



MARV INMAN

Aaron Inman was born on Pawtucket, Long Island on Nov. 29, 1709. He came to Long Beach Island in 1747, living in Great Swamp. My family has been there ever since.

Aaron was an off-shore whaler who bought his whaling tax stamp for \$3. One of his family got a whale and it kind of drifted away so someone else claimed it. They took the case to court and Inman won and the other guy had to pay him for the whale. I guess I was destined to make my living on the water.

I was born John Marvin Inman on Dec. 5, 1930. Nobody called me John; I've been Marv all my life.

We lived in Harvey Cedars and I went to school in Beach Haven. Oh how I hated school! I quit as soon as I turned 16. The day I told Dad I quit, he said, "This is the day you start paying room and board." So I paid him \$10 a week.

All during grade school, I clammed, scratch raking. I sold the clams to Bill Predmore for a penny apiece. After I quit school, I went to work for Jim Helsengren, dredging. I got involved with the Sandy Island Gun Club because my brother Bill and Dick Shackleton owned it. I helped guide gunning parties for Broadbills and Brant.

I started gunning when I was very young. One day, when I was 8, Dad took me with him to Petits Island. It was the best day's Brant hunting in Dad's life. I had a single barrel 410 and got a couple Brant myself. I was so cold and miserable he had to take me home. I ruined his day. He told me that story over and over.

I built my own boat at the Bonnet Gunning Club when I was about 13, with the help of my cousin, Paul Lafferty. The wood came

from Joe Dayton's sawmill in Parkertown. This 10-foot garvey was decked out for gunning, and I bought my first gun...a 12 gauge Browning Automatic for \$165. I used to hunt the bayshore from Surf City to Harvey Cedars.

My Uncle Jack was a guide at Carvel's Island Gun Club and there's where I met Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. I took a school picture to them and they autographed it for me.

My grandparents were the caretakers at Mansion Cove Gunning Club and I killed my first goose there when I was 13 or 14. Uncle Rube Corlies was my grandmother's brother and my stools came from him.

Turtle Cove was a wonderful spot to hunt for duck. I'd row all the way over from Surf City. Then I lost my little boat to a Nor'easter. Never did find it. I used my brother's sneakbox after that.

I went into the Army in '51 and when I got out in '54 I worked on a dredge for Reynold Thomas, then Gus Jorgenson's dredge.

I used to have a Chet Shinn garvey and would take parties out on it. One day my engine wouldn't start and the wind was blowing so hard my anchor rope broke. I was headed for a bulkhead, dead-on. I hit that bulkhead so hard I broke three planks. Luckily there was no fill behind it, so when it broke through I never damaged that boat.

About three or four years ago, I was heading into Lindsay's Cove to pick up a party before daybreak. I got into the canal at Harvey Cedars and with my running lights on I thought I saw someone with a sailboard on the water but when I got to within 25 feet, I saw it was two guys clinging to an upside-down boat. The wind was blowing 55 miles per hour out of the Northwest, and the waves were four foot high. It was Tom Gormley and another guy in an aluminum boat. When they came around the cove the first wave took them up and over. The second wave they crashed through, sinking the boat. The one guy couldn't swim and they had their boots on and everything. They were scared, and I had a tough time getting them because I was alone in a big garvey with a cabin on it. I had to back into them and my prop was coming out of the water over the waves. They were scared I was going to chop them up. Well, I got Tom Gormley into the boat first because the other guy was bigger. Then I took them up the cove to Hoger's house. Hoger had gone across the bay to set out the decoys in a pond and these guys never showed up.

I still gun at the Sandy Island Gun Club. But it's nothing like it used to be, that gunning. The new generation will never know how it used to be except for reading these stories. They still won't be able to feel it and live it.