

# BASS RIVER GAZETTE

A newsletter from the Bass River Community Library History Committee and the Great John Mathis Foundation

• Issue No. 23: March, 2009 • donations appreciated •

## BOYHOOD MEMORIES OF ALLEN'S DOCK

by Jim McAnney

I have many good memories of Allen's Dock. My father, Reuben A. McAnney, operated Allen's Dock, just a stone's throw from the Bass River Bridge. When I was growing up, I spent much of my time there.

The property that is now Allen's Dock was owned by the McKeever brothers around 1900. They owned the fish factory on Crab Island in Great Bay and wintered their bunker boats on the Bass River. Captain George Valliant purchased the property from the McKeever brothers. He was a captain on one of their bunker boats.



The McKeever brothers bunker boats wintering on the Bass River. (Photo courtesy of Paul Steinhauer.)

George later sold the property to his son-in-law, Chester (Chet) Allen. Chet developed the property into the boatyard. My father worked for Chet prior to going in the Army in 1941. When he got out of the Army in 1945, Chet retired and leased Allen's Dock to my father who later took over ownership after Chet's death in 1966. My father operated it until his death in 1972. My mother, Margaret Cramer McAnney, sold Allen's Dock to the McGeoch's in 1973, and it is run today by George McGeoch and his family.

In the 50's/60's Allen's Dock consisted of a store that had a small apartment upstairs, a paint shop, a storage barn, and a large double sided his/hers outhouse. There was also an artesian well that had great drinking water. The only remaining building today is the barn that was converted to the current ships store.



Allen's Dock, circa mid 1960's. (1) Paint Shop with artesian well to its left; (2) Store with upstairs apartment; (4) Storage barn which is the current store; (3) double sided his and hers outhouse. (Win Salmons photo courtesy of Shirley & Leslie Whealton.)

There were about seventy or eighty boat slips and three sets of rails that were used to haul the boats out of the water with a 1937 Chevy tow truck that dad bought from Atlantic City Electric Co. I don't know when he bought it, but I can remember back to the early '50s, and it was there then. It was used until my father's death in 1972 and was still there when we sold Allen's Dock in 1973.

It had no brakes. It either rolled to a stop or you had to throw a block under a wheel. You had to start it from under the hood, because everything had either rusted or fallen off. Even so, this truck was indispensable. It was a real workhorse. Each fall my father would haul out and store about eighty boats. These boats were hauled out of the water on the railways, jacked up, placed on oak planks with pipe rollers, and rolled onto skids. The reverse was done in the spring when it was time to launch the boats. It was exhausting, labor intensive work by today's standards.

Back then there were still quite a few men from New Gretna working in the bay and many kept their garveys on the Bass River. Some that I remember who kept their boats at Allen's Dock were Les Allen, Benny Allen, Delbert Robbins, and Milton "Mutt" Kaulflin. There were other garveys docked on up the river as well as across

from Allen's Dock. There were also some charter fishing boats that ran from Allen's Dock, but that was before my time. The one that I am familiar with is the "Valiant" that was owned by Chet Allen.

Growing up around Allen's Dock I was never bored. There was always something to do. When I was younger I would take one of our old rowboats and row up the river and fish for perch under the bridge or go crabbing. When I got a little older, I was allowed to use an old 16 foot garvey with a worn out 10hp outboard. This really opened up my world. I was up every creek and ditch on the Bass River. I was always fishing, crabbing, or just messing around in the boat. I would catch minnows and sell them to my father. He gave me 25 cents a quart.

My favorite thing though was hanging around and listening to the stories that the old timers would tell. In the store there was an old kerosene



Chet Allen (l) and Ruby McAnney developed a close friendship over the years. (Photo courtesy of Peg McAnney.)



Ruby's old 1937 Chevy was a familiar sight at Allens Dock throughout the years. (Photo courtesy of Peg McAnney.)



Chet (r) and Les Allen by the Valiant at Allen's Dock. (Photo courtesy of Peg McAnney.)

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# BOYHOOD MEMORIES OF ALLEN'S DOCK

(Continued from page 1)

space heater with several old wooden chairs around it. There was also an old fashioned candy case and a soda machine that was simply a metal insulated box with cold water running through it to cool the sodas. Most days, especially in the afternoon, some of the local men would come to the dock and "shoot the breeze".



Dan Loveland was a regular at Allen's Dock. (Photo courtesy of Michelle Taryani.)

On any cold, winter afternoon you could always count on a full house. There were a lot of tales spun, stories told, as well as an occasional heated discussion around that old stove. Most of the local baymen stopped in at one time or another, but there were some that showed up on a regular basis, I think because they were retired at this time. Some of the regulars that I remember were Joe "Potty" Mathis, Cliff Budd, Delbert Robbins, Harold Gerew, Talbert McAnney, and Dan Loveland. Others would stop in as their schedules permitted. I wish that I could remember more of those stories that were told around that old stove.



