

SOAP BOX DERBY

Sunshine, Soapboxes and a Saturday afternoon.

That's Newcastle, New South Wales, where the Soap Box Derby draws quite a crowd to see the home-made coasters in the Schoolboys classic. Nerves are keyed to breaking point as they await the starting signal - Hold everything - they're racing, thrown out of the barrier by the local strongarms. It's dogged as does it. Look out! Almost did in the dog. Here they come, racing mad and flat out, their breath (or something's) coming in short pants. And here's a pile up. Right among the spectators - what a race - what a thrill - what a - - - - what's the matter.?

But the race must go on. Come on boy. It's neck or nothing. That's Willie - that was.

All speed records are broken as over the line ~~flashing~~ flashes young Jimmy Ireland, the winner, and all because his mother uses "WASHWELL SOAP".