



"The best compliment we can pay our past is to prophetically and bravely face today and tomorrow." ~Bernie Wiebe

Growing Up

IN ANGLESEA, NEW JERSEY

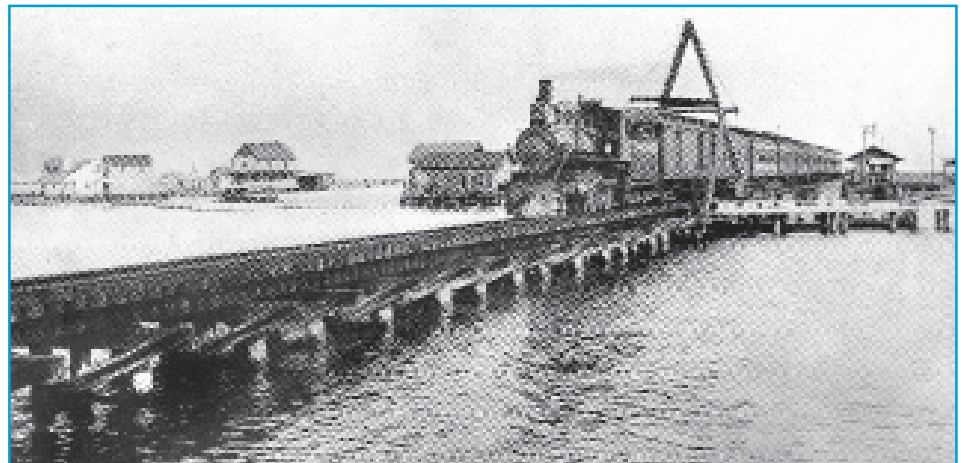
By Richard Neill



RICHARD NEILL
1949, age 22
U.S. Merchant Marine



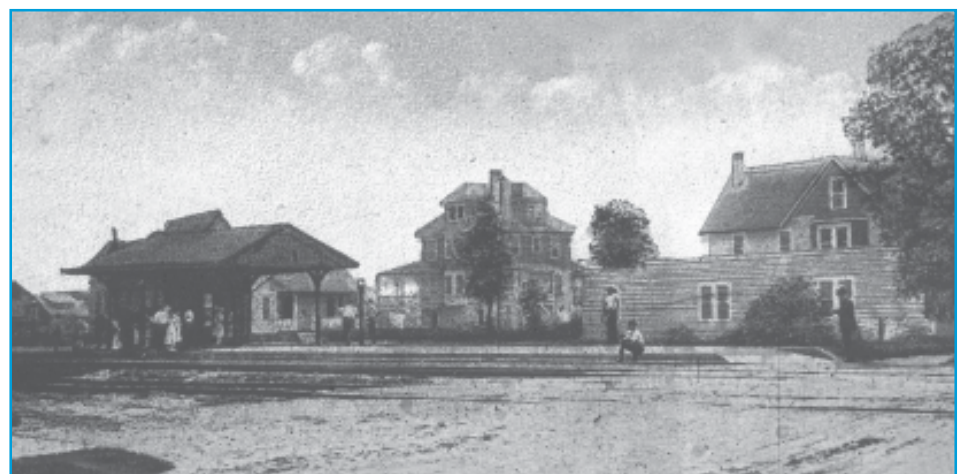
Grassy Sounds Train Station, Anglesea



Train over the Beach Creek Bridge, Grassy Sounds, Anglesea



Anglesea Station, 1st & New Jersey Avenues, N. Wildwood
{Still in operation today is the Anglesea Pub seen in the background}



17th Avenue Station, on New Jersey Avenue, N. Wildwood
Railroad photos courtesy Dave Williams

... a Bit of Anglesea History



1928 ~ Harold Braidwood, with a bundle of newspapers in front of Braidwood's Store at Olde New Jersey Ave.



1916~ 1st Braidwood Store located at 205 Olde New Jersey Ave., Anglesea owned & operated by Victor & Minnie Braidwood and family. They sold large assortments of candies, ice cream, sodas, tobacco products, Kodak film, magazines and newspapers. The Braidwood's Store was integral to the Anglesea community. Braidwood's store operated until October 1947 when it was sold to the Seagrave's and later, the Lipke's. Above photos from the collection of the late Betty Braidwood Taylor, who was delivered by Dr. Mace in 1918 at her home next to the store.

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With three pennies safe in my pocket, I ran up the street to the Anglesea train station. A slight breeze brought the salt air in from the ocean. The ever present powerful beam of light from the Hereford Inlet Lighthouse swept across the sky, around and around it went, lighting up the roof tops and flashing in bedroom windows. Off in a distance, the clanging of the bell buoy that marks the entrance of Hereford Inlet Channel could be heard.

Other kids would be at the station also. We would play tag and run in and out of the train station. Members of the community were standing about in groups conversing about the latest happenings of the day while waiting for the train arrival.

In the quiet winter night, you could hear the train blowing its steam whistle at a far off distance. It was the most forlorn sound, like a lost child crying out in the wilderness. Then you would hear the train rumble across the Beach Creek Bridge. With a high screeching whistle, the train announced its arrival as it rounded the bend into the Anglesea Station. With bells clanging, and hissing steam, the train rolled to a stop. Passengers disembarked, the baggage car door slid open, and bundles of newspapers were thrown out. Harold Braidwood cut open the bundles and the crowd milling about, each paid their three cents for the paper and went home. With a couple of short blasts on the whistle, the train continued on to the next station at 17th Street, North Wildwood and then on to the Wildwood station.

With the fresh smell of printer's ink, I dashed home with the newspaper and dumped it in my father's lap, sitting by the wood stove waiting for the latest news.

