

"UNCLE JACK" SCHEIMREIF

I was born in Riverside on July 26, 1923. My folks lived in Hi Point, then moved to Riverside. We came down on weekends.

When I was fourteen I dove into a stump and couldn't work, so a friend drove me to the island. We found a cat boat, put a heater in it and used it as our shanty. I learned to clam and made 75 cents a hundred. I would go to the Yacht Club in my free time and met

Captain Johnson of West Creek who had a boat called the Four Sisters. He taught me about deep sea fishing. Then I met up with Captain Schoenberg and lived on his 40 foot boat called the Henrietta II and made \$21 a week.

I went on to a private boat called Dolphin II, a 42 foot vinyard. I worked on that for 21 years, mostly on holidays and weekends. I worked as a butcher during the week to earn a living.

In the winter I did gunning parties on Dinner Point out of Curt Fennimore's shanty. My boss sold it to Piney Parker and Diz Howell.

A lot of the kids in the Beach Haven area wanted to learn about decoys and gunning so I taught a lot of them through the years. One of them was Engle Saez who had run away from home. He found a bunk on a boat next to mine. Every time he got out of line I would twist his ear so he'd behave. He went on to become something and ended up starting Atlantic Rancher, a chic outdoor gear company. He featured me in it showing me wearing those outdoor clothes and there I am in my Decoy Show hat.

My brother Joe Boy and I worked the bay for many years. If we weren't clamming we were after weakfish and blues. On a good year the scallops were thick right through October and by then the Brant would be all over the bay.

I retired and still did weakfishing and shrimping. I made a couple thousand a summer. In 1973 I got bone cancer and tonged with my crutches. I also did rocking chair gunning at Dinner Point.

Then I decided to retire to Florida. I trailed my garvey all the way and now it's an ornament for a fishing restaurant. I own a pontoon boat because it's easier to get in and out of with just one leg. I was duck hunting for broadbills on Lake Okachobee last December. Some hunters when they get older hate to kill anything. Not me! I put my gun up and fired too close to my ear. (Now I wear a hearing aid.) But I got them all.