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**JULY, 1953**



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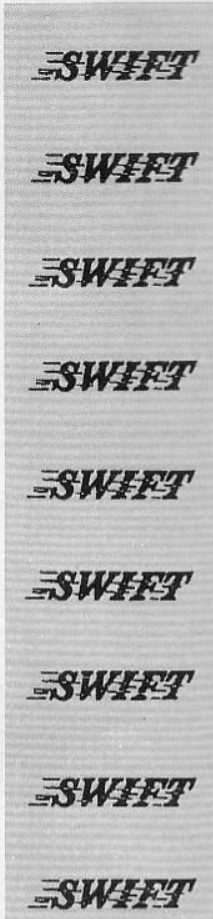
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# SPEED and SPRAY

VOL. I — NO. 9

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JULY 1953



The International Magazine of  
Boat Racing and Water Sports

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### COVER

"The Flashy 48's". The little 75 mph speedsters are stealing the show. PSYCHO, owned by Glen and Eugene Howe of Long Beach, in foreground. —Kent Hitchcock Photo.

This month's water ski picture is a good shot of "The Ninety Degree Turn."—Photo L.B. Boat and Ski Club.

The inboard runabout at the bottom of the page is one of the fast and sporty Jersey Speed Skiffs. —Dave Beach Photo.

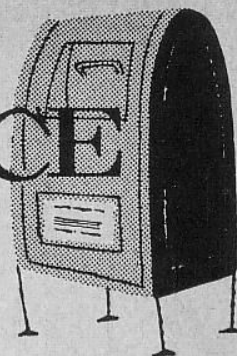
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# CORRESPONDENCE



## ELIMINATION HEATS

Sometime back I read an article in your publication about what sometimes happens when too many boats show up at a race and the heats have to be split. I thought at the time that this was a good article and that something should be done about this situation.

At St. Petersburg, Florida in February, I was entered in both the 135 and the 266 classes. I was told that there were fifteen 135's and that they would all run, but that there were eighteen 266's and elimination heats would have to be run . . . the first five boats in each heat to run the final. The officials said there were 18 entries but they did not go to the trouble of counting the boats in the pits. The fifteen 135's had no trouble running together in their first heat. Then the first elimination heat of the 266's came up and only five boats were put in the water. One was mine and I had the bad luck of not being able to start my engine—so only four crossed the starting line.

After finding my trouble, I went to the officials and asked them if I might run in the next runoff heat so as to qualify for the final heat. I was told that I could unless some of the others drivers in this heat protested, but in case of protest, they could not pay me any prize money. I told the officials that I would waive any prize money in that heat if they would permit me to run in the final—providing I was in the first five boats. However, two of the top 266 drivers from the East Coast promptly protested my running. In this heat only six boats were in the water.

This made a total of eleven boats in the water for the 266 heats and only ten started.

It does not make for good feelings to drag your outfit for over a thousand miles and then not get to run. If the heats had not been split, I could have run in the last heat anyway. I believe that some rule should be passed to cover this situation. I would like to hear from more of the drivers on this.

Fred Steed  
Commodore, Texas Inboard Racing Ass'n.

- *It doesn't appear that a rule is necessary to cover this situation. If only 5 boats out of 9 appeared for the first elimination heat, it was certainly the duty of the race committee chairman to halt the proceedings at once and count noses to see whether an elimination was necessary.—ED.*

## JOHNSON 25

I have been racing a Johnson RD-15 this season and doing fairly well, but I would appreciate some information from your technical staff on how to get a little more out of this motor.  
Carrollton, Ga. Larry Chadwick

- *The Johnson 25 is a long crank motor, obviously designed for power and dependability rather than high RPM. The power is there without any "hotting up." Too much work on the power head would certainly lead to a broken rod. There is another 10 mph at a safe RPM in these motors with a change to a racing lower unit. Randolph Hubbell (address on page 47 this issue) can supply a very satisfactory adapter and the lower unit.—ED.*

## UNLIMITED RESULTS

I desire to know where I can obtain a book containing racing results of Unlimited Inboard Hydroplanes of the past and present.  
Buenos Aires, Argentina Juan A. Buschiazzo

- *No one source supplies this information. Records of many of the early races are unobtainable. As each important cup race occurs we are publishing the com-*

*plete list of past winners: President's Cup, February 1953; and Harmsworth, June 1953. In a coming issue we will review all of the past Gold Cup winners.*

—ED.

## REDUCE MERC CC'S

I note with interest your June article on "Modifying the Mercury Outboard For Racing." I would appreciate a word of advice as to how the compression volume was reduced to 18cc in each cylinder, what special parts are required if any, and where the parts may be obtained.

Oscoda, Michigan

J. E. Skimin

- *For the most part this is not a problem of special parts. The cc's are reduced by installing a filler block in the cylinder on the intake side—then rebore and fit new pistons. The trick, and it is a good one, is to do the weld job without distorting the cylinder. The results are highly satisfactory, but this is no job for an amateur. For further information address Randolph Hubbell, who modified and dyno tested the Merc used in the June issue experiment.—ED.*

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# AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL SAWYER



Editor's Note: As reported in the June issue of "Speed and Spray," Paul Sawyer will drive Stan Sayres' "Slo-Mo-Shun IV" in the Gold Cup Race at Seattle this summer. Paul has taken a few trial runs in the "IV" and has moved to Seattle for the season. He will assist the Sayres team in preparing the boat for the race. In answer to numerous inquiries received by our editorial staff concerning Sawyer's future racing plans, we present the following interview in which Paul answers a number of questions dealing with several phases of racing activity.

### "Slo-Mo-Shun IV"

- Q. Now that you have driven *Slo-Mo-Shun IV*, what do you think of the boat, and did it live up to your expectations?
- A. Fully. The first time I saw that boat run I wanted to drive it, and now that I have driven it I am more enthusiastic than ever.
- Q. You have doubtless read reports of *Slo-Mo's* unusually fine handling qualities. Did the boat handle pretty much as has been reported?
- A. Yes, it did. At the speed that I drove in the test runs, approximately 150 mph, it more than lived up to its reputation as a fine handling boat. It exceeded my expectations. The Allison engine was still stiff so I did not open the boat up. I made wide sweeping turns and sharp turns at moderate speeds and the boat had no bad habits of any kind that I could detect. On one run at about 140 mph I ran into a series of sharp cruiser wakes and it rode over them without any fuss.
- Q. Compared to the experience of driving your 266 Class *Alter Ego* at 120 mph, what are the comparative sensations or problems that occur to you in driving the bigger and heavier boat?

- A. Quite similar. *Slo Mo* at the moderate speeds at which I drove was more solid on the water than a 266 would be. However, I presume from the feel of the boat, that it would free up considerably at higher speed and would probably ride just like a fast 266. This is the first Gold Cup boat that I have driven, so I don't have much of a basis of comparison as yet.
- Q. I noted that you remarked that the Allison was stiff. Was this a new engine or one of the old ones overhauled and rebuilt?
- A. I don't know which it was, but it had just been installed and was still stiff.

### Seattle Race Plans

- Q. Did Sayres make any statements about the models or type of motors he would install for the races this year?
- A. Lou Fageol has done some work on a Rolls Royce Merlyn, which the Sayres crew will install in one of the boats and test out. I haven't any idea what motor either boat will be powered with when the actual racing starts.
- Q. I understand that Greater Seattle is sponsoring the boats this year and that one or both of the boats will be sent to challenge for the Silver Cup at Detroit and the President's Cup at Washington. Will you drive the "IV" on this Mid-West and Eastern invasion?
- A. That subject didn't come up in my conversations with Stan Sayres. I was simply invited to drive the Gold Cup race.
- Q. What seems to be the attitude in Seattle toward the 5 mile lap which was voted into rule by the contest board after the 1952 race?
- A. I believe that the people in the Northwest are in favor of the five mile lap. I wasn't in attendance at the Contest Board meeting at Seattle, but it is

my understanding that the motion to change the lap distance from three to five miles was proposed and backed by the Midwestern and Eastern owners. The Seattle contingent backed the change on a safety basis and believed that it would give the spectators a better opportunity to see the race.

- Q. As I understand the situation, the survey of the five mile course has been completed. Is that correct?
- A. A new five mile course was surveyed similar to the five mile Seafair course used two years ago, except that the dog-leg on one of the straightaways has been eliminated.

### About the Challengers

- Q. You must have had some conversation with Stan about the possible competition this year. Would you care to elaborate in any way on this subject?
- A. We discussed possible challengers in a general way, but I do not believe in any more detail than was covered in one of your previous issues of *Speed and Spray*. The Sayres team is expecting fast boats and competent drivers and is preparing in every way it can to defend the trophy.
- Q. I understand Jack Schafer is building a new multiple engine unlimited. Don't you think that such a boat would have an advantage over the single engined boats on a five mile course?
- A. That would appear to be a question of straightaway speeds. If a multiple engined boat should be developed with terrific straightaway speed, it could probably get around a five mile lap faster than it could around a three miler.
- Q. If you were to build a multiple engined hydroplane, what problems would you anticipate that might be troublesome?
- A. The coupling between the two motors always seems to be the weak point and that is closely related to the problem of the throttle arrangement to synchronize the speed of the two motors. Ezio Selva ran into this problem with his twin 800 kg three pointer. First there was the difficulty in coupling strength and then that matter of trying to synchronize the speeds of the two motors with a single foot throttle.
- Q. It was the coupling that cost Selva the World Championship last year, wasn't it?
- A. Yes, he was in the lead when the coupling broke and had turned the fastest lap.

### Continental Prospects

- Q. Can you envision a Gold Cup or a Harmsworth challenge from the Continent in the next year or so?
- A. Such a challenge is a possibility. It is pretty obvious from Verga's 140 mph performance that the Italians have solved the mystery of the prop rider. Having successfully developed a twin engine 800 kg three pointer also, they might now develop a prop riding multiple engine Unlimited hydro. If the Alfa Romeo aircraft engines or the Schneider Cup engines are available, they might fit into the picture of a Harmsworth challenger.

(Continued on page 44 )



**REGATTA CALENDAR**

10/18	Parker, Ariz.	O-SO
10/25	Blythe	SO
<b>N.O.A. DISTRICT 12</b>		
8/2	Flagstaff, Arizona	
<b>Region 14</b>		
7/26	Guntersville, Ala.	I
<b>N.O.A. DISTRICT 14</b>		
6/21	Nashville, Tenn.	
6/21	Jackson, Georgia	
7/17	Nashville, Tenn.	
8/21	Camden, Tenn.	
8/30	Nashville, Tenn.	
<b>Region 15</b>		
9/7	Ardmore, Okla.	I
9/13	Denton, Tex.	I
9/20	Port Arthur, Tex.	I
<b>N.O.A. DISTRICT 15</b>		
6/14	Wichita Falls, Tex.	
7/12	Lubbock, Tex.	
<b>Region 16</b>		
6/21	Loveland Colo.	I-SO
(SO Regionals)		
6/28	Bear Lake, Utah	
7/4	Corinne, Utah	O-SO
7/26	Grand Lake, Colo.	I-SO
8/2	Denver, Colo.	I-SO
8/23	Cambridge, Neb.	I & SO
8/30	Burlington, Colo.	I-SO
9/6	Delta, Utah	I-O-SO
9/13	Denver, Colo.	I-SO

**SO MARATHONS**

6/14	Philadelphia, Pa.	96 Miles
6/28	Neenah, Wis. (Winnebago)	92 Miles
7/19	Sacramento, Calif.	? Miles
7/26	Marysville, Mich.	60 Miles
8/2	Greenville-Vicksburg, Miss.	(NOA)
8/9	Topinabee, Mich.	87 Miles
8/9	Winnetoesaukee, N.H.	50 miles
8/16	Peoria, Ill.	100 Miles
8/23	St. Joseph, Mo. (Pony Express)	? Miles
8/29	Essex, Md.	? Miles
8/30	Pleasantville, N.J.	? Miles
9/6	Hartford, Conn.	75 Miles
9/7	Gull Lake, Mich.	100 Miles
9&13	So. Yarmouth, Mass.	25 Miles
9/20	Trenton, Mich.	50 Miles
9/20	Oakland, Calif.	? Miles
10/4	Needles, Calif.	115 Miles
10/11	San Francisco, Calif.	? Miles

**CANADIAN DATES**

6/20	Windsor, Ont.	
6/27	Amprior, Ont.	
6/28	Cornwall, Ont.	
6/29	Gananoque, Ont.	
7/4	Brockville, Ont.	
7/18	Rideau Ferry, Ont.	
7/18-19	Valleyfield, Quebec	
7/30	Kelowna, B.C.	I-O-SO
7/30	Cravenhurst, Ont.	
8/1	Trenton, Ont.	
8/3	Picton, Ont.	
8/4	Harrison Hotsprings, B.C.	O-SO
8/29	Toronto, Ont.	SO
9/7	Victoria, B.C.	
9&7-8-9	Toronto, Ont. (Canadian Nat'l Exhibition)	
9/13	Montreal, Quebec	



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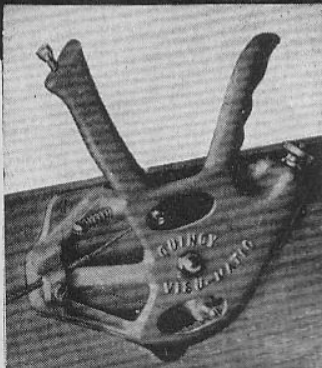
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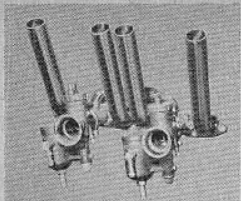
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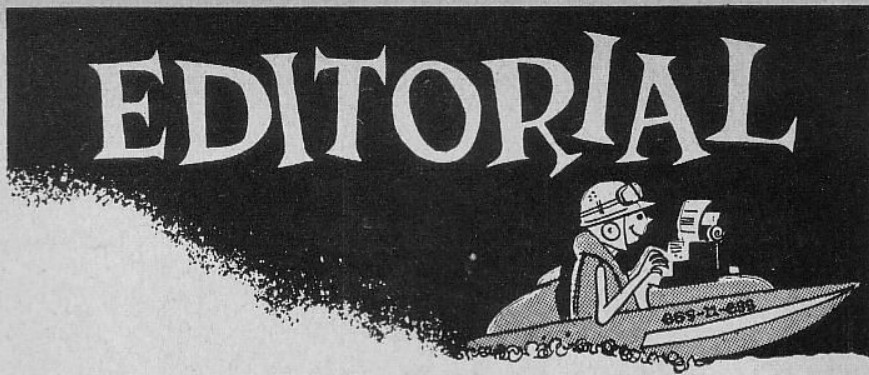


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**THIS IS NO TIME FOR HYSTERICAL ACTION**

The skyrocketing speeds of the high powered inboard racing classes are causing concern in all circles. The near tragic accident in which Bill Ritner lost an arm and nearly lost his life at St. Petersburg has brought the whole situation into sharp focus. SOME kind of safety regulations are a must.

The American Inboard Association got the ball rolling on a drive for safety and the A.P.B.A. is following through. The first step of the Inboard Racing Commission was to fire a "gasoline only" rules proposal at the Limited Hydro owners. Here is the result: lifted intact from the A.P.B.A. *Propeller*.

**— FLASH —**

By vote of the registered owners, the "gasoline only" rule, proposed to 48, 135 and 266 hydro owners by the Inboard Racing Commission as a safety measure, has been defeated. The tabulation by classes was as follows: 48's—28 to 18 against; 135's—33 to 24 against; 266's—26 to 20 against.

There were two things wrong with this approach. In the first place many of our drivers haven't had the opportunity to witness or participate in some of the "close brushes with the grim reaper." This whole thing in some quarters sounds like a sudden scare campaign. Some of the drivers think that certain parties simply "have the wind up" over Ritner's accident. It is apparent that the first step in getting the owners to approve safety legislation is to first convince the doubters that there is a

real need for immediate action. This calls for a campaign of education and that's a tough assignment. With the light boats now in use, the prop riding hydros, and the terrific speeds—there is no doubt that tragedy is just around the corner.

The second error in the gasoline proposal was in submitting it to the members before having competent technical advice as to what extent such a regulation might help the situation. Why did the driver's vote the measure down? The answer is simple. They knew more about the effects of limiting to gasoline than the Racing Commission did. At a recent meeting of a number of world record holders in the hydro classes—attended by eight of the experts who build the fastest hydros and power plants in the country—a unanimous opinion was expressed. Banning the use of alcohol and nitro, these leading drivers said, would accomplish practically nothing. These experts pointed out that this would only take a little speed—and a very little at that—"off the top end." Several of the group remarked that with a few changes, they would soon be travelling on gasoline within a mile or two of present speeds.

Bob Schelling, former member of the Inboard and Outboard Racing Commissions and one of A.P.B.A.'s most capable referees has given the situation careful study. We take the liberty of presenting the following excerpts from the *Propeller* on the conclusions that Schelling drew.

"Distances between the starting line and turns, driver's reaction times and the number of starting boats in a heat are not the prime causes of the increased accident rate." Arriving at the conclusion that terrific speeds are making Inboard racing unsafe, Schelling says: "We must slow them down. . . . We should not take measures that would obsolete existing equipment. Any recommended changes should be simple, inexpensive, and easy to inspect.

"Setting up a formula for classes 266, 135, 48 and possibly E Racing Runabout, (wonder why he left out the 225's—ED.) based on a ratio between the total swept area of the venturi opening and the maximum allowable piston displacement for that class would have the effect of running with part throttle. Present engines are easily converted by simply making carburetor changes. There would be no 'leaning out' of fuel mixtures. On the contrary, the jets would actually have to be made smaller to prevent too rich a mixture. The fuel to air ratio would be maintained, and in the same proportions as when the engine was being peaked to maximum horsepower at hundreds of more rpm. The exact ratio could be determined by trial and error, after preliminary slide rule calculations." (Schelling at this point suggests certain peak speeds that we will not mention in the interest of confusing the issue.—ED.) "For the time trial, let the sky be the limit."

Schelling's proposal like all others that may be offered to help out the situation should be analyzed by a team of experts, *before* being presented to the owners in the form of a rules proposal. The best brains in racing—the top drivers and the professional mechanics should be drafted to sit in judgment on all safety proposals. . . . Select these men from all parts of the country and the program of education will be automatic.

This is a problem for active drivers, the expert mechanics and the boat builders to solve. With all due credit to the unselfish work of racing officials and executives, we must agree that this particular problem is beyond many of them.

This is no time for hysterical action of a hit and miss nature. Careful consideration with expert advice from all quarters is called for.

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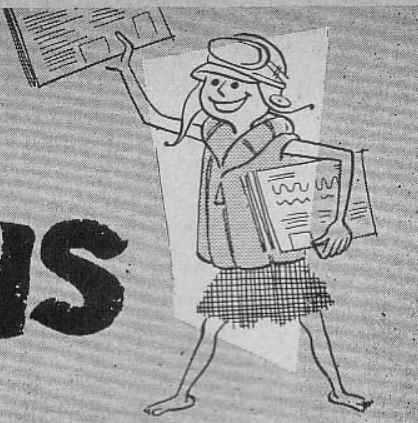
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# CLUB NEWS



**OUTBOARD CLUB OF CHICAGO**—The annual Indoor Regatta was held at the Sheraton Hotel on April 25th and more than 250 members and friends were in attendance. It was at this event that the Region 7 Hall of Fame was established. APBA Pres. Gibson Bradfield awarded seven outstanding drivers in the region 1953 Certificates of Recognition for their accomplishments and contributions to outboard racing. Those selected were:

Larry Freeman—High Point Scorer, Wisc.  
 Homer Kincaid—High Point Scorer, Ill.  
 Bill Tenney—Nat'l. Champ. CR Runabout. Winner of Col. Green Round Hill Trophy.  
 Tom Small—Nat'l. Champ. CS Runabout.  
 Bob Switzer—Nat'l. Champ. D Utility. Winner of Pat Ryan Memorial Trophy.  
 Harry Vogts—Nat'l. Champ F Hydro.  
 Paul Wearly—Nat'l. Champ. B & C Hydro. Winner of John Ward Trophy.

Seven drivers will be similarly recognized and their names added to the Region 7 Hall of Fame each succeeding year.

**LOS ANGELES SPEEDBOAT ASSN., INC.**, Los Angeles, Calif.—The LASA is very proud to have acquired 'something new' in the line of regatta sponsors. And fortunate indeed they are! The South Gate Women's Club will sponsor the South East Cities Sweepstakes Regatta at Long Beach Marine Stadium on June 14th. The LASA will conduct the APBA sanctioned affair which is for racing outboards only. Trophies will be awarded to the first three places in each class.

The enthusiastic support of City Fathers and families of these South East Cities, along with that of Club Members, promises to make this one of the biggest and best Regattas yet.

Adeline Ingalls

**GREENVILLE-VICKSBURG MARATHON ASSN.**—The Fourth Annual Greenville-Vicksburg Outboard Marathon will be held August 2nd. The course is as follows: Starting line is at Greenville, Miss. in Lake Ferguson; down the lake four miles to the Mississippi River; 100 miles down the river to the Yazoo Canal in Vicksburg, Miss.; and one mile up the canal to the steamer, Sprague—the finish line. Classes

are Stock Utility Runabouts in AU, BU, CU, special for only Johnson and Evinrude 25 HP, and the "free-for-all." Jim Early

**WISCONSIN OUTBOARD RACING ASSN.**, Oshkosh, Wisc.—The WORA is going to conduct 3 outboard regattas in July, all of which will be held in Oshkosh. The first will be held on July 1st. for A, B, C, & D stock runabouts and A, B, & D stock hydroplanes. This race will be held in conjunction with the Oshkosh Centennial Celebration.

On July 25th another race will be held for stock runabouts. On Sunday, July 26th, a complete event for racing classes will be run . . . A, B, C, and F racing Hydros and C-S and C-R runabouts. The feature event of the day will be the C hydro race for the Wisconsin Governor's Trophy. The Governor's Trophy is a traveling trophy; it is almost five feet tall and a driver must win it three years in succession to retain permanent possession. It has never been retired.

WORA Pres.

Ev. Follett

**MID-WEST POWER BOAT ASSN.**, Minn.—Mid-West, one of the big independents in the sport of outboard racing, is working out a group coverage insurance for boats and motors as well as personal accident medical reimbursement for their members. The low rate offered to the association demands a 100% participation by the membership. In general, \$10 insures one boat and motor and personal benefits ranging from \$500 to \$2,000 are available at rates from \$6.75 to \$16.50 per season. Coverage extends forty-eight hours before and after a race with a \$50.00 deductible provision.

Mid-West conducts annually the \$10,000 Acquatenial Outboard Circuit, one of the richest prizes in racing.  
 Commodore Eddie Jones

**PELICAN HARBOR YACHT CLUB**, Fla. is sponsoring the fifth annual Gold Coast Marathon on July 25 and 26. The course is from Miami to Palm Beach and return—134 miles. This event takes the fleet either up the Florida Coast or on the Inland Waterway. All types of power boats except inboard cruisers are eligible. Last year the 124 starters included outboards from 7½ HP hydroplanes to twin engine outboard cruisers, and inboards from 266 cu. in. hydros down to little 9 foot runabouts with Crosley motors—and stock runabouts of all sizes. There were even Everglade air propeller boats and hydrofoils driven by outboard motors.

The Marathon is a handicap event with boats in all classes having an equal chance for the \$1,000 John Jones Trophy. Times for the northern run on the first day of the race and the southern leg the following day are combined with the handicap to give the corrected rating on which the trophy to the overall winner is awarded. Other trophies, cash awards and merchandise bring the total prize value to \$5,000.  
 Publicity Chairman, Vivyn Hall.

*The SOUL-STIRRING 'SENSE of POWER' induced by the*

**PIPER EXHAUST**

*will thrill the OUTBOARD ENTHUSIAST who enjoys the pulsing, deep-throated, staccato rhythm of RACING MOTOR MUSIC.*

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**WRITE TODAY FOR RACING EQUIPMENT CATALOG**

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*PIPER RELIEVES BACK PRESSURE-CAN BE CLOSED WHEN NOT IN USE-DOES NOT DISTURB WATER COOLING.*

# Flash!

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K-H "48" CAMS**  
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LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

"Fine Boats Since 1906"

★ ★ ★ **FOUR RECORDS AT MILLERTON . . .** All set on the 1 2/3 mile course.  
A Hydro: Orlando Torgiana—48.544 mph  
F Hydro: Bud Wiget—59.875 mph  
C Ser. Hydro: Yori Aoki—49.207 mph  
Cracker Box: Bob Patterson—62.370 mph  
A feature story on this regatta by Ralph De Silva, with all the "scoop" on the new records will appear in the next issue—illustrated with plenty of spectacular photos by the Lankfords of Oakland.

★ ★ ★ The Pittsburg Regatta Speedboat Committee announce with regret that there will be no Steel Cup Regatta this year.

★ ★ ★ A.P.B.A. Region 9, in and around Mississippi and Louisiana is going to town. The word is out that Baton Rouge, La. will bid for the National Outboard Championships.

★ ★ ★ 7 Litre owners—Attention! Scattle Yacht Club announces that the beautiful Seafair Trophy, originally created as an Unlimited perpetual, will be posted for 7 Litres this year. Two 10 mile heats on the 2 1/2 mile course between Gold Cup heats.

★ ★ ★ The "Gasoline Only" rule for inboard hydros, proposed as a safety measure was voted down by the registered owners.


