster on the day of a race, forbidden to move for a month. But he made his friends carry him on to the track and strap him to his bike. He knew he could stay on once he was moving. He did. And won.

In 1927 he won his first car race, and from then on dominated the tracks, the only driver to win every grand prix in the calendar. In 1933, a typical year, he entered fifteen races and won ten of them—including the Mille Miglia and Le Mans.

He was ruthless in his methods. One of his tricks was to make faces in the mirror of the man in front. When he looked round, Nuvolari would stare his foot down and go thundering past him. He even admitted to distracting another driver's attention by throwing crackers behind his car!

To win his second Mille Miglia—toughest of them all—he knew he had to pass Achille Varzi in the last 100 miles. To outwit his great rival, he drove for sixty miles over the pitch-

black country roads with all his lights turned off. Then suddenly switched them on when he was within feet of Varzi, dazzling and blinding him as he went blasting past him to win by 500 yards.

One of his last races was the 1930 Monte Pellegrino, when he was fifty-eight. He went into a skid and one of his tortured tyres spun in empty air over a precipice: but he fought for control, got the car back, and then went on to win.

Another time he had to quit a blazing car. He got his speed down to 100 m.p.h. Then jumped . . . and within two weeks was back at the wheel. Some drivers used to say that in a race against the devil they'd have bet on Nuvolari!

He lived for racing. But the fun that continually rasped his lungs finally finished him. His doctors told him he would have to stop driving. So he tied a cloth around his mouth and carried on. The great blow came when his entry in the 1933 Mille Miglia was rejected. He had nothing to live for then. He went home to his bed and died—some say of a broken heart.

## Casserole Kiss

Novel publicity stunts are the order of the day in every line of business. The exclusive and ultra-expensive Paris restaurant, Lasere, where diners have an automatic chance to win an invitation to another meal at the house, or a number of bottles of champagne, on certain days of the week, certainly had an original idea when the "Lucky Dove" formula was instituted.

When the room is crowded with elegant diners and champagne corks are popping, the chef brings in a giant copper casserole and lifts the lid . . .

**Luck Doves**  
No succulent small escapes, but a flight of doves. They circle the room, unfurled by their surroundings, and soon settle on an outstretched arm or friendly shoulder.

Those upon whom the doves' choice falls are winners in the "free dinner and champagne game" and a scrambled hair-do is a small price to pay for the chance to enjoy the hospitality of this famous restaurant.

So rich is the cooking, so heady the wines that many have come away in the evening to suffer next morning. To regular customers the house offers a charming and practical little token in the form of a tiny silver casserole to hang on a charm bracelet, watch-chain or key-ring. Lift the lid and inside you will find two aspirin tablets—the management feels you may require them next morning! But to every holder of the silver saucer it offers a free drink at the bar while you wait for your lunch or dinner date.

## ... Fashion Hints ...



**FASHION IN WOOL:** Town or travelling suit in red and white lightweight wool. The straight jacket has a low yoke effect and buttoned half-belt in the back.

## 9,821 Coins in the Fountain

The Guide-Dog Association in Johannesburg recently hit upon a novel idea to make money. City people were told to throw a coin into the fountain in the foyer of Johannesburg's railway station and to make a wish.

9,821 coins were found in the fountain in ten days.

The total collected was £150 18s. 8d. A tally of heads showed that just over 3,000 people threw in coins, subconsciously perhaps following the old Roman custom of throwing three coins in the Trevi fountain to make a wish. So the Guide-Dog Association netted a rich harvest.

## Parisian Model Hits The Silk Two Ways



**HITTING THE SILK AS A MODEL:** Colette Duval gets ready to go to work in Paris fashion salon to pay for hobby she loves

By ROSETTE HARGROVE  
NEA Staff Correspondent

PARIS—When she was a little girl in Normandy, Colette Duval was considered an irrepressible tomboy. For six months during the war, she was the mascot of a French infantry unit. At 16, she took up gliding; at 20, she made her first parachute jump.

Today, at 24, Colette holds the women's world record for record for jumping with an oxygen inhalator, both accomplished in a free fall from almost 22,000 feet to 1,300 feet, where she pulled the rip cord.

Since parachuting is a luxury sport, Colette earns the money to pay for it by modeling Paris creations in a swank Avenue



**DRESSED FOR JUMP:** Colette holds equipment she designed.

Malignon salon in Paris. Every Sunday from May to October, she spends jumping. "Often," explains Colette, "I have been shown evening gowns."