Delbert Robbins kept his garvey at Allen's Dock. (Photo courtesy of Ronald Bozarth.)

Another thing that I remember are the tricks and pranks that some of these men would play on each other at the dock. There were many, but a few stick out in my mind. Sam Briggs, Sr. would bring an ample supply of fireworks with him when he returned from Florida. When least expected he would attach a string of firecrackers to the ignition



Sam Briggs, Sr. was a real prankster at Allen's Dock. (Photo courtesy of Phyllis Briggs.)

coil on a car so that when they started it the whole string would ignite. What a commotion! I remember Delbert Robbins being the recipient of this on more than one occasion.



Harold Gerew spent a lot of time with the boys at Allen's Dock. (Photo courtesy of Harold Gerew, Jr.)

A favorite prank of Talbert McAnney was to jack up the power wheel on a car and put a block under the axle so the tire would barely touch the ground. It was not noticeable, but the tire had no traction. When the car was put in gear the only thing that happened was the tire would spin and throw out gravel stones. It wouldn't go anywhere.

One of the best tricks I ever saw was on a summer afternoon. My father was waiting on a customer in the back of the store out of hearing as to what was going on. A stranger came into the store and wanted to buy something. The men sitting around the stove pointed out my father and told the stranger that my father was nearly deaf and that you had to get right in his face and holler for him to hear. The man followed the directions exactly, not knowing that it was a joke. I never saw a group of men laugh so hard.

Even though things have changed over the years, I still have a lot of great memories of Allen's Dock.

*We appreciate Jim sharing some of his childhood memories with us here in the Bass River Gazette. They certainly bring an interesting part of New Gretna's history to life, again.*

## ANTIQUITY REVISITED

### THE COUNTRY KITCHEN

(Continued from page 3)

and his wife, when a pitcher of milk punch, cider or apples and often doughnuts or crullers would be handed around to all present. Each female brought her knitting on which she worked with great avidity. After discussing the killing of the last deer, and how many wild geese, brant and ducks neighbor Brown had killed in the past week, and how many rabbits and opossum Johnny or Tommy had caught during the season, and then going through the complete history of each one's farm stock, the usual topics of conversation were exhausted, for they had no newspapers to read, and consequently no newspaper items to discuss, they being blissfully ignorant of most of the affairs of the outside world, and felt but little excitement about politics. By the time the men had completed their conversational list, the females (who had been seated in a group on the other side of the fireplace) had run through their narration of carding, spinning, coloring yarn, weaving and making up the cloth they had manufactured, and the knitting of the stockings and mittens, and how greatly the rattlesnake-bone beads had facilitated the teething of the baby, and how Rachel Jones, who had married Tommy Jones (and therefore had not changed her maiden name) had prescribed a remedy for the whooping cough which was making remarkable cures of that distressing complaint, all brought about by the magic pertaining to a woman's not changing her name when she married. After all the above-named items had been duly narrated, it was often ascertained that the long winter evening was not nearly spent, and that there was ample time for telling a number of ghost and witch stories, and they were accordingly rehearsed until we poor children were nearly frightened out of our senses at the recital of the horrible antics performed by ghosts and witches. We were afraid to go out of doors in the night lest we might see a witch mounted on a broomstick and sailing through the air, or else mounted on some farmer's best horse with her foot in the elf-lock, which she had magically and dexterously plaited in the mane of the horse, and if we saw a meteor shooting along the midnight sky we imagined it was the spirit of a witch hurrying away on one of Satan's brimstone steeds for the purpose of meeting with his majesty of the "cloven foot."

## WHO WE ARE

The *Bass River Gazette* staff are Harry DeVerter, Steve Eichinger, Jean & Murray Harris, Elaine Mathis, and Pete Stemmer. You may write us c/o **The Bass River Community Library, P.O. Box 256, New Gretna, N.J. 08224**; or call Pete Stemmer at 296-6748.

**Check out our "Bass River History" Web Site at:**  
**<http://bassriver-nj.org/history>**

You'll find all the back issues of the "Bass River Gazette" there, along with a lot of Bass River related history.

**Also, visit our "Bass River History" Blog at:**  
**<http://bassriverhistory.blogspot.com/>**

where we post a history related item every other day and give our readers a chance to leave a comment.

