

THE PLAIN DEALER
**Sunday
Magazine**

Aug. 2, 1964



Aboard a Racing Sloop • See Page 2 and story inside

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The Plain Dealer Sunday Magazine

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Lawrence J. Hawkins, Editor

Allen Arthur, Associate

Letters

Dear Sir:

"Nature Notes" of the July 28 issue states that the beaver is "the largest of rodents." It is—in North America. It is not, however, the largest of all. The capybara of South America is the "largest rodent." Some years ago this same statement was made in the Ohio Conservation Magazine, and I also corrected it. The editor admitted the error of leaving out "in North America."

JOHN D. HARRIS
Westlake.

- We, too, confess the error.

Dear Sir:

"The Walleye Mystery" (June 28 issue) is no mystery at all. The commercial netters get out in the spring and bring in Walleye containing the precious eggs. Yes, billions and billions of eggs are destroyed. The Ohio Natural Resources Dept. theories of silt, pollution and predators are punched full of holes.

Al Glinka,
Vermilion, O.

- Mr. Glinka's indignant letter is too long to print in full.

Next Week

Helen Borsick takes a wondering look at "Pop Art"

Prejudices are what fools use for reason.
—Voltaire

In This Issue

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Cover

FAIR winds and full sails make for a happy ship, even when she's a matronly 60 years young.

That's the mood aboard the veteran racing sloop Minx, depicted on our cover, as she carries skipper "Clancy" Shaffer and his crew briskly toward Kelleys Island during the Cleveland Yachting Club's 34th annual Commodore F. W. Roberts Trophy Race.

Turn to page 6 for complete story.

Color photo by DWIGHT BOYER



Nature Notes

By ELIZABETH S. MEIER

RAISING a covey of quail was the project. The library supplied information on making an incubator, a game farm furnished the clutch of eggs.

I placed the eggs in the incubator, a box which on the outside cautioned "Keep Frozen Until Used." Inside was a can filled with water, cotton to keep the small eggs from rolling, light bulb and thermometer registering 103 degrees. Just right!

Mother Quail (you know who) turned the eggs every day. In 23 days hatching began. After six hours of

pecking one appeared, measuring one and a quarter inches from beak to tiny tail. This was my "covey." We call him Junior.

He sings a joyous song at mealtime, puts himself to sleep with a quail lullaby, whistles sharply when he wants attention. Baby-sitting a bobwhite is demanding.

Pretty feathers tipped with white, a crest and fan shaped tail show he is growing up. When he leaves the home nest and a bobwhite calls, I'll remember.



21 FRUSTRATING HOURS

When the Minx Ran out of Wind



To get maximum "draw" from the Minx's main sail, Skipper Clarence Shaffer takes another turn or two on the main sheet hand winch. Small picture at right is overall view of the Minx. Although 60 years old, she is still a sleek, fast, hard-to-beat racing sloop.



Photostory
By Dwight Boyer

FOR 33 YEARS the Cleveland Yachting Club's annual long distance auxiliary cruiser race for the Commodore F. W. Roberts trophy has been plagued by a great variety of weather, mostly bad. There have been gales, high seas, torn sail, damaged rigging.

The 92-mile course, from Rocky River, around Kelleys Island and return, is ideally designed, under the Cruising Club of America rules, to test boats and crews. Under prevailing winds it offers three distinct sailing conditions . . . a "reach" with winds on a beam side, a "run" with following winds and spinnaker sails, and a "beat" with the boats sailing into the wind.

Now, as the 9 a.m. starting time for the 34th Roberts Race drew near, owner-skipper Clarence (Clancy) Shaffer of the 60-year-old sloop *Minx* fretted while the massed fleet of 31 sloops and yawls maneuvered to cross the line as soon as possible after the starter's cannon boomed. *Minx* was a three-time winner of the event and Shaffer wanted to make it four.

The white-hulled *Minx* is a story herself. Built in 1904 with a 30-foot waterline measurement and slightly less than 44 feet over-all, she was one of 18 similar boats that became known as the "New York 30" class, then the smallest craft permitted to sail in the official events of the austere and affluent New York Yacht Club. Of the 18, all but three are still sailing.