Colette is one of about 1,000 'chutes in France, where it's a popular sport among enthusiasts from every social class. In Russia is the 'chuting prac-

ticed on a wider scale as a sport. Despite her success as a sport, Colette has no interest in clothes. Nor is she interested in domestic life. "If I married I would have to give up parachuting," she explains. Her parachute, which has seen her through 180 jumps, is her best friend. She has designed and patented a new friend—an apparatus she carries with her on jumps that combines chrono-

## TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

For summer receptions, parties or family get-togethers nothing is more attractive than a punch bowl filled with a colorful, cooling beverage. The following recipes, all non-alcoholic of course, may give you some ideas the next time you—or your committee—are called on to entertain. The quantities may be varied to suit the number you expect to serve.

If you like decorative ice cubes, fill cube trays about 1/2 full of water. Add a maraschino cherry or a wedge of lemon or orange or a sprig of mint in each section and freeze. When firm, fill rest of tray with water and continue freezing. A satisfying lemon flavor may be added to your drink with lemonade cubes made by pouring plain lemonade into ice trays and freezing it.

This cool, tangy Orange Blossom Punch is easy to prepare and serves 25-30 guests.

### ORANGE BLOSSOM PUNCH

- 6 cups fresh orange juice
- 1 cup fresh lemon juice
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherry juice
- 4 cups ginger ale (water may be used instead)
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 quarts orange or lemon sherbet

Combine all ingredients except sherbet. Just before serving, put sherbet in bottom of punch bowl. Pour chilled punch over sherbet and garnish with orange blossoms. Serve immediately.

This punch contains the fruit as well as juice of the shredded pineapple and fresh or frozen strawberries from which it is made.

### SPARKLING FRUIT PUNCH

- 1 cup hulled strawberries
- 1 cup shredded pineapple
- 6 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 bottle (quart) ginger ale

Place strawberries and pineapple in bowl; add lemon juice and sugar; crush berries slightly. Let stand half an hour. Add ginger ale, stir well, and pour over ice cubes in punch bowl. Garnish with lemon slices and whole strawberries. Makes about 16 punch cups.

Spices added to fruit juices make a delicious beverage. It is simple to make speed sirup in advance and store it in a light colored jar for last-minute mixing. Add to the speed sirup whatever fruit juices you think taste best with it.

The following recipe makes 16 punch cups.

### SPEEDY FRUIT JUICE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 tablespoon corn sirup
- 1 tablespoon whole cloves
- 2 pieces stick cinnamon (1 inch long)

Combine water and sugar; stir until sugar dissolves. Add sirup, cloves and cinnamon. Simmer 15 minutes. Strain; cool.

**JUST USE:**  
1 can frozen orange juice

1 can frozen concentrate lemonade  
1 can (18 ounce) pineapple juice  
Dilute frozen orange juice and frozen lemonade concentrate according to a direction on can. Combine 2 cups of each with pineapple juice. Combine this mixture with the speed sirup. Chill. Top with pineapple sherbet when serving.

For punch in a bright punch bowl, add a maraschino cherry or a wedge of lemon or orange or a sprig of mint. Chill it with ice and decorate with mint.

### PINK PUNCH

- 3 one-pint bottles cranberry juice
- 2 cups strained orange juice
- 1 1/2 cups strained lemon juice
- 2 1/2 cups light corn sirup
- 2 cups carbonated water (soda)

Combine sirup and cranberry juices; stir until well mixed. Add orange and lemon juices with orange and lemon slices. Add carbonated water. Serve over ice. Make 1 gallon.

Here's a punch made of apricots, cooled, strained, and mixed with honey for a special, delicate sweetening. Garnish with orange and lemon slices. **APRICOT AMBROSIA PUNCH**  
1 pound dried apricots  
1 cup honey  
2 cups orange juice  
2 cups lemon juice  
2 cups apple juice  
2 quarts ice cold sparkling water

Cook apricots until soft through sieve. Add honey and mix well. Combine fruit juices. Add to apricot-honey mixture. Chill. Pour over ice in punch bowl. Just before serving add sparkling water.

Perhaps you like the sweet taste of marshmallows in your drink. Here is a punch which uses them.

### FRUIT MALLOW FLIP

- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 pound marshmallows (one 22)
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup unseasoned pineapple juice

In a saucepan, combine boiling water and marshmallows; stir until marshmallows are completely dissolved. Cook 45 minutes. Add fruit juices; mix well. Serve over ice.

### MERRY MENAGERIE



"You just keep nibbling for a couple of hours, and then they throw it at you!"

