

Maid in the Black Forest, with Elves

Evil doings at Scuderia Queenie

BY THOMAS J. KARWIN



ONCE UPON a time there was a beautiful land far from Detroit, where the air was filled with the aromatic vapors of Castrol and burning rubber, and the melodious harmonies of tuned exhausts. And nestled among the rolling hills there was a castle with a 3.4-mile course winding over the meadows that surrounded

the great stone walls. The castle was known as Scuderia Queenie, and in the courtyard a multitude of Maseratis and Vanwalls were tuned to the teeth, and ready to run.

The Mistress of the Castle, the Owner of the Iron, the Head Driver, was Queenie, a hard-eyed woman who wore black and yellow coveralls . . . with hair to match. One day, as she was sitting in her personal Maser, idly revving five to eight, eight to five, Queenie looked into her Magic Rear-View Mirror, and spake thus:

Mirror, mirror, on the dash,

Who is the driver that is most brash?

Who is the wisest going into ye turn?

Who is the fleetest when the rubber doth burn?

The Magic Rear-View Mirror answered Queenie in these words:

Queenie, I'll tell thee, and kid thee not.

Thy driving doth seem pretty darn hot,

But Snow White, after reading ye "Guide to Competition Driving,"

Is showing considerable improvement for all her striving!

A black scowl passed over Queenie's face, and she gritted her tooth (the others were scattered over various tracks). "This hated situation must not continue," she snarled. "Snow White didn't know a tachometer from an egg timer when first she came here, and now she thinks she can out-run me! Well, I'll soon seize up her gearbox!"

In less time than a fast lap at Monaco, the jealous Queenie devised a foul trap for her rival. She summoned the sweet and gentle Snow White to the Royal Pits. Snow White soon approached, carrying a connecting rod that she had been balancing, and asked what she might do.

Grinning maliciously, Queenie said, "I want you, my speediest pilot, to visit Ye Secrete Laboratorie in the Great Black Forest, so that I may learn of the latest developments there." Queenie knew that there were countless deceptive hairpins on the road to Ye Secrete Laboratorie. She ex-

pected Snow White, who had never traveled the road, to go in too deep on almost any one of them.

The unsuspecting Snow White was very excited by the opportunity, and she thanked her mistress profusely. Executing a Le Mans start that had her fellow drivers gaping, Snow White roared off toward the Great Black Forest in her 4.9 Ferrari. And Queenie cackled evilly as she went to dunk her hands in Gunk.

But Snow White proved to be a better driver than Queenie had thought possible. After a hair-raising drive through the menacing trees of the Great Black Forest, Snow White roared up to Ye Secrete Laboratorie. Much to her surprise, she found the experimental garage empty, but concluded that all the workers must be out testing some new equipment. She amused herself by tinkering with the various projects in progress around the shop, and, while examining the suspension of a special that she had discovered lurking in a dark corner, she dozed off on the creeper.

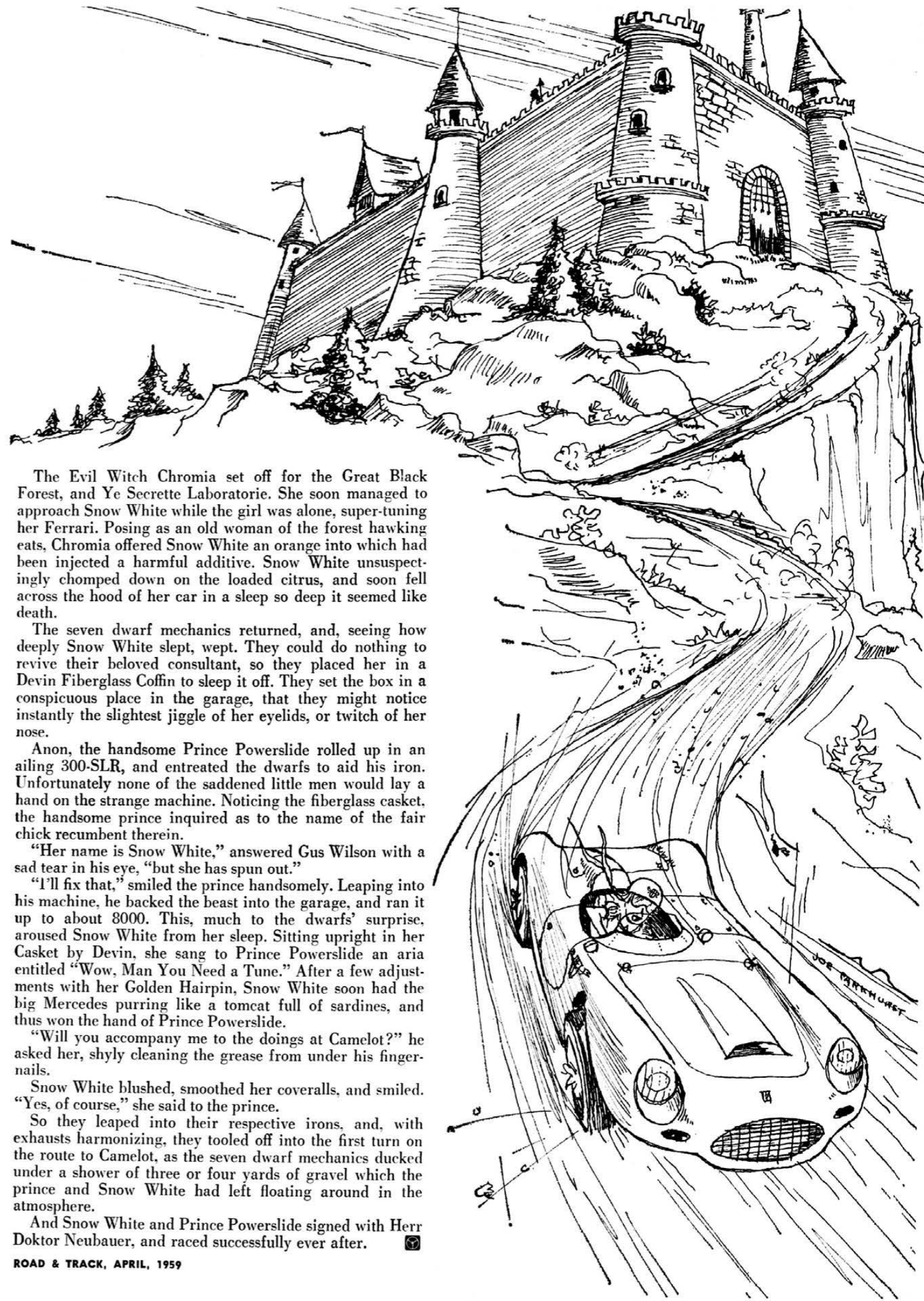
Soon the dwarf mechanics returned. After a brief time back at their benches, one cried out, "Someone has been fiddling with this carburetor!"

