



THE BID-N-BUY



Frank Stauss coaxes bidders higher on a limited-edition print by member John Guidera.

Our April meeting was the annual bid-n-buy. A lot of good nautical items were in this year's sale. As usual, wooden paddles and oars were there in pairs (and threes in one case). Bidding was fierce for three lightweight cedar paddles made by Tom Marzolf. Books, life jackets, dollies, solar panels, bronze fittings, and bottom paint were some of the other offerings. Club members bid well and generously, and the chapter raised a respectable \$579. Ron Gibbs writes that the club treasury and the entire membership thank all of the eager bidders since the auction is what has allowed us to keep our dues low from year to year.

Congratulations are in order! On Friday April 18, after a lengthy and dedicated restoration, ELF was lowered into the water, 120 years to the day from her first launch. Go to CYRG.org for more information and make plans to visit the Workshop on the Water this month to watch her mast get stepped and to see her regain her sea-legs.



All photographs by Deborah Albers

A Report from the 2008 Classic Yacht Symposium at the Herreshoff Marine Museum in Bristol, Rhode Island, April 4-6, 2008

~ Mike Wick

This is a semi-annual event, held too early in the year to be sailing but with enough signs of spring in the air to give one hope that the winter wait is almost over. Two images from the symposium stick in my mind; in a crowd of over a hundred I saw only one rigging knife worn at the belt. The other memorable moment, during a break between papers, was of an elegant and triumphant lady sailing into the empty Ladies Room while we impatient men waited in a long queue for the facilities.

The papers were read in a lecture hall at Roger Williams College (and have been bound into a beautifully-executed book), but the Friday night cocktail party and the catered dinner on Saturday night were held at the Herreshoff Marine Museum.

Some of the papers were beyond our TSCA ken, like the rescue of the New York 50 SPARTAN from the lawn of the Herreshoff Museum, or the restoration of the Edwardian era 126-foot steel steam yacht, CANGARDA, brought back to

all her elegance by the venture capitalist Robert McNeil, who previously restored a Herreshoff P Boat, JOYANT. Some people are gluttons for punishment.

Other presentations were more down to earth. Margo



A Herreshoff Coquina on display outside Roger Williams College at the Classic Yacht Symposium.

Geer spoke of the seven-year restoration of SARAH, Concordia yawl #27, which she and her husband bought at a sheriff's sale. Three years into the project, her husband died of cancer and left her to finish, which she did in spite of all and six hurricanes. Margo shared with us several thoughts:

“There are worse things to do with your money than to fix up a classic boat.”

“You are responsible for the care and restoration of that vessel. It is your responsibility. Its future rests in your hands.”

She shared a spreadsheet of the costs for SARAH's restoration with the surprising conclusion that a total restoration by an amateur may be no less expensive than turning a boat over to professionals. While labor costs are less, the costs of storage, insurance, and mistakes that have to be redone more than make up for the difference.

A paper of local interest was presented by Mike Hanyi, famous for the Raid Finland and our recent Christmas party presentation. Mike had decided to sell his COQUINA II and discovered in the process that her predecessor was a hard-chine seventeen-foot boat, RIVIERA. Halsey Herreshoff invited Mike to

visit Bristol and research RIVIERA. It turned out that Captain Nat had been working too hard in Bristol, and in 1874 his family decided he needed a forced break, a prolonged holiday in Nice, France. Three days into the vacation, Nathaniel bought a spare slide rule and started building RIVIERA. She was hard chine because he had no equipment or wood to steam into a round-hulled boat. Mike Hanyi built a nearly exact reproduction of RIVIERA from the information he found in Bristol and is planning to follow Nathaniel's trip down the Rhone River in her. The only problem is that her spar length is 32 feet, and she has some 250 square feet of sail. That is a lot of sail for a boat that is only five feet wide.

Quentin Snediker, Director of the H. B. DuPont Shipyard at Mystic Seaport, presented a paper on the restoration of ANNIE, the Seaport's Sandbagger. She was one of the first vessels in the Museum and has gone through rebuilds in 1950, 1967, and 2006. Early rebuilds weren't done with the same respect for detail as today; form was more important then. Obviously, there isn't much left of the original, and Quentin poised the question, “Is she still the same ship?” He discussed the subject, “When does a vessel cease to exist?” Plutarch recorded that Theseus' ship was kept for 300 years; there can't have been much left of the original, but, like that ship, ANNIE never ceased to exist in the spatio-temporal continuum. His conclusion is that ANNIE is still ANNIE, arguing that “a ship is never finished until it is sunk.”

David Snediker, Quentin's brother, reported on his project of building three copies of a Herreshoff 11 ½ foot dinghy to serve as authentic tenders to three Buzzards Bay 30s that are being rebuilt. He was able to replicate the Herreshoff building jig, outlined in Thomas Barry's wonderful book, *Building the Herreshoff Dinghy*. It was an interesting paper.

