

by Louis Kimzey

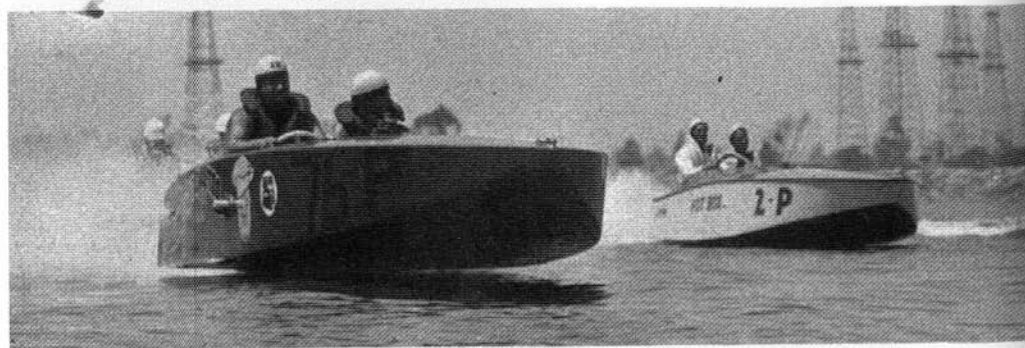
"Wanna go for a spin?" Clyde Randall's voice intruded on my thoughts like a dash of cold water. "Sure," I grinned toothily, wondering what I had gotten myself into *this* time. "I'll see if I can find a helmet to fit ya." "Better make it about a 7½," I gurgled, my heart tangling up with my tonsils. As Clyde hurried away, I was already mentally circling the course in the slight Cracker-Box—and *not* enjoying it. What if we should flip? These little boats *do* jump around a bit. What if I bounced out . . . and got caught in the prop? It turns up well over 5000 rpm, you know. What if . . . ?

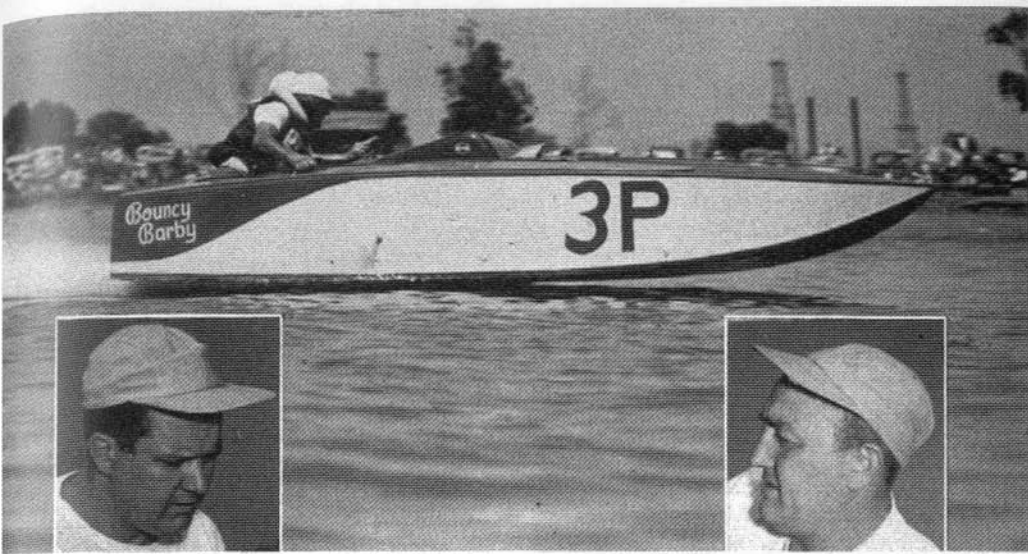
"Here's your 'crunch-bonnet'. I got it from Olsen." I wondered what Olsen had against

me, but I reluctantly accepted the protective head-shell and started squeezing it down on top of noggin. It looked like a soup bowl perched on a watermelon.

I resigned myself with a sigh and climbed aboard as the little craft slid into the water. It's only fair to tell you I am a landlubber from way back . . . tho I *have* made a few voyages on the Staten Island Ferry. So there I was, sitting in that egg-shell, struggling into a life (?) jacket and worrying. I wanted this ride with Randall, and then again I didn't . . . know what I mean?

Now . . . time stops dead still as the beat floats slowly backward. Clyde settles himself and thumbs the starter button. A hollow grinding, and then silence . . . I





clear my throat to ease the tension as the starter rasps the second time. The V-8 roars into life and with a surge we move ahead, the bow rising at a 45° angle. We get underway with a series of kidney-cracking bumps. This little canoe isn't missing a wave!

