

# TUCKERTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## Newsletter Apr-May-Jun 2023

35 LEITZ BLVD. & WISTERIA LANE  
WEST TUCKERTON, LEH, N.J. 08087  
Email: [tuckertonhistoricalsociety@gmail.com](mailto:tuckertonhistoricalsociety@gmail.com)

**Kathleen Cortese - President**  
**Connie Woolson - Vice President**  
**Sue Zubriski - Administrative Curator**  
**Ursula Catalano - Collection Curator**  
**Joan Exel - Treasurer**  
**Jennifer Etherington - Recording Secretary**  
**Chuck Richmond - Building/Grounds Manager**

**Pat Johnson - Advertising/Presentations**  
**Donald O. Caselli - Computer IT/Audio Visual**  
**Steve Dodson - Chronicler Tuckerton History**  
**Ernest Falkinburg - Tuckerton/LEH Historian**  
**Horace Somes - Mullica River Valley Historian**  
**Sean Kinnevy - Quaker Historian**  
**Lisa Stevens - Defense of LEH Historian**

Museum open Wednesdays... 10AM To 4PM (All Year)  
Saturdays...June thru September... 2 To 4 PM

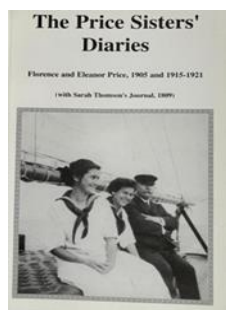
For other times, private tours and appointments...  
call (609) 294 - 1547

General Meetings are held on the second Monday of each month at 7PM (OPEN TO THE PUBLIC).

### PRICE FAMILY DISPLAY



### SCHOOLHOUSE BOOK SHOP



Featuring "The Price Sisters' Diaries",  
Florence & Eleanor Price 1905 & 1915-1921.



The Tuckerton Historical Society has a wide selection of books and publications written by our in-house writers. Our newest books in Steve Dodson's book collection: Tuckerton, LBI & Southern Ocean County 1954-1965, Part One & Two...and The Old Timer.

Books bought at the MUSEUM or the SEAPORT GIFT SHOP go to help support the Giffordtown Schoolhouse Museum.



Connie Woolson/Kate Cortese  
THS Book Shop Mgr./Asst.

## PAST PRESIDENT'S LUNCHEON



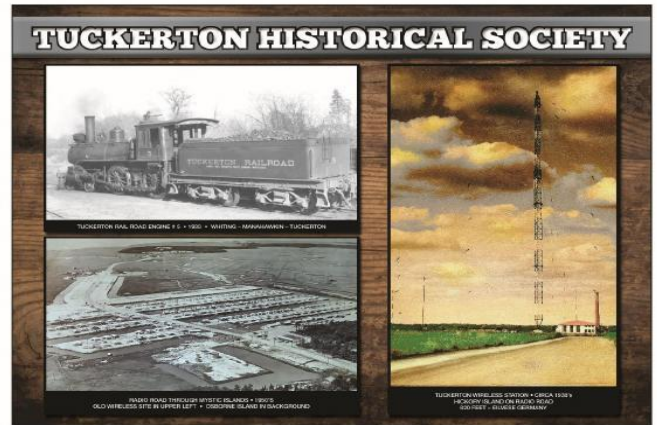
On January 26<sup>th</sup>, THS members, along with friends and family of Donald Casselli, enjoyed a beautiful and heartwarming luncheon at Calloways to commemorate Don's Past Presidency. Don's leadership and tutelage brought us through 50 years of service to Tuckerton and Little Egg Harbor in our ongoing efforts to celebrate the history and heritage of the area.



Don receiving awards from Officers: Connie, Sue, Ursula and Kathleen.

## LINES ON THE PINES 2023

This year's Annual Celebration of the NJ Pine Barrens was held on March 12<sup>th</sup> at Stockton University. The Tuckerton Historical Society participated in the event by featuring publications on sale at the Giffordtown Schoolhouse Museum by society member and in-house writer, Horace Somes (THS Mullica River Valley Historian).



## MEMBERSHIP

Join us for a glimpse into the past early residence of Tuckerton and Little Egg Harbor and help us spread their stories.

Joan Exel / Ursula Catalano



## PRESENTATIONS on SATURDAY, 2-4 PM

### APRIL 8 COMMERCIAL FISHING

“Fishing on the Mullica River and Shipping to nearby City Markets...A Lifestyle Long Gone”

Horace Some

### MAY 13 LOCAL DECOY CARVER

Discussion and demonstration of the art of decoy carving!