## Gazette Subscriptions

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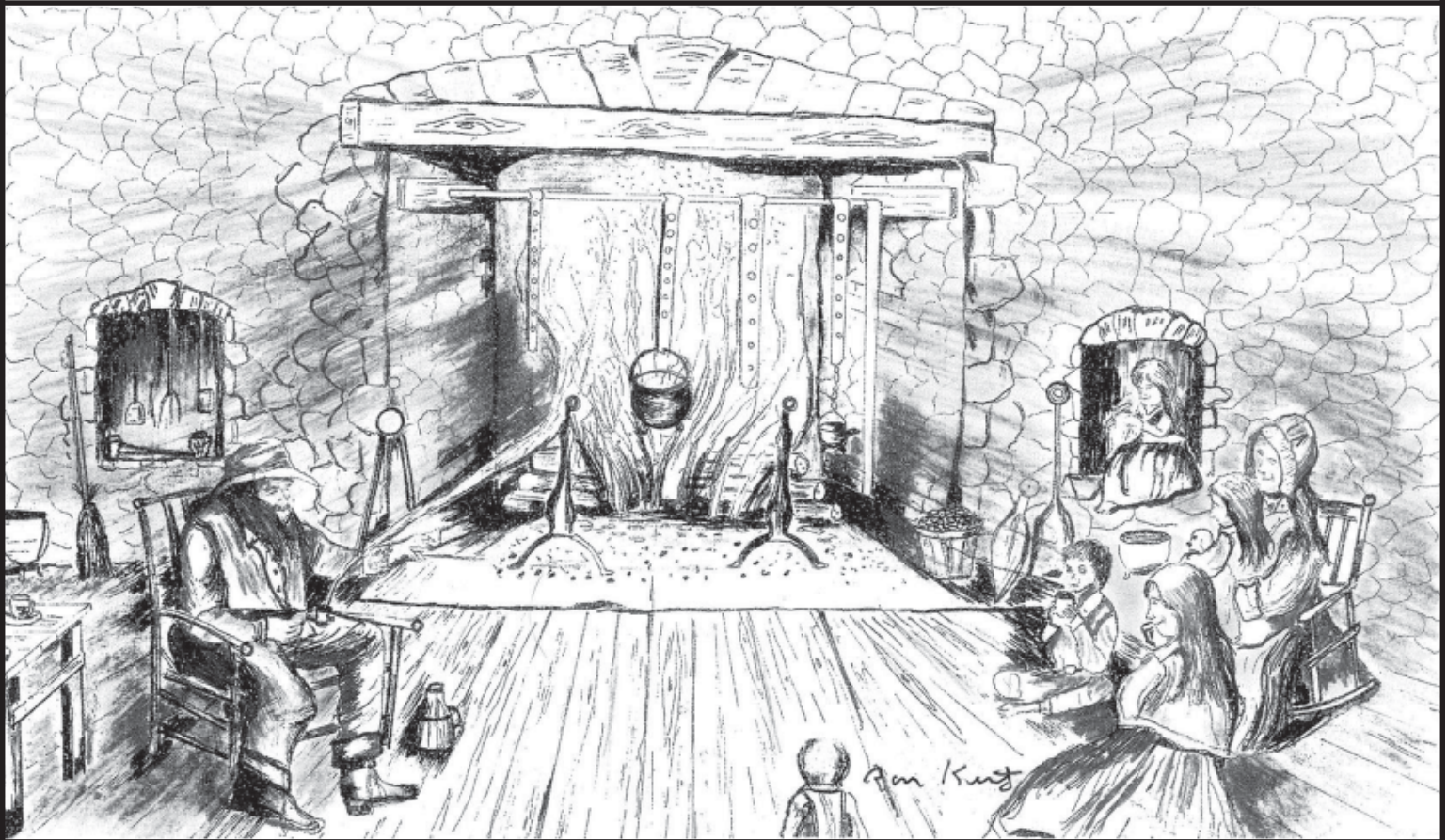
## ANTIQUITY REVISITED by Ron Kurtz

We welcome Ron Kurtz, as a guest columnist. Ron is a local historian-artist from Galloway Township who has contributed to a variety of historical magazines and books. He weaves his unique artistic talents together with his passionate interest in local history, giving the reader a vivid portrait of everyday life in our area throughout the years. He is, in effect, a camera going back in time.

We are indebted to Leah Blackman for her extensive and descriptive writings of the Little Egg Harbor area in the 18th and 19th centuries. Her works, "The History of Little Egg Harbor Township" and "Old Times and Other Writings", republished by the Great John Mathis Foundation and the Tuckerton Historical Society, respectively, have been well received. Unfortunately, neither have been accompanied by illustrations. Now, over one hundred and twenty years after Leah's original writings, she is finally getting an illustrator, as Ron steps forward to give us a pictorial glimpse of life during Leah Blackman's times. I think Leah would be pleased.

We thank the Tuckerton Historical Society for permission to reprint excerpts from pages 2-4 of Leah's "Old Times and Other Writings." I believe that Ron really makes these words come alive. I can almost feel the smoke from the fire burning my eyes. - Pete Stemmer

### THE COUNTRY KITCHEN



The kitchen fireplaces were exceedingly ample, often occupying the full width of the gable end of the house, and within the extensive jambs the whole family could be seated, and the families of this period often consisted of the father and mother and ten or twelve children, and in many instances two or three bound children. In almost every fireplace jamb there was a niche in which a child could be comfortably seated. Sometimes the niches were small and only served as a shelf for the smoothing irons or else as a handy place for the pipes and tobacco of the smokers. The chimneys had capacious throats up which you could look and see the sky; the chimneys were furnished with what was termed a lug-pole that extended from one side to the other of the broad chimney. Two pieces of timber were inserted in each side of the walls of the chimney, and on these rested the lug-pole, which consisted of a stout round pole, and the iron trammels were hooked on to this pole, and it usually bore four or five heavy iron trammels, each composed of a wide bar and a stout rod of iron, which rod could be raised or lowered as the need might be, the bar being pierced with holes at short intervals for the insertion of the iron rod. I think the lug-pole was about seven or eight feet from the hearth.