"She'll smooth out when we get movin'!" Randall's yell was snatched away in the general racket and turmoil. When we get moving? *Oh great!* But sure enough, as we skipped and roared toward the end of the stadium, the bumps *were* smoothing out! When the boat gets up speed it only hits about every third or fourth white-cap . . .

But my problems had only just begun. As I saw the turning buoy rush up to meet us I wondered whether I had made out my will. Jumping and bucking we began our wide bank around the marker. Clyde yelled again. I'm not sure what it was, but I think he said we would get moving as soon as the engine warmed up. *Oh brother!*

The farther we went, the *faster* we went, until we got in the back stretch, with the boat leaping into the air, landing . . . leaping . . . landing . . .

Realizing that we *might* not flip after all, I began to enjoy myself . . . for about ten seconds, that is. My fun was short-lived, for I looked ahead and saw that we were going into a turn, faster than ever. Man, are you *mad*? We can't turn at this speed! I grabbed the gun'l (or whatever the side rail is called) and around we went . . . headed *straight* for the marker . . . we're going to hit! But no . . . bam . . . bam . . . with a series of crashing bounces

Above, Ed Brown and L. Gordon in Ed's "Bouncy Barby." Has Wayne Chevie engine. Below, Louis Meyer, Jr., winning another race in speedy record holding "Lou-Kay."



Below, Bob Patterson in "Hot Cinders", another "go'in" Cracker Box during the race.

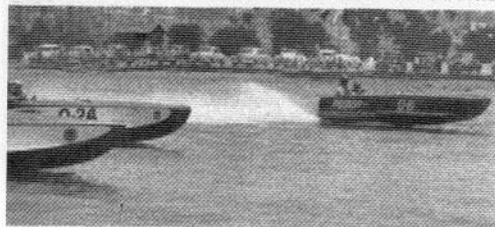


Below, Marion Beaver of Parker, Arizona, in his "Littl' Beaver" P.O.D.H. class at speed.





Above is Chuck Powell in "Keeno" who, after the throttle broke, drove complete race with one hand on wheel and one on the throttle.



we were around the turn and down into the front straight. After two runs around the course, I thought, *Well!* This wasn't so bad after all. I even sat up straight and began looking around at the people! No sir! Not bad at all. I think I like this! We screamed passed something in the water and Clyde waved at the blur. Must have been another boat, and then . . .

Aw, phooey! We're going in. As Clyde turned the engine off, we glided over to the trailer which had been run down into the water in order to beach the boat.

Clyde's wife was standing at the water's edge. "Well, how'd you like it?" (I wondered if she knew how scared I had really been) "Swell! Better than a rölly-coaster." As Clyde leaned over and kissed the Mrs. he said, "I thought he looked sorta worried a couple of times." (If he only knew!) I told him it was a little like trying to sit down while riding a pogo stick, and that

I was ready to go again any time. (Yeah, who?)

Incidentally, Randall's about the most modest guy you'd want to meet. When I told him about the proposed HOP UP article, he said, "Aw, you don't wanna write about me. Besides, the boat isn't running right. And anyway, we just race for the fun of it." This, from the guy who built one of the first "Cracker Boxes" and has held *all* of the records in this class at one time or another.

Chuck Shields has ridden with him for four years and Mrs. Randall rode with him before that*. (You can imagine how silly I felt when he told me *that*) Clyde's first boat was the "Alley Cat," followed by his "Ski-Bee," and now it's the "Hot Box" which claims his attention.