Mark Ford

Presentations will be held at the  
Giffordtown Schoolhouse Museum  
35 Leitz Blvd.  
West Tuckerton, L.E.H., N.J.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

MAY 4 - SENIOR EXPO 9-12  
LEH Community Center  
319 West Calabreeze Way  
Little Egg Harbor, N.J.

JUNE 10 - PIG ROAST/BBQ  
Dockside Café & Marina  
338 S. Green Street  
Tuckerton, N.J.

## “WEDNESDAYS WITH ERNIE”



Ernie Falkinburg, (Tuckerton and LEH Historian) 7X Great Grandson of the area's founding father, Henry Jacob Falkinburg, will be having informal chats at the Giffordtown Schoolhouse Museum on Wednesday afternoons from 2-4 to discuss Tuckerton and Little

Egg Harbor history. Please join him to share your memories.

## QUOTE

“We draw strength and part of our own character from those ancestors who came before us.”

Unknown Author

## MISSION STATEMENT

The purpose of the Tuckerton Historical Society is to educate, inform and inspire interest in local history, and to assist in the preservation of historic structures and landmarks in Tuckerton Borough and Little Egg Harbor Township.

This year the TUCKERTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY is partnering with the TUCKERTON HISTORIC PRESERVATION COMMISSION in our ongoing efforts to support Tuckerton and LEH. “Two towns entwined in each other’s history”

K.Cortese

**A Celebration of  
TUCKERTON**



**Pig Roast/BBQ**  
Hosted by  
**Dockside Cafe and Marina**  
338 S. Green St.  
Tuckerton, NJ  
609-294-1859

JOIN US  
AND PIG OUT

**Saturday, June 10, 2023**  
3pm - 7pm

**Live Music - Gift Auction - 50/50 Raffle**

**Donation \$25 per person**  
Children under 10 yrs. FREE  
\*Water & Soda Included  
*Cash Bar Available*

All Proceeds Benefit  
**Tuckerton Historical Society**  
609-294-1547



Featuring articles and stories by THS in-house writers

## HOLSTEIN TO LITTLE EGG HARBOR (In My Great Grandfather's Words) Story By Ernie Falkinburg



My name is Henry Jacob Falkinburg and I was born circa 1645 in Holstein, a little Province adjoining Demark on the south, in Northern Europe. I migrated to North America in 1663 because the Dutch

who were in control of the first permanent colony on the Delaware River were recruiting farmers from Northern European Nations. I was eighteen years old when I arrived at the settlement, and very anxious to make my mark on the beautiful new world where opportunities seemed endless. I was an educated and adventurous young man who enjoyed the science of language and was considered bilingual because I could easily switch speaking between two languages. However, as an early American settler along the Delaware River, I would soon learn that I had a greater aptitude for learning languages when I was given the motivation and chance to do so. I enjoyed the confidence of the Dutch, Swedes, English and most of all, the Native American Indians. And in no time at all, I was considered by the Europeans to be the foremost language interpreter for the Lenni-Lenape Indians living in the Delaware Valley.



LENNI-LENAPE INDIAN VILLAGE

In 1671, I married the daughter of Sennick Broer at the Swedish Church in Wicaco. We began our married life living on my father-in-law's property at Deer Point which was south of Burlington on the Christina River. I became closely associated with the Swedes along the Delaware because my wife and her father were Finns and members of that community. Four years later, on the 12th day of October, Mr. Boer's children (two sons and a daughter) signed a statement saying, "We are the heirs of Seneca Brewer and sold to Justa Anderson our father's plantation at Appoquinimink." My name was on this document as the husband of Broer's only daughter.

In 1675, my wife and I moved to Lazy Point, south of Burlington, where I built a Swedish-style log cabin. Pierre (Peter) Jegou, a French Huguenot, lived about a half-mile from me and operated an Inn for travelers. We formed a friendship, and Peter and I became partners in farming the land on Chygoes Island (Burlington). Two years later, an English ship by the name of Kent arrived with Quaker settlers who had come to buy land from the Indians to build a village. Since the Quaker Commissioners were not successful with dealing with the Indians, and since I spoke the native language and had the trust of the Lenni-Lenape Indians, I was able to help both the Indians and the English Quakers negotiate an amicable transaction. The land purchased by the Quakers ran from Rancocas Creek to Assumpink at the Falls. Again, I was known as the foremost language interpreter for the purchase of Indian land in Southern New Jersey. My wife and I were thrilled to know that we would have new neighbors that were peace-loving people.