On these trammels the housewife hung the teakettle, dinner pot, small pots and kettles, the big wash kettle, and at the time of hog killing, soap boiling and coloring yarn or cloth, the mammoth kettle was lifted on to the strongest trammel. The mammoth kettle occupied the centre of the fireplace and the smaller pots hung on each side of the big kettle. The hearths of these fireplaces were composed of large flat stones, the interstices being filled with clay . . .

. . . Around these large evening fires were collected the inmates of the household. By the side of this blazing and crackling fire some one of the females of the family placed the flax-wheel and spun flax or tow throughout the evening (the flax-wheel was one of the musical instruments of that period), while the other females knit, sewed or carded tow. Oftimes the men and boys employed themselves in making or mending shoes, making hoe or rake handles, ox-bows, baskets, ladles, or in moulding buckshot preparatory to a deer hunting excursion.

Frequently some one or more of the neighboring men and their wives came in to spend the evening and enjoy a social chat with the farmer



# SPOTLIGHT ON DOLLY FALKINBURG

by Pete Stemmer

From time to time, we will be turning the spotlight on someone from New Gretna who has made a contribution worthy of recognition in our historical publication. In this, our first Spotlight feature, we focus on **Myrtle Wiseman Falkinburg** who was at the forefront of women's lib in the decades spanning the 1950's through the 1970's. Known in racing circles by her nickname, Dolly, she blazed a trail for local women in the sport of auto racing with her record on the track and as a founding member of the Women's Stock Car Racing Association in the 1950's.

Following are some of Dolly's photos and news clippings that tell her story back when it was happening.

## Go Granny Go!

## Racing Grandma Keeps Winning

By ALICE ECKERSON  
Press Staff Writer

PLEASANTVILLE — Fifty-eight-year-old Myrtle Falkinburg is the grandmotherly type — except when she gets behind the wheel of a souped up, stripped down stock car.

Then it's slam the accelerator, rev the engine and every man, er, women, for herself.

Ms. Falkinburg is a stock car racer and has been for 28 years.

"Well, off and on, I have," she says laughing. She competes in the "powder puff" specials for women who drive other people's cars. She specializes in winning.

She got the checkered flag in the last two ERA Ladies' Specials (formerly called the Powder Puff Derby) at the Atlantic City Speedway on W. Washington Ave. here. Another is scheduled for tonight. And she won her share of races on other tracks — "I can't remember how many" — throughout South and Central Jersey.

Mrs. Falkinburg, who works at Woolco's Department Store in Pleasantville and lives in New Gretna, got hooked on car racing in 1950 at the old Toms River Speedway, a dirt track.

"The announcer asked if any women wanted to race in a special feature. I had never raced but I signed up," she recalled. That was her first Powder Puff and she came in fourth or fifth.

"That did it. Every time they announced one, I was there," she said. Since then she has driven on tracks at Atco, Manahawkin, New Egypt, East Windsor and here.

"I just go and hope somebody provides a car," she said.

Mrs. Falkinburg was so

enthused with the sport that she helped found the Women's Stock Car Racing Association in the 1950s. The organization is now defunct, but once had an active membership.

She doesn't know why the sport appeals to her.

"It's like horseracing. It gets in your blood," she said. Also there's the fun of seeing how she can handle her car.

"And I like to win ... and I like to go fast," she admitted. She guesses that she might average about 70 mph a race and much faster on the straightway.

Is she ever afraid? Not really, she said. The thrill makes up for any fear.

"And while you're racing you forget all the rest on the rack. You only think about the flagman's booth," she said.

So far, she only had one crash.

"In 1957 I hit the fence at the Atco Speedway. I spun out and came around. That made me a little nervous," she admitted. Still, that was a good year because she won five out of eight races.

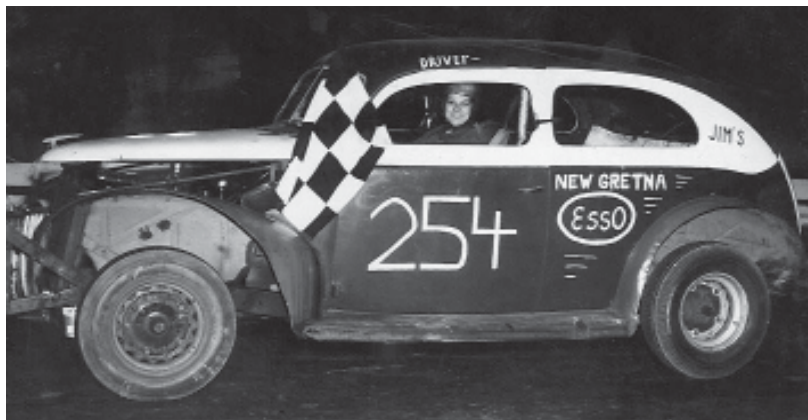
This racing grandma had gone into retirement, although she kept her hand in the game as an assistant scorer at the local raceway where her son Jim also works.