★ ★ ★ **Westerners Note!** The SO Regatta scheduled for Lake Elsinore on June 21st has been cancelled. Another important change in schedule—The De Anza Cove Race (San Diego) originally scheduled for July 5th has been moved up to June 28th and will be the Region 12 SO Championships.

★ ★ ★ A rumor is floating around Detroit that Guy Lombardo is buying Al Fallon's Gold Cupper *Miss Great Lakes*. Could be, of course, but it doesn't seem to check out. How about Guy's new 7 Litre?

★ ★ ★ Big news for all drivers—everywhere—and all classes. Lake Mead, Nevada is back on the calendar and the tentative schedule calls for Inboard, Outboard and Stock. The dates are October 10, and 11th, just one week before the Annual Salton Sea Regatta. Drivers from every section of the country who took in one of the Lake Mead Regattas have bemoaned the absence of the Nevada feature from the Fall schedule for the past few years. Could be that the peerless hospitality that featured early races there plus of course the chance to hit the high spots in that fantastic city of Las Vegas had something to do with Mead popularity.

**RACE-O-GANZA**

by JOHN BERNARD BILLINGSLEY

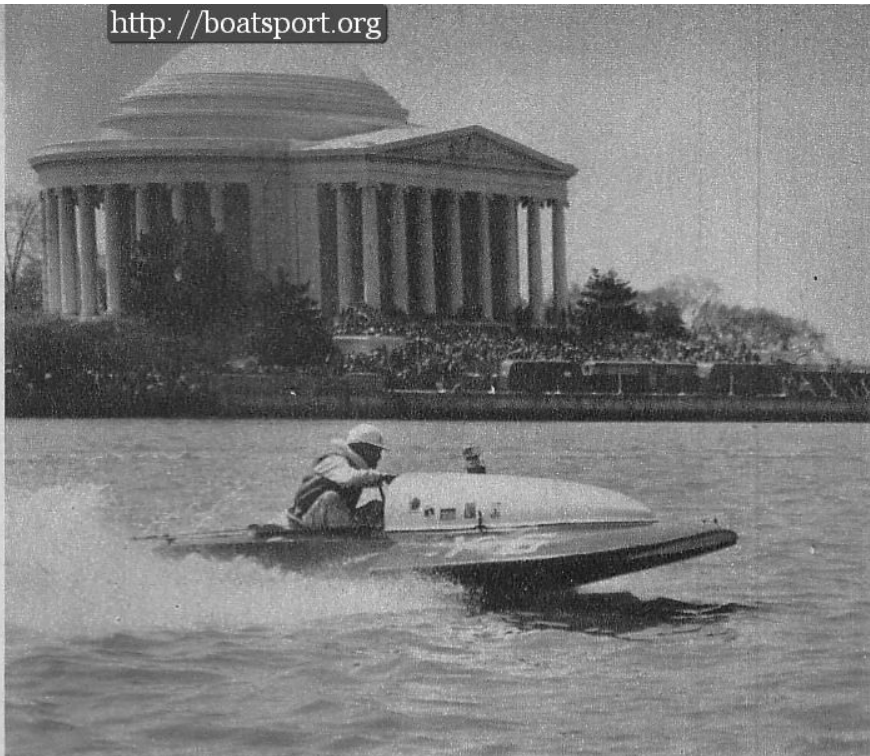


**"DAMN GOOD STUFF"**

# Cherry Blossom Regatta

What a background for a racing picture. That architectural masterpiece, the Jefferson Memorial, and what a grandstand the steps of the Memorial make for racing in the Tidal Basin. Amato Taneal in his 48 cubic incher, "Joy," passes the marker buoy in the Free-for-all.

Photos by Harold J. Flecknoe



Our National Capital in the springtime is a beautiful place, particularly when the cherry blossoms are in full bloom. This year during the Cherry Blossom Festival something new was added—a miniature regatta in the Tidal Basin.

This event, sponsored by Capital Power Boat Association, included three heats of racing for 135 cu. in. hydros, and a free-for-all event for 135's and 48 cubic inchers.

Joseph H. Palmer and other boating enthusiasts pioneered this experimental regatta in an attempt to prove to the National Capital Parks officials that limited regattas are feasible in the Tidal Basin. It appears to be a made-to-order race site with plenty of spectator accommodations. Park officials were pleased with the experiment and no doubt there will be more races held in the shadow of the Jefferson Memorial.

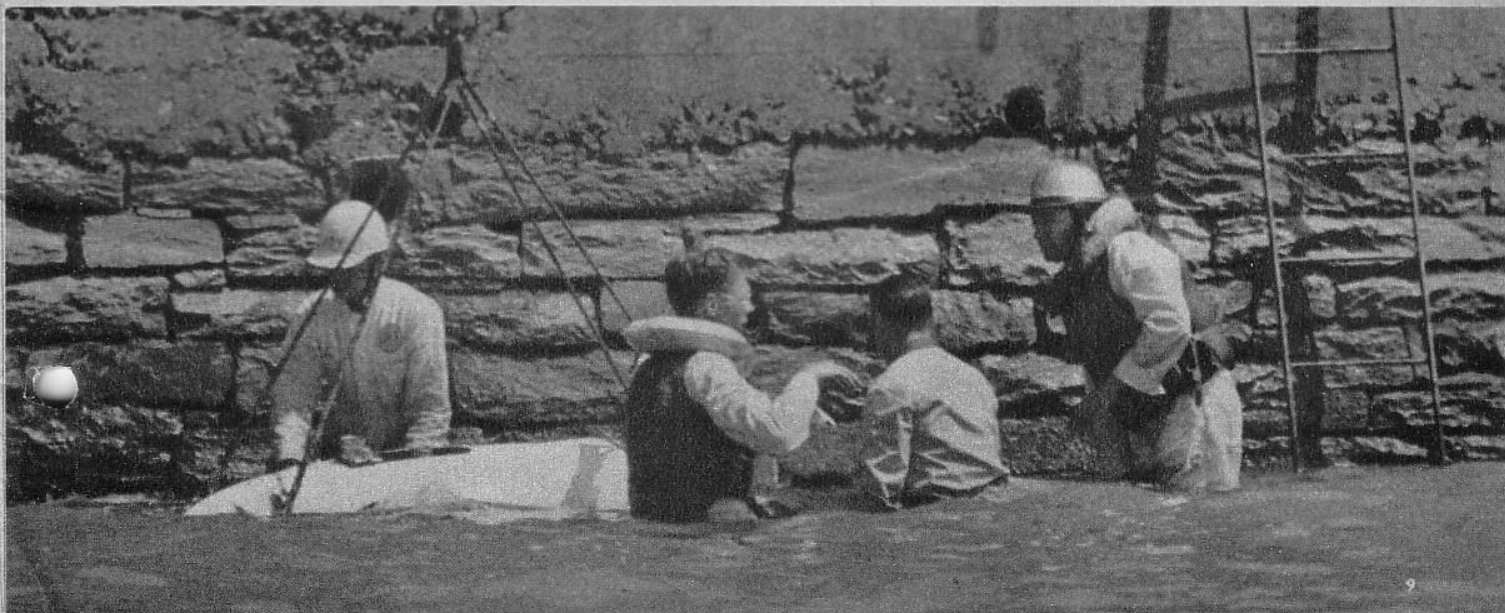
The 135's raced their three heats without incident, crowds of Washingtonians watching from the steps of the Memorial. Frank Vernon won the first heat with his *Fancy Free*, Joe Palmer took the second heat and John McKeever won the third.

In the Free-for-all, there was plenty of excitement when Vernon, hitting about 70 mph going into a turn, had to change course abruptly to avoid hitting another boat. The strain was too much for *Fancy Free*. The transom snapped off, and the rudder, stern and quadrant sank in the Tidal Basin. Fortunately, Vernon was able to keep the motor going, and by using a paddle as a rudder, he got back to the wall, where his boat was removed by a crane. No one was injured, but the many spectators had quite a thrill. Frank Vernon's boat will be back in shape in time to compete in other regattas.



"Fancy Free," with a finish like a piano, gets a little servicing before the race.

Salvage operation. The crane has been secured to Frank Vernon's half-submerged hydro, "Fancy Free." Waist deep in the Tidal Basin, Vernon, on the right, and the rest of the salvage crew are deliberating on how to do the trick with the least amount of damage.



# BUILDING A SPEED SKIFF

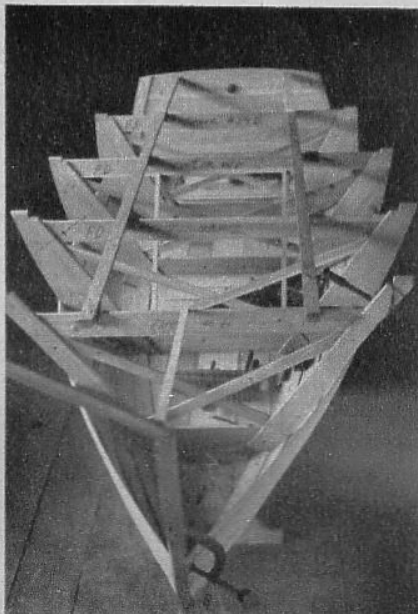


The "Falcon," built, owned and driven by Ray Morris of Red Bank, N.J. This is the top competition boat in the class, and the boat from which the accompanying design was developed. "Falcon," with an Edelbrock Ford, is winning handily at Long Branch in this picture.



By DAVID BEACH

A Speed Skiff under construction by Harold Seaman, of Seaman Sea Skiff Works, Long Branch, N.J. Note that the first five strakes of planking are on and that Seaman uses only four molds.



Unless you follow the Eastern Regattas quite closely, chances are you've never seen a Speed Skiff. However, if you've a yen to go to sea at forty miles an hour, and derisively wave a tow line at the varnished mahogany and chromed runabouts as they wallow in the waves offshore while you plane past them, then the Speed Skiff is your boat. Or, if you want a runabout to tow skiers or a pair of aquaplanes, or need a tender for a tuna clipper which will be at home on the open ocean, then consider the design shown.

The Speed Skiff is a product of the Jersey Coast, having evolved under the watchful eyes of experienced boatbuilders during the past 3 decades. The result has been a true offshore runabout, light, seaworthy, and completely at home in choppy seas, confused inlets or in the long swells that come rolling in from the Gulf Stream. That it also fulfills all the requirements for a general family runabout is proven by the fact that many of the homes along the Shrewsbury and Navesink Rivers in New Jersey have skiffs of this type in their boathouses.

In the past six years Speed Skiffs have been raced in the Eastern Circuit to the delight of the spectators and the utter amazement of the owners of conventional runabouts and hydroplanes. Their unex-

celled handling characteristics, combined with their fair turn of speed, have made them the favorite of regatta followers from the "Around Manhattan Island Race" to the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake. Because the Speed Skiff is primarily a fast family runabout, the number of APBA registered craft has increased slowly. Unlike the current trend in "service runabouts," the technical rules for Speed Skiffs define weight, freeboard and structure, outlining a deep and husky craft that is a pleasure boat first and a racing class only second.

But enough of this chat-chat about Speed Skiffs in general. Let's devote some space to the particular Speed Skiff shown in the drawings. For that, look first at the "Outboard Plan and Profile" drawing. Note that the design includes two spacious cockpits, over 5' wide, between high sides that permit a half dozen full sized adults to ride in complete comfort protected to the shoulders from the spray and spume. A short forward deck provides for stowage space, useable for lines, fenders, and other gear, while under the midship deck is nestled the engine. The boat will take most any stock marine engine or conversion up to about 160 hp, including the Gray 6-160 Fireball. As is standard in sixteen footers, fuel tank is placed behind the rear cockpit.

Note that the boat incorporates an off-the-beaten-track horizontal steerer. These have been standard in Skiffs from Long Island to Florida and are much more simple to install than automotive type steerers. Beneath the floor hatch, giving access to the shaft log and gland, is a husky rack and pinion steerer mechanism which provides a positive and fool-proof action to the tiller.

So much for outside appearances. Let's look now at the "Construction Plan" where the general arrangement of the craft is shown in the upper longitudinal section. The powerplant is easily recognized as a Ford V-8; the specific conversion shown is the Osco Series 9-100 conversion, direct drive. With a full race Mercury, however, the top of the compartment beneath the hatches would be somewhat more cluttered with two or three carburetors all in a row. The vertical steering column, simple clutch lever, fuel tank piping, full length stringers with their lifting eyes, and heavy transverse lower bulkheads all deserve special notice. Note also the steam bent frames, spaced every 6" throughout the length of the boat, and the well distributed system of bolts which tie the stringers, lower frames and heavy 3/4" marine plywood bottom together into one integrated structure. These items, together with the substantial chine and sheer sections provide a measure of solidity that leaves little to be desired.

The "Construction Details" plan shows the sections at the bulkheads and the transom, together with the details at small sections at essential locations. It is considered that the plans are exceptionally complete, and should leave few questions in the minds of experienced builders. However, attention is directed to the note above the title block on the "Construction Plan" drawing. Unless the builder is well experienced, it is considered advisable to study Chapter 7 of Howard I. Chapelle's excellent treatise on "Boat Building."

Chapter 7 is devoted to lapstrake boats in general, giving considerable space to the construction of Jersey Skiffs not too unlike this one. "Boat Building" is published by Norton, Inc., of New York, but libraries in most boating communities have at least one copy on their shelves.

So much for the construction discussion. The "Lines & Offsets Plan" presents the first problems for the prospective builder. In lapstrake construction, where the planking is erected over molds prior to the fitting of the frames, the lines and offsets are given to the *inside* of the planking. Here, the sections are for the molds which are made and erected to insure that the planks take the proper shape. These lines, incidentally, are *good* lines, having been based on lines taken from *Falcon*, the present competition speed record holder which was built by Ray Morris of Red Bank, N.J. What is important is the long curve of the rocker in the bottom, which is in  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick marine plywood. Equally important is the shape of the sections, particularly that curve of the bilge. The flat athwartship sections of the bottom on which the boat runs gradually widen out aft to 40" at the transom, and the bilge curves upward approximately 30 degrees from the horizontal. The combination of those two features provide the excellent turning characteristics which are responsible for the enthusiasm of skiff owners. It is essential that these lines be lofted, or laid down, full size before doing anything else. That will insure that any inaccuracies on the designer's scaling the table of offsets will not result in unfairness of the boat's sides. The actual details of the stem angles can also be worked out on the full sized lines and the transom which, if erected with the molds, can also be developed. There are many ways of erecting a skiff-planked boat, as are shown in Chapelle's book. The illustration accompanying this feature shows a Speed Skiff in early stages of construction, with the stem, molds, and transom fitted to a blanked bottom. The frames are fitted when the planking strakes are all up.



The Speed Skiffs put on some fine racing and they don't have to have custom made water conditions. Left to right Ardolino's "Jo-Carol-Too," Morris's "Falcon" and Boland's "Suds."

Construction is, in other respects, quite straightforward, and the details of engine installation are, for the most part, determined by the particular motor used. The Ford V-8 requires two exhaust pipes which run through insulated holes in the heavy lower frame bulkheads, as illustrated in the construction sections. How these details are fitted is left to the individual builder, the solutions being pretty much standardized, and no great difficulties should arise from them. The photos chosen as accompanying illustrations show the features drawn on the plans, and for the most part all the problems which might arise in the construction of the hull by either amateur or professional have been considered.

If you are going to race your Speed Skiff, it would be well to study the following excerpts from the APBA rules for this class of boat:

"The principal dimensions for these boats shall be:

- (a) Minimum L.O.A. 16'
- (b) Minimum Beam 6'
- (c) Minimum freeboard forward 2'6"
- (d) Minimum freeboard aft 1'10"
- (e) Minimum depth of hull inside 2'6"—measurement to be taken by laying a straight edge from gunwale to gunwale and measuring vertically (at right angles) from this line to the shallowest point in the bottom of the boat."

Note: The table of characteristics for the particular boat presented in the plan is as follows:

Length on Deck.....	16'2"
Beam amidships.....	6'1"
Depth amidships.....	2'10"
Freeboard Forward.....	3'7"
Freeboard Aft.....	2'1"

"Minimum weight of boat complete in racing trim but without crew or fuel, 1600 lbs.

"The hull shall be of lapstrake, steam bent timber construction, with skiff bottom, or the bottom may be of lap strake construction—providing laps or steps formed by the laps of the planking are approximately parallel with the center line of the boat and are of no greater depth than the thickness of the planking. Thwartship steps, air scoops and tunnels are specifically prohibited.

"The engine must be enclosed. Decks, sunken decks and lockers or engine box or hatches shall be substantial and strong enough to support the weight of two persons.

"The form of power plant shall be one four-cycle motor with piston displacement not to exceed 255 cu. in. Overhead valves permitted if motor was so designed by the original builder. Superchargers shall be prohibited. All parts used must be available on the open market to the public at or through a dealer in the United States.

"The maximum permissible expenditure for the motor including clutch, reverse gear, or gear box, shall not exceed \$1500.

"The engine shall be equipped with an efficient clutch and/or reverse gear.

"The boat must carry a crew of two with the seating locations optional.

"Boats of this class shall carry a racing number with letters "JS" painted on both sides at the bow."

The Speed Skiff is a very efficient hull. Witness the APBA records for the class: 1 mile record—49.611 mph by *Jo Carol Too* owned by Dan Ardolino.

5 mile comp. record—44.510 mph set at Red Bank by *Falcon*, Ray Morris.

It takes a pretty fair family runabout to get around Manhattan Island at a forty mile clip in the type of water usually existing. In the Around Manhattan Race in 1949 Harold Disbrow completed the circuit in his Speed Skiff at an average of 41.3 mph.

If you build a Speed Skiff to race, that's fine. If you build a Speed Skiff for general purpose, you can't make a better choice. So, pleasant boating and good racing!



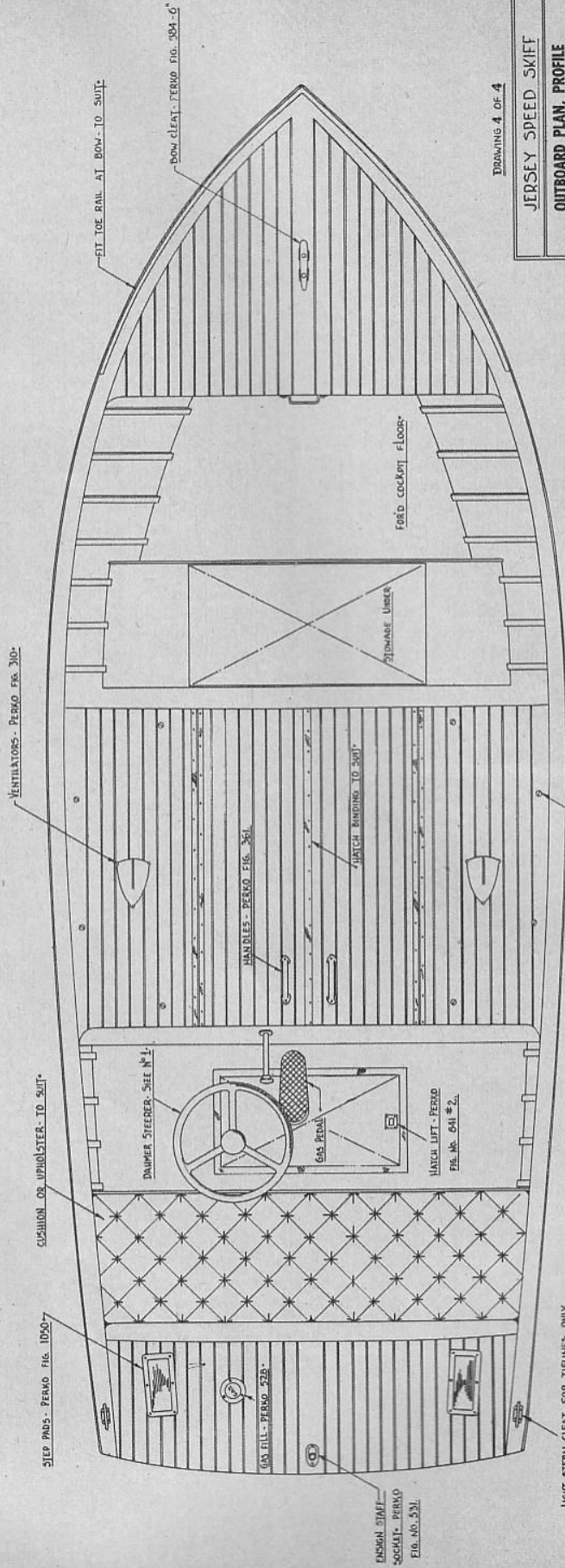
Three in the after cockpit with no crowding. Dan Ardolino, driving his "Jo Carol Too" at about 45 mph. The author's son David and wife Helen are along for the ride.

The Speed Skiff is a husky all-purpose runabout and a real thrill to own and drive. This is "Jo-Carol-Too" doing a good solid 47 miles an hour with two aboard.



Large scale blueprints are available from the original designer's drawings. Address David Beach, Naval Architect, 23 Buckingham Court, Maywood, N. J.

THIS DESIGN PREPARED TO AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION  
 RULES FOR JERSEY SPEED SKIFF CLASS. RACING NUMBER TO  
 BE ASSIGNED BY A.P.B.A. 700 CANTON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.  
 LARGE SCALE BLUEPRINTS OF THESE DRAWINGS MAY BE OBTAINED FROM  
 DESIGNER AT ADDRESS BELOW OR THRU THIS MAGAZINE.



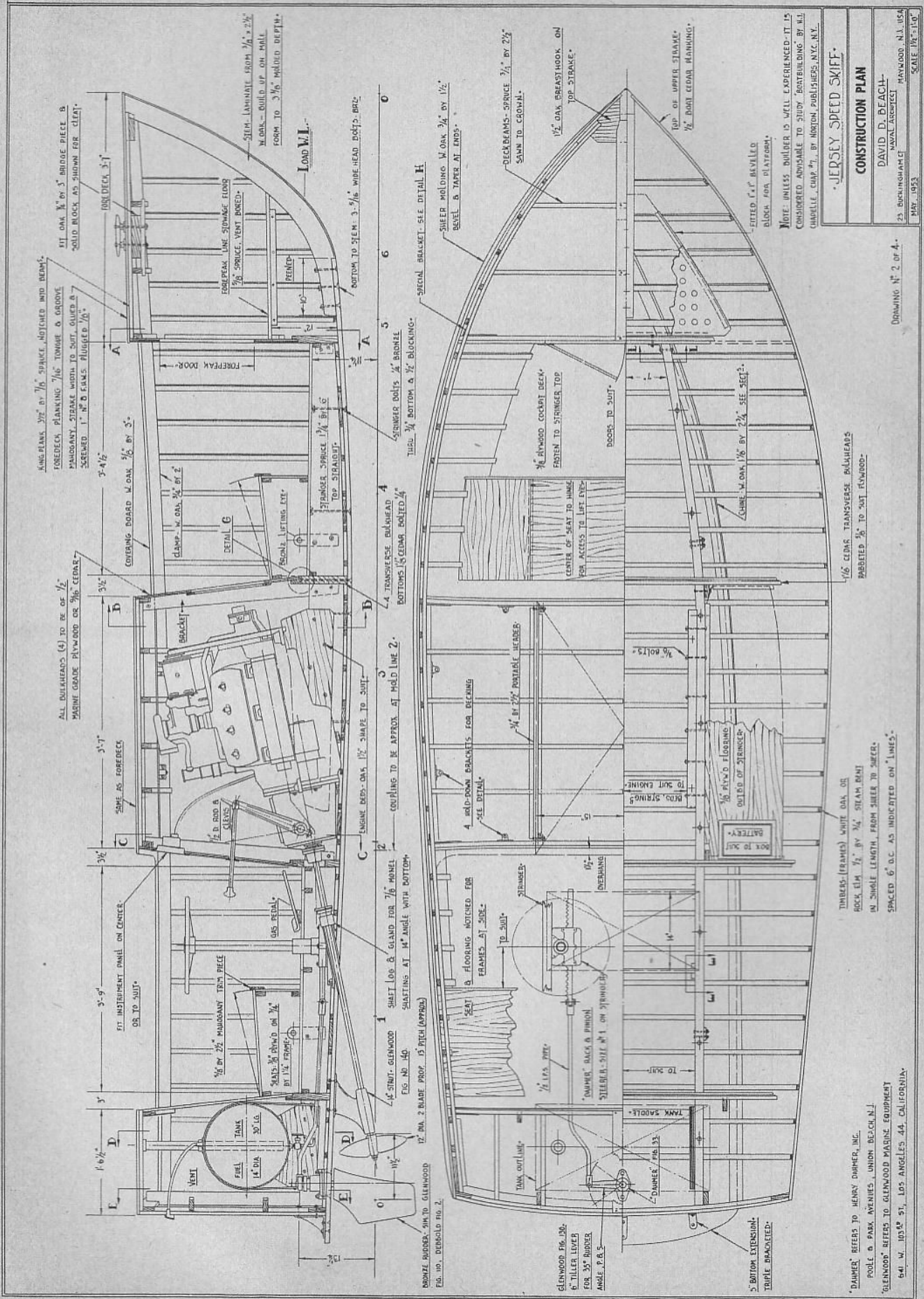
DRAWING 4 OF 4

**JERSEY SPEED SKIFF**  
**OUTBOARD PLAN, PROFILE**

DAVID D. BEACH  
 \*NAVAL ARCHITECT.  
 25 BUCKINGHAM CT.  
 MAYWOOD, N.J., U.S.A.

