

A Short-Lived Capay Trend: Flying down hills on cardboard boxes

If you stood just west of Ike and Kay's Tavern, looking south you would see the Vannucci's Hills, and if you look just west of there you would see the mouth of a small valley. Right at the mouth of this small valley there was a section of the hill that had no trees. The extreme eastern part had about a 40% slope and the northern side about a 60% slope (of course I'm totally guessing) with absolutely no trees. Also, right at the mouth of the small valley there is a very cool ravine that was about 200 or 300 feet long stretching from just inside the mouth of the valley heading east where it hit the canal. I loved sitting there just looking at the valley—imagining how cool it would to have a house on top of the extreme eastern point of the mouth of that little valley.

But to the point of this story: If I remember correctly I think it was “Big Ernie” (since I was “Little Ernie”) and Roy Hanson who first took a piece of tin on top of that hill and came down like a bat out of hell! Shortly after that we graduated to cardboard boxes which were flattened out in the front end of them curled upwards so you could lay face down and go down the hill. Big Ernie's parents bought a Maytag washing machine which was in a very large box and that Maytag box became the Cadillac of the hill, so we called it the Maytag. It was great fun for about a month until one of the kids got slightly hurt--badly skinned up, actually--and the downhill racing came to an end...except for a couple of us pirates who would still sneak up there and came down that hill on a cardboard box. My God it was so much fun and extremely scary at the same time. We even came down the lesser-steep side of the hill on bicycles, which wasn't nearly as fun as coming down in those old cardboard-box *Caddies*.