But you can't keep a good gal down. So when the word went out this year that drivers were needed for the ERA special race, Myrtle Falkinburg, who hadn't raced in three years, signed herself up. It was a good move and she is now the champ of the feature.

As though that weren't enough, Mrs. Falkinburg admits to having a secret desire: She wants to drive a midget racer.

You can see the gleam in her eye: "I just want to drive one around the track. Just once to see how it feels to get behind it and how it handles."

Go get 'em, Grandma.



Myrtle drove a car sponsored by Belk's Garage in New Gretna in the late 1950's. (Photo courtesy of Myrtle Falkinburg.)



Myrtle is handed a ham for winning a race at the Pleasantville track in the mid 1950's. (Photo courtesy of Myrtle Falkinburg.)



Myrtle was honored by the publication of a sports card at a 1999 Award ceremony at the New Egypt Speedway. (Card courtesy of Myrtle Falkinburg.)



The women racers received a charm for every race that they won. Myrtle's bracelet holds some of her charms. (Photo by Pete Stemmer.)



Dolly chalks up another win at the Pleasantville Speedway in the mid 1970s. Asked if she was responsible for the damage to the right front fender, she replied, "Not me!" (Photo courtesy of Myrtle Falkinburg.)



Myrtle celebrated her winning of the Woman's Racing Championship at the Pleasantville track, in 1978, by doing a little dance. (Photo courtesy of Myrtle Falkinburg.)

## The Headley Family in New Gretna

The Headley name can be found in the southern part of New Jersey since 1732. The name is seen in Waretown, Manahawkin, Tuckerton and New Gretna.

John T. and Jacob Headley lived in New Gretna in the latter part of the eighteenth century. John T. Headley (1768 - 1853) married Mary Mathis (1768 - 1863). She was the daughter of Nehemiah and Elizabeth Cranmer Mathis and the granddaughter of John Mathis and John Cranmer, both early settlers of the area. John T. and Mary had nine children - Elizabeth, Job, Samuel, Sarah, Jemima, John, Mary, Joseph, and Jesse. Their daughters married Fosters, Parkers, Lamsons, Smiths and Lemonyons. Mary Mathis Headley is said to have had an "uncommon memory" until her death, at age 95, in 1863.

Jacob Headley (b. 1761) married Rebecca Mathis, Mary's sister. They had five children - John, Nancy, Abigail, Rebecca, and Hope. Their daughters married Penns, Roses and Browns.

The Headley's were baymen (Benjamin F. Jr. had a shellfish license), merchants (Samuel B. and Son sold supplies in Tuckerton) and farmers (Benjamin F. Sr., Samuel and John all had farms). The family farmed the upland, hunted the marshes and wooded areas and they are said to have had a sawmill.

Benjamin Franklin Headley Sr. married Deborah Cordery. They owned a farm in New Gretna. At one time the farm consisted of several hundred acres of woodland, marsh and cleared land. A portion of the original farm can be seen today on Route 9 in New Gretna surrounded by a masonry wall. The farm looked very different from the iron gates, paved drives and large houses that are on the property today. The old farm had a two story farmhouse with a one story bungalow to the rear and a large barn on the south side of the farm house. The buildings were surrounded by fields with only a few trees by the houses.



The Headley-Bush farm in Bass River in 1974 when it was owned by the Bush family. (Photo by John Headley.)



The old Headley-Bush farm house, circa 1929. (Photo courtesy of Franklin W. Gray.)

Benjamin Sr. and Deborah Headley had eight children. (1) Parker, the oldest, married Sarah Loveland, (2) Walter M. married Ophlia Leek Mathis, (3) Daniel C. married Kate Ireland, (4) Laura Jane married Caleb Napoleon Cavileer, (5) Susan Helena married Samuel Palmer, (6) Benjamin Jr. married Lida Fox and Minnie Bush. Benjamin, Jr. inherited the Headley farm. When he died, in 1943, the farm went to his wife Minnie. Upon her death the farm passed to the Bush family. (7) Harry Thomas married Emma Sykes and (8) Samuel Howard married Mary Kathryn (Kate) Morey.