MAY, 1955

SCALE 1/2"=1'-0"



**CONSTRUCTION PLAN**  
 DAVID D. BEACH  
 NAVAL ARCHITECT  
 25 BURLINGAME CT.  
 HAYWOOD, N.J. USA  
 MAY, 1953  
 SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"

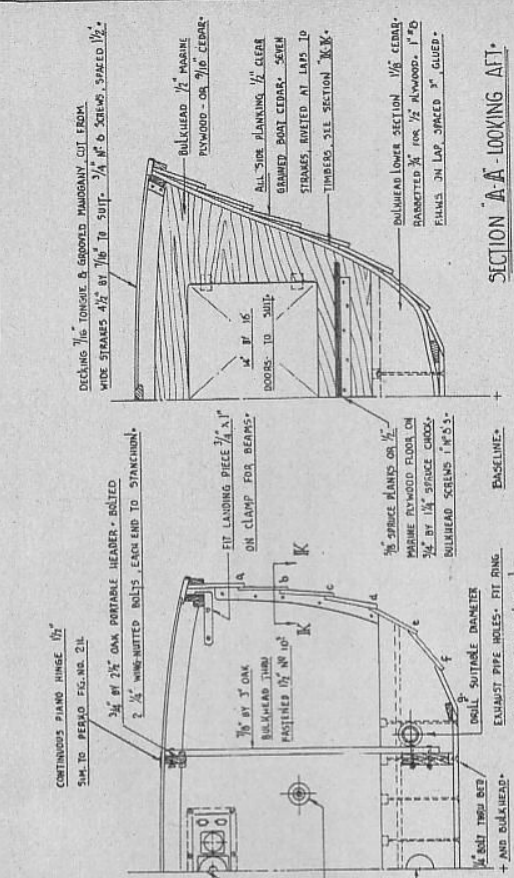
**JERSEY SPEED SKIFF**  
 DRAWING NO. 2 OF 4

1/8" CEDAR TRANSVERSE BULKHEADS  
 PARABOLIC 3/8" TO SUIT FORWARD

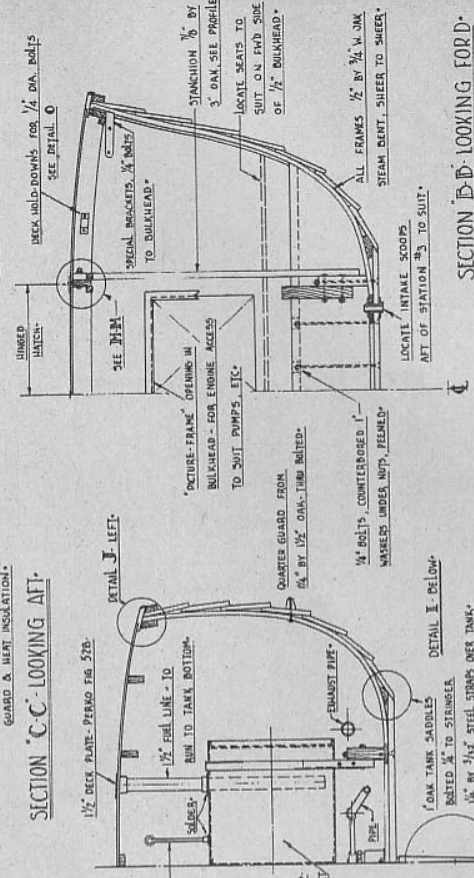
TIMBERS (FRAMES) WHITE OAK OR  
 ROCK Elm 3/4" BY 3/4" STEAM BENT  
 IN SHAPE LENGTH FROM SKEEL TO SKEEL  
 SPACED 6" O.C. AS INDICATED ON "LINES"

\*DAMMER REFERS TO HENRY DAMMER, INC.  
 POOLE & PARK AVENUES, UNION BEACH, N.J.  
 \*GLENWOOD\* REFERS TO GLENWOOD MARINE EQUIPMENT  
 541 W. 101st ST., LOS ANGELES 44, CALIFORNIA

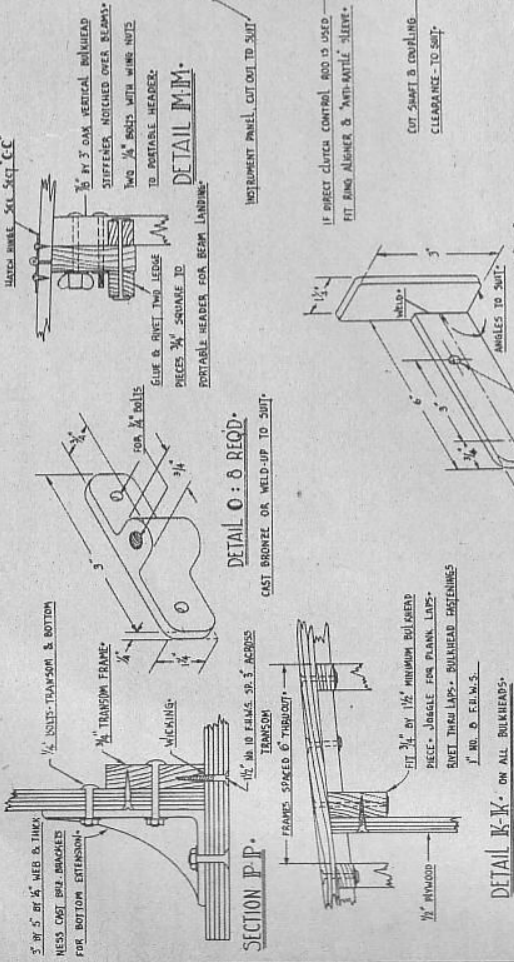
NOTE: PHOTO REFERS TO CATALOG OF THE PERINNS MARINE LAMP & HARDWARE CO., 1943 PITKIN AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., NEW YORK.



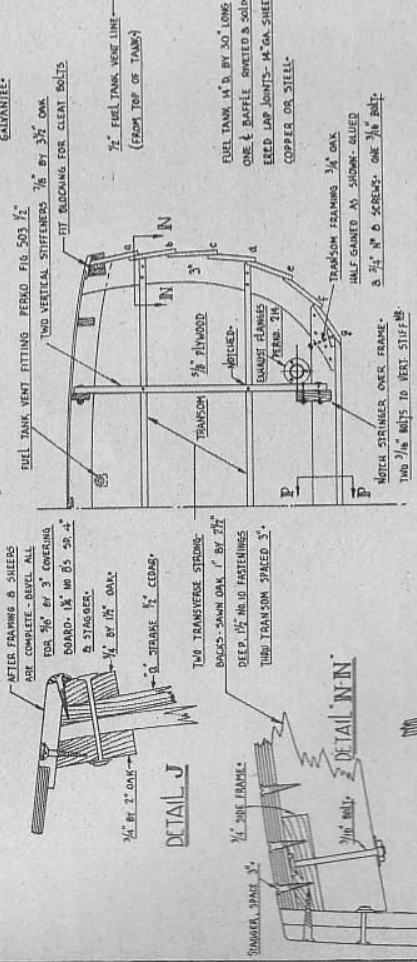
SECTION A-A - LOOKING AFT.



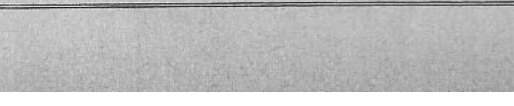
SECTION B-B - LOOKING FORD.



SECTION C-C - LOOKING AFT.



SECTION D-D - LOOKING AFT.



SECTION E-E - LOOKING AFT.



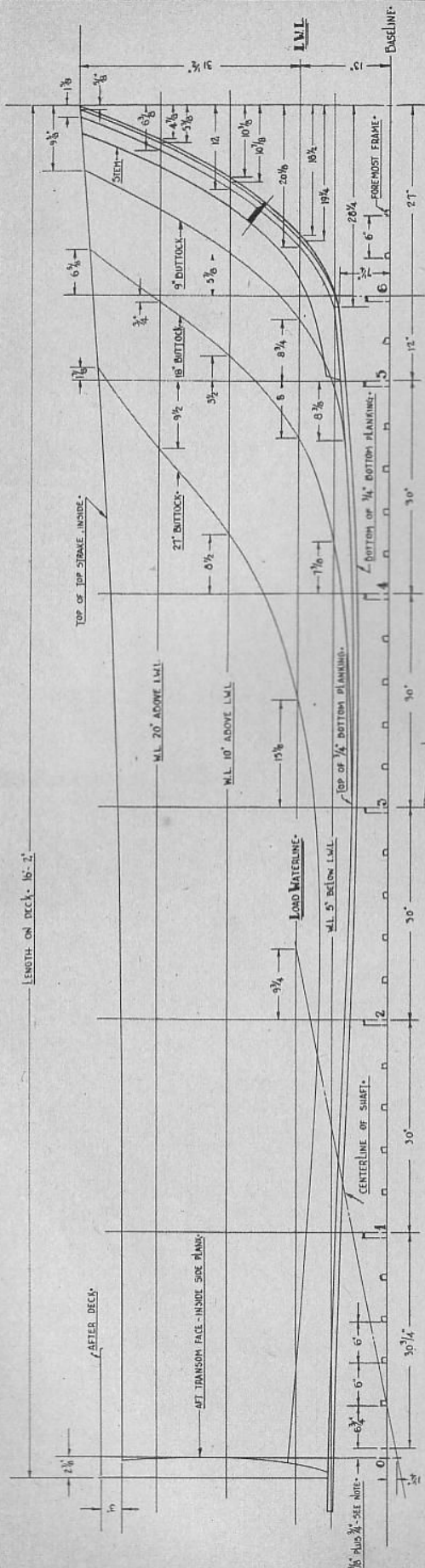
SECTION F-F.

JERSEY SPEED SKIFF  
CONSTRUCTION DETAILS

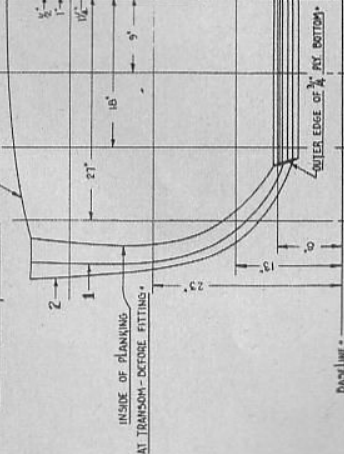
DAVID D. BEACH  
NAVAL ARCHITECT  
23 BUCKINGHAM CT.  
SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"  
MAY, 1953

DRAWING NO. 3 OF 4





**NOTE:** STATION 0 IS AFT FACE OF TRANSOM PLANKING AT SIDE (OF ABOVE L.W.L.). TRANSOM OUTER PLANKING IS 3/8" PLYWOOD ON 1/4" FRAME. FIRST 1/2' BY 3/4" STEAMED FRAME LOCATED 6 1/2" FORWARD OF FORWARD FACE OF TRANSOM SIDE FRAME. ALL FRAMES ARE SPACED 6" THROUGH.

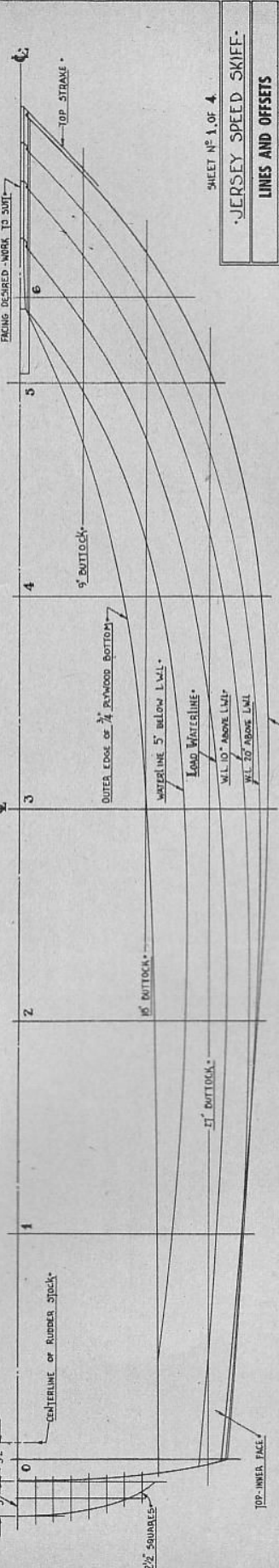


**TABLE OF MOLDED OFFSETS.**

THESE OFFSETS ARE FOR THE PLANKING HOLES ON WHICH PLANKING IS FITTED AND ARE IN INCHES & EXHIBITS TO FORWARD EDGE AS INDICATED. NOT TO OUTSIDE OF PLANKING.

HALF-BREADTHS FROM 1/2" TO MID EDGE.	TOP OF BUTT.	10" BUTT.	21" BUTT.	INSIDE								
EDGE BELOW 1/4" FACE L.W.L.	MOVE ABOVE L.W.L.	MOVE ABOVE L.W.L.	1/4" FACE L.W.L.	TOP								
AFT FACE TRANSOM	20-1	20-1	20-1	21" OFF 1/4" STRAKE								
MOLD ON STRAKE #1	19-6	22-0	27-1	32-1	32-1	7-3	-	12-7	37-6			
-	2	19-3	24-0	29-5	32-1	33-6	34-0	6-1	10-1	37-7		
-	3	18-1	23-6	28-4	32-1	34-2	35-6	5-1	-	11-0	38-4	
-	4	14-5	19-6	24-3	29-5	31-5	34-3	5-3	-	6-6	18-3	39-7
-	5	5-6	8-1	14-3	19-4	23-4	27-3	7-2	8-3	10-3	40-5	41-7
-	6	-	-	6-4	13-0	17-3	21-1	-	10-0	34-2	-	42-5

SEAM DIMENSIONS WORKED OUT FOR 1" FACE. IF NARROWER FINISH DESCRIBED - WORK TO SUIT.



SHEET NO. 1 OF 4

**JERSEY SPEED SKIFF - LINES AND OFFSETS**

DAVID D. BEACH - MARINE ARCHITECT  
 23 BUCKINGHAM CT. HAYWOOD, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.  
 APRIL, 1955 SCALE 1/8" = 1'-0"



Ronnie Rima leading the B Runabouts.

Photos by HITCHCOCK

# ON THE RIVER AT BLYTHE

Homer Smith joined the Hell Divers.



Kenneth Collier took both heats of "A."



Bob Cochran was top man in BU Runabout



This was scheduled to be the story of two days of Stock Outboard racing at Blythe on the Colorado River. The first part of the story, recounting the results of the mile trials, will have to go to a future date. The wind blew a screaming gale and not a single boat attempted the trap. This might have been quite a yarn, for the boys with the hot rigs have been laying for a chance at the river mile, and they were all there.

The actual miles per hour results of record runs on the Colorado at this point would have made an interesting study, for the current through the trap must have been a solid 8 mph, and water speedometers on short tests were showing quite a variance. Whether or not the lift from the downstream run will offset the current is a question that will have to wait for the next try at Blythe.

The racing program was tops — the equivalent of any outboard program that this writer has ever witnessed. Big fields of well matched boats in every class fought it out to finishes where the leading boat was lucky to win by the proverbial nose. The spectators got an eyeful of the fanciest flipping program seen in the west in many a day.

Butch Reed, the local youngster, started off the festivities with a terrific wing-ding in the A Runabouts, leaving the honors to another schoolboy, Bobby Parish from Bakersfield, who captured both heats. Young Butch, reputed to be ready to knock off the A Hydro record at any moment, was the odds-on favorite to run away and hide from the eleven entries in this class. That isn't the way it went at all. Dr. Paul DeLoe, a brand new driver starting in his second regatta, copped onto the lead and Butch was way back in the pack. Doc ran out of steam (or something) after two laps and then there was a real battle for the lead with Kenneth Collier winning out. Little Biff Parker was the tough luck driver of the regatta. His outfit dug into a wake, flipped and tore the whole deck off. It went down like a rock, and all efforts to recover it were fruitless. Biff was unhurt. That was his first ride ahead of Bob Knapp's world record motor which he had just acquired.

There were 19 B Stock Runabouts and they must have all been hot because in each elimination heat every boat was right on top of one of those championship motors at the turn. Ronnie Rima knocked off one of the eliminations with no pain, and was leading in the runoff when a steering pin folded and put him out of the race. Bob Cochran driving the new Champion Runabout gathered in a first and a second for top honors. Chuck Van Dyke barrel-rolled out of his outfit on that rough and bumpy backstretch but managed to climb back in and continue the race. With that 8-mile current running he really had to do a piece of swimming to catch the boat.

The D Hydro race was spectacular but there wasn't much doubt of the outcome. The water was made to order for Ivan Brower's conventional *Smoothie* and Ronnie Rima, doing the driving, gathered in both first places. There wasn't a driver in the race who didn't have his outfit at full bore and places were changing constantly back of the leader. That 3-pointer that Johnny Craven drove could be a hot rig in glass smooth water but it was well named for this race *Major Catastrophe*.

The boys down on the river and the drivers from the Coast have a perpetual feud running in B Stock Hydro. The betting before the race was 5 to 3 in favor of the river boys, who specialize in the Hydro. Hub Reed was the red hot favorite with the Collier boys and Homer Sain figured to be pretty hot too. Rima from Newport Beach in another of Brower's creations must have given the local bookies the jitters. Ronnie got the lead in the first heat—lost it to Hub Reed—got it back again and then Reed beat him out at the finish line coming up from behind to get the flag by just a half a boat length. It was a real thriller. The second heat started out the same way. Hub lost a little every time his outfit came clear in the rough going on the back stretch and finally something shook loose and he wound up with a fourth, while Rima copped the trophy. It was Rima again in the first heat of D Stock Runabouts with 9 outfits in the field, but the Brower rig folded up in the second heat.

The official axe caught Walt Guderian on the under-weight rule and Johnny Craven on a motor ruling. This latter affair was a freak. The motor inspector found that the idle jets on the borrowed motor that Johnny was running had worked wide open. That gallivanting cowboy, Homer Smith, from Bull Basin Ranch, had a water level view of the whole race. He was thrown from his boat at the upper turn, and couldn't catch up with the outfit which literally sailboated down the river with the wind and the current all to its advantage. Homer flipped in the first lap. When the first boat finished, Homer and the boat had both passed the judges' stand on the way down stream. That's a quarter of a lap on the Blythe course in pretty fair time with no help from the motor.

That's a nice course at Blythe and the hospitality is tops, but that back stretch is a lulu when the wind blows.



2 straight heats for Ivan Brower's "Smoothie."

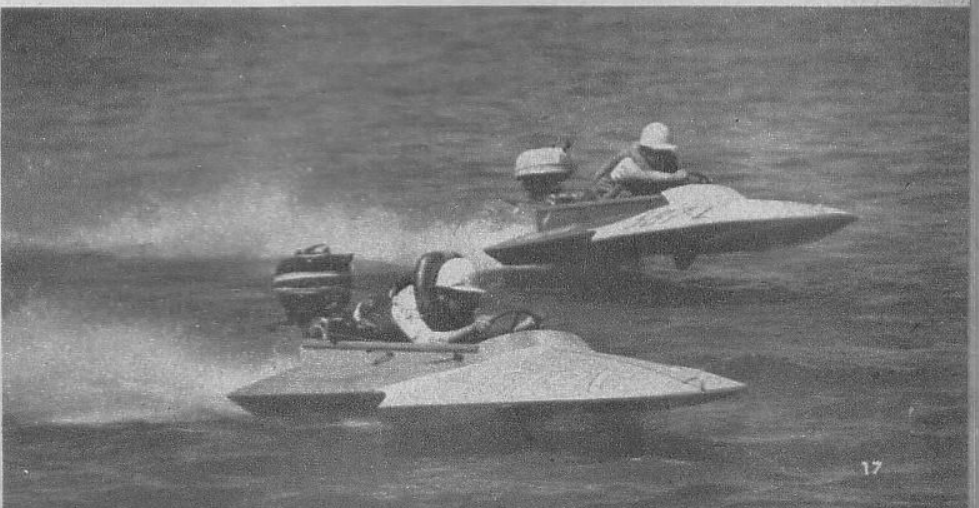
Bill Rampke going over one of those rough spots on the downstream run near the stand.



Doc DeLoe took the lead in "A" Hydro.



A Stock Hydro. Fred Richman leading Biff Parker. Biff dumped in the next lap.





Robert Stanley Dollar's "Skip-A-Long" thundering around the buoy at the top end of the course.

# The Harmsworth Trophy

When Lord Northcliffe's "Bit of Bronze" Is Contested For, It's Truly The World Series of Speedboat Racing

Dollar took *Skip-A-Long* of California over the line first and was down the river 100 yards ahead of *Such Crust* and *My Sweetie*—*Miss Canada* trailed by 200 yards. Going under the Belle Isle Bridge, Dollar's team mates both passed him up. On the back stretch, Cantrell pushed *My Sweetie* out in front to a 50 yard lead over Dan Arena in *Such Crust* as the first lap ended. It looked like an American parade but soon afterwards *Sweetie* lost a water intake and dropped from the race. *Such Crust* took over the lead and won easily. *Skip-A-Long* was close behind *Sweetie* when the latter conked out and tried to pass the stalling boat on the fourth lap at the lower turn. Dollar hit a wave in the only choppy spot on the course and took over some spray and solid water that drowned out the Allison. *Skip* bobbed around for six minutes before Dollar and his mechanic Ollie Meeks managed to get her going again and in the meantime *Miss Canada* went by. Dollar poured on the coal and caught the Canadian boat coming up under the Belle Isle Bridge on the last lap. At the finish *Skip* was nearly two laps behind *Such Crust* with *Miss Canada* far behind. Danny and his brother Gene, who was riding as mechanic, had shaken dozens of hands at the judge's stand before Dollar crossed the line. Danny said that he played it cozy after taking the lead, frequently

### The First Race

Thousands of spectators—several hundred thousand in fact—lined the course to see the first international championship race in 15 years. *Miss Canada IV* came to Detroit hailed as the most formidable challenger since Kaye Don beat Gar Wood's *Miss America X* in one heat of the 1931 race at a speed of 89.913 mph, a heat record that was still standing in 1949. Harold Wilson had driven the Canadian boat unofficially at 120 mph in trials on Canadian waters. But regardless of the fanfare *Miss Canada* never looked as good as her press notices. In that first heat she was back at the start and still trailing at the finish and she never looked fast.

Kaye Don's "Miss England II" gave the Silver Fox of Algonac his finest race.—Rosenfeld photo.

### THE POST WOOD ERA

By GEORGE VAN

Photos

Courtesy Detroit Times

### THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL TROPHY

This is the third and concluding part in SPEED AND SPRAY'S history of the Harmsworth Trophy. In the May and June issues we presented the early history of this 50 year old international award and brought the story up to the post-Wood era. Gar Wood declined to defend against the 1949 challenge and after a hotly contested elimination series the U. S. team was selected. Now for the 1949 race.



### THE 1949 WORLD SERIES



"Slo-Mo-Shun IV's" fantastic rooster tail is a never-to-be-forgotten thrill.

was down to 2400 rpm and never above 3000. The lap times bore out his statement. He averaged 97.969 mph as compared to Kaye Don's heat record of 89.972 mph and he did it with several laps well under 70 mph. Despite Arena's conservative pace, *Such Crust* had taken a beating. A half dozen planks and frames were broken and her engine mounting was loosened.

**Dissappointment**

The Wilsons were disappointed in the performance of *Miss Canada* for this marked the first time that one of their entries had failed to make a good showing in a race on the Detroit River. The supercharger on the Rolls had failed to cut in and Harold had run the race at a top rpm of 1700. The Wilsons had figured on 2800 rpm which they thought would give them the speed to beat the American team.

**A Movie Finish**

One more victory was needed by the U. S. team to keep the Harmsworth Trophy in this country, the award going to the nation which is first to win two races.

The second race, held on the following day, was one of high drama—one of the most thrilling in all Harmsworth history. The finish was more like a movie script than an actual race. Danny Arena went

into the sixth and last lap of the race with a quarter mile lead, a margin he had held since the first lap. Döllar had been trailing him doggedly, stepping up the pace on each lap. The race seemed in the bag for young Arena who had won the previous day's race with a battered boat. Into the upper turn went the leader—and then it happened. *Such Crust* faltered—and then drifted to a stop as Dollar and *Skip-A-Long* of California roared by to win. Dan Arena and his brother Gene worked frantically to get the *Crust* started. Suddenly the Allison caught and with one last spurt they crossed the finish line to take second place. Horace Dodge, driving *My Sweetie*, took third to make it one-two-three for the U. S. team in this second and final race.

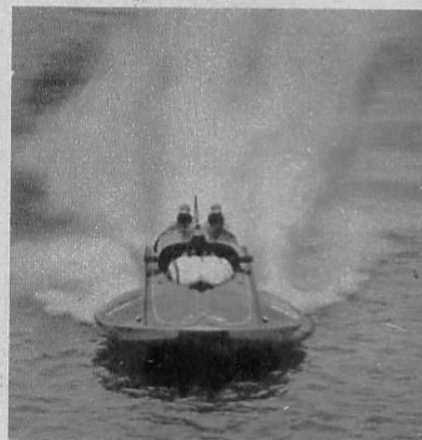
The Challenger, *Miss Canada IV* was fourth, more than a lap behind. She was out 'just for show.' Before the race Harold Wilson said that the blower on the Rolls would not perform but that he would race so as not to disappoint the crowd.

**Record Shattered**

All Harmsworth records were shattered in this second race. *Skip-A-Long* covered the 42 statute miles at 94.285 mph which wiped from the books *Miss England II's* heat record of 89.913 mph set up in 1931



One of the largest boat racing spectator crowds in history. Belle Isle Bridge was jammed with press and spectators.