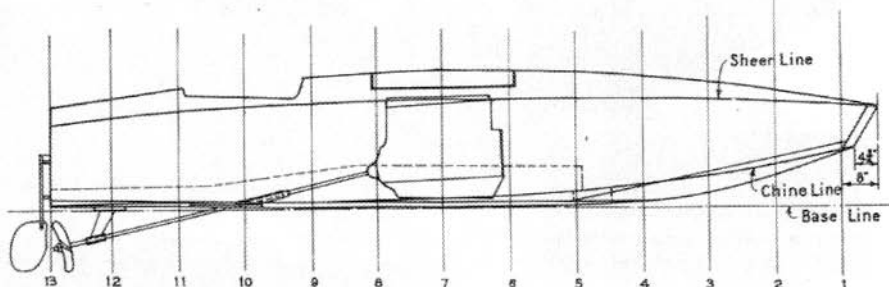
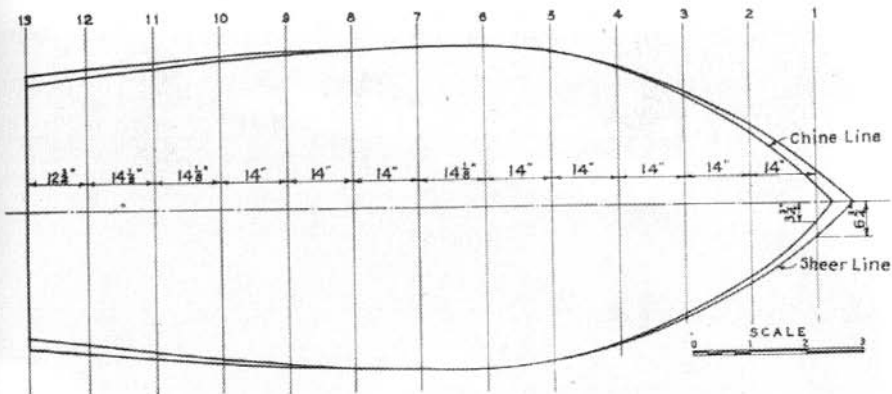
Hot Box is pushed along by a full house 267 cu in. Ford V-8. The record speed for this class is 68.562 mph to date. And on water, that's moving!

Scared or not, if Clyde ever needs a rider, I'm his man. I asked him how he accounted for the steady gain in Cracker Box popularity.

"All we have to do is get somebody who is mildly interested in boats, and take him out for a ride. After we whing-ding a couple of corners at full-throttle, he can't wait to get home and start building a Cracker Box of his own."

Anybody got some ¼ inch plywood they don't want?





CRACKER BOX CLASS

The Cracker Box is a special class. Unless otherwise stated, General Racing Rules for Inboards and General Rules for Inboard Runabout Racing will be applied, in addition to rules below.

1. Boats must be in accord with these rules and official drawings.
2. Match consists of two or more heats of 5, 6, or 10 miles in length. For international races, heats may be 9 or 15 miles in length, upon approval of Racing Commission.
3. The total max. displ. of engines used shall not exceed 267 cu. in. No tolerance above.
4. Single engine, 4-cycle, 2 valves per cylinder and 1 carburetor venturi to each 2 cylinders. Electric starter required. Battery or magneto ignition. Total engine cost not to exceed \$750. OHV allowed only if standard equipment. Changes in power plant only if parts can be purchased by other owners at same price. Price of such parts to keep total cost of engine within limit specified.
5. Vee drives or gear boxes not permitted.
6. Not more than 15' 6" long or less than 13' 6" (bow to transom). Deviations not to exceed 1" at frame from No. 4 to No.

13. Forward of frame No. 4, bow may be altered. Cockpit must be between stations 9 to 12 with engine mounted forward of cockpit. No longitudinal or transversal steps, including relieved chine or concavity, on bottom hull to be of wood frames covered with plywood not less than 1/4 inch thick.

7. Boat raced with two persons on board except at option of drivers.
8. Spring-loaded throttle release. Rudder assembly, shaft size and angle optional.
9. Cracker Box boats carry number with suffix "P" painted on bows.

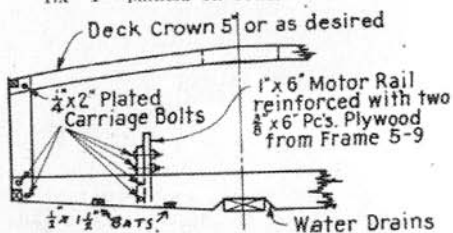


TABLE OF OFFSETS

		INCHES & EIGHTHS OF INCHES TO OUTSIDE OF PLANKING												
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
HALF BREADTHS	CHINE	3-6	15-0	22-7	29-0	32-6	34-0	34-0	33-6	33-5	32-2	31-1	29-7	28-6
	SHEER	6-6	16-4	42-3	29-3	33-0	34-0	34-0	33-6	32-6	31-3	29-7	28-1	26-1
HEIGHTS FROM BASE	KEEL	11-4	6-6	3-0	1-0	0-2	0-0	0-1	0-2	0-3	0-3	0-5	0-6	0-7
	CHINE	11-7	9-2	6-7	5-0	3-4	2-4	1-7	1-5	1-3	1-3	1-7	2-0	2-1
	SHEER	21-1	22-1	22-5	22-7	22-7	22-6	22-5	22-4	22-0	21-3	20-3	19-0	17-5