



"Do your little bit of good where you are; it's those little bits of good put together that overwhelm the world."



A Military Moment

Devoted fans of The SUN, Tom and Debbie Quinn, were high school sweethearts, and 1972 graduates of Wildwood High School.

They married and moved to Chincoteague Island, VA., where they raised their two children, Becky and Billy.

Daughter Becky and her husband recently presented them with a new baby grandson, who is their first grandchild and the light of their life.

Tom and Deb frequently come back 'home' to visit family and friends. They have very fond memories of growing up in the Wildwoods.

This photo was taken at their son Bill's graduation from the U.S. Marine Corps Boot Camp in October 2008. He then finished first in his class in Aviation Field Support Equipment Asset Manager on March 5th at the Naval Training Base in Meridian, Miss.

L/Cpl. William Quinn is stationed in Quanco, VA with the Marine One Presidential Helicopter Squadron which has the prestigious job of transporting the President and his cabinet members.



October 2008,
L-R ~ Becky, Bill, Deb & Tom Quinn

Memorial Day Service was traditionally held at Schellenger Avenue beach, Wildwood



SENT IN BY WILDWOOD NATIVE GEORGE E. ANDERSON
NOW LIVING IN WESTLAND, MI



WILDWOOD HISTORICAL SOCIETY POST CARD



North Wildwood Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 5941 was honored to have participated in North Wildwoods annual St. Patrick's Day Parade .The day was perfect for a march as the parade proceeded north on Atlantic Ave. with spectator lined streets and candy for the many children .A truly great day for the Irish as the veterans wore their green scarfs to honor the Irish .

Pictured from left to right : Bob Finn (Captain of the Color Guard) ,Bob Powell , John Volrath ,Joe Orlando , Charlie Beck ,Bill Foltz , and Jack Smith .

★ War Stories ★

By Bob Ingram



WILDWOOD BY-THE-SEA, FROM THE COLLECTION OF ROBIN TARR

Memorial Day was blue and balmy, the sun sailing like a friendly molten penny, winter now a distant, banished memory in these final, fleeting spring days, stirring overtures to the sunny symphony of the summer to come.

Billy Cameron and his grand-daughters, Tara and Ingrid, bright, vital teenagers, red-haired like their mother, and the twin apples of Billy's avid blue eyes, had traipsed the Boardwalk from its northern end at 15th Street in North Wildwood to the Douglass Fudge pavilion at Wildwood Avenue, and were sitting there to rest Billy's 71-year-old legs and newly arthritic back and watch the passing holiday scene.

"I could sit here forever," Billy said. "I've always loved to just watch people."

"Me, too," said Tara. She was sixteen, a year younger than her sister, and wanted to be a fashion designer. "When we went to Italy on the school trip, I loved to sit at the sidewalk cafes and check out the styles."

"What about you, Ingrid?" Billy asked.

"Actually, grandpop, I'd rather be playing tennis," Ingrid admitted. She was the top-seeded player on her high school team in Camden County and was hoping for an athletic scholarship.

"I can see that," Billy said, "but you have to take time off once in a while, and, besides, this is a pretty important holiday." "I know," said Ingrid. "It's the beginning of summer."

"That's true, I guess," Billy said, "but it's really to remember all the people who were in the military and all the sacrifices they made. Sometimes we forget."

"You were a soldier, weren't you grandpop?" Tara asked. "Were you in a war?"

"Nope," Billy answered, stretching his legs in front of him. "I was in Korea, but there was no war then. I remember World War Two, though, better than I remember the Korean War. Maybe because I was a little kid and everything was so new and the war was so big and important."

"What do you remember?" Tara wanted to know.

"I remember a lot of stuff from down here mostly," Billy said. "My grandfather had a little cottage he'd actually built himself, and my mother — your great grandmother — and my sister — your great aunt Ellen — and me stayed down here most

of the summers during the war.

"See that Ferris wheel?" Billy said, pointing towards Mariner's Landing. "There used to be a big wooden one there during the war and one night my mother and Ellen and I were way up at the top and they stopped it and we were just sitting there, swaying a little, and then all the lights on the Boardwalk started to go out and all the lights in Wildwood and in a couple minutes it was totally dark and we were just sitting up there in the dark and we could hear other little kids on the Ferris wheel starting to cry and their mothers hushing them and telling them that it was a blackout and it would be over soon.

"You know what blackouts were?" Billy asked his granddaughters.

They both nodded, albeit a trifle doubtfully.

"Some were just drills, but they were so

that German submarines couldn't see ships silhouetted against the shoreline. A lot of ships were torpedoed right off the coast here. One evening when it was still light we were on the Ferris wheel again and we saw all this smoke coming over the horizon. The next day in the paper it said how a ship had been torpedoed right off here. A lot of times life preservers and life rafts and stuff from torpedoed ships would wash up. Even bodies."

"Geez," said Tara, and Ingrid opened her eyes wide.

"There used to be big convoys of ships that would come up from Newport News and other places down south and rendezvous with other convoys off Brooklyn and then head over to England and the U-boats laying off the coast would pick off a lot of the ships early in the war until we got a handle on it. Sometimes the convoys were so big it would take two or three days for them to go past.

"I remember one time my mother and Ellen and me were sitting on the beach and I had this little telescope and I was watching a convoy and all of a sudden a jeep came down the Boardwalk and stopped right where we were and this Coast Guard all in white with a helmet on and a .45 on his belt came down and confiscated my little telescope. When my mother asked him when I could get it back, he said after the war. Like I was a little midget spy or something, but that's how things were then."

"Geez," said Tara.

"Yeah, the war was something," Billy went on. "I remember the day it was over. There was this big white air raid box and they opened it up and gave all the little kids these helmets like they had in World War One, all painted white, and we all went up on the main street wearing them and then somehow they got this Sherman tank from somewhere and we all climbed on it and they rode us up and down the street. I was holding on to the machine gun barrel and it was vented with these round holes and my fingers were actually inside the barrel and I kept thinking I hope they don't shoot it. It's funny what you remember."

"Geez, grandpop, you're really old," said Tara. And they all laughed, Billy the loudest.