The Arena Brothers in Jack Schafer's "Such Crust" leading the pack at the moment.

"Skip-A-Long" of California leading "Such Crust" during the 1949 race at Detroit.





The Wilson's "Miss Canada IV," unsuccessful challenger in 1949 and 1950.

Enter Slo-Mo-Shun IV

The year of 1950 was memorable in unlimited class boat history. It was the year that Stanley Sayres and his *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* came to light in the world of boating. Sayres, Anchor Jensen, Ted Jones and others—mostly men from the airplane industries of the Northwest—had worked ceaselessly for more than a year on this *Slo-Mo*.

In the spring of 1950 Sayres electrified the world, and particularly that part of the speedboat world in Detroit, when he kicked the daylight out of the world mile record with that 160.323 mph run on Lake Washington. *Slo-Mo's* performance was a bolt out of the blue—a complete surprise. No one had ever heard of the boat or the owner. With one pair of runs the Seattle speedster wiped out Sir Malcolm Campbell's world record established in 1939 and Gar Wood's American record set in 1931.

Detroit speedboat men little realized how snug and fat they had grown in their thinking. When Sayres said he would bring *Slo-Mo* east for the Gold Cup and the Harmsworth, and whatever else was going on in Detroit—well, they figured he would have to be shown! The general attitude in Detroit was that after all, a mile record was wonderful, but it was doubtful if *Slo-Mo* would hold together in a rough-tough series with the seasoned drivers and boats in the Motor City.

A Convincing Performance

The story of how *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* came, conquered and departed with all the cups and records, made glamorous racing history that will not soon be forgotten.

Speedboat addicts never will forget *Slo-Mo* on the Detroit River that summer. She was around for nearly two months. Before the Gold Cup she was out each day cruising 'round and 'round the river. She took the Gold Cup convincingly with her designer, Ted Jones, doing the driving. No longer was she regarded as a cockleshell built for a mile run; instead, her performances surrounded her with an aura of reliable invincibility. Detroiters were amazed when Sayres and Jones took friends out for pleasure rides aboard *Slo-Mo* during the week before the Gold Cup.

The 1950 Course

The 1949 Harmsworth had been held in July. In his 1950 challenge, Ernie Wilson stipulated that the race would have to be held after August 1. September 1 and 2 were selected by the YAA officials. If a third race was necessary it would be held September 3rd, Labor Day. The Detroit Yacht Club again was the sponsoring and

Plans For 1950

The Wilsons challenged again in 1950 with the same *Miss Canada IV* that had failed to win for Canada in 1949. Once again the Detroit River was selected as the course site. Normally the defender is given the right of picking his site in the defense of the Harmsworth. But Dollar's *Skip-A-Long* had gone to the bottom of Lake Tahoe in California in the fall of 1949 and was never recovered. Dollar said he would not build a new craft. Jack Schafer offered one of his *Such Crusts* to Dollar, but the latter graciously refused.

J. Lee Barrett of Detroit and the late Commodore Sheldon Clark of Chicago, officers of the Yachtsman's Association of America, representing the authority in this country over the B.I.T. award, selected Detroit over suggested sites near San Francisco and Seattle. Obviously they were swayed in their decision for the Detroit River because of the know-how in that area in the running of unlimited class races.

A challenge from Donald Campbell of England with the *Bluebird II* or a new version of the Vosper-built craft failed to materialize. Campbell, son of the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, tried unsuccessfully late in 1949 to break the 141.74 mph world record established by his father in 1939.

in the one heat that the English boat finished. Arena in *Such Crust I* got the lap record. His fastest (the fifth) was 98.164 mph compared to Don's 93.047 in the 1931 race. The spectators may have thought that Arena was just trying to hold his position throughout the race, but the lap speeds told a different story. Dollar, never more than a quarter of a mile behind was turning every lap a little faster, and Arena had no choice but to go along with the pace. They started out with a 93 mph lap and with each one a little faster they were touring the fifth at 98 when the *Crust* stopped dead.

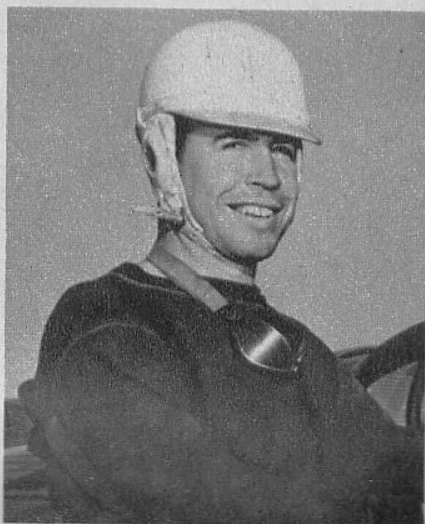
The Run Off

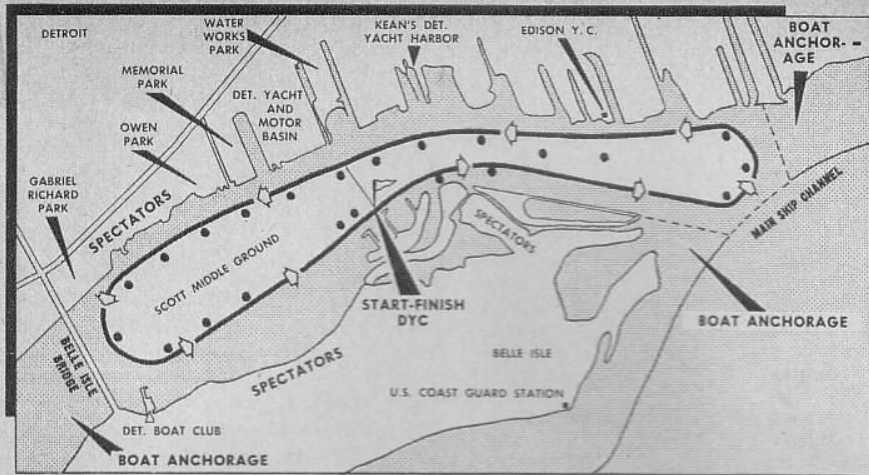
The United States team had successfully defended the "old bronze bauble," but *Such Crust I* and *Skip-A-Long* were tied for first with one win apiece and a run-off was required to determine which name would be inscribed on the trophy. The run-off, a two lap race, didn't amount to much. Arena put *Such Crust* out in front with the gun but Dollar passed Schafer's boat at the upper turn. *Such Crust* came to a stop in front of the judges' stand at the end of the first lap while *Skip-A-Long* covered the second round leisurely to become the official winner of the 1949 Harmsworth Trophy Race.

Harold Wilson, driver of "Miss Canada."



"Leadfoot Lou" Fageol drove Stan Sayres' "Slo-Mo-Shun IV" to victory in 1950.





supporting body, together with the Detroit International Regatta Association. Each race this time would be forty miles—8 laps of a 5-mile course. It was all laid out above the Belle Isle Bridge with the start and finish off the D.Y.C. The year before, a seven-mile course had been used which took the racing craft between the spans of the Belle Isle Bridge. This in 1950 was deemed dangerous, particularly because of *Slo-Mo's* speed.

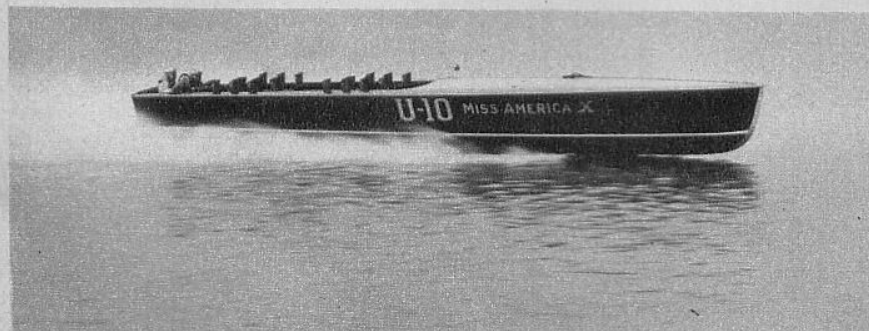
**Who Will Defend?**

As usual the United States as the defender was entitled to a three-boat team. The eligibles included Jack Schafer's *Such Crust I* and *Such Crust II*, Al Fallon's *Miss Great Lakes*, Horace Dodge's *My Sweetie*, and the Dossin Brothers' new *Miss Pepsi*, the first twin-engine Allison-powered hydroplane. Guy Lombardo had a notion he might try for a place with his rebuilt *Tempo V*. He came out to Detroit, watched the boats in trials, and gave up the idea.

The California Comet, Dollar's consistent "Skip-A-Long," blasting along to victory in the 1949 race. Every one of those little dots in the background is a spectator.



The mighty "Miss America X" was unchallenged champion of the world for 17 years.



The day before the first race *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* stood as the only boat definitely named on the U.S. team. She had qualified at 96.72 mph. Cantrell had put *My Sweetie* around with a 94.51 mph average Thursday before the first race. Chuck Thompson had traveled the 15 mile trial with *Miss Pepsi* at an impressive clip of over 96 mph the same afternoon, and she had gone around the 5-mile lap at 98.18, the fastest trip ever made around a closed course anywhere. This broke Danny Arena's 98.16 mph lap made with *Such Crust I* during the Harmsworth Races in 1949. Thompson said that he had used only 2900 rpm's of *Pepsi's* rated 3200, and this only briefly, doing most of the trial at 2700. Danny Foster ran *Such Crust I* at 87.71 and Danny Arena got 88.94 out of *Such Crust II* in their 15-mile qualifying race.

**A Tough Decision**

The committee had a problem, and *Pepsi's* performance particularly posed it.

She had proved herself a whale of a boat for 3 laps, but during the last two trips around the course Thompson had been virtually blinded by spraying oil. The committee was stressing reliability. They wanted three boats on the team that were reasonably sure of covering the 40-mile Harmsworth heats.

Al Fallon's *Miss Great Lakes* was also in the picture. Young Bill Muncey gave her a daring twirl pushing her above 96 on her first lap, but then she started to burn oil and emerged with an 82.83 mph average. This was slow going in comparison to the others.

At the eleventh hour the committee decided in favor of *Such Crust II* and *My Sweetie*, as team-mates for *Slo-Mo-Shun IV*. *Miss Pepsi's* camp, to put it mildly, was rather chagrined to hear that their boat was not selected.

**Fageol Selected**

*Miss Canada IV* didn't arrive in Detroit from Gravenhurst, Ontario, up in the Muskoka Lakes, until the day before the race. She came out on the course, but her driver, Harold Wilson, didn't let her out. He merely cruised around to familiarize himself with the course. The Wilsons had the guessers going crazy. *Miss Canada IV* had been clocked at better than 140 mph in trials at Gravenhurst, according to reports.

With Ted Jones on the shelf with a broken hand, Sayres at the last moment picked the veteran Lou Fageol of Kent, Ohio, to drive *Slo-Mo*. It was Fageol's first Harmsworth. Sayres had made a wise choice, for Fageol could be counted on not to spare the horses, particularly when those horses were in a hull tuned to a perfection never before attained in an unlimited class racing craft.

**A Runaway Race**

Fageol put *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* over the line first, a bare two seconds after the gun, and 75 yards ahead of *My Sweetie*, driven by Wild Bill Cantrell. Danny Arena was only a few boat lengths astern in *Such Crust II*.

Wilson seemed cautious with *Miss Canada* and was more than 300 yards behind the leader at the outset. The spectators who jammed the course waited for *Miss Canada* to move up. She did come on for a bit, but then took a position 100 yards behind the *Crust* and held that spot until the last lap.

On the last trip around, *Miss Canada's* steering wheel became disengaged and Wilson and his mechanic, Charley Volker, took a complete whirl in a circle before they resumed their way on a somewhat rubbery course. It cost them a mile.

*Slo-Mo* was never headed. She covered the first 5-mile lap at 94.044 mph and ran the remaining 35 in the low 90's to average 91.127 for the race. *Sweetie* was second with an 85.004 mph average and *Crust* third at 84.705 mph. *Miss Canada* trailed in at 80.410 mph.

*Slo-Mo* looked like a winner all the way. She had an approximate mile lead at the end of the first 5-mile lap and continued to stretch out her margin over the second place *Sweetie*. When *Slo-Mo* got the checkered flag off the D.Y.C. dock, *Sweetie* was still out of sight at the upper end of the course. On the last lap going down the back stretch, Arena tried to move the *Crust*

# WHAT PRICE STABILITY

Increasing speed in recent years has focused attention on the ever present race boat problem—stability.

All classes of boat racing, inboard and outboard, right down the line from small to large, have experienced an increase in speed. Class racing restrictive regulations, the very backbone of boat racing has proved to be no detriment to speed mechanics—amateur or professional. Witness the outboards, where motors designed some 25 years ago are producing speeds not even dreamed possible in the old days. The inboards, with a few more variables on which to work, have produced results which would have been considered fantasy but a few years ago.

The search for speed, although productive, has brought along an amplified certain adverse performance characteristics. Why is stability a problem? Speed, in essence, is the guiding light of boat racing. All other considerations of design may be considered secondary—at least, in the first analysis. If we raced boats along a straight-away, under ideal water and weather conditions, the stability factor would be negligible. However, it is unhappily true that a race boat must get from here to there under existing conditions, whether good or bad. These conditions—rough water, high wind, single or short turns, current, narrow waterway, etc. present the problem. In addition, various factors of maneuverability must be considered. Because a boat must somehow negotiate a turn, certain design factors must be incorporated in the hull and the boat must be trimmed to turn.

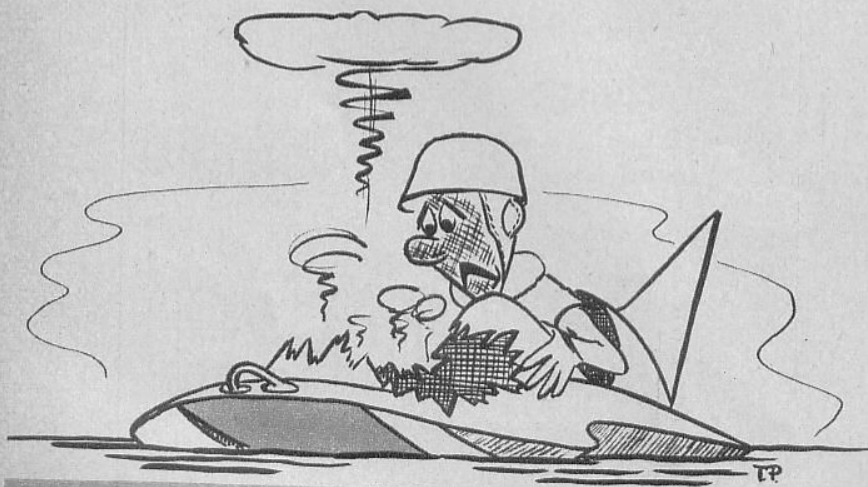
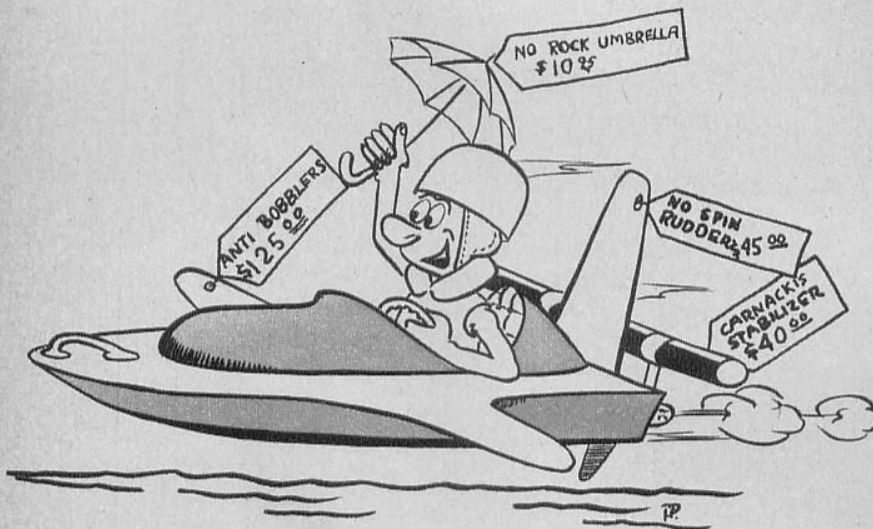
A race boat, of any class or design, is largely a compromise. Right here we arrive at the heart of the problem. Consideration given to existing operating conditions, the importance or weight of each factor in the final analysis, is in proportion to the effect on speed—for the effect, in the main, will be adverse.

Perhaps it would be worthwhile to look at the reasons for recent increase in speed and their influence upon the stability factor. Instability has always been with us—it will be interesting to see the balance scale at work; ratio of pure speed: operational considerations.

## OUTBOARDS

Let us look at but one of the score or more of outboard classes. The Johnson PR-65, workhorse of outboard racing, appears able to power a few more mph every year. Old-timers can well remember speeds of fifteen years ago, where were considered maximum for the C motor. Technically the motor is probably about the same as yesterday. More efficient ignition and metallurgical improvements are providing more RPM. The recent use of Nitro base fuels has introduced another speed factor. Carburetion promises to play an increasingly important part in the search for speed.

The old Meyer lower unit has proved to be a pioneering effort, for there are now a number of units on the market which provide additional mph over the standard Johnson or Evinrude. Boats and propellers have largely been responsible for increase in speed. Three point hydroplanes are faster, and promise to be even more so. Runabout efficiency has developed to the point where speeds are within three miles of the 3-Pt. Propeller progress has been rapid.



THE RECENT USE OF NITRO HAS INTRODUCED ANOTHER SPEED FACTOR



Each season brings forth something new. Trend is to run the propeller higher and higher. Outboard propeller action is now largely that of the surface type.

These various design and technical improvements have, in addition to speed, introduced a few problems—foremost of which is instability. Speed alone, wherein a minimum of wetted surface is desirable, will introduce an inherent adverse stability. Boats designed for a certain speed range usually will not perform satisfactorily if raced in a faster range. It appears that some changes will be made in the outboard three-point hydro to compensate for the use of surfacing propellers and handling abilities through a 65 plus mph speed range.

It may be difficult to measure airlift, wind resistance, and drift, but ever increasing speeds demand attention to these details. The outboard runabout has attained some degree of speed efficiency, but the search for speed has not produced an increase in stability. The runabout is even more adversely effected than the hydroplane through the increase in speeds. Limited supporting surfaces place the runabout at the mercy of normal operating conditions. A good deal more attention to these conditions is necessary for this type than in other hull forms.

#### INBOARDS

Statements pertaining to the outboard may, in turn, be applicable to inboard racing. Competition on the standard inboard course at 100 mph straightaway speeds, rough water, wind action and light weight, all contribute to instability. One may note the difference between straightaway and competition speeds—argument itself as to the stability factor. It is apparent that some 34 mph variation (266's for example) would mean that stability is a major factor when consideration is given to competitive performance.

Weight distribution of the inboard racing hydroplane is a stabilizing influence. One may well marvel that the hydro is so stable. Each of the elements that contribute to produce a speed result yield nothing in the way of stability. Thus it would appear that we can look forward to some concentrated attention to this important department as speeds jell and become faster.

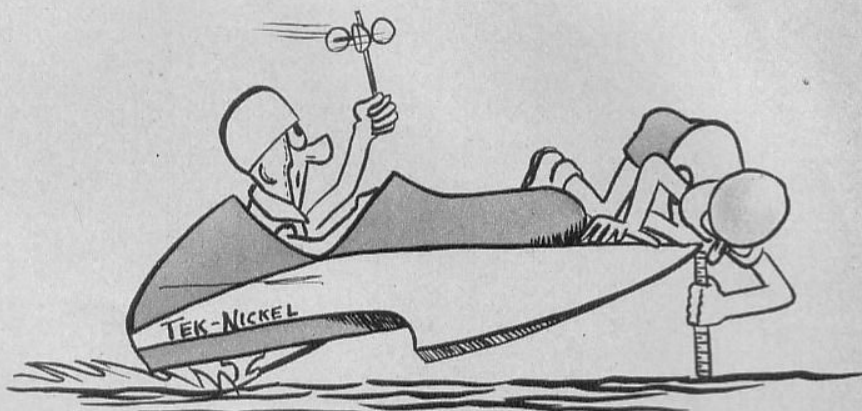
Inboard speeds have been far from static. Technical advancements have progressed rapidly. Motor refinement has been fruitful. The surface propeller has become more efficient—usage is now universal. Injection carburetion has produced more horsepower per cubic inch. The surface propeller and prop riding hull have proven a happy combination. Balance, trim, and lightweight are increasingly important.

The why of this measurement, the result of that contour, or the cause and effect of these angles may be obscure, but the results add up. It is doubtful that the naval architecture of our modern dynamic hull-forms will ever approach an exact science. The stability factor will always be with us—nevertheless, the experts will continue to produce more efficient hulls.

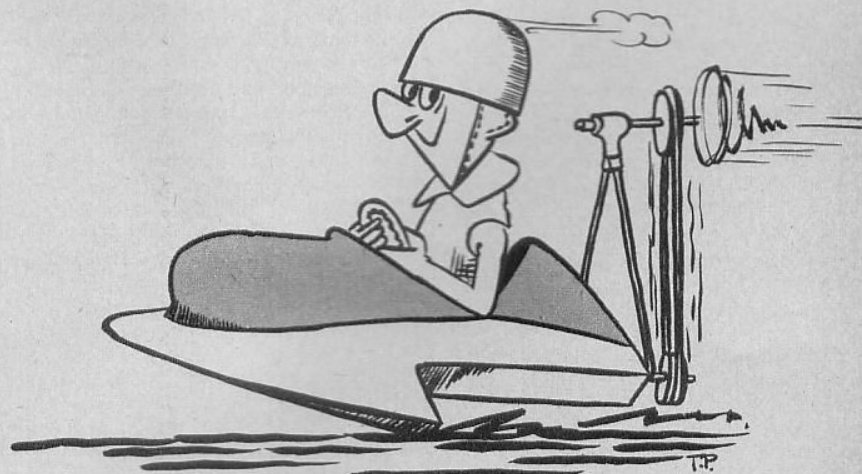
As a thoughtful philosopher once said, "Emasculate sport, remove from it every vestige of danger, and you will kill it." Will anyone offer that man a boat ride?



**SPEED IS THE ESSENCE**

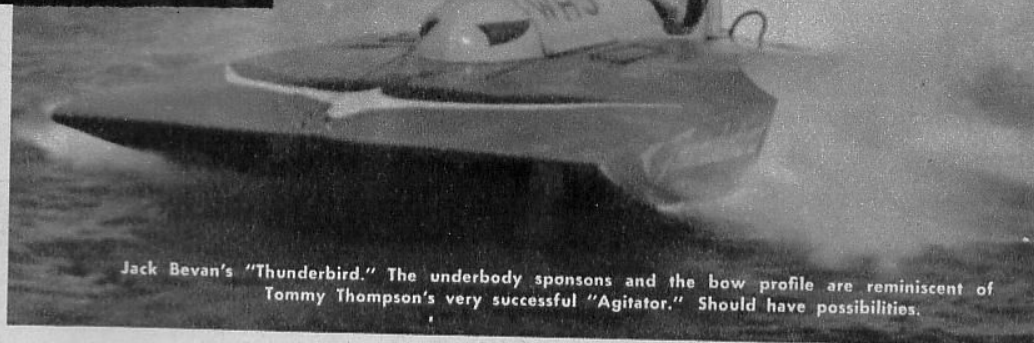


**IT'S DIFFICULT TO MEASURE  
AIRLIFT WIND RESISTANCE, ETC.**



**TREND IS TO RUN THE  
PROPELLER HIGHER AND HIGHER**

# DOWN UNDER



Jack Bevan's "Thunderbird." The underbody sponsons and the bow profile are reminiscent of Tommy Thompson's very successful "Agitator." Should have possibilities.

By BIG NIX

## 1953 HYDRO TITLES

Each season I seem to get involved on the wrong end of a panic motor rebuild tied up with a longish trip someplace to a race meet. This time it was for the first of the series of hydro titles . . . the New Zealand 255 auto class, allocated this year to the Manawatu Club and scheduled for January 10th at Foxton.

From Auckland, this calls for a real ride, 400 odd miles south through some of our most interesting country. South from the "Queen City" through the Waikato Valley (reputed to rate as one of the richest dairy areas in the world) then quickly to Tokoroa and Kinleith, new timber towns built to handle the multi-million pound pine forest harvest just come to maturity. South still, and climbing to the volcanic plateau around our National Park, we reach the thermal area at Wairakei, forewarned only by the awesome, earshattering blast of super-heated steam bursting straight out of the earth. Headlined for months now, this area is the operational centre for our backroom boys who, in frantic haste, are engaged in solving the manifold problems involved in harnessing this wonder of nature to industrial usefulness. These scientists look like winners in the battle to beat our chronic and recurring power shortage. Latest development, and of world wide atomic importance, is the official announcement of a vast plan to produce heavy water as one side of a dual project. Some wag suggests heavy water for heavy drinkers!

A break at Taupo, and then round the lake side, where everybody seems to wear a trout rod like a third arm. Next we travel across the one-time notorious Desert Road. On a fine day there is a clear view of Ngaruahoe, with perhaps billowing smoke clouds and red hot boulders hurtling skywards. Perhaps again dark enough at mid-day to run with full lights on through grounded rain clouds. And then up the tortuous Mangaweka Hill before rolling out at last onto the alluvial Manawatu plains stretching west and south before us, clear to the wild Tasman Sea. As I said, it's a real ride!