Classic boat restoration is a fascinating topic, and this gathering is an excellent way to spend a few days. I always come away rejuvenated and eager to face all my projects.



One of the dinghys being built as a tender for a Buzzards Bay 30 under restoration.

**NEXT MEETING: Tuesday, May 6th at 7.30 pm,
Red Dragon Canoe Club.**

Mike Wick will discuss and demonstrate a variety of maritime arts, including making wooden rope strop blocks, cleats, fairleads, and carbon fiber masts.

BULLETIN BOARD

John Brady is bringing the ISM's tuckup from storage into the boatshop. He asks if TSCA members are willing to help paint her on weekends. Email Wendy at uubyar@gmail.com if you are interested in helping.

Those planning to bring their boat to the Traditional Boat Festival at the Independence Seaport Museum this June should give the following information to John Brady.

Name, address, phone number, and email

Type of boat

Length

Beam

Draft

Rig

Engine? Horsepower?

Approximate weight

Is the boat normally dry sailed?

Will the boat be here for both days?

Coming by land or by sea? Do we need to launch the boat?

Check out www.animatedknots.com.

On this site, knots are grouped by area of interest, and each will automatically "tie itself" when the page opens. The animation can be run fast or slow and played step-by-step.

CORRECTION: In the April issue, we mistakenly published Rick Carrion's inactive email address. His current address is: elf1888@earthlink.net.

The 2008 John Gardner Smallcraft Workshop at Mystic Seaport has been cancelled. In the coming months the museum will review possibilities for the future. If you would like to make suggestions for this event, please email: Dana.Hewson@mysticseaport.org.

Boat Camp

This summer build a boat on the banks of the Delaware River.



Ages 13 - 17

July 7 through August 8, 2008



Monday Through Friday
9:00 am to 4:00 pm
\$850 for Museum Members
\$895 for Non Members
www.phillyseaport.org

Independence Seaport Museum
Workshop on the Water
211 S. Columbus Blvd. at Walnut St.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19106
215-413-8630
groupsales@phillyseaport.org

THE OLD CANOE

By George Marsh

My seams gape wide so I'm tossed aside
To rot on a lonely shore
While the leaves and mould like a shroud enfold,
For the last of my trails are o'er;
But I float in dreams on Northland streams
That never again I'll see,
As I lie on the marge of the old portage
With grief for company.

When the sunset gilds the timbered hills
That guard Timagami,
And the moonbeams play on far James Bay
By the brink of the frozen sea,
In phantom guise my Spirit flies
As the dream blades dip and swing
Where the waters flow from the Long Ago
In the spell of the beck'ning spring.

Do the cow-moose call on the Montreal
When the first frost bites the air,
And the mists unfold from the red and gold
That the autumn ridges wear?

When the white falls roar as they did of yore
On the Lady Evelyn,
Do the square-tail leap from the black pools deep
Where the pictures rocks begin?

Oh! the fur-fleets sing on Timiskaming
As the ashen paddles blend,
And the crews carouse at Rupert House
At the sullen winter's end;
But my days are done where the lean wolves run,
And I ripple no more the path
Where the gray geese race cross the red moon's face
From the white wind's Arctic wrath.

Tho' the death fraught way from the Seguenay
To the storied Nipigon
Once knew me well, now a crumbling shell
I watch the years roll on,
While in memory's haze I live the days
That forever are gone from me,
As I rot on the marge of the old portage
With grief for company.

Published in *Scribner's Magazine*, October 1908

MUSING ON TUCKUPS, part 2

~ Roger Allen

The Tuckup is a fourth class "Hiker," and it reportedly originated as a crabbing skiff common to coastal bays in the general vicinity of Point Pleasant, New Jersey (some distance north of Parkertown and Tuckerton where the melonseed first appeared, for those who care about such things). There were four classes of Hikers that raced on the Delaware River from just after the Civil War (locally known as the War of Northern Aggression) until the turn of the century. The classes were all 15-foot cat-rigged sailboats, and the class distinctions were broken down according to beam, sail area, and crew size. The largest Hikers had unlimited sail area with beams that reflected the extremes of the rig. They were easily distinguished from the other classes because the boats required iron spreaders that crossed the deck and extended outward

from the rail as much as three feet on each side. Mast heights commonly reached in excess of twenty feet, and without crew the boats would roll over. The boats were called Hikers because ballast was usually crew weight and not actual ballast in sand bags. This was supposedly done because the Delaware River is relatively narrow, and in a race upwind with a lot of short tacks, it wasn't possible to shift bags often enough to be practical. Thus, the crew was required to hike way out to keep the boats upright.