A year later, November 18th, Robert Stacy (a prominent Quaker in the new Burlington settlement) came to the island that Peter and I were farming with a sheriff and eviction notice. Stacy had obtained a lease from the New York Governor even though he knew that Peter and I were farming the land. In January, a petition began circulating around Burlington that was issued by Thomas Lide and signed by twenty-nine Quakers favoring my ownership of the property in question. Nothing came of it; however, Robert Stacy's reputation was ruined in the Quaker community. Later, Stacy would give the island to the town for school purposes, and to compensate me for the loss of the island, I was given 200 acres on the south side of Rancocas Creek.

In 1679, I was visited by two men, Jasper Danckaerts and Peter Sluyter, envoys of the Labadist religious sect. They were looking for a suitable place to establish a church. I was alone at the time (my wife was



visiting her family in Swedesboro), and I put them up for the night as I so often did with weary travelers.

Sometime later, while my wife and I were living on the property at Rancocas Woods, a man named Daniel Leeds (who was the first General Surveyor of New Jersey) came to me and told me he had purchased the land from Futher Island (Absecon) to the mouth of the Great Egg Harbor River. He asked me to be on his survey party because I could speak several European languages, and because I had a good relationship with the Lenni-Lenape Indians. While I was off on my adventure to measure and record the surface of the earth east of the Delaware river through the wilds of New Jersey to the ocean, for safe keeping I took my wife to live with her relatives in Swedesboro.

In 1698, for services rendered to Daniel Leeds, I received 800 acres of land at Egg Harbor. There were two parcels of land listed at the Surveyor General's Office in Burlington. One for Daniel Leeds on January 12<sup>th</sup> and the other for me, Henry Jacob Falkinburg, on January 13<sup>th</sup>. I soon relocated my home from the Delaware River and became the first European settler in Egg Harbor Township. Minhunk Island (Osborn Island) was the land bought by Daniel Leeds and deeded to me for my services rendered.



THE LENNI-LENAPE INDIANS MIGRATED EACH SUMMER IN DUGOUT CANOES MADE OF CEDAR TO FISH AND HUNT.

The first thing I did when I arrived on my newly acquired land was to dig a cave on a cliff for shelter from the weather and protection from the wild animals. I then set out to mimic the know-how I gained from observing the semi-permanent wigwams built by the Lenni-Lenape in their villages. I positioned saplings ten to fifteen feet in length in holes in front of the cave forming a circular frame that was arched inward and tied together. I then covered the skeletal exterior and interior with bark and left a whole open on the roof for smoke to escape from fires within. I found a mahogany door from a shipwreck and used it as the entrance to my new

home. I furnished the inside with a table and chairs made from twigs of the cedar tree, and made a platform for a bed and covered it with animal skins I brought with me.

Only then did I set off for Swedesboro to retrieve my wife and bring back a few household items to make her life easier. I chose to take the route of how the crow flies through the barren land that Daniel Leeds and I had surveyed, and had concluded that the sandy, acidic, nutrient-poor soil was useless for cultivating crops. Still on my arduous trip through the land of the pigmy pines, I could not help but marvel at the diverse spectrum of plant life and the water that was some of the purest I had ever tasted. By the time my wife and I returned to our seaside abode, we were happy to be greeted by new neighbors, the Andrews brothers, two Quaker men who brought their families to settle on the Pohatcong Creek, (Mordecai on the west and Edward on the east). Converting to Quakerism was an easy decision for my wife and I to make since we both admired the religious order for their kindness and inner strength.

To show my commitment in becoming members of the Quaker Religion I decided to renew my marriage in accordance with Society of Friends' beliefs. I set about to plan a wedding ceremony and invited all my Indian acquaintances whose summer residence was Monhunk (Osborn) and Minicunk (Wills) Islands. A feast was prepared by my wife and the Andrews women that was fit for Indian kings and queens, and the brotherhood that was developed between the Quaker men and women and the Lenni-Lenape Native Americans would last for the rest of my life.

A few years later, after my son was born, and not long after a sawmill was constructed on Mordecai Andrews property...on my land I built a large house made of clapboard for the comfort and protection of my family. All my descendants that still live in Little Egg Harbor today come from the direct line of my son, Jacob Henry Falkinburg, who was born in 1702. Along with my wife, I am buried at the Tuckerton Quaker Meeting House on Pohatcong Pond in an unmarked grave.

(Folklore passed through seven generations of the Falkinburg Family through word of mouth).

EDITOR: K. Cortese

COPYEDIT/TYPESETTER: S. Zubriski