Racing down this way is mainly in river water—narrow, with only two buoys—longer straightaways, calling for a rig which runs fast and turns tight. The northerners aren't used to this, particularly the faster models which are accustomed to staying on the plane and sliding in.

This day was bright and fine, the large gallery making a picnic of it. Down at the slip the two Auckland entries, Jack Oates' *Hammerhead* and his keen rival Ken Nicholson's *Stingray*, were being quietly eyed by the local lads. There also was the local white hope, "Woody" Woodcock's *Miss Foxton* with Ford 6 newly installed, Jack Penny's Dodge powered *Miss Horowhenua*, and *Utufiti*, which name still puzzles me. Murray Williams and Harold Peters, whom I'd last seen at Tauranga, were there with *Clipper* and *Top Flite*. The draw had put *Hammerhead* on the right next the starter boat, with *Utufiti* on the extreme left. Pre-race drivers' instructions had made it quite clear that the flag wouldn't drop until all were lined nicely, rolling together. None of this hanging back for a flyer . . . no sirl!

Now they're rolling, spread clear across and only *Utufiti* dragging. Jack has his eyes on the flag, glances across to the laggard and quickly back in time to catch the flag just dropping, to my way of thinking, hesitatingly and to the side. Round goes *Hammerhead*, trapped into thinking it's no start, but not the rest—they're at it hammer and tongs for the top marker. *Clipper* is first, then *Top Flite* and *Stingray*, and *Miss Horowhenua* next. Jack is ashore, hopping mad and protesting. Down the back run, *Stingray* gathers in *Top Flite* but makes little impression on *Clipper*. *Miss Horowhenua* is in behind, making ground oh so slowly. Round and round, *Top Flite* loses her third place and *Clipper* goes over the line to a win. *Stingray*, close behind, falters in the last few yards with a shot thrust race exploding like a pin wheel, and *Miss Horowhenua* races by into second place.

Jack Oates' protest was announced as allowed to begin with, but here's the fly in the ointment . . . the other drivers wouldn't buy it; they were going to sit out any re-run. Result—no re-run and Murray Williams takes the title and the cash.

Next contest was for the North Island unlimited championship, organized by the Manukau Club at their headquarters at Bottle Top Bay. It was a miserable wet day with thunder and lightning, but fortunately little wind. The field, disappointingly small, was composed of *Hammerhead*, *Stingray*, Eric Billham's *Typhoon* (all Jarvie Hulls), Herb Starks' *Saga* built by Ron Hogan, and H. Lawler's Ford powered *Hawk*.

This time the start was as clean as a whistle, 'way down the estuary, and by the time they'd raced up to us, *Hammerhead* was clear from *Stingray*, *Hawk* and the others. Next thing we know, *Hammerhead* has bounded into the air off a crossing wash put up by the patrol boat; the mill lets out an expensive graunching sound and cuts dead, well clear of the course. The others weather it nicely, with *Stingray* in complete command round the top marker and pulling away. Next time round, out goes the red flag for a recall as the management ruled an unnatural hazard. Now *Stingray* was pestered with a mysterious starter motor bug this day, which cleared of its own accord, but only after a half hour rest. Granted a thirty minute delay, *Stingray* was caught flat-footed at the re-run. That team is still as sore as a wasp bite, maintaining it was an awfully short half hour. Anyway, neither *Hammerhead* nor *Stingray* made the re-run and the race was well under way before *Typhoon* joined in. Into the bargain the rain was literally blinding everyone. *Hawk* and *Saga* processing for the full distance.

It turned out later that *Hammerhead's* trouble was due to the distributor shaft retainer being loose, allowing said shaft to lift with the jolt and foul up the timing.

Up north a little later the Whangarei Club ran the third of the current hydro title series for the NZ unlimited auto supremacy. During the first handicap race *Stingray*, badly holed, was lucky to run up close to a handy trailer and with the help of a good gang avoided going under completely. First casualty! Next was *Hammer-*

head, who wound the starter off its mount. Then Eric Billham drifted away over the other side and he too was out with no power. That left only the skeleton of the original field. . . . Jack Bevan's *Thunderbird* with mechanic Ray Hardinger at the wheel, Lofty Blomfield's *Hophead*, and Aucklander Carl Augustin's *Super Sonic*. It may have been just as well that the field was so small, as any more jamming up that first marker would almost certainly have caused the father of all "prangs." The race, after the first hectic scramble round the buoy, panned out to be a regular follow-the-leader job with *Thunderbird* showing the way home for the full distance to take her first big win. *Super Sonic* was outclassed and took second place, with *Hophead* a long way back in third place. Both *Thunderbird* and *Hophead* are sporting mills with all the good American gear hung all over—the envy of a lot of the boaties who can't get at that sort of stuff.

Easter Monday at Rotorua, the weather man really rubbed it in, with steady bitterly cold rain being the order of the day. This was the last chance of the season to take home a top trophy, this time for the North Island 255 class. In the run up past the control tower, the field ran really fast, getting right on top of the first marker before the flag fell. Inevitably everybody hit the floor hard regardless, swung into the harebrained melee and disappeared in clouds of murk. Harold Peters, with something really going under the cowls of *Top Flite*, screamed clear, well in the lead of the bunch still sorting themselves out. *Miss Horowhenua*, with Bill Bryne at the wheel, set off like a scalded cat, taking all the muck that Harold could throw. *Hammerhead* and *Stingray*, with Bert Farrant's *Le Sabre*, led the rest of the bunch. Starting into the second lap, *Hammerhead* challenged strongly, attempting to cut across to the inside, his steering wheel came adrift, one sponson hooked and he was nearly over and out again. *Stingray* was now in third place. The leaders wind it on for lap after lap, and it appears that Harold may not realize that *Miss Horowhenua* is so close behind. With only part of a lap to go, he eases to make sure of the last turn, and Bill Bryne is in as quick as a flash to take the lead. With only a few yards to go, *Top Flite* can't make the grade. *Miss Horowhenua* gets the flag, and back in third is *Stingray*.

Congratulations to Bill Bryne and owner Jack Penny. They've proved they have a good outfit, with a win and a second for the two starts. Jack Oates deserved a better fate than four bad breaks in a row. Some small consolation for him came in the form of a new mile record for the class at 61.27 mph, eclipsing *Thunderbird's* 59.5 figure set only a few weeks back. Same day that Jack did his stuff at Waiuku, Laurie Walters with his champion *Miss Nola II* set a new Australasian figure for the 91 cu. in. hydros at 39.889. This Ford 10 hp powered outfit has on several unofficial occasions done rather better than this, the smooth water on the crucial day proving just a mite too sticky. With a bit better luck in this line he should be able to give world figures a good go.



Murray Williams' "Clipper," one of the NZ 255 auto class, won the title at Foxton.



Start of the big race at Whangarei for the NZ unlimited auto supremacy. Carl Augustin's "SuperSonic," nearest the camera, Ray Hardinger in "Thunderbird," then Lofty Blomfield in "Hophead," and the Starter boat on the outside.

Harold Peters' "Top Flite."





This is the way they look to the spectators on the railroad bridge.

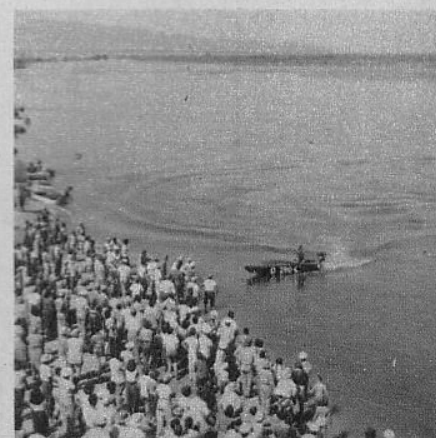
I got the phone call. There were 39 starters in Class Two and Dad took 13th . . . and let's remember that these were really Stock Utilities—fishing boats and family runabouts. I wanted to know how that auxiliary gas tank transfer system worked . . . that was the part I had a stake in. Dad said the inspection committee had stated it was the neatest job in the entire entry—148 boats. Made up my mind right then that I was going to see the next race.

The APBA adopted the Stock Outboard program that winter . . . the Marathon bug sure took a healthy bite out of my old man. The Birch Craft went by the boards . . . the outfit for the 1949 race had to be fast. Pop canvassed the market and ordered a DeSilva . . . now don't get all tangled up with visions of a sleek racing runabout . . . The APBA was all wound up in a big rhubarb about hull measurements—pounds per cubic inch—and passenger capacity. Dad's boat was a "family runabout"—26 inches deep at the rear of the forward deck . . . and had seats with lazy backs. Believe it or not, it weighed 230 lbs. stripped . . . practically an ocean liner as we rate stock racing boats today.

I drew the testing job again . . . substitute for the remote gas tank. Dad had the new Mercury Super 10 . . . he kept it in his room with him at night. This year we were going to have it in the bag. Up popped trouble . . . no prop. We had the wheel ordered from Michigan and I haunted the Pasadena Post Office waiting for that prop, which finally came the day that the Craven team was supposed to leave for Needles. I was hoping against hope that I could make the trip . . . but deep down inside I knew that I was going to get the old "how about those school grades" routine. Well, that's just what happened . . . departure time came around . . . guess I didn't have my heart in the school work. Ray Harris was going to run my Dad's new Thunderbolt on a DeSilva "D" Runabout and the team left for Needles, after I had gone to school. There I was waiting for the phone call again.

There were 69 starters in "B" that year, and Dad was in a rut . . . he got 13th again. The weather was out of this world with smooth water all the way. Poor old Ray Harris—senior member of the Fuller Brush Team really drew the tough luck.

There was a mob on the beach when I finished.



## Rehearsal Does the Trick

JOHNNY CRAVEN'S STORY  
OF THE COLORADO RIVER MARATHON

(As Told to Kent Hitchcock)

1948 seems like a long time ago, as I look back on the five Colorado River Marathons . . . only three of which I have attended or had anything to do with. I date all of my racing by the Colorado River Marathons because that's where my Dad got started in this racing business and that's where I got interested in the sport.

Stock Utility was something new when I was 12 years old. My dad "got a message" and put together a marathon outfit. After many months of toil, the 14 foot Birch Craft powered with a Mercury Lightning was all rigged up for racing. The whole family had sweated out the job of installing a fuel system with a transfer pump. We went at the job from scratch because no one had ever seen a

remote fuel transfer system that would allow the driver to pump in his reserve while he was running. Here's where I came into the picture . . . I weighed about 80 pounds, which was about the same as a load of gas and the tank which Dad would have to carry to run the 85 miles of the Colorado River Marathon. My big part of the deal was to act as a substitute for the gas and tank during the trial runs at Hanson Dam. I rode in every part of the boat so that Dad could determine where the outfit would trim out the best with the added weight. I got a big bang out of the testing—what preparation—but I was more than a little unhappy when I learned that I wasn't going to Needles to see the race. No Sir . . . Mom and Dad were going to the race and I was to stay home and wait for a phone call . . . hot stuff, boy. But all kidding aside I sure thought that Dad would be right up there in the money.

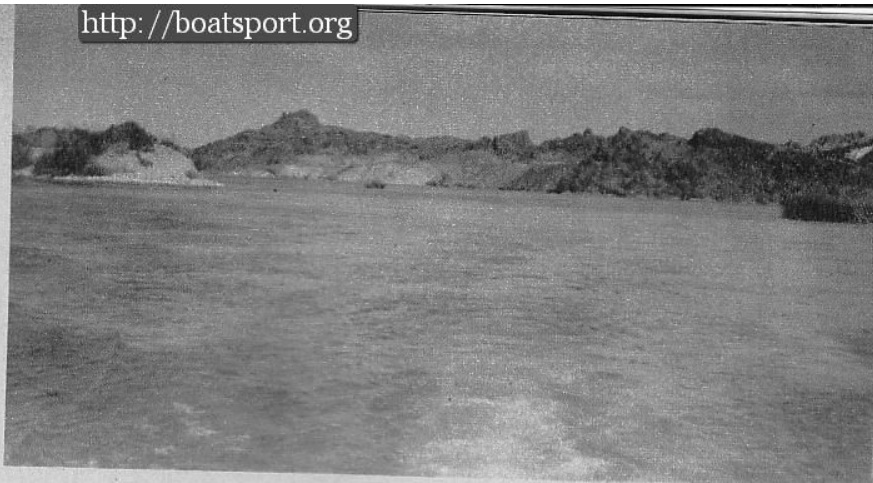
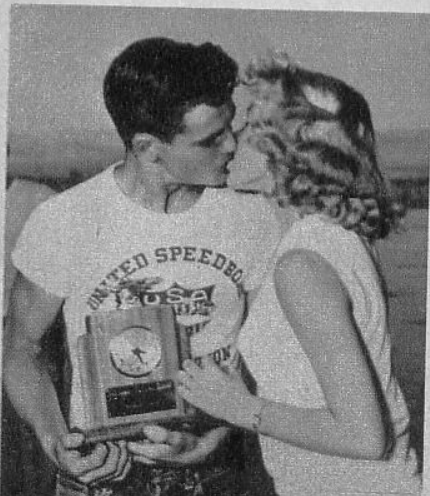
The "D's" took off with Harris still cranking on the beach. The mag pickup arm had jumped past the throttle arm and wouldn't open the throttle . . . with frantic scurrying Ray got started a full 10 minutes late. There were nine "D's" with that old veteran of the Colorado, Elgin Gates, leading the pack . . . Harris jammed a screwdriver in the throttle bell-crank so he couldn't shut off—regardless of what his better judgment told him to do—and away he went . . . full bore for 85 miles. He finished 4th. Boy what a job of driving! All this my Dad told me in the annual phone call. Right then I decided that I was going to win that race some day.

In 1950 I inherited Ray Harris' old flat bottomed (and highly controversial) "A" Runabout that the old master had run in the first Colorado River Marathon. Dad gave me his Mercury KF-7 Super 10 and I started racing. Oh Happy Day! I was lucky in the first 2 races and won both of them. About that time the new KG-4 Mercury "A" came out so we sold the whole outfit and I came out first class with a new DeSilva "A" Runabout and the latest "A" motor. I had a very successful year in 1950 with my "A" but when time for the marathon came along I was still too young. I couldn't run, but—hooray—at least I did get to go along, and George Rankin ran my outfit.

Maybe you think that trip to Needles wasn't a thrill. We got there the day before the race . . . there were 5 boats in our party and at last I got the chance to run the river before the race to feel out the course. Guess I hadn't realized there was so much to running a marathon outfit. It just looked like a river to me—but I soon learned that there WAS a short course down the river . . . and certain channels to be picked depending on the wind and the weather. We weren't racing anybody on our check of the course, and I got a good look at some of the hazards.

We came out of Shorty's landing at Topock Bay—5 outfits and with just the 5 of us it was crowded going between the near Arizona shore and the pilings of the railroad bridge. I was getting a big bang out of the run but I couldn't help wondering what kind of a spot I would be in if I were in the middle of a 20 boat fleet trying to get through this same small channel.

I rated a kiss from the Marathon Queen.  
—Photo by Bob Ruskauff



In some places you have to watch the landmarks behind you.—Hitchcock photo.



My Mother and Dad in our old "B" checking the channel before the race.—Hitchcock photo.

Johnny Craven.—Photo by Lankford.



It was a clear run to the gauging station and I followed the rest of the boats close along the tules on the California side until we passed that landmark. I wondered why we hugged that shoreline. There was a lot of river on the other side . . . or so it looked to me. My Dad cut off and took time out to give me a lesson . . . "Look at the water on the other side—it's smooth and calm. That means sand bars . . . we have been following the boils and ripples . . . that spells deep and safe water." We cranked up and tried out the other side . . . yea man! It was shallow and there were snags too. This was a valuable lesson that the experienced river men know by instinct . . . follow the boils and ripples . . . there you will find ample water.

We poured the coal on the Thunderbolt and caught the others at Devil's Elbow where the water runs swift and clear, and the red cliffs on either side rise straight up from the water's edge almost farther than you can look toward the sky . . . what a sight. The channel twists and turns and except for the yammer of the motor there isn't a sound to be heard. Gradually the Canyon walls fell away . . . all of a sudden there were tules on either side and channels running off every so often in either direction. Must be getting to Blankenship Bend, I thought. Dad was leading the way and then the whole caravan shut off and stopped.

This was my first trip up the river, but now I was to see the places and things I had heard mentioned in the numerous bull sessions in our own living room after each year's race . . . the fast and slow water . . . Blankenship Bend . . . Lake Havasu . . . "the trees" and those other spots with

My dad didn't run the 1952 race.—Orzel.



Don Lamb made this shot of my outfit during the 1952 race.

the interesting names. Everyone was always talking about how important it was to know exactly where to go in this fantastic maze of channels on the constantly changing river . . . now I could see for myself.

Here we were at Blankenship—a large kidney shaped area about 4 miles above Lake Havasu—the river here widens out to nearly 1/2 of a mile. There are tules on either bank . . . nothing to indicate where the channel might be. BUT if you were to check it out you would find that there is a sandbar nearly everywhere you turn. The only channel normally is along the Arizona side, the long way around the kidney . . . Many drivers who have failed to check out the course in advance have come to grief here. We could save a lot of time here IF we could find a channel along the California side. For several hours we sounded and ran . . . and patience was rewarded. We found a twisting channel—a rough deal—just about 10 feet from shore—that we could follow all the way round the bend at full bore. We checked and rechecked and each one of the 5 boats ran this channel back and forth time after time until it seemed certain that they could do it with their eyes shut.

It's an easy run from there to Havasu . . . and here you are faced with a lake, a big one . . . the first basin is 9 miles across and to get to the outlet on the other side you have to maneuver through the forest of dead trees. The outlet at Site Six is about 300 yards wide. The river men talk learnedly about "the channel through the trees." It's quite a trick, as I learned, to hit this channel on the button and end up smack on the nose at Site Six. To be sure that we knew exactly where we were going we signalled our armada to shore—

climbed the bluff, picked out the wind sock at Site Six, and settled on land marks in the mountains ahead. The bearings paid off and we hit the outlet on the nose. From this spot to Parker Dam we simply followed mid-channel all the way and there we were—half-way mark of the marathon course. On the way back we discovered that we could save time by running the shortest straight line between the bends—running alternately from the California to the Arizona side. This trip was a valuable lesson to me. On the return trip I began to realize that you had to look BEHIND to keep the land marks lined up. It saved precious seconds.

We pulled into the pits late in the afternoon and believe me I was tired. Everything looked just like a grand jumble. I never saw so many boats in all my life. Some of the drivers were out testing and others were trying to do a last minute job of installing their auxiliary fuel tanks. I tagged along with Dad through the pits and listened to the chatter. It seemed to me that nearly everyone had questions to ask about the course. "Was the channel marked here or there?" "What do you use for landmarks to get through those trees?", and so forth and so on. I gradually realized that most of the drivers were "going at it blind." Some of them had never been over the course and some of those who had run in previous races were taking it for granted that they had learned enough in the past to get by without rechecking the course. With our checking trip fresh in my mind, I realized that the driver who checks the course on the day before the race has a terrific advantage.

We were out at the course at daybreak. This was my first marathon day. Guess I was like an old mother hen, worrying about all her chicks . . . tried to help out

all of our boats and probably succeeded in getting in everyone's way before the start. George got away in pretty good shape in my boat right in the middle of the pack . . . in seconds he was out of sight, and all I could do was to haunt the radio shack for checks along the course. Dad was running in "D". He got a lousy start . . . 17th across the starting line. According to the radio George was picking up a place or two here and there and was getting up near the front. Dad picked them off right and left and as the radio reports came in from each successive checking station along the route, it looked like he was moving up fast on the leader. Then came the big thrill. The radio operator at Site Six came on and announced "Here comes the first boat on the way back from Parker. It's a "D" . . . and a few seconds later he read off the number as the boat passed him. I nearly had a fit—Dad was leading the Colorado River Marathon. The thrill didn't last long tho because another operator came in just



The channel? through the trees.

minutes later and said "Craven's crew please pick up the outfit 2 miles above Site Six on the beach." Dad had dumped it in a stretch of rough water. George was

still doing pretty well with my rig and he finally finished fifth. That wound up the 1950 race.

1951 came along and the race committee decided that I could drive, although I wasn't quite 16. We took the rigs up on Thursday. The wind was blowing and the river was rough . . . really rough out in the unprotected reaches of Lake Havasu. Dad and I took the "D" and checked out the whole course . . . we were saving my "A" for the race. We found a few changes in those ever-changing channels of the Colorado and checked them on our maps. This year we had a few more hazards . . . for the race now was starting from Needles and the overall distance would be 115 miles . . . another 30 miles to sweat it out with cramped hands and aching bones as you get along toward the finish . . . if you get that far.

RACE DAY . . . at last I was going to get to run the Colorado River Marathon. I drew the tough luck jack pot . . . the first time in four years the wind was blowing a gale and I was running an "A". Talk about butterflies in the stomach . . . mine had wings 4 feet long. I don't remember much about the hours before the start. The five minute gun fired . . . must have blown all the wings off those butterflies because I remember I was really hot to get on the way. Of course the "A" got away first and whoever was leading this pack would have to find his own way. Some poor guy flipped right in the middle of the start . . . then we were on our way. Out of the corner of one eye I saw Johnny Drake, winner of the 1949 race, going out into the lead. Then I was too busy trying to keep right side up to know where I was in the pack. Boats started passing me and I was sure cussing my Dad, for he had insisted on tucking the motor under one hole to gain stability at the sacrifice of a little speed.

At Topock I guessed I was in 7th place—maybe a little farther back than that. Down through the canyons the places didn't change much . . . the water was smooth and you could just occasionally feel the wind. The butterflies came back a little bit because I knew that very soon when we hit the open stretches we would get into wind and very rough water. At Blankenship where the channel widens out we got it right on the nose and the



Homer Smith leading the D's soon after the start. On the way back when you see that dredge in the distance you know the finish line is near.—Orzel photo.

As you enter Lake Havasu the trick is to locate the outlet near Site Six way off there in the distance. Without accurate sights it is almost impossible.—Hitchcock photo.



waves were 3 to 4 feet high . . . battle-ship water. I started to pick off one boat after another and then began to appreciate that tucked under motor . . . it was paying off. I caught and passed Johnny Drake in the upper end of Lake Havasu. Believe me, my outfit was taking a beating.

Following out previous plans, I was to stay on the lee shore if it was rough, so I took the long way around and followed the Arizona bank . . . found my way to the upper entrance of the lake and made it to Site Six seven minutes ahead of the next boat (so they told me). Just about here I found that Lady Luck plays no favorites in this marathon racing. Half-way through Thompson Bay I was hugging the shore line, probably grinning like a Chessy Cat, and had practically put the first place trophy on the mantle . . . when "up jumped the Devil." I forgot that the rocky ridges that come down into the edges of the channel come out into the water. It was too rough to spot anything under the water and I caught one of them full on . . . split the keelson—knocked the skeg off the lower unit and folded up a good prop. FINIS for me in the 1951 race.

During the following season we hashed over the Colorado River Marathon possibilities many times. We had two available outfits, a "B" and a "D". The "D" was the same outfit that Ray Harris had run in 1949. Considering all of the possibilities it looked like we had a better chance with the "D" so we set all our plans and sights toward running this outfit in the 1952 Marathon. For several months before the race we experimented with props and fuel tank locations. Finally we hit a combination we thought would work.

We didn't leave a thing to chance . . . In addition to the driving job we knew what it took to win this race—absolutely letter perfect preparation in every department and a little help from Lady Luck—the latter we couldn't do anything about but in the preparation department we went hog wild. That motor was really checked

out . . . piece by piece and part by part—everything checked and assembled with instruments. If there was anything more to do we didn't know what it was. The boat bottom was checked out and it was right on the button. Nothing left to do now but to check the course as usual. The Friday before the race Dad took several of us up the course in a fishing boat to check out the channel. We checked everything—channels, sand bar locations, landmarks and current conditions. For two days before the race the weather was perfect, and much to my surprise it stayed that way for the race. On Saturday we filled the tanks . . . set up the rig so that it would peak off at 6200 . . . tried everything out and put the boat back on the beach. We were ready to go.

Sunday morning while the rest of the classes were getting away we rechecked everything—steering cables, fuel system, throttle wires, engine tie-down bolts . . . and mixed our fuel. No monkey business on the fuel—we got our gas and oil from the Mobilgas truck, mixed it up and dumped it in the tank. I was too darned busy to get butterflies this time. We were in the water before the 5 minute gun fired. The water was like glass. I had to climb into the front cockpit to bounce the rig onto the plane and when she came up that Thunderbolt was really ginnin'. The C's, the A's and the B's had already taken off at 15 minute intervals ahead of us. Lee Burris won the race in 1950 with a "C" . . . Ray Eichman won the 1951 race with a "B". I knew that only an idiot would discount the chances of one of the three slower classes and that I was going to have to do a job of driving to pass up at least 120 boats to take the lead.

I guess I was just about in the middle of the 20 "D's" at the starting line. All I could see ahead were roostertails, and I was going to have to weed my way through a lot more of them before I got to Parker if I intended to win this race.