Looks of amazement passed over the faces of the others. Another looked at his work and yelled, "Someone has loused up this cam!" Then a third noticed Snow White snoozing under the special, and they dragged her out.

Snow White soon learned that the seven dwarf mechanics were named Venturi, Camber, Slipstream, Castrol, Camshaft, Ratio and Gus Wilson. She apologized for fiddling with their work, and explained what she had been trying to do with the carbs and the cam. After brief tests, the mechanics cried out, "She's done it! She's figured out the problems that have bugged us for weeks! She's a genius!"

With this introduction, Snow White became an honored guest at Ye Secrete Laboratorie. She came to love the seven dwarf mechanics, and they, likewise, were thoroughly charmed by her.

Meanwhile, back at the Scuderia, Queenie learned of Snow White's safe arrival at Ye Secrete Laboratorie. The Iron Mistress flew into a rage. Clenching her tooth, she summoned the Evil Witch Chromia to the pits. "Chromia," snarled Queenie, "Snow White is at the Secrete Laboratorie. Go there, and make certain that she cannot return in time for the Annual Race-Around-the-Round-Table at Camelot." Then Queenie laughed to herself, "If she misses that race, she'll be out of my hair long enough for me to devise a scheme for getting rid of her for good!"



The Evil Witch Chromia set off for the Great Black Forest, and Ye Secrete Laboratorie. She soon managed to approach Snow White while the girl was alone, super-tuning her Ferrari. Posing as an old woman of the forest hawking eats, Chromia offered Snow White an orange into which had been injected a harmful additive. Snow White unsuspectingly chomped down on the loaded citrus, and soon fell across the hood of her car in a sleep so deep it seemed like death.

The seven dwarf mechanics returned, and, seeing how deeply Snow White slept, wept. They could do nothing to revive their beloved consultant, so they placed her in a Devin Fiberglass Coffin to sleep it off. They set the box in a conspicuous place in the garage, that they might notice instantly the slightest jiggle of her eyelids, or twitch of her nose.

Anon, the handsome Prince Powerslide rolled up in an ailing 300-SLR, and entreated the dwarfs to aid his iron. Unfortunately none of the saddened little men would lay a hand on the strange machine. Noticing the fiberglass casket, the handsome prince inquired as to the name of the fair chick recumbent therein.

"Her name is Snow White," answered Gus Wilson with a sad tear in his eye, "but she has spun out."

"I'll fix that," smiled the prince handsomely. Leaping into his machine, he backed the beast into the garage, and ran it up to about 8000. This, much to the dwarfs' surprise, aroused Snow White from her sleep. Sitting upright in her Casket by Devin, she sang to Prince Powerslide an aria entitled "Wow, Man You Need a Tune." After a few adjustments with her Golden Hairpin, Snow White soon had the big Mercedes purring like a tomcat full of sardines, and thus won the hand of Prince Powerslide.

"Will you accompany me to the doings at Camelot?" he asked her, shyly cleaning the grease from under his fingernails.

Snow White blushed, smoothed her coveralls, and smiled. "Yes, of course," she said to the prince.

So they leaped into their respective irons, and, with exhausts harmonizing, they tooled off into the first turn on the route to Camelot, as the seven dwarf mechanics ducked under a shower of three or four yards of gravel which the prince and Snow White had left floating around in the atmosphere.

And Snow White and Prince Powerslide signed with Herr Doktor Neubauer, and raced successfully ever after.