Samuel B. Headley and wife, Mary Foster Headley, and John Headley both had farms to the north of the Benjamin Headley Sr.'s Bass River farm. They

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**Benjamin Franklin Headley, Sr. (9/29/1832-1/22/1894)**  
**married Deborah Cordery (1/18/1832-1/1901)**

**Their children:**

**(1) Parker (1856-1920) married Sarah Loveland**

**(2) Walter**  
**b 1860**



**married**



**Ophlia Leek Mathis**

**(3) Daniel C.**  
**b 1862**



**married**

**Kate  
 Ireland**

**(4) Laura Jane**  
**(1864-1930)**



**Caleb  
 married Napoleon  
 Cavileer**

**(5) Susan Helena (b 1867) married Samuel Palmer**

**(6) Benjamin, Jr.**  
**(1869-1943)**



**Lida Fox**

**married**

**Minnie Bush**

**(7) Harry Thomas**  
**b 1871**



**Emma  
 married Sykes**

**Samuel**  
**(8) Howard**  
**(1874-1939)**



**married**



**Mary Kathryn Morey**



## THE HEADLEY FAMILY OF BASS RIVER

(Continued from page 5)

were adjacent to the present day Route 9 property, lying in the area between the Ocean-Burlington County line to the present day Mathistown Road.

Samuel Howard Headley married Mary Kathryn Morey of Tuckerton on September 25, 1895. When Sam was "courting" Kate, Sam would walk from the farm in New Gretna to Tuckerton and back. One night it was late and very dark. He was walking and humming and eating chestnuts. He was happy and thought nothing could upset him - that was until he reached the lights of home and discovered the chestnuts he was eating were full of worms!

Sam and Kate moved to Atlantic City after they married. They later built a home in Pleasantville. They visited New Gretna and Tuckerton many times over the years but never moved back to the area. Sam and Kate had four children, Eva, Kathryn, Ruth and Harry. Harry and his family moved back to the area in the 1940's. Harry was a New Jersey State Trooper and is remembered to this day by many people as a likeable person who was always ready to help a friend.

The Headley name is not seen often in this area today, but many local people can find the name in their family history.



Harry Headley served the Tuckerton area well for many years as a State Policeman and Station Commander. (Photo courtesy of John Headley.)



Today a walled estate sits on the old Headley-Bush farm. (July, 2004 photo by Pete Stemmer.)



John and Nancy Headley working on the Headley family genealogy in their West Creek, N.J. home. (March, 2009 photo by Pete Stemmer.)

*We thank John and Nancy Headley for sharing some of their family genealogy with us and encourage others to do the same.*

## NEWS FROM THE PAST

May 19, 1949

(Continued from page 7)

Mrs. Bess Holmes of Manahawkin is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Z. Mathis this week helping with the nursing of her granddaughter Betty Jean.

Mr. Stephen Eichinger Jr. accompanied Miss Lenore Frohman, Mrs. Lenore Goller and Mrs. Emma Frisch to Lyons, N. J. last Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. John Rudolph of Merchantville, N. J. spent last Wednesday at the Rudolph cottage on Wading River and were callers of Mrs. Alice A. Weber and mother, Mrs. Martha Merchant.



Martha Merchant

Capt. Harry C. Mathis drove his son Capt. Harold H. Mathis to Marcus Hook last Saturday after Capt. Harold had visited with his family in Tuckerton.

Mrs. F. Howey Mathis and Mrs. Sara Mathis were Monday callers of Mr. and Mrs. Steelman Lee in Absecon. Mrs. Lee is not in good health and welcomed the visitors whom she had not seen for a long time. Mrs. Clayton has called on several of her relatives and friends here among whom were her uncle Capt. Joseph Hickman.



Mrs. Fred  
"Minnie"  
Shropshire

Mrs. Alice McAnney of Wading River was a Sunday afternoon caller of Mrs. Alice A. Weber.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shropshire and son Lewis were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Mathis Jr. at their home in Tuckerton.

Miss Georgine Mathis and aunt Mrs. Fred Shropshire attended the concert held in West Creek last Friday evening.

Bobby Tozer, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Tozer has enlisted in the U. S. Army and is now spending a few weeks at home with his parents.

## Duck Hunting on the Wading River

(Continued from page 8)

Aunt Alice's landing adjacent to the Wading River bridge on the Bass River side.

This activity continued until the State started cutting the limit and combination of keepers. The biggest culprit; however, remains the ever expanding Phragmite reeds.

Presently, there has been only 4 people out for ducks. It will never be the same. The rail bird hunting went the same way, but that's another story for another time.



Steve's uncle, Harry Adams, with a string of ducks shot at the Mud Hole at Broad Place on the Wading River. (Photo courtesy of Stephen Eichinger.)

# NEWS FROM THE PAST

The following news items are actual transcriptions from the *Tuckerton Beacon*. We have added photos which we hope will make the news more interesting to our readers. Enjoy this walk down Memory Lane.

## NEW GRETNA NEWS

May 19, 1949

### METHODIST CHURCH NOTES

Rev. Champion B. Goldy, minister

The Mullica River Parish

New Gretna, N. J.

May 22nd, 1949:

Morning Worship 9:45. Sermon by the minister.

Church School 11:00.

Evening Worship 8 p. m. Song service and meditation by the minister.