The run to Topock, 16 miles away, was a battle for the leadership in my own class, for the rest of the fleet were long gone. When we went under the railroad bridge, I still had two "D's" ahead of me: Larry Andrews and Homer Smith, who was leading the pack. Right at this point Homer looked pretty hard to catch because he was screaming. Another 6 miles—Homer made a mistake . . . now we were at Devil's Elbow . . . Homer missed the turn and wound up in a blind alley. I was now hot on the tail of Larry Andrews. It was a real race down that narrow canyon and when we came out around the sand bar at the lower end I had the lead . . . NOW all I had to do was pass up roughly a hundred other outfits—B's, A's and C's, and there wasn't a single one of them in sight . . . just river and lots of it. That Thunderbolt was really screaming . . . turning up 6200 and the tules were flying by. Now I began to remember those checking runs . . . cut the corner here . . . there's a big snag at the next elbow . . . go over the bar at Blankenship to save time . . . most of the drivers will take the long way around. Now the Bend is in sight . . . after all those rehearsals I could do this one with my eyes shut . . . it's a cinch provided the channel hasn't changed over night. This little trick could win or lose the race . . . Come on, Lady Luck, here goes. I felt the outfit hunch up a bit in the shallow water and then take off again . . . happy day—that hazard was past.

At the upper end of Lake Havasu I looked back and there wasn't a "D" in sight but up ahead I could spot a few roostertails. This year, with glass smooth water, I made a straight run for our landmark to the entrance of the river at Site Six which carried me right straight through the forest of sunken trees. I was sure praying that I had this one mapped out right, for just one submerged limb would be my finish. Just above the trees I picked off the first of the boats ahead, a trailing "C" . . . then I passed a "B" and then one of the slower "A's" . . . from here on I lost count. It seemed like the boats were running in bunches and it was a real thrill to go screaming by. I don't remember passing any stalled outfits—apparently everybody was having good luck.

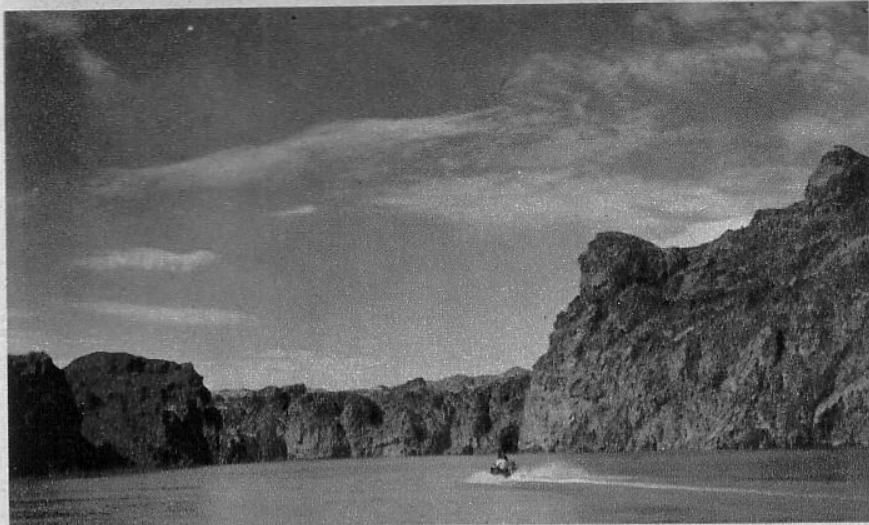
There were a lot of boats near Site Six. Believe me, I gave that spot on the bank a wide berth where I cracked up last year. I ran a long shallow angle from the Site toward the California side watching the landmarks in the distance. Now I blessed those hours that we had spent checking the course. All I could see up ahead were roostertails and I began to wonder if I was going to catch all of them.

At Roads End Camp I met the first boat coming back—Joe De Sousa—the world "C" Stock Record Holder, and right behind him was Cag Graham, holder of the 5 mile record in the same class. Those boys were travelling, and I still had 8 miles to go before I could turn the Barge at Parker and take out after them. There wasn't any use trying to get any more out of the Thunderbolt—it was at full bore. The best I could do was to save all the ground I could on the course. One by

We had clock trophies in 1952. Left to right Johnny Craven, Les Gilbert, Joe De Sousa, Chairman of the Race Austin Secor, and Bugsy Erwin.—Orzel photo.

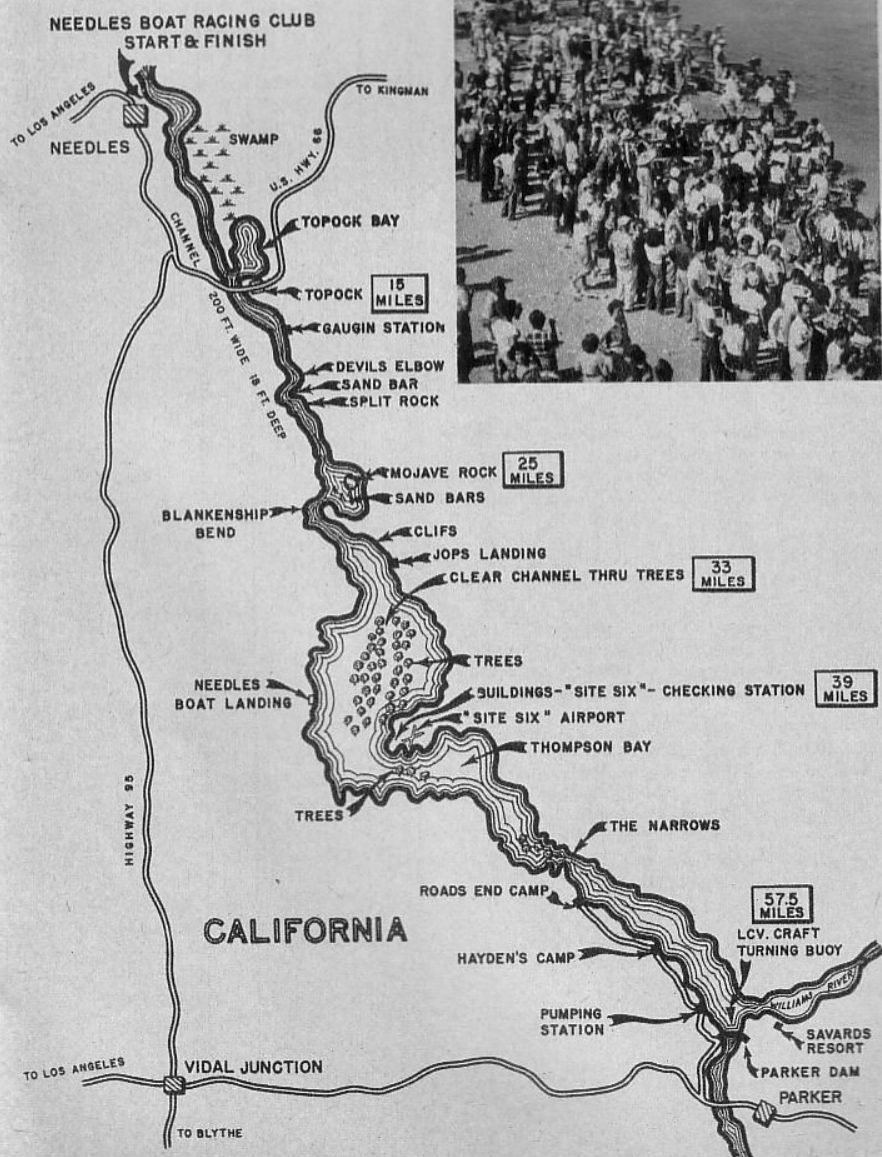






Checking the course. One of our bunch heading toward the cliff at Devil's Elbow.

There is always a mob in the pits.—Orzel.



one I picked off the fleet. I rounded the buoy at Parker and headed back. I don't remember being tired at all, or how many boats I had passed. I was wondering just how far Joe and Cag were ahead of me. It was a lead pipe cinch they had a 20 mile lead. It seemed as tho I had passed 100 boats, but in the next 20 miles I was still mowing them down. Back through the forest of dead trees, into Blankenship again . . . then on up through Devil's Elbow and that Thunderbolt was still belowing out a song of defiance.

I hadn't seen a boat in some time and I was beginning to get the willies. Those "C's"—the hot ones—can really go. Just before I got to Topock I slid around a bend and there was one rig ahead. It was Cag Graham and seconds later I was by him. I was pretty sure there was just one more to catch—Joe DeSousa, and that San Diego Flyer was really eating up the course. At Topock the spectators were waving like mad and I figured out that Joe wasn't too far ahead. It's almost a straight run to Needles after you get under the bridges . . . one mile gone . . . two miles. Hallelujah . . . there's a rooster tail ahead. Another mile . . . it's a mahogany transom and that is Joe DeSousa. Right up to now it had been a job of driving and I don't mean that there hadn't been lots of thrills . . . but the big one came when I got by Joe and realized I was in the lead.

AND THEN . . . I started to worry . . . another 12 miles to go . . . would my luck hold out? I started to watch the river. Holy Smoke—how far is 12 miles? Would that starting stand never come into sight? All of a sudden I spotted the Dredge Colorado Queen a mile and a half below the starting line . . . what a thrill . . . "just keep turning Thunderbolt—just keep turning." And then it was all anticlimactic . . . Z-O-O-M the cannon fired . . . I headed in to the pits, and the back slapping was a worse beating than I took on the course.

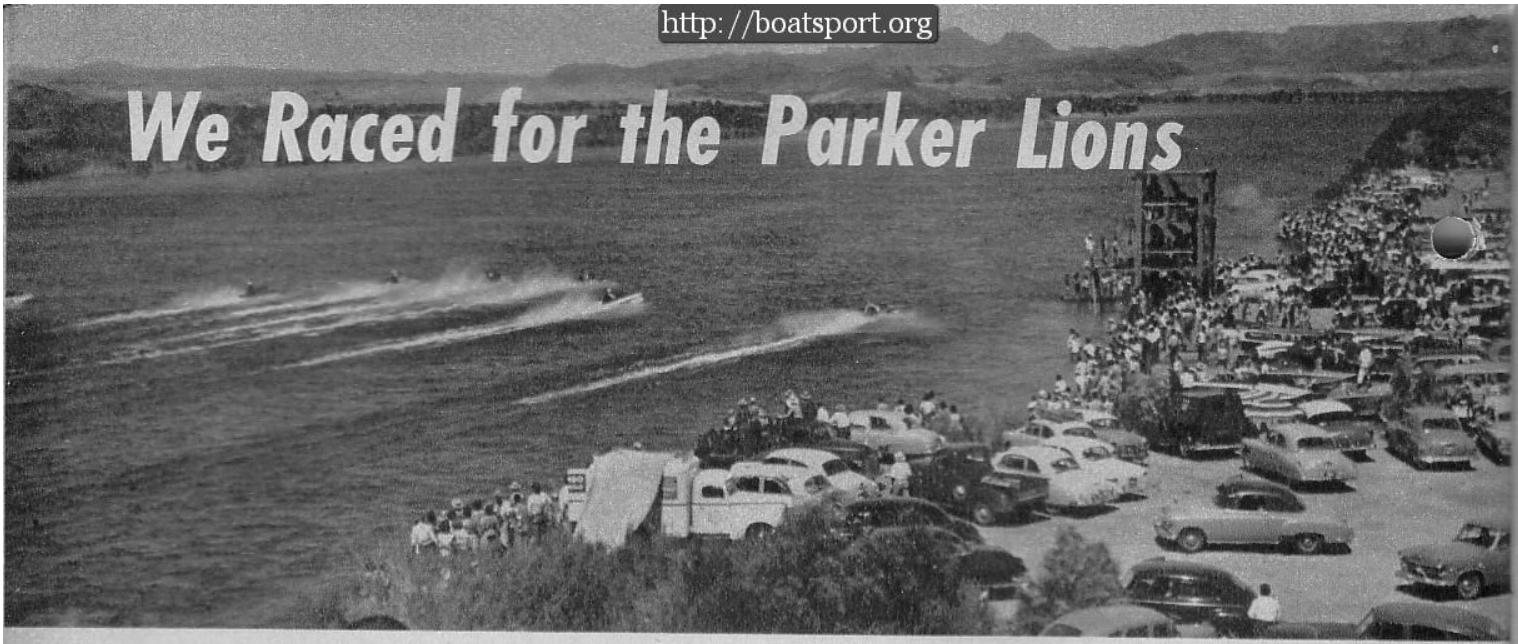
Oh yes, I was happy—and how. I was still on the beach when Joe DeSousa came over the line. Then Buggy Erwin, a home town boy from Needles in his "B". The trophy presentation was tops. Homer Sain was the first "A" driver in and I guess that takes care of all the class winners.

So I finally won the Colorado River Marathon—or did I? When you figure it all out . . . this was a team deal. It took 5 years to do it. Even though I didn't see the first two races, I guess I absorbed the do's and don'ts from the men who ran those first races. Three trips up the river meant a lot. It's thorough preparation—and those rehearsals that pay off.

I sure enjoyed that trophy presentation. That was a part of the race that no one talked about much in the bull sessions at home. Guess my old man with his 13th places never got to kiss the queen. I've got news for him . . . he missed something.

Needles may be just a little town in the middle of the desert, but it is the home of a wonderful race . . . the committee does a grand job and the welcome mat is out for any sportsman who wants to tangle with the hazards of the Colorado. I'll see you there in 1953.

# We Raced for the Parker Lions



Photos by HITCHCOCK

Boat racing owes a lot to its sponsors and some of the finest of these are the service clubs. The Parker Lions Club, which needless to say is in the town of Parker, on the Arizona side of the Colorado River, hosts an annual inboard regatta, which always provides top entertainment.

May 3rd was the date and the Southern California Speedboat Club put on the boat racing end of the festivities.

This is a tricky course for the fast travelling inboards, and a vicious cross-wind which hit 35 mph in spots made the going extra hazardous. There were only two flips in the whole program, and oddly enough only one of them could be charged to the weather.

The big surprise of the meet came in the opening event when T. C. Tyce driving the 48 cu. in. *Dyno-Mite* took the measure of both of the world record holders in this class in straight heats. Actually it wasn't all just as simple as that, for the first heat was practically a comedy of errors. Nine of the 48's got away at the start and all got around the first buoy. In the backstretch Glen Howe, driving Fred Hubbard's *Little Jim*, got caught in a wind pocket, broadsided, and the boat tripped and threw him out. Due to the weather conditions the committee had ruled a recall in case of flips, so the whole fleet pulled off. Howe was uninjured and finally another of the 48's, together with a patrol boat, managed to run down *Little Jim*, which was wandering around the course at slow speed.

Howe got back in the outfit and they got away to another start. Around the back stretch, world straightaway holder Vic Klette was in the lead, but he got lost and rounded the 500 foot mark, and of course two or three more played follow-the-leader and the whole field was well balled up. Sonny Meyer inherited the lead while Klette and several more were returning to rectify their error. Everything went all right for several more laps and apparently Meyer lost count, for he pulled by the judges' stand and actually fell off the plane trying to get a signal on laps to go. Tyce flew on by him and that was the boat race.

The patrol boats never seem to get the credit they so richly deserve. S.C.S.C. patrol chairman Loyd Jensen is on the deck of the center boat.



T. C. Tyce, driver of *Dyno-Mite*, upset the applecart in the 48's and beat the world record holder in straight heats. Bob Corbett at the left in photo, presents Tyce with first place trophy.

Bob Patterson with the first place award in the scrappy Crackerboxes. The big cup is the Sportsmanship Award presented this year to the Crackerbox class, instead of to an individual driver.



S.C.S.C. Chairman Tommy Thompson, flanked by two of the Parker wheels, Marion Beaver on the right won the PODH. General Chairman Elmer Hassig on the other side took care of everybody and everything.



The experts expected the favorites to get going in the second heat, but they discounted the Costa Mesa driver. Some place Tyce found a world of speed and it was his race from start to finish.

Bob Patterson has been threatening to set the world on fire with that new Dodge Red Ram in the Crackerbox *Hot Cinders*. This was his day. The rest of the fleet couldn't touch him. The Crackers provided the final flip of the program. They all went down into the first turn together. Richard Johnson in *No Ca* went in with everything poured on and simply rolled over. It was an ironical touch that his riding mechanic should be the veteran Doc Novotny, who in all of his years of racing had never before joined the Hell Divers.

This was the day the world record holders took a waxing. Pappy Meyer in his 135 *Avenger IV* didn't have a combination and he didn't even wind up in the trophy circle. *Roy's Joy* with Fred Galante at the wheel and *Keeno* with Chuck Powell driving split the first places.

Rich Hallett held a field day in two classes. It was straight first places for the Downey boat builder in the 225 *I'm In*, which he purchased from Reg Schlemmer. He scored his second pair of firsts in the 266 class driving Keith Black's *Flyin' Saucer II*. In this event the boatwise spectators watched with interest the performance of Howard Johansen's *Mixmaster*, the Dodge powered rig that did 127 in Florida. This outfit still had to qualify to run a mile trial. Johansen selected the Oakland driver George Matucci to do the driving and it was pretty obvious that George had instructions to put that boat into third place and take no chance in flipping in the gusts.

Marion Beaver driving right in his own backyard put the national champion *Little Beaver* out in front, but he got a whale of an argument from the veteran Elmer Cravener in *Pudgy*.

There was a short entry in E Racing Runabout and the boys ran only one heat. Ed Olsen in his new *Cream Puff III* toured the heat at 47.695, which was fair flying in the sloppy going. Checking over all the times it is interesting to note that Bob Patterson did a heat at 49.020—faster than the E boats and only a tenth of a mile under the speed turned in by the 225's. It would be pretty safe to bet that this outfit is ready for a record.

Smilin' Ed Olsen, "segar," sombrero and all, with his first place trophy for E Runabout.



Chuck Powell won the 135's with "Keeno."



Come on back down there, boy! Bill Robinson's "Stormy" takes off for a free flight.



The 225's were smokin'.



Typical Parker racing water.

Keith Black's "Flyin' Saucer II" with Rich Hallett at the wheel was top boat in the 266's.





Thirty-two B Runabouts coming up on the first turn.

Photos by Lankford

# Modesto Marathon

Marathon racing in the west got off to a flying start at Turlock State Park near Modesto on May 3rd. The sponsoring Modesto Power Boat Club rated a nice entry for this early season event, and the quality of the competition served notice that the Stock boats are ready to run.

This was a fifty-miler—ten laps around a five mile course in Owens Reservoir, a body of water that has seen lots of out-board racing in years gone by.

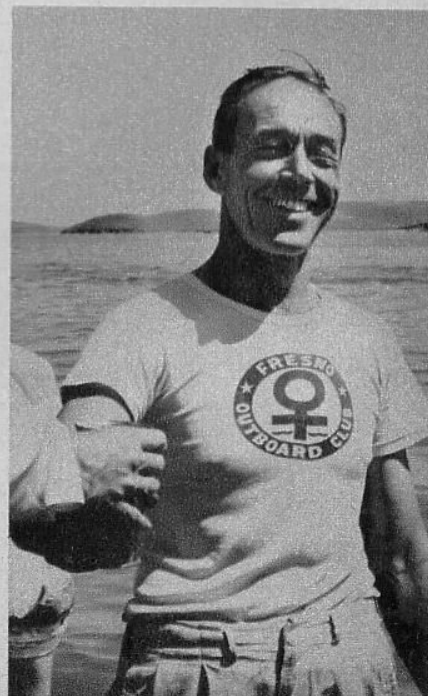
Modesto split their program in half. Classes A, C, and D-2 ran their portion of the program in the morning, and the B's, D's and F's did the fifty miles in the afternoon.

The course was a tricky one—roughened considerably by inboards and water skiers laying out terrific wakes in portions of the lake not close enough to the judges' stand for proper control. The actual course, in itself, demanded the constant concentration of the driver. At the same time it provided plenty of spectator interest for some of the boats were in sight at all times.

In the morning program the A's got away first with seventeen starters. That consistent youngster, Bobby Parish from Bakersfield, went into the lead at the first turn and was never headed. Charlie Harter from North Hollywood took over second spot and George Parish, Jr. worked into third position. That's the way they finished.

Bobby Parish, the little dynamo from Bakersfield took the A runabouts into camp.

Now guess what this is in the round cool can . . . Russ Spacy, the Class B winner, is ready for a little refreshment.



The C's and D-2's started five minutes after the first class. Home-towner C. L. Boring held the C lead for several laps but gave away to world record holder Cag Graham, who led to the finish line but was disqualified at motor inspection.

Kenny Wilson was forced into the pits for refueling, but managed to get back out without losing his second place. Eddie Ragon of Oakland, driving *Beetle Bomb*, was thrown out of his boat on the first turn and the boat was finally "corralled" by a fast-thinking Inboard patrol boat after it had executed a few mean maneuvers at nearly full throttle, slowing down the start of Lee Morehouse, a late starter in this class, who held back till everything was under control. Although Ragon was returned to his boat and completed another lap, he was flagged off the course for accepting an assist.

In the afternoon events, the casualty rate was high. In the B's, there were only 16 finishers out of a field of 32 starters—Stew Downs went in to the lead early in the race with Russ Spacy and George Parish hot on his tail. Parish dropped out—Downs kept the lead for a while and then Spacy took over and went on to win. The extremely rough water knocked auxiliary fuel systems loose, loosened transoms, jarred motors loose from the transoms, and many were forced to return to the pits either under tow or limping in under their own power. The larger D's and F's made it extremely rough running for the B's—one F stove a hole in a B boat on one of the turns, completely wiped the numbers off the B and proceeded on his course without apparently even knowing he had touched the B!

In the D's only 4 of the ten starters completed the course. Bill Robertson took the lead at the first turn, followed by Larry Andrews and Johnny Craven, but took a wrong turn, putting Andrews in the lead with Johnny about 25 feet behind him. In the 3rd lap, Craven's auxiliary fuel line fixture closed, dropping him back into fifth spot, but by the end of the third lap Johnny had picked up his place and he and Larry were almost neck and neck as they passed the judges' stand, with Bill Robertson closing in fast. On the fourth lap, a section of the bottom on Craven's boat had jarred completely loose, and he was taking on water rapidly, especially on the turns, where he was taking on so much that he wet down the motor and was barely able to run. He dropped back farther behind Larry, who meanwhile had relinquished the lead to Bill Robertson, but was still in third position when he conked out about 25 feet from the finish line and was unable to crank over the line, as the boat would have sunk had he not jumped into the front cockpit and paddled to the Judges' stand for a DNF. It was necessary to haul the rig up onto the Judges' stand to keep it from sinking as it was nearly half full of water. Bill Robertson walked off with the first place trophy with Larry Andrews in the second spot.

Winning drivers went home with a nice collection of awards, including merchandise, trophies and cash. Regardless of the rough water conditions, it was a smoothly handled marathon.



A section of the Modesto pits at Turlock.

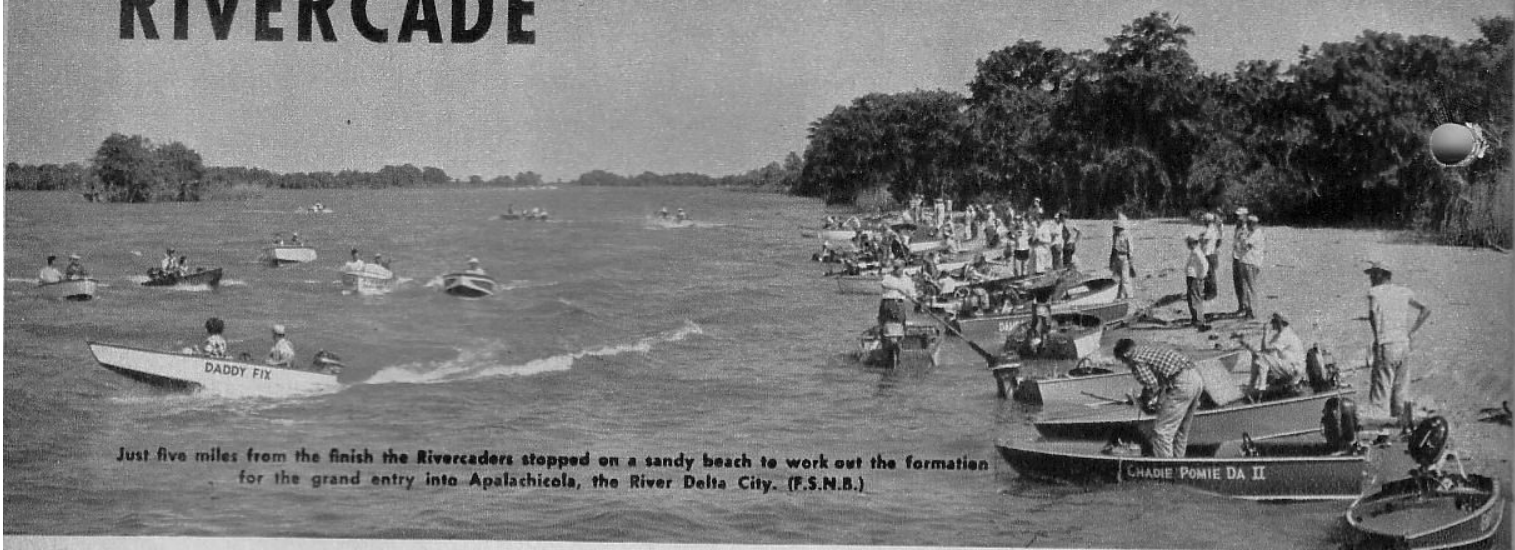


Bill Robertson's *Thunderbolt* gets the works from motor inspector George Genevro, while Don Lougie (right) watches the job.

Eddie Ragon and his *"Beetle Bomb"* staged the topper in the day's show. Eddie and the boat parted company at the first turn—the auto throttle jammed and the outfit played tag with Eddie and the patrol boats. Eddie got the heave-ho for taking an assist.



