The nicest people come across our threshold. A few weeks ago, a gentleman by the name of Dick Powell, former owner of the Harrison Hotel on Pine Avenue, stopped by to share a particular “find” with us. It seems that Mr. Powell was going through some very old papers and came across sheet music entitled Wildwood on the Boardwalk in Wildwood and written by Eddie Malle, Al Scottoline and a well-known local by the name of Harry Keating. While we were collaborating on this, our manager, Bob Bright produced an old 78 record of the song that was donated to us a few years ago by Al Johnson (WHS 1961). Harry Keating was Al’s uncle. Mr. Powell was kind enough to take our 78 record and have it re-mastered onto a DVD. He also was in touch with Carmen Dee of Carmen Dee Orchestra fame, and asked if he could do an arrangement of the song. We’ll keep you informed of our progress.

We also were given a collection of photos taken in 1997 in Wildwood and North Wildwood before the building boom. The benevolent lady was Diane Benjamin Capeland who currently resides in California. The North Wildwood photos centered primarily around the beach blocks of 21st and 22nd Streets. This is my neighborhood and I can tell you, they brought back memories. My heart aches for what was. Both sides of the 400 Block used to be lined with private homes with apartment rentals. There was also a number of small mom and pop motels or apartment complexes. Now, both sides of the street are a wall of condos; very nice and well kept, but not the same. I guess I have to learn to accept progress.

From time to time the museum is host to many who use our facilities for research material. Some are students, newspaper reporters and some are authors. During the summer we received a package containing a book entitled Wildwood’s Neon Nights & Motel Memories, by Robert and Melinda Williams. The book is well done and contains 220 color photos featuring the Wildwoods motels, neon signs, arcades and retail shops. The book covers the period from the 1950s to the present, giving due attention to the doo-wop style of architecture. At one point the author points out “Wildwood and its space-age architecture was slowly becoming a distant memory.” He went on to credit our organization with the following praise: “One organization, that fastidiously documents the rapid pace of change in Wildwood is The George F. Boyer Museum (The Wildwood Historical Society). They are there as the silent toll-takers of change. Like fans of a losing team who sat on the sidelines with private homes with apartment rentals tacked on the rear of the buildings. There was a number of small mom and pop motels or apartment complexes. Now, both sides of the street are a wall of condos, very nice and well kept, but not the same. I guess I have to learn to accept progress.

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