

# dear SUN

I had to  
surrender items  
in order to stuff my  
copies of The Sun  
in my saddlebags  
to take home  
with me!



I'm 47 and have been coming to Wildwood since I was knee high. My husband & I have been coming down twice each summer (via motorcycle.) I LOVE your newspaper! I'm sure deep inside me it's the nostalgia of it all. I would like to know how I can get copies delivered to my home to help the "ache" til summer rolls around. As of now, I've re-read the same ones, looking for things I might have missed the first time. Please respond soon and save my sanity in this winter freeze!

**Thank You, Karen Beaver**



I keep this picture on my cell phone of my husband **Claude** from one of our trips. When I'm homesick for the beach, I send it to myself with a message "Wish We Were Here!"

DEAR SUN:

When Fats Domino appeared in Wildwood back in the 50's, he stayed at a house on the corner of Montgomery & Hudson Aves. It was a two floor home that also had a swimming pool in the front yard and a chain link fence around the property. One day while walking towards the beach I just happened to glance over and saw Fats Domino sitting by the pool reading a magazine. I stood there for a few moments just staring. A gentleman came over to the fence where I was standing. At first I thought he was going to chase me away, but invited me in to meet Mr. Domino. I shook his hand and he asked my name, where I lived and nervously I told him. He asked me if I would like an autograph. Of course I said yes, and a few minutes later I had a signed picture of Fats Domino.

I spent most of my teenaged years and some of my adult life on Montgomery Ave. and walked that street many, many times, to and from school and in the summer months as well. I have many fond memories of the people and neighbors on that street. Bobby Rydell's grandparents had a summer home on East Montgomery Ave. and he spent several summers there before becoming a teenage idol. He also stayed there a few times after becoming famous. I had the privilege along with a couple of friends to meet Bobby Rydell on the Montgomery Avenue beach one day. He was there with a school friend of mine, Pete Ricco. Pete and Bobby were friends at the time and remained friends after that. Every time I come back to Wildwood, my wife and I always drive down Montgomery Ave. Some of the homes are still there and 'The Ship 'N' Shore' bar is still in business. My house is long gone but the house where Fats Domino once stayed is still there.

Also during that time period 'The Treniers' a well known national and international band led by twin brothers Claude and Cliff were headlining at the Beachcomber and they occupied a duplex at the corner of Davis & Arctic Avenues every summer.

Back in the 50's the town rocked with Bill Haley & The Comets, Steve Gibson & The Redcaps featuring Damito Jo. Charlie Gracie, Little Richard, Johnnie Mathis, Ed Townsend, and Connie Francis just to name a few. Dick Clark the long time host of American Bandstand did record hops at The Starlight Ballroom.

Many top notched entertainers passed through Wildwood in the 50's and played at the various night clubs that once graced the town. The 50's was a great era and Wildwood was the place to be.

George E Anderson  
Westland, MI.  
Born and raised in Wildwood, N.J.



**FAN US ON FACEBOOK**  
*The Sun by the sea*

## *In Love with Wildwood by-the-sea*



We all have it. That one place in the world where everything seems perfect. Maybe it's as close as your backyard, or maybe it's half-way across the world. For me, that place is Wildwood. I have vacationed in the Wildwoods every summer since I was born 23 years ago, and for as far back as I can remember, there's always been something special about it (although you wouldn't know it by the look on my face in my first pictures in Wildwood)! It has always been a huge part of my life even though I am only physically there for one week out of the year. Even when I'm not there, I'm constantly wishing I was. But no matter how much I miss it when I'm not there, I always have ways to help fix that. Sometimes I will look through all of my scrapbooks and look only at the pictures from Wildwood. Other times I will watch Bob Ingram's Boardwalk DVD or my own home videos of my family's vacations to Wildwood. Of course the internet is also a big help when I need my dose of "Wildwood medicine." I love looking at the webcam that shows the Wildwood sign with the beach balls where Rio Grande meets the boardwalk. Another one of my favorite things to do is pull out my collection of The Sun by-the-seas and sit outside on a nice warm day and read every article, word for word, imagining I am there. But none of that can compare to the feeling I have when I am in Wildwood for that one week.

I wait for it all year long and usually start a countdown at 100 days. The 7 hour drive from Pittsburgh, PA to Wildwood seems endless at times. I try to sleep, but how can I? I feel like a little kid on