# RIVERCADE



Just five miles from the finish the Rivercadists stopped on a sandy beach to work out the formation for the grand entry into Apalachicola, the River Delta City. (F.S.N.B.)

By JAMES FLOYD

(As Told to Teresa Holloway)

## An Outboard Cruise from Chattahoochee to Apalachicola

A century ago in the days of Old King Cotton, stately stern-wheelers churned their cargoes down Florida's Apalachicola River. The Rivercade follows the old stern-wheeler course from Chattahoochee to the river delta city of Apalachicola.

Nearly a hundred outboard motor boats rendezvoused on May 3rd to begin the second annual cruise.

Lacking any of the elements of competition, weight is no consideration, and every boat with sufficient room was laden with members of the families of the entrants. The planing putt-putts averaged out 1½ persons to a boat.

Sponsored by Franklin County Sportsmen's Association, this second annual Rivercade drew entrants from many towns in northern Florida, southern Georgia and even from Kentucky.

The Rivercadists assembled at Quincy Saturday night, the fleet having left Apalachicola at 4 that afternoon. A gala pilau chicken supper was staged by the Quincy Outboard Club at Jeff Shelfer's fish pond. Quincy is speed boat conscious and more than 225 persons attended and enjoyed this first event of the 'Cade. Square dancing was the order of the evening.

Clark's Motor Court in Quincy was the overnight headquarters of our group, and we left an early pre-dawn call, getting away about 6 o'clock and arriving in Chattahoochee—twenty miles away—at 6:30. Breakfast was a catch-as-catch-can affair, all the entrants being busily occupied getting their craft afloat and surveying the condition of the river.

Much to our distress, we learned that a substantial spring rise was on the way and the river was heavily encumbered with debris. To outboard veterans this constituted a serious threat and many who



One of Florida's Fish and Game Dept. radio patrol boats, which patrolled waterway watching for mishaps and keeping fleets in contact.

The Rivercade is a family affair. H. D. Musgrove and the whole family pull into the beach at one of the rest spots.



All the drivers on the cruise weren't men. The gals love that Rivercade too.



The back seat driver does the driving.



planned to participate deemed it wiser not to do so. However, the Rivercade did get under way at 8 A.M. as scheduled. Thorough planning and the cooperation of the Florida Fish and Game Commission made it possible for us to risk the hazards. Fish and Game, with real foresight, had arranged to send along with us a boat and airplane, both radio-equipped. We had our hearts set on this cruise and we were grateful for the help in carrying out our plans.

Boats entering the event ranged from ten-foot stock utility racers to twenty-two foot outboard cabin cruisers. It should be emphasized that the Rivercade was a cruise and not a marathon, and that the small mishaps that occasionally occurred in the long down-river trek were caused mostly by debris or shear pin trouble.

At the outset the weather was foggy and damp, but as time passed it became a beautiful, sunny, nippy spring day on the river. Along our course, there were no rapids, an ideal situation for a successful cruise. It is swift enough here to furnish extra needed speed, with no rapids anywhere. The cruise itself covered some 107 miles.

Roy Smith, who came north the day before with his special built cabin cruiser propelled by two Mercury outboards, gave us some interesting information. He encountered the first of the trash in the water at the Chipola Cut Off on Saturday. This debris is the flotsam and jetsam picked up by the mighty river system far up in the foothills of Georgia and Alabama, swept down by spring freshets, and the speed at which it travels is indicated by the fact that when the Rivercade came south on Sunday, the debris had gotten as far downriver as Pinhook—or some sixty miles overnight.

With Chattahoochee behind us we cruised past beautiful Rock Bluff, a hundred-foot Cliff formation, and reached Blountstown, where we re-grouped.

Lunch was a picnic affair at Chipola Cut-off at noon on Sunday. This is a beautiful picnic site—ideal in every way. Trees are plentiful, underbrush is non-existent, and the cypress, gum and oak foliage make a green canopy that filters the sun like stained glass. The banks are high enough above the water for dryness, but low enough for accessibility for landing from the small boats. Each party had his own lunch for this deal, but there was much intermingling of groups and everybody had a good time at this stop-over. Morale was excellent and sunburn was beginning to be the serpent in our Eden.

Without additional incident, we traveled then without stopping to Sand Beach, a river sand bar some five miles above Apalachicola. Here we paused for re-grouping to make a grand entry at the finish line.

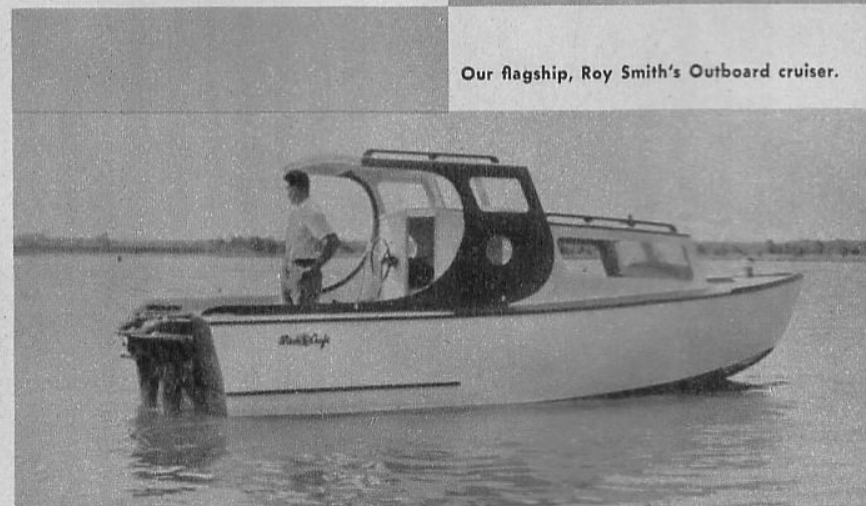
We were due in Apalach at 4 P.M., where the Franklin County Sportsmen's Assn., under the presidency of L. G. Buck, had prepared a free seafood dinner for the Rivercadists. The whole town, it seemed, had turned out for our arrival, and the Hole, our landing spot just south of the Corrie Bridge which spans the river delta, was soon a churning cauldron of outboard enthusiasts. Local inboard craft were



The greeters were out in force as the first of our Rivercade hit the 'beach' at Apalachicola Landing. We were all ready for the seafood dinner and celebration. (F.S.N.B.)



Last minute checkup at Chattahoochee. Don't forget Grandmother, the lunch and the beer.



Our flagship, Roy Smith's Outboard cruiser.

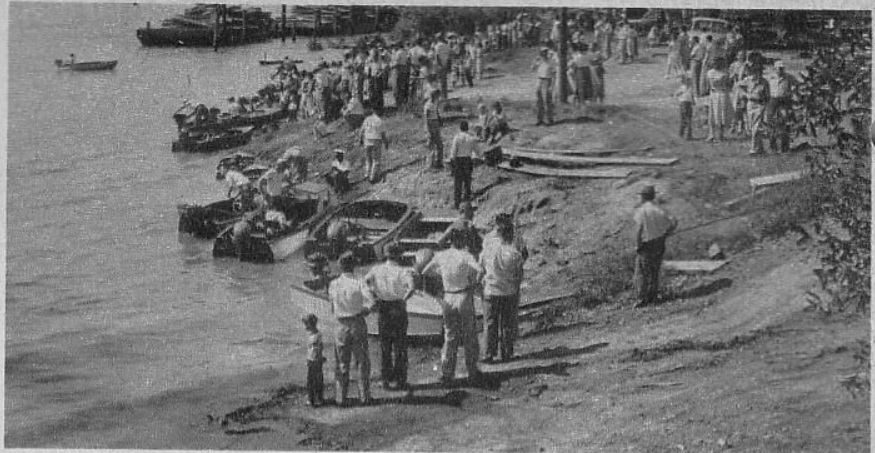
No wonder the Rivercade draws 100 boats. Wonderful weather and a swell cruise topped off with plenty of fried fish and hush puppies. The end of a perfect day. (F.S.N.B.)



anchored amidstream to welcome us also, and the public address system urged all comers to partake of the seafood meal that awaited us.

My own little shell, *Empty Pockets*, a Class A Stock Utility job, had by this time shrunk considerably smaller than it had been when we'd left Chattahoochee; either that or my six feet plus height had increased. I was ready to go ashore. All the Merc's, Evinrudes, Johnsons, Scott-Atwaters and Wizards, from 7½ hp to 50 hp droned to silence as one by one we drew clear of the clay-colored water and pulled into shore.

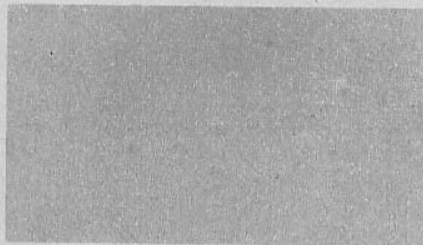
The sea food dinner and the celebration added the finishing touches to our cruise. All of us agreed that the Rivercade had been a whale of a success, and already next year's plans were beginning to form in our minds. We agreed that no sporting event has more appeal, more satisfaction without hazard, than mass outboard motor-boat travel. We'd like to prove it to you, come 1954, when spring comes to the mighty Apalachicola River!



At Blountstown Landing thirty-five miles down stream from our entry point at Chattahoochee. This was a pleasant spot—we waited for the stragglers—regrouped and then went on. (F.S.N.B.)

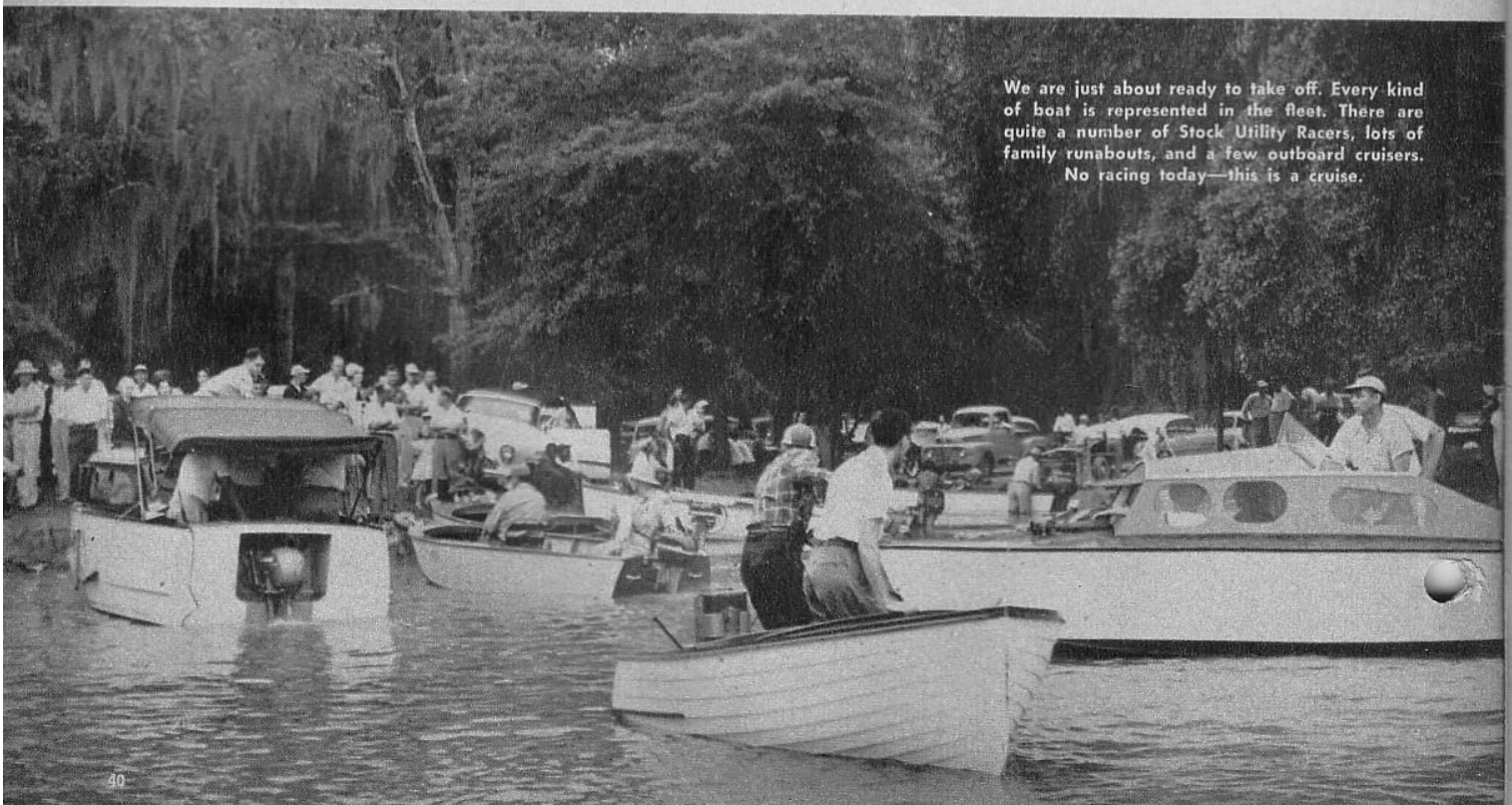


We're off and with a crew like this who wouldn't enjoy a whole day on the river?



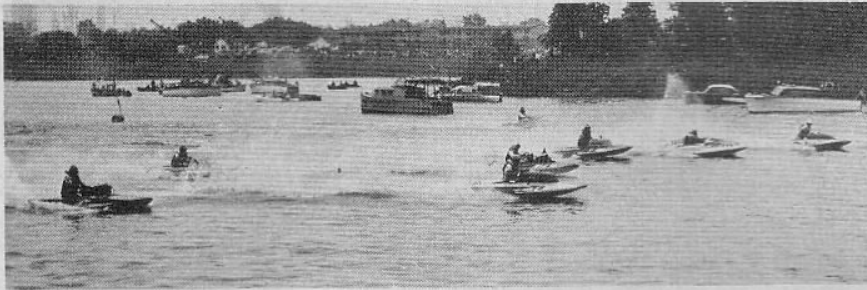
Old fashioned southern chicken pilau with a modern chow line at Quincy O.B.C.

We are just about ready to take off. Every kind of boat is represented in the fleet. There are quite a number of Stock Utility Racers, lots of family runabouts, and a few outboard cruisers. No racing today—this is a cruise.





# NECHES RIVER FESTIVAL REGATTA



They're off! The first heat of the 48's near the line.

## THE 48 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

TIME stood still as the nation's second largest port area halted activity to participate in the Fifth Annual Neches River Festival. Two days of racing on the harbor course climaxed the festival program. Steamships stood by, awaiting berth in the dock areas taken over as pit space for the race boats.

### A Good Crowd

An estimated 10,000 spectators lined the banks of the circular mile course which is situated right in the middle of Beaumont's downtown area. From the spectators standpoint, the partly cloudy weather favored the opening day of the regatta. When the outboards raced out their part of the program for the \$1800 in purses at stake, rain-laden skies that produced a brisk shower just before the start of the Sunday program, failed to discourage the crowd that had gathered for inboard racing.

### The West Challenges

New A.P.B.A. rules for allocation of inboard national championships placed this year's running of the "48" Hydro Nationals right back at Beaumont, where a local driver, A. C. Budwine, won the title last year. Southern California Speedboat Club drivers who have a consistent record of knocking off records and championships decided that they would like to have the "48" Nationals in '54. Out of the half dozen sensationally hot "48's" in the S.C.S.C. fleet of these boats, only one driver could make the trip. Neither of the world record holders Vic Klette and Sonny Meyer could get away for the 3400 mile ride. Gillette Smith took on the job of bringing the championship to Southern California. Kenny Ingram, who designed Smith's *Snuffy* went along as pit crew. Former "135" world record holder Roy Skaggs also made the trip from California to Texas with his new "135." "Con" Snyder traveled along as mechanic.

### Top Competition

The "48" Hydro Nationals naturally had top billing on the regatta schedule. Sixteen outfits were on hand for the race with a flock of pretty well known names in the entry list. C. A. Budwine was defending and he would have to beat Mulford Scull,

Jimmy Orr, Al (Pop) Kirwan and other top notch drivers to retain his title. Gillette Smith aside from the fact that he was known to have been the Region 12 High-point champion in 1952 was an unknown quantity as far as the Texas boys were concerned. The word leaked out at one of the Festival parties the night before the race that the quiet spoken Californian had a disconcerting habit of cleaning up on his two record holding clubmates. He got instant attention and was soon backed up to the wall with a circle of the Eastern contingent around him. The local boys warned Smith that rough water was the usual thing in this part of the country, but the S.C.S.C. driver didn't seem to be too much concerned. As it turned out Beaumont was a mill pond in comparison to some of the rugged Western racing water that Smith was accustomed to.

### The First Heat

The whole fleet—all sixteen of them came down to the line for the start of the first heat. Smith was in tenth spot. At the first turn the California boat was out in front and that was the boat race. At the end of five laps the little yellow *Snuffy* was a quarter of a lap ahead of the defending champion Budwine. Next across the line was Mulford Scull.

### Driftwood Derby

This could have been billed as a driftwood derby for the course was littered with debris, some of the stuff in the railroad tie category. *Snuffy*, with the water scoop plugged up with debris was running with steam pouring out of the exhaust. Five laps and no flag; Six laps and "Smitty" was getting worried. *Snuffy's* motor block was hot enough to fry eggs. Somebody was fouled up, but the checker finally dropped at the seventh lap.

### A Quick Repair

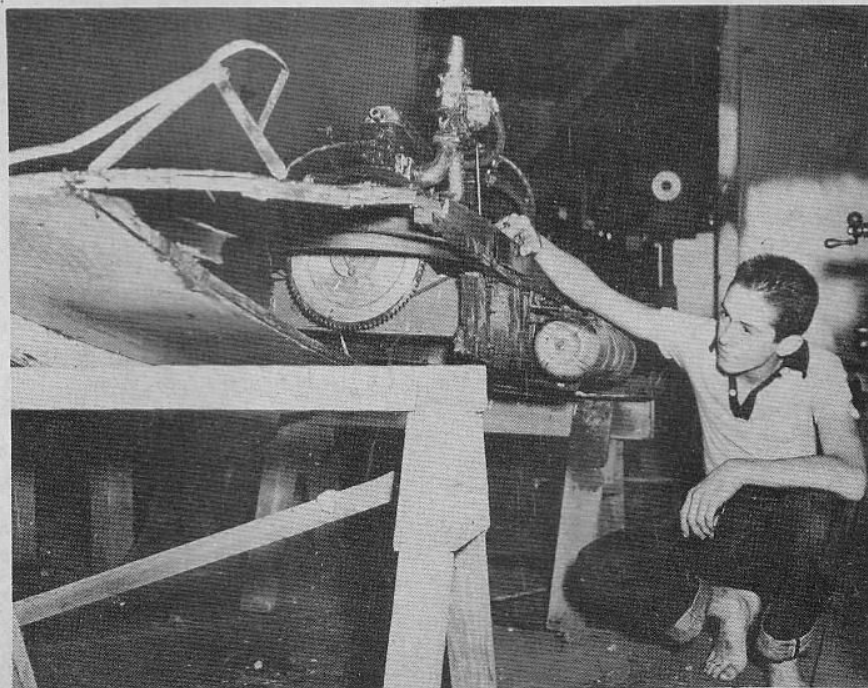
With just one crane it was going to take time to get all those boats out of the water and the Californians couldn't wait. They had a water circulation problem to cure and it had to be done in a hurry. Con, Roy, Kenny and Smitty simply lifted the boat out of the water by hand. Everything was plugged up with wood and other debris, but when the five minute gun sounded for the second heat they were back in the water and ready to run.

### Second Heat

Smitty was back in the hole again at the start—and moved up fast on the straight-away. Right at the first turn young Buddy Peek from Port Arthur driving *Shorty II* hit a floating timber. Buddy was thrown clear, but his hull was run over and sunk by Al (Pop) Kirwan from Miami, Florida whose *Half Fast Two* was pressing Peek for the lead. Smitty moved into the lead.

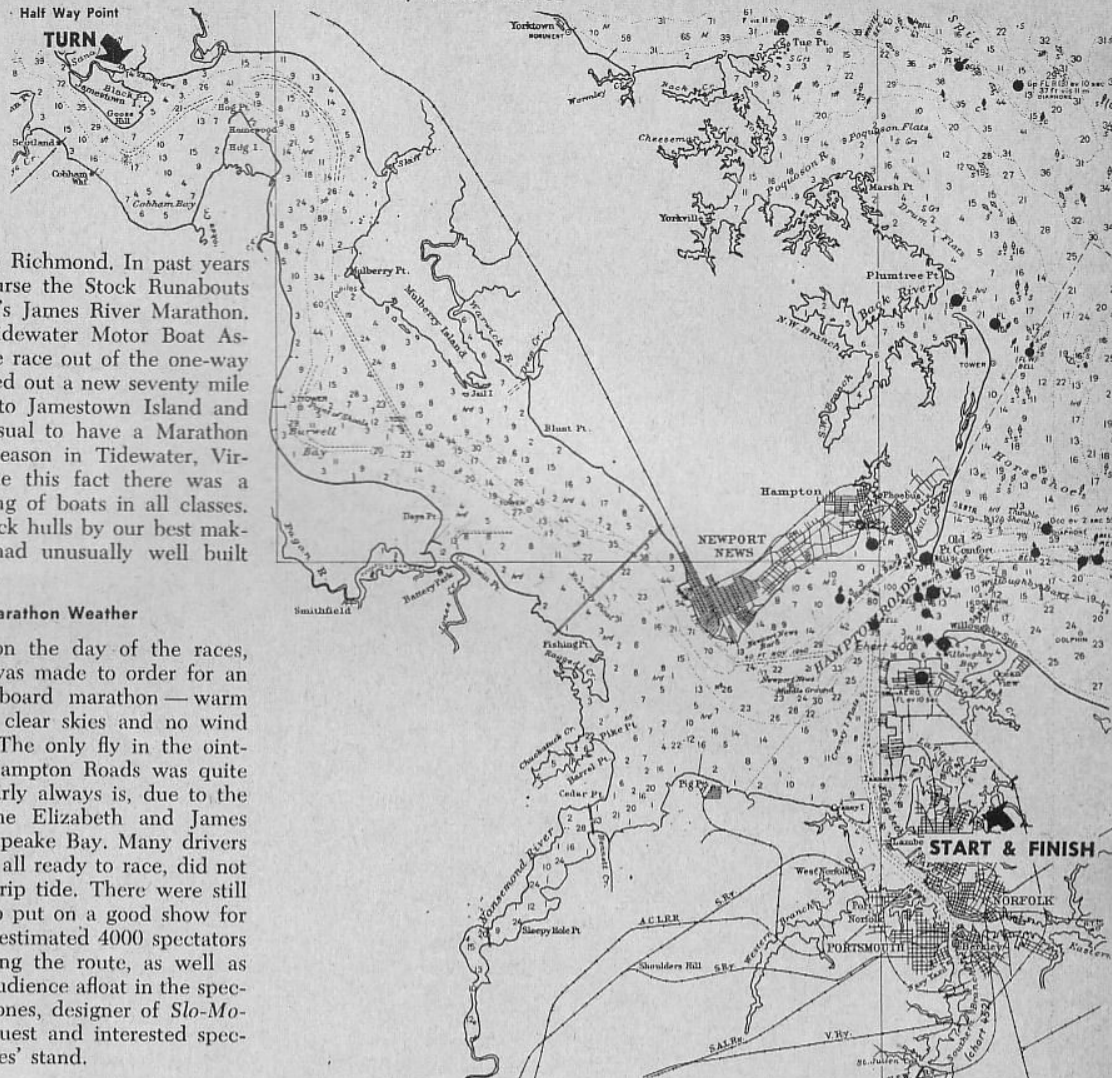
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Only casualty of the 48 Nationals. Buddy Peek looks over the shattered remnants of his hydro salvaged from the bottom of the Neches River the day after the race.



# Norfolk to Jamestown Island

By NANCY MUNCE



**N**ORFOLK to Richmond. In past years that was the course the Stock Runabouts ran in each year's James River Marathon. This year the Tidewater Motor Boat Association took the race out of the one-way category and layed out a new seventy mile course—Norfolk to Jamestown Island and return. It is unusual to have a Marathon so early in the season in Tidewater, Virginia, but despite this fact there was a very good showing of boats in all classes. Some boasted stock hulls by our best makers and others had unusually well built home made hulls.

### Good Marathon Weather

The weather on the day of the races, May the tenth, was made to order for an early season outboard marathon—warm and sunny, with clear skies and no wind to worry about. The only fly in the ointment was that Hampton Roads was quite choppy, as it nearly always is, due to the cross tides of the Elizabeth and James Rivers and Chesapeake Bay. Many drivers on the scene and all ready to race, did not start due to this rip tide. There were still plenty of boats to put on a good show for the benefit of an estimated 4000 spectators stretched out along the route, as well as the enthusiastic audience afloat in the spectator fleet. Ted Jones, designer of *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* was a guest and interested spectator on the judges' stand.

### Act of Congress

The start and finish was at the Granby Street Bridge, where the judges' stand and pits were all that race officials or drivers could wish for. This bridge crosses the LaFayette River which in the not too distant past was called Tanners Creek—and hereby hangs one of those strange tales of our American waterways. Tanners Creek was needed as a part of the waterways system, but it needed dredging and maintenance thereafter. By a strange quirk in government regulations, the Rivers and Harbors Commission cannot spend funds on a "creek," even though it is like Tanners—bigger than many "rivers." Government offices solved the problem—a special act changed the name officially and the 'new' river was developed.