On Tuesday evening the Bible Class will meet at the home of Mrs. Ida Mathis with Mrs. Walter Roberts as hostess.

On Tuesday evening at 8:00 there will be a Missions meeting in the Barnegat Methodist Church. The speaker will be the hero of the book, "Hiroshima" who lived through the experiences of the first Atomic Bomb.

On Wednesday and Thursday evening the men will be working in the Church Grove on the recreation project.

On Thursday evening the choirs will be rehearsing in the Church at 7 and 8 p. m.

Do not forget the Old Home Day Dinner which will be held in the New Gretna School on May 30. A double-header ball game will be played on the local field in the afternoon.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES

Rev. Stanton R. Wilson, Minister Sunday, May 22nd, 1949:

10:00 a.m. Sunday School.

11:00 a.m. Morning Worship.

7:30 p. m. Evening Worship.

8:00 p. m. Thursday evening the Drucilla Bible Class meets at the home of Mrs. H. Z. Mathis.

Last Sunday was "Missionary Day" in the Church and the Rev. Sung Chun Chun of Korea, assisted Rev. Wilson bringing a message both morning and evening to large congregations, bringing a message about his own life during the second World War and telling of his experience while a Japanese prisoner.

The Rev. Stanton R. Wilson has been chosen as one of the speakers at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the U.S.A. which meets in Buffalo, N. Y. this week which is considered a

great honor for so young a man, and will address three thousand Ministers and Elders commissioned to represent their respective Churches all over the World. Rev. Wilson will represent Princeton Theological Seminary.

Flowers were placed in the Church by Mrs. Jesse A. Loveland in memory of her parents and the Eugene Sears family in memory of their son and brother, Pvt. John H. Sears who died 4 years ago, May 18, also a basket from Mrs. Jane Yike.



Jack Sears



Rev. Stan Wilson

### STORK SHOWER

Last Saturday evening friends and relatives of Mrs. Theodore Felsberg gave a surprise stork shower for her at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Walter L. Mathis.

The house was decorated in pastel shades for the occasion and many gifts were received. Guests attending were: Mrs. Joseph

Shropshire and daughter Mrs. Laura Page of Trenton; Mrs. Murray Harris, Trenton; Mrs. Anita Bockmann of Haddonfield, N. J.; Mrs. Lewis Shropshire and daughters Doris and Helen of Trenton; Mrs. Sylvester Mathis Jr. of Tuckerton; Mrs. Elton Dayton of Parkertown; Mrs. T. B. Felsberg of Pleasantville; Mrs. W. Roy Mathis, Mrs. Otto Kalm, Mrs. Fred Shropshire, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerew, Mrs. Milton Kauflin.



Mrs. Milton Kauflin

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Rudolph are entertaining informally at their home on Wading River, Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Lanning, Mr. and Mrs. P. Donoan Cragin, Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Yocum, Mr. and Mrs. Win. B. Calhoun Jr. and Mrs. Bennett Clark.

Mr. Victor R. Cramer Sr. of Detroit, Mich., spent Saturday and Sunday with his mother, Mrs. James R. Cramer.

Mrs. F. Howey Mathis Clayton of Seaside Park, N. J. has been the guest of Mrs. Sarah Mathis for several days, together they attended the Order of Eastern Star No. 54 meeting last Friday evening and on

Saturday also attended the Great John Mathis Chapter of D A R, tenth year anniversary which was held at the Seaview Golf Club, Absecon last Saturday afternoon, reception and luncheon. Other members of the Chapter attending also were Mrs. Fred Shropshire, Mrs. Harry Cotterell, Mrs. H.Z. Mathis and Miss Betty Schutte who was chosen for Good Citizenship from Tuckerton High School and her mother, Mrs. Geo. F. Schutte, guests at the luncheon.



A young Mrs. Geo. "Lib" Schutte

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Blackman of Trenton spent the week end with Mrs. LaRue Mizelle and family.

Little Betty Jean Mathis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Mathis and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Z. Mathis is critically ill at the home of her grand parents, suffering from Rocky Mountain Fever caused by a tick bite.

Mrs. Freda Shedaker who has recently returned home from Miami, Fla. is visiting With her sister, Mrs. LaRue Mizelle and family.

Mrs. Leah Loveland is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Malcolm Billsbury and family in Middletown, Del. Mr. Billsbury has suffered a stroke and Mrs. Loveland is helping to nurse him back to health again.



Leah Loveland

Miss Lotta Meschutt of Metuchen sister of Mrs. A. Martin, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Martin for a few days.

Mr. John Roger Cramer of Manahawkin is visiting this week with his sister, Mrs. Sara Mathis.

The Rev. S. Wilson and Rev. Chun Chun were Sunday dinner guests of Capt. and Mrs. Doughty V. Cramer. Capt. Cramer entertained Rev. Chun in the afternoon showing him Great Bay and its tributaries and the propagation of Oysters and Clams, an interesting subject for the Korean who had never known just how they grew.