Once owned by J. P. Morgan, the *Minx* became one of the "winningest" yachts in history, taking hundreds of trophies and flags on salt water. And since Shaffer bought her in 1951 she has racked up an impressive record on fresh water. Under the colors of the Cleveland Yachting Club she has taken such major events as the Port Huron-Mackinac and Mills Trophy races in addition to the three Roberts trophies.

NOW, as the cannon boomed, she surged ahead under a brisk 18-knot wind. The cockpit *Sum-Log*, sort of a nautical speedometer, clicked merrily as the *Minx* registered six, sometimes seven, knots. Thereafter, and it is true on any racing boat, the rapidity of the clicking became a highly accurate barometer of the skipper's disposition.

Under the Cruising Club rules, time handicaps, established on a complicated formula of the beam, draft, sail area and other characteristics of the individual boats, are allotted each boat in hours, minutes and seconds so that each, theoretically, leaves the post with an equal opportunity to win.

Thus, when the time allowances are applied at the finish, it is not uncommon for a boat that actually is the sixth or seventh to cross the finish line to be declared the winner. One second, or even a fraction, can be the difference between

CONTINUED



As wind dies to a whisper, Paul Roepnack and skipper Shaffer pull in "ballooner," and prepare to raise spinnaker. There's more sail changing on a calm day than when the breeze is stiff.

The starting cannon has boomed and the fleet is away.



The Querida becalmed on a glass-like sea.

Former Coast Guard officer Arch P. Brown, the Minx's navigator, fixes her position by sighting landmarks through bearing-scope.

Out of Wind CONTINUED

victory and defeat.

Aboard the Minx a willing crew of five stood by to raise, lower, change or adjust any one of her seven sails. On a direct compass course to Kelleys Island, she had several hours of ideal winds, leaving behind her, hull down on the horizon, a colorful picket line of spinnaker sails.

Only one other boat offered any immediate challenge. She was the Querida, a blue-hulled yawl out of Sandusky and skippered by Robert Seltzer. Choosing a course well shoreward of the Minx, the Querida, apparently catching satisfactory offshore breezes, tacked to starboard and began the loop around the northern end of Kelleys Island a full mile in the lead.

Meanwhile, the wind on the Minx's bearing died to almost nothing. The Sum-Log's ticking slowed ominously and repeated sail changes failed to narrow the gap. That was the situation faced by both boats as they rounded the island with agonizing slowness. Worse yet, under the time allowances, the Minx had to "give" the Querida almost 22 minutes.

But if things were bad then, they worsened on the other end of the island. The last vestige of a breeze had vanished and there lay the Querida, becalmed on a glassy

sea, as, almost, was the Minx.

It was, had there been a poet-philosopher aboard, an opportune moment for him to intone the words of the Ancient Mariner:

*"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."*

It was at this crucial time that the Minx lived up to her reputation as being a good "light airs" boat. Slim and sleek, she requires a bare breath of air to make some headway. Even so, she moved forward almost imperceptibly, gradually closing the gap until at last she drew abreast and slowly left her larger and heavier rival astern.

Darkness came with still only fitful and erratic airs over seas almost without a ripple. Huron and Vermilion were faint lights in the distance and the flaring reflections of Lorain's blast furnaces were still far to the east. Aft, rival sails melted into the night.

HOURS passed as the shore lights crawled slowly past starboard of the Minx. It grew cool and the crew, in shorts and with chests bare during the day, dug out sweat shirts and jackets.

Once past Lorain's pier lights only Avon Point jutted out between the Minx and the judge's boat, anchored offshore at Rocky River. There is shoal water here and Shaffer wisely kept his boat outside. Then, only a

couple of hundred yards from the finish line, the wind died completely. Becalmed again, vainly trying to "whistle up a wind," skipper and crew grumbled their disappointment. The sun was coming up now and in the distant lake haze tall white sails were looming. It took 20 minutes to make that last 200 yards.

When the time allowances were applied, Commodore C. Richard Newpher's yawl Cheetah, from Mentor Harbor Yacht Club, was declared the over-all winner. Minx was fourth while Querida was awarded third place in the Class A group. Minx did, however, win the Sam Deutsch trophy for being the first to finish.

Skipper Shaffer, who slept scarcely a wink during the 21-hour race, grinned ruefully over a cup of hot coffee and commented: "Well, you can say one thing about this year's Roberts Race . . . it sure was different."



Route of the Roberts race.