## MILLION A WEEK IN HIS PAY PACKET

The man with the biggest pay packet in the world—he receives more than three million dollars a week—spends a goodly slice of his enormous income on water.

The ruler of a tiny oil boom in the Persian Gulf, his wealth is so fantastic that he could give every family in his kingdom a tax-free income of \$50 per week and still have \$1,500,000 sterling a week left over for himself.

Only a few years ago a comparatively poor man in a government post with a small salary and smaller pension, he has been swept dizzy to the peak of wealth on a golden tide of oil.

Not so long ago, before the oil boom started, the basic occupation in Kuwait was that of water-carrier. Parched by desert sun, the country had to import all its water. It was brought from the neighbouring Shatt-Arab (the River of Arabia) by native dhows and then hauled in sheep-skin bags around the native huts.

The Sheikh summoned British experts who advised that the solution was to be found on his own shores—by distilling sea water into fresh water. "About two millions,"

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many wives this desert multi-millionaire maintains has never been revealed, but that they are fairly numerous may be judged from the size of the new palace he is having built, as part of the six year plan, just beyond the capital walls.

The position of the womenfolk in this remarkable and successful experiment in building a progressive, shining new state in the sands of Arabia is most interesting from the standpoint of social evolution. The custom of the country is that the women are strictly veiled. But this does not apply to many of the teenage daughters of Kuwait. They are flocking in their thousands to the new schools and colleges which are opening the doors for them to a new world of learning and emancipation.

When these young women grow up to become doctors, teachers or to assume the chores of a wife in the modern Kuwaiti home will they revert to the custom of veiling their faces? There is little doubt about the answer—No. This means that within another decade the old taboo about women degrading themselves by revealing their faces to the menfolk will have been banished for ever.

The march of progress, urged on by the imp of oil, is thus bringing about a complete social revolution.

Not long ago, pearl-diving was an important industry along the coast of Kuwait. To-day the seafarer after pearls finds a less dangerous and more profitable livelihood as a labourer, a brick-layer or a truck-driver in the vast oil enterprise.

The Bedouins of the desert have responded to the call of the gent of the oil pump. Boys who watched their fathers' flocks, roving herdsman, nomads of the caravan trails, even Arabians as far away as Jordan and Palestine, Syria and the Lebanon, are migrating to Kuwait to learn the know-how of oil and share in the fabulous profits.

And to think that this vast hidden lake of black treasure almost went unapprehended after the first world war when an eminent geologist who surveyed Kuwait for oil reported that in his opinion there was not a drop. He backed up his opinion by declaring that if any were found he would drink it. On the spot the oil was discovered.

The oil operation in Kuwait brings in a enormous income to the United Kingdom as well as to the Sheikh, for the British Petroleum Company through its subsidiary, the Kuwait Oil Company, has a half-share with an American partnership in the concession. As the British Government is a large shareholder in the parent company, this means that the British taxpayer indirectly shares with the Sheikh in the oil wealth which spurts from his once barren sands.

Efficiency is the watchword of the joint U.K.-U.S. operators of the Kuwait oilfields. They have built the biggest oil-loading pier in the world to serve the oil port of Ahmadi and they have constructed a new township, technical schools, water and drainage and many other amenities. They are now studying methods of employing the waste gases which are a by-product of the industry, and which are now burned off.

By harnessing this energy, estimated to provide enough gas to run a town the size of Birmingham, they expect some time soon

to supply power and light for the 160,000 citizens of Kuwait in stalled in their modern homes. The Sheikh succeeded his cousin—and came into his new-found wealth—less than five years ago. The succession to the sheikhdom is decided by a council of elders, and Sir Abdullah was chosen by unanimous vote. The selection could not have been bettered, as Kuwait is rapidly assuming the appearance of the model state which the

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## SINK OR

Swimming is fun—but it can be a deadly game for the person who doesn't memorize and practice a few simple safety rules, such as the ones illustrated below. If you can't swim, you should learn, because you are missing some of the best of summertime recreation.



Don't swim right after eating. You're overheated or over-tired. Also, swimming in the dark isn't such a bright idea.



Before diving, make sure the water is deep enough and has no hidden objects that might cut you or break bones.



Never swim alone. Make sure someone is nearby who can help in case you get cramps or run into other trouble.



Distance over water is misleading—don't overestimate your endurance or try to make like a Channel swimmer.



If you do go in for distance swimming in open water, have someone in a boat follow along for safety's sake.



Swim at a safe place, preferably one where there are lifeguards. If you tire in swimming, float for a change.

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