### A Winding Course

From the starting line the course follows the winding LaFayette River under a bridge near the Norfolk Yacht and Country Club and on out into the Elizabeth River — across Hampton Roads to the mouth of the James River, passing the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co.'s extensive plant. At this point the

James River is more than five miles wide. From here it's a run on up the river through the James River Bridge . . . past Mulberry and Hog Islands to the turning point at Jamestown Island. In 1607, the first permanent settlement of English speaking people in America located on this island. On May the 10th, 1953 the many visitors to the shrines on Jamestown Island were witness to a "double feature" for they were on the spot to see the marathon boys round the mark and start the return run to Norfolk.

### A Few Got Lost

The James River has a very deep channel—clearly marked—but it is so wide, with mud flats and marshes on each side, that it was no surprise to the river wise old timers that many of the racers went aground. The Coast Guard course patrol was kept busy pulling these unfortunates off the mud and into deep water. Even

though there were many overturned boats and stalled motors, there were no serious accidents. Only about two thirds of the starters made Jamestown Island, and one missed it completely. He was going so fast and was so intent on his course that he was almost to Richmond before he discovered his error.

### Trophies—No Cash

This was an 'all trophy' event with no cash posted and the very handsome awards going to the first three places in each class. The Race Committee under the supervision of Referee "Red" Peatross, Secretary of the A.P.B.A., got the classes away at 30 minute intervals, with the AU's going over the line at 10 o'clock in the morning. The BU's, CU's and D Service classes followed in order. Local boats stepped out into the lead in all classes, which was to be expected as the out-of-town boys were not at all familiar with the intricate water-

ways of this Tidewater section and were contented to 'follow the leader' and take a chance on working into the lead later in the race.

**Grand Champion**

A forty-three year old Norfolk florist, A. W. Seeley, who won the CU class at the President's Cup Regatta last fall, added another trophy to the collection by winning the WNOR (a local radio station), Perpetual Trophy. Seeley drove his *Blue Streak* over the course in three hours, thirty-one minutes and twenty-nine seconds to take the award. He actually finished third, boat for boat, following Kim Armistead of Churchland and Joseph C. Beck of Norfolk across the finish line. Seeley's corrected time was better, however, and he was awarded the grand prize plus a trophy for finishing first in the C-U class.

**Class Winners**

Kim Armistead's *Stroleaway II* finished first, with a time of two hours, forty minutes and thirty seconds, with an average speed of 37.38 mph. He took home a trophy for the first boat to finish, and also the championship trophy in the B-U class, posted by the Kiekhaefer-Mercury Corp.

Joseph Beck's winning of the A-U class, and the father-and-son team of Henry and Melvin Hughes winning the D Service Class, made a clean sweep for the local drivers. In addition to a class trophy, Beck received a new Mercury Outboard Motor.

It was the final race for the forty-eight year old Henry Hughes, and he finished almost a lifetime of motor-boat racing in fine style. Henry's sixteen year old son, Melvin, will carry on the racing tradition from now on.

**How They Finished**

Summarizing the trophy winners and the equipment they used, we find Joseph Beck, first, in his home made hull, in the AU

Class. He ran second and third through most of the race and took over the lead near the finish. Scotty Strouse of Baltimore, Maryland finished in second place in his Sid Craft hull. He was one of the drivers who lost track of the course on the return trip and turned into the Elizabeth River—however, unlike some of the others, he saw his error and got back on the course in time to hold his position. These were the only two finishers in "A," both powered by Mercury.

**Armistead All the Way**

In the BU Class, Kim Armistead in his Davis built hull took the lead at the start of the race and held it all the way. Second place went to W. Robert Jones of Richmond, Virginia, driving *Tricky Boy*, a Pabst boat. This driver was a 'real' beginner—it was his first race, and at the finish he was so exhausted that he fell overboard when he stood up to get out of the boat. Spencer Hayes Jr., of Norfolk was third in *Mis-Q*, a Whirlwind boat. All three of the winners were powered by Mercury.

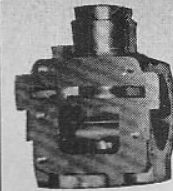
**The CU's Were Screaming**

In the CU Class we have first the grand champion A. W. Seeley, driving a home-made hull. Second was E. G. Ford of Chester (no record on his equipment) and third was Cliff Bernstein of Richmond driving *Butch*, an Inland boat. All three carried Evinrudes for power. This class made sensational time, finishing right up with the "B's," which started 30 minutes ahead of them.

**Next At Norfolk**

Tidewater Motor Boat Association, who sponsored the marathon, will hold their annual Inboard and Outboard Regatta at Norfolk on August 8th and 9th.

The Winners: (l to r) Kim Armistead, Henry Hughes, Melvin Hughes, A. W. Seeley, Joseph C. Beck.



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### AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL SAWYER

- Q. Do you think there is sufficient enthusiasm over there in the right quarters to back a challenger?
- A. I don't know, but I can tell you that if a Harmsworth challenger were to be built in Italy, the enthusiasm of the Italian nation would be overwhelming.
- Q. Do you know of any private individual or organization who might finance such a venture?
- A. The motor manufacturers on the Continent are race minded and they are strong nationalists. There is nothing that would please them more than to have the Unlimited title held in Europe. If they were to become interested, they would certainly go all the way to develop a winning combination and we must give due credit to their workmanship and ingenuity. The Italians especially are wonderful craftsmen and their motor work is superb. Whether or not any Italian sportsman of sufficient means has become sufficiently interested in boat racing to sponsor an Unlimited challenger is a question that I can't answer.

#### Class "X" Prospects

- Q. There hasn't been a serious sanctioned attempt to raise the "X" record since you attempted it at Lake Elsinore in the 1940's, has there?
- A. Not to the best of my knowledge, either here or abroad.
- Q. Several very capable men are working the Mercury Thunderbolt over into an "X" with tractor lower unit and other modifications. How do you think it will stack up against our old custom made "X's" and the Italian Soriano's?
- A. I believe that with a thorough engineering job a Mercury X can develop

as much power as we were able to get out of our old 2 cycle "X" motors. With the latest in hulls and use of prop riding technique, a Mercury X job should be able to top the old record.

- Q. How about the Soriano?
- A. The Europeans, because of their short and rough courses use the Soriano on boats built primarily to turn fast. If they develop the 3-point outboard hull to the degree of performance that they have developed the inboard prop rider, I believe that with a Soriano on the transom they can top anything we can do at present.
- Q. What will the Soriano put out?
- A. The overhead camshaft 6 cylinder supercharged model will put out in excess of 100 hp. and with a well trimmed straightaway boat I would say that their speed potential is higher than ours.
- Q. How about that lower unit with the counter rotating props? Wouldn't that be more of a disadvantage than a help in a straightaway run?
- A. That would be a hard question to answer. Dupuy's above water gear box with the extending prop shaft I think has definite possibilities for prop riding on an outboard 3-pointer. In my opinion Louis Baumann's tractor lower unit is the fastest unit so far developed for a fully submerged propeller.
- Q. The present record is 79.04 mph set by the Freshman Jean Dupuy fourteen years ago. Do you expect to see the record raised in the near future?
- A. I certainly do and substantially too.

### SALTON MILE TRIALS

CHALK up one more for the weather down on the Salton Sea. The May 16 and 17 Mile Trials were blown out—but good! Sunny and warm, but what a flock of wind. A couple of Cracker Boxes tried the trap on one occasion—that was all. It was a tough break for all concerned.

There were 27 outfits on the beach—inboard hydros and runabouts and you didn't have to look into the crystal ball to find the potential record breakers.

Eddie Meyer and Buddy Holloway, both of whom have topped the century mark in their 135's were ready to duel it out for the title.

Howard Johansen's De Soto powered 266 *Mixmaster*, which qualified to run at Parker, obviously needed only the opportunity to raise the record.

Bob Patterson's Dodge "Red Ram" equipped Cracker Box *Hot Cinders*, fresh from a new 5 mile record at Lake Miller-ton was a cinch to boost the mile figure.

It was a toss-up whether Vic Klette's *Peggy*, the present 48 Hydro record holder would be able to beat out Kenny Harmon's *Tinker Toy*, and Ted Tyce's *Dyno Mite*. All of these rigs are clear out to 48 inches and the record was sure to fall to one of them.

Both of the 225 Class record holders were there—Art Maynard's 100 mph *Restless* and Rich Hallett's *Im In*. Keith Black's *Flyin Saucer* could have upset this duel.

In the B Racing Runabouts, Ed Parsley's *Vina Mae IV* and Leonard Tripp's *Ruff Nuff* could either one top the present mark.

Paul Terheggen's *Donald Duck*, sporting fuel injection was the only E Runabout on deck, but a very possible record breaker with Kenny St. Oeger at the wheel.

BACK TO ITALY? INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGER—NEW MOTORS—SAFETY—OUTBOARD DEVELOPERS. AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL SAWYER NEXT MONTH.

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# 1953 INBOARD CHAMPIONSHIP SCHEDULE

## HYDROPLANES

- 135 Class** (Louisville, Ky., Aug. 2) Defending Champion: "Whoopee," driven by Joe Wolf, Reading, Pa., and owned by Jerry Powell, Richmond, Va.
- 136 Class** (Millville, N.J., Sept. 7) Defending Champion: "Cold Rod," owned and driven by Edward Carhart, Vineland, N.J.
- 225 Class** (Cincinnati, O., Aug. 23) Defending Champion: "Miss Columbus," owned and driven by Chuck Hunter, Columbus, O.
- 266 Class** (Salton Sea, Calif., Oct. 17-19) Defending Champion: "Pee Wee," owned and driven by Wm. E. Dale, Maywood, Calif.
- 7 Litre Class** (Buffalo, N.Y., Aug. 15-16) Defending Champion: "Wildcatter," owned and driven by B. G. Bartley, Jr., Columbus, O.
- PODH Class** (Salton Sea, Calif., Oct. 17-19) Defending Champion: "Little Beaver," owned and driven by Marion Beaver, Parker, Ariz.

## RUNABOUTS

- 44 Cu. In.** (Millville, N.J., Sept. 7) Defending Champion: "Doodle Whacker," owned and driven by S. E. Jones, Miami, Fla.
- Cracker Box** (Salton Sea, Calif., Oct. 17-19) Defending Champion: "Top," owned and driven by Don Campbell, Long Beach, Calif.
- B Racing** (Salton Sea, Calif., Oct. 17-19) Defending Champion: "Vina Mae IV," driven by Willie Miranda, Los Banos, Calif., and owned by Ed Parsley, Los Banos, Calif.
- D Racing** (Cambridge, Md., Aug. 1-2) Defending Champion: "My Boy Woodie," owned and driven by Elwood Pliescott, Cambridge, Md.
- E Racing** (Buffalo, N.Y., Aug. 15-16) Defending Champion: "Hell's Angel," owned and driven by Sherm Crichfield, St. Petersburg, Fla.
- K Racing** (Ocean City, N.J., Sept. 5) Not contested in 1952.
- D Service** (Cambridge, Md., Aug. 1-2) Defending Champion: "Let's Go II," owned and driven by William Engle, Washington, Pa.
- E Service** (St. Michaels, Md., Aug. 16) Defending Champion: "Miss Me," owned and driven by William Engle, Washington, Pa.
- F Service** (St. Michaels, Md., Aug. 16) Defending Champion: "Nitrogen," owned and driven by Sam DuPont, Wilmington, Del.
- I Service** (Ocean City, N.J., Sept. 5) Not contested in 1952.

## 1953 CHAMPIONS

- 31 Cu. In. Hydro** (St. Petersburg, Fla., Feb. 8) Winner: "Dragon Jr.," driven by Jimmy Dorr, St. Petersburg, Fla., and owned by Sam Crooks, Madeira Beach, Fla.
- C Racing Runabout** (St. Petersburg, Fla., Feb. 8) Winner: "Miss Priss," owned and driven by W. C. Selden, St. Petersburg, Fla.
- 48 Cu. In. Hydro** (Beaumont, Tex., May 3) Winner: "Snuffy," owned and driven by Gillette Smith, El Monte, Calif.

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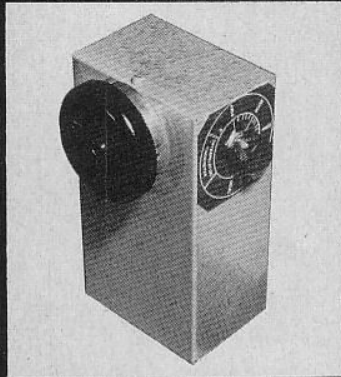


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## NECHES RIVER FESTIVAL

Now came another grand ball up. One of the lads in the patrol boat put out a red flag. Part of the fleet kept on going, but part of them pulled off. There was no recall from the judges stand. After three or four laps most of the boats had stopped. *Snuffy's* scoop was all plugged up again and the motor block was lit up like a neon sign. On the fourth lap it stalled. An outboard towed them into the pits.

### Another Frantic Repair

The same routine . . . out of the water by hand and a frenzied search for all of the trouble. This had to be a quickie for they were calling the boats out again. The four man pit crew cut and spliced one section of the plugged water line—cleared out the scoop—wired and taped up the intermediate strut, broken by floating wood, and then carried the boat back into the water just as the clock started.

### They're Off Again

*Snuffy* was back in the pack again at the start, but at the first turn he had the race in the bag. The water circulation system plugged up again at the end of the first lap and he ran the last four completely dry and "stroking" the outfit to save the motor. It was a futile precaution for the whole assembly was red hot and ruined for future use. Smitty's margin again was a quarter of a lap over Jimmy Orr and E. A. Argence from New Orleans. Smitty wasn't the only casualty of the driftwood. The defending champion Budwine also ran the first heat without water and was unable to get started for the second stanza.

### Finest Awards

In addition to the handsome A.P.B.A. National Championship Plaque Smitty pulled down \$280 in prize money. The first place trophy was a beauty, a Seth Thomas Clock donated by the Peek family who have had so much to do with the inception and development of the 48 Hydro Class.

### Inboard Hydros

Bobby Bourcq pushed *Miss Nehi* into one first in the "135's," but lost the second heat to Bob Lueckenhoff from Detroit. It was hot going all the way in this 11 boat class with plenty of thrilling racing.

The "266" race was a ding dong battle between young Don Steed from Tyler, Texas and W. Curtis Martens, the Virginia speedster. Young Don edged out Martens in the first heat and chased him to the finish line in the second.

### A Jillion Outboards

It took a full quarter of a newspaper column printed in type much finer than this to list the outboard entries. There was

Henry Taubert was high point outboard winner.



Gillette Smith, the new 48 Hydro Champion, buttons up his outfit after the race.

a full field in every one of the six classes. Henry Taubert, the San Antonio veteran, was high point trophy winner for the day, with first places in C Hydro, C Runabout and Class F. Bob Cramer was top man in A Hydro . . . Bob Prater won the B Modified and world record holder Bill Tenney took the honors in his favorite class, the B Hydros.

### A Good Show

Regardless of the drift in the course and a bit of damp weather now and then, everyone enjoyed the whole show. The parade, court and street dancing, and all of the festival affairs always make a hit with the visiting drivers. J. L. Caldwell McFaddin and Cliff LeBlanc were co-chairmen of the regatta. Herbert Scales of Dallas refereed the N.O.A. sanctioned outboard events and L. R. Bauman of Houston refereed the A.P.B.A. sanctioned inboard program.

## TRADE NOTES

HAZARD HYDROFOIL of Las Cruces, New Mexico is setting up production for their latest design of outboard powered hydrofoil boats of the *Water Hazard* series.



The latest design, ten feet in length, is smaller than the prototype illustrated here and much lighter. The manufacturers expect speeds of 35 to 40 mph with two in the boat using power output equivalent to the Mercury KG7. The company intends to offer boats in all stages of construction from kit-form to finished boat as well as foils, struts and other necessary hardware.

CHAMPION BOATS of Long Beach, Calif. announces the appointment of three new distributors for Champion Boats and Kits. Seeley Boat Company, 1610 Grant Blvd., Syracuse, N. Y.—Northwestern Boat and Mfg. Co., 19740 Ten Mile Road, Detroit, Michigan and Trading and Transport Corp. of Havana, Cuba.

VERTEX MAGNETOS—Scintilla, Ltd. of Switzerland has appointed a new U. S. distributor for its Vertex Magnetos, famous as choice of racing champions on land and water. The new distributor, Ronco Corporation, 1412 Packard Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Penna., is taking a larger proportion of Vertex production than has previously been shipped to this country, and has larger stocks of 4, 6 and 8 cylinder models than have heretofore been available. In addition, complete parts inventories will be maintained to service the increasing number of Vertex Magnetos in operation in this country. Because of the expanded distribution made possible by the larger quantities of Vertex now available, additional service-dealer depots will be established.

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CHAS. P. HANLEY

BOX 468

MUSCATINE, IOWA

# ... IN THE ROOSTERTAIL ...

★★★ The Seattle Seafair will schedule just about everything there is in the books in conjunction with the Gold Cup race in August. Here's the way the schedule looks at the moment:

Thursday, August 6th: Green Lake—All classes Stock Outboards. Western Div. Championships applied for.

Friday, August 7th: Green Lake—Outboard Racing Classes. Western Divisional Championships.

Saturday, August 8th: Green Lake—Inboard Hydros. 48-135-136 Classes. \$250.00 per heat.

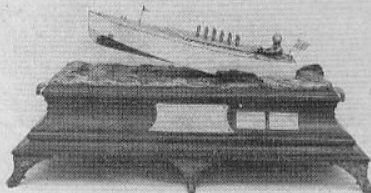
Sunday, August 9th: Lake Washington—Gold Cup Races. Two heats each 225 and 266 Classes. \$250.00 per heat. Two heats 7 Litres for Seafair Trophy.

Monday, August 10th: Lake Washington—Mile Trials all classes.

It's an odds on bet that one day of trials won't do the trick if the weather is good, for the best in the Western fleets in all classes will be there . . . and the way the weather is kicking the mile trial schedule around, it appears that this may be the first chance this year for some of the rigs to get at the mile.

The outboard drivers and the small inboard hydro clan as well will give out with a cheer at the news that their competition will be held on the protected waters of Green Lake. That has been a pretty tough

★★★ Southern California Speedboat Club has apparently solved the knotty problem of how to get the venerable and highly regarded Pacific Motor Boat Trophy back into competition again. Present plans call for a special regatta at Long Beach Marine Stadium sometime in August with three 10 mile heats for the PMB Trophy as the feature attraction, with the field open to inboard hydros of not more than 266 cu. in. displacement. A supporting program of heat races for other classes and ski races is in the planning stage.



Efforts to hold competition for this fine old trophy in conjunction with a big annual regatta have usually resulted in a lack of entries as most of the hydro drivers are at such a time set up for five mile heats and/or haven't wanted to try to do 30 miles with their equipment. Eddie Meyer won the trophy two years ago at Seattle in his *Avenger* and no competition was scheduled last year.

★★★ *Miss Supertest*, formerly *Miss Canada* is back in the news again. Just at the time that everyone has the Unlimited prospects all figured out comes the news that owner Jim Thompson has purchased two new Rolls Royce Griffins for the former Wilson color bearer and that Charlie Volker has designed new gear boxes and will try and get the bugs ironed out in time for the racing season.

★★★ There is an air of mystery in Gold preparation plans in Detroit. The Motor City bunch are deadly serious this year and can be expected to produce some really going machines. *Miss United States*, under construction in Dan Arena's shop for 29 year old Detroit George Simon will soon be ready for testing. Look for some speed out of this one. Danny is due to produce something sensational. Not much mention has been given to George Sarant's *Etta*, but the Freeport owner has already made arrangements to ship his outfit to Seattle and you can bet that he isn't going there for a 90 mile look at all the other roostertails. Probably the most startling news is that the new twin engined *Such Crust III* is a CONVENTIONAL hydroplane and not a three pointer. Shades of *Miss Pepsi*. No wonder the Schafer team selected Chuck Thompson to handle this new challenger. This outfit could be the dark horse.



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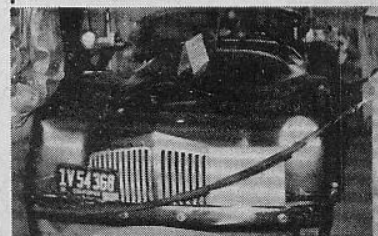
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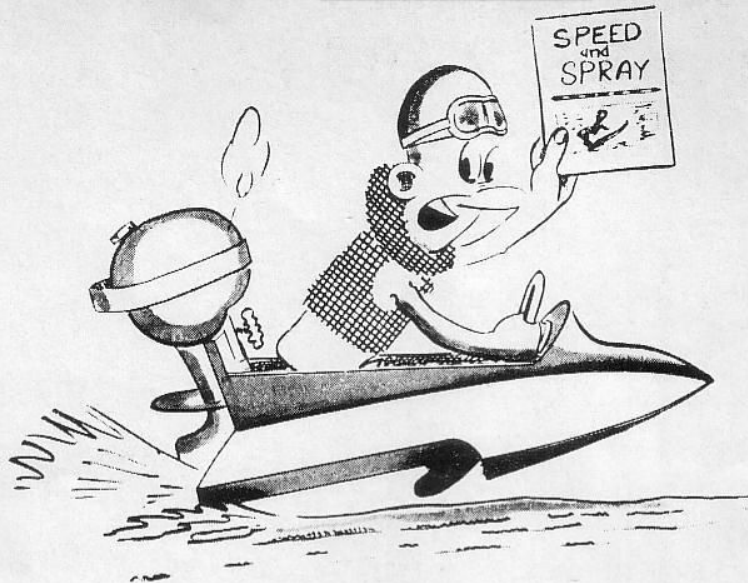
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Complete building plans from the board of Dave Beach, who did the Speed Skiff plans in this issue.
- ★ **MIXMASTER — THE DE SOTO 266**  
California Bill and Howard Johansen collaborate on a technical feature on building up the De Soto Racing Engine. Full cut-away illustrations of boat and motor by Jim Richards.
- ★ **THE KIT BOAT — AN ARTICLE FOR THE WATER SPORTS ENTHUSIAST**  
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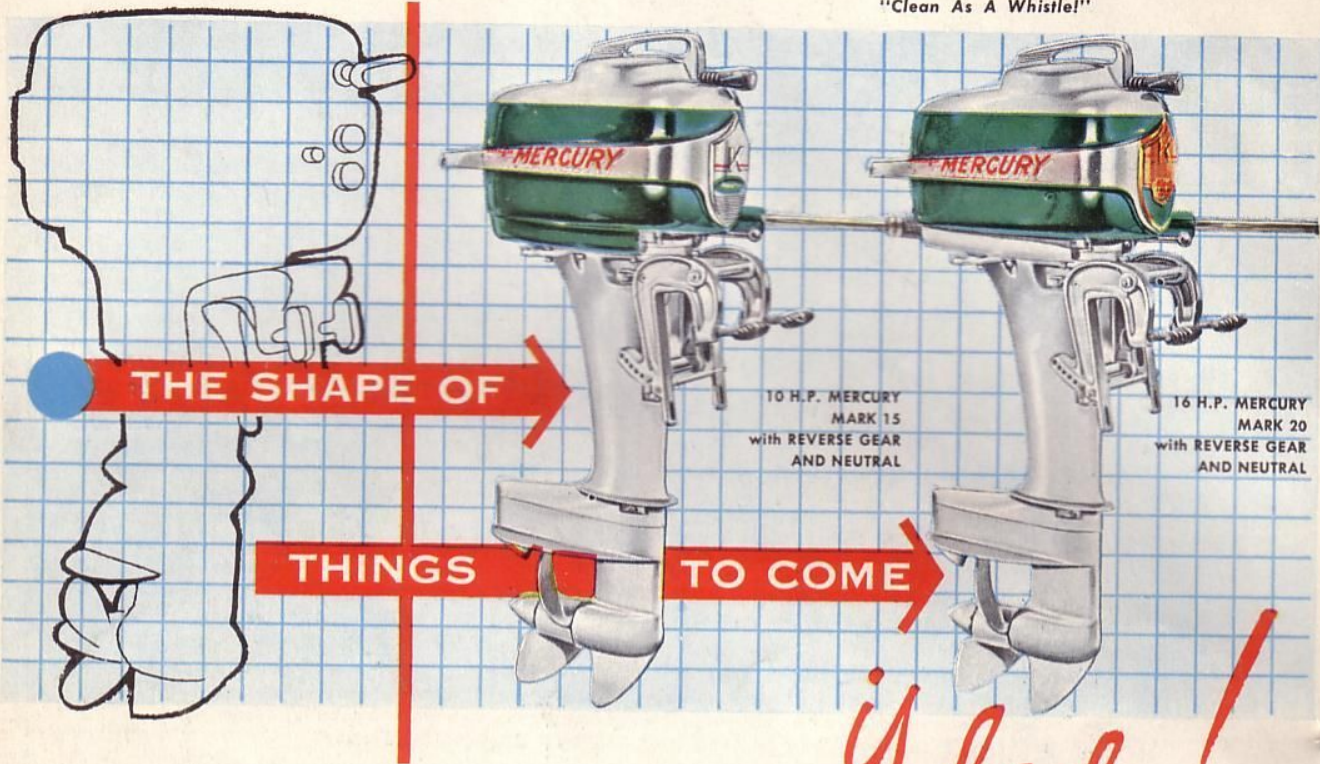
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