Mrs. Sophia Adams who has been ill for several weeks at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph S. Dayton in Parkertown is reported as improving at this time. Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Mathis called on her last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Clara Cramer of Batsto, N. J. is visiting with her son Earle C. Cramer and family for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson spent last Saturday afternoon at their cottage on Wading River and called on Mrs. Alice A. Weber.



Alice Weber

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# ANOTHER THING I REMEMBER

## Duck Hunting on the Wading River

by Stephen Eichinger

I am 75 years old and have lived at Wading River all my life. I was born February 2, 1934, during a 2 foot snow storm, in the same house I live in now.



The Bridgeport neighborhood on the Wading River where Steve Eichinger grew up. (1) Steve's present house; (2) old McKeen Hotel; (3) Wading River Bridge; (4) Steve's Aunt Alice Weber's Landing. (Photo courtesy of Steve Eichinger.)

My earliest recollections began when I was about six years old. At that time my step grandfather, Sam Merchant, managed Cranberry Point on the Wading River for the Rudolf Family. They owned the Stag Rod and Gun Club which was located at Wading River along side of Sam Merchant's house and gas station. They leased the point from Ed Leek to use for duck hunting. At that time they were still allowed to use live decoys, called "callers."

Cranberry Point had two blinds on it. This way they could gun in different weather conditions. When the blinds weren't used by the Club members, Sam would take my uncle Burrell Adams and my dad, Steve Eichinger, Sr., out on the point to gun. If the weather conditions were right, they would bring back 30 to 40 ducks, mostly mallards and black ducks. I can remember my grandmother, aunt, and mother picking the ducks and saving the down and belly feathers for pillows and other bedding uses.



Steve's grandmother, Martha Downs Adams Merchant, and his step grandfather, Sam Merchant. (Photo courtesy of Stephen Eichinger.)

Henry Updike had a blind on the south edge of Cranberry Point where he used to keep his boat at the edge of the cranberry bogs.

Cranberry Point was located north of the Wading River bridge at the Broad Place, south of Chips Folly Campground, also called "Half Moon", and Anderson Landing. At this

writing there is probably only two or three blinds up that way. There used to be at least a dozen. There are less ducks today due to the loss of their food source. Almost all of the oats and rice that they fed on are gone, replaced by Phragmites which have taken over the area and are inedible by waterfowl.

South of the Wading River bridge there used to be 14 or so duck blinds. Following are some of the names of those who had these blinds on the west side of the river in Washington Township. Three generations of Hands from Tuckerton - Ed, Jim, Sr. and Jim, Jr. Ed was the manager of the Tuckerton A & P store, Jim was a postman, and Jim, Jr. was a New Jersey State Trooper. I went to Tuckerton High school with Jim Hand, Sr.

Then there was the Somes family with Horace Sr., Horace Jr., and Horace Jr.'s sons, Robert and Howard. The Downs were represented by Chet, Win, Calvin, Stanley, and Robert Belk. Robert Belk was Win Downs' nephew. He used to leave my landing, breaking ice with his oars to get to the channel. Robert also trapped the meadows where the blind was.

I don't remember the next blind, but the following one, at the mouth of Gum Creek, was owned by Bob Jones. He had the Flyway Decoy Shop on Route 542 in Wading River.

The following blinds were on the east side of the Wading River in Bass River Township. I had a blind on my Aunt Alice Weber's property but never had much luck there. Part of my problem was that I didn't like to get up at the crack of dawn and out on that cold river. Next to my blind was Sam Merchant's blind at the mouth of Mill Creek, or Ives Branch. Aunt Alice let him build one there.

Then there was the Patrica Gang. They had three blinds on the river and three blinds on a man made pond behind their river blinds. This area was called Oak Island, not to be confused with the Oak Island on the Bass River. Delbert Robbins hunted in the next blind. He was also the caretaker for the Patrica gang.

A couple of men from Bordentown who owned the Marteni car dealership had a blind at Teal Creek. Horace Bozarth, Delbert Robbins son-in-law, had one at straight Ditch. His son, Ronnie Bozarth was the last to use it.

There were more blinds down to Merrygold Cove, but their names escape me now.

When duck season used to come in it sounded like a war, the shooting was so loud. There were at least thirty people on the river; some with dogs, some with sneak boxes, and some with canoes. This used to be an active spot at the bridge when I first remember. Most of the gunners kept their boat at Wad Lippincott's boat house, in Wading River, across the river from my house. After he died everyone came to my



Horace Somes, Jr. (r) and his sons, Howard and Robert, duck hunting on the Wading River meadows. (Photo courtesy of Horace Somes, Jr.)



Sam Merchant's "callers" cage to the right of the Stag Rod and Gun Club's rowboat at the Wading River Bridge. (Photo courtesy of Stephen Eichinger.)



Hen Updike was a familiar sight in his Cranberry Point blind. (Photo courtesy of Howard Ware.)

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