Tuckups were the smallest of the classes, and their name was derived from the shape of the stern, which tucked up into a very pretty shape with a difficult twist of the planking. Stealer planks were occasionally required to achieve the desired tuck, which is a very

interesting bit of work when planking a lapstreak boat. Tuckups were partially decked, lightly built of white cedar planking with steam-bent oak or locust frames, limited to a cat-rigged sail with an area of (I believe) 144 square feet and a maximum beam of (something), and could have no deck spreaders. They carried a captain, sheet tender, topping lift tender, and bailer as crew. Tuckups had to carry the same number of crew throughout the race, something that was not true for the rest of the classes. If the wind looked like it was going to be heavy, you might start out with eight crew members in the larger Hiker classes (mind you, this is in a 15-foot LOA boat hull!). If it shifted to lighter air, you might drop crew over the side during the course of a race. There were lots of what were called “Fishtown tricks” like that in use during the races. Fishtown is one of the waterfront communities within the city limits of Philadelphia. The Tuckup crew did hike out, and generally the boats were equipped with ropes with toggle handles that hooked

into fittings bolted through the plank keel. The bailer was the only crew person who generally didn’t hike out and you can figure out why yourself. The topping lift tender was necessary because the boom is so long in a Tuckup that it could hit the water easily and slow the boat, or even bring about a capsized.

Tuckup and Hiker regattas were big events on the Delaware; large excursion steamers were regularly chartered to carry hundreds of people each as spectators. There are newspaper reports that list upwards of several hundred boats for the various classes, including Duckers, on a good weekend in the heyday of small boat racing from 1880 to 1890. The shores of the river were almost always lined

with spectators as well. There is a famous painting by Thomas Eakins that depicts a race day on the Delaware, and we once tried to count all the boats in it but stopped at over a hundred. The painting is spot-on accurate for detail because Eakins was a keen sailor and boatman, and the painting is a self-portrait of his own victory in a Hiker.



TSCA members successfully holding on to an inch of freeboard in the Marion Brewington.

Philadelphia had an egalitarian yachting scene. The boats were raced out of relatively small two-story boathouses that might contain two Hikers, two Tuckups, three or four Delaware Duckers, and a few sailing canoes. Downstairs was boat storage; upstairs was the clubhouse and lockers. The boat clubs might have house painters, lawyers, carpenters, and bankers as members. Unlike elitist organizations in New York and New England, where professional sailors were hired to run yachts during races, boat crews were usually club members in Philadelphia. Boat clubs were arranged in rows down either side of large commercial wharves and piers in specific areas of the Philadelphia and Camden waterfronts, including Bridesburg, Southwark, and Pea Shore. Betting was

one of the big attractions for the races, and competition was reported to be fierce. Boat bottoms were regularly polished and then rubbed with graphite to make them slick. The boats were brightly painted and very fancy according to the records that survive. Chromed fittings and pink, green, or other pastel-colored hulls were not uncommon.

The whole culture fairly quickly died out because of increases in port activity, the rising value of waterfront land, and pollution in the river. The bicycle, baseball, and problems with gambling also contributed to the decline. The boats were sailed hard and lightly built. There are only three original Tuckups left in the world: THOMAS M. SEEDS at the Mariners' Museum in Newport News; SPIDER at the Independence Seaport Museum in Philadelphia; and a Tuckup hull that was built as a rowboat, also at ISM. There is a period set of plans for a fourth boat, the PRISCILLA I believe, that was published in *Forest and Stream* magazine back in the 1890s. As I mentioned before (see the April 2008 issue of the *Mainsheet*), there are replicas that were built in Philadelphia and Mystic and by our wonderful

friends John and Vera England in Urbanna, Virginia. Most of the modern boats were built with several complete rigs as the boats are used for racing and pleasure sailing. The all-out racing rig is a scary thing if you are as afraid of the water as I am. It is a big gaff rig!! The smaller pleasure rigs have been built as gaff, sprit, and sliding gunther rigs. The smaller sail makes for a very mannerly sailing boat that can still get out of its own way. Full and complete plans are available for the boats from the Independence Seaport Museum, and John Brady would be a useful resource for anyone who wanted to build a replica. There is a lot of unique gear and rigging details in the plans for the boats too.

Why sail one now? Because unless you have, you're not a real man! Unless you have, you're not a Boatman, or a Waterman, or a complete sailorman. Unless you have sailed a Tuckup, you're a lubber, and you should keep your eyes downcast when speaking in the company of real sailormen who have. Couldn't be any better reason than that except that when a Tuckup is cooking along with that big racing rig, it is a most exhilarating sailing thing to do with friends.



**SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
JUNE 14 AND 15, 2008**

**DELAWARE RIVER
TRADITIONAL BOAT FESTIVAL**

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GIFT OF WALTER ELLERMAN BELL, 2007-12



MAINSHEET

Monthly newsletter of the
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