



"What we remember from childhood we remember forever."



Natalie & Joey to right, after Fishing Rodeo 1972



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This Old Seashore House

by Dorothy Kulisek

My parents purchased 309 E. 7th in 1968. . . as I recall 41 years later. . . the first real day of summer was when school let out. The world seemingly turned into one long hot summer day at that last bell of the school year. Once I got home, my mother would hand out 6 brown paper shopping bags, one for me and for each of my brothers & sisters to pack the few belongings we needed to take to the shore for the summer. We all scurry as mom yells the final departure warning. She packs us all in the station wagon, along with the dog, "See You in September" is playing on the radio. We wave bye to our friends. The excitement and anticipation is unbearable for us. She puts on her driving sunglasses, hangs her arm out the window and we're on our way. Once in Jersey, Mom pulls over at the first farmers' market to pick up some groceries. The girls are counting how many licks it takes to get to the tootsie roll in the lollipop, the boys are naming all the roadkill and doing punch buggies. We're getting closer when we start to smell the salt air and spot our first seagull. We see the big neon sign that reads "WILD-WOOD" as we turn off at exit 6 and join the long line of cars along Grassy Sound Blvd. heading over the rickety old bridge. The Crab Shack & Dad's Place, Jim's Clam Bar, Ed Zaberer's, Henri J's, The Shell Shop and finally the pink Lurae Motel are all familiar sites. We pull up to our mint green colored summer house where the pink & blue snowball bushes are blooming and into the driveway where the lawn needs mowing. We hurry to the backyard to find our rusty bicycles, fishing rods and crab traps where we left them back on Labor Day. The sky is so blue and so clear at the shore, it's like

heaven on earth. We step up onto the clamshell-lined porch (that doesn't have its yellow & white striped awning up yet) and open the old jalousy glass door to take in the musty, seashorey aroma of our beach home. We make our way passed the mismatched furniture to the pencil lines on the wall and see how much we grew. We look in our dressers and pull out our bathing suits from last summer and maybe a souvenir or two. The shades are rolled up and the old wooden windows are pried open to let the summer back in. . . there was never very much to unpack because life at the beach was simple.

Many years in our summer home have come and gone with quite a few happy additions to the family, and some sadly taken away (we miss our brother Mikey.) Our old shore house may have changed its color a number of times, however, the precious Wildwood memories are forever embedded in its frame, as well as in our hearts.

An extensive renovation was made last winter, transforming the little seashore cottage into my parents permanent retirement home. Lucky for me, God's timing couldn't have been better, as my son headed off to college. Having my parents here to go and visit every day saved me from despair!

Now that their first winter has come to an end, they, like many islanders, feel the anticipation of summertime upon us, welcoming housefuls of guests!

Enjoy your summer at the shore! Here's to a season of new memories!



The retired couple living it up in the Wildwoods!
Joe & Diane McMonagle
September 2008

Boardwalk Photos

Jimmy & Mikey Mc. Franny Semon



Dorothy, 1968



With the Butlers after Fishing Rodeo at Otten's Harbor onboard The Rainbow boat, 1972.



2005~ at 7th St. Beach I-r front Mikki, Diane (mom), Sharon I-r back kneeling: Jim, Kim, Kim, Natalie I-r back standing: Dorothy & Joe



Sharon, the blonde bomb

1972 7th St. Beach



The builders, Jerry Rosenberg & Rick Davis with little Rikki.

The entire 2008 Renovation project including the following local work crew: Coastline Construction Development~ Jerry Rosenberg, Rick Davis, Tom A., John Freeman, Electricians, Plumbers, MJ Roofing, Prince Flooring, 19th Hole Concrete & Pavers, Boz built the garage, Ed McWade installed the railings, Steve Bradway, the Coppersmith, made the weathervane.

The permits were applied for in the Fall of 2007, construction began in January of 2008 and the big move happened on May 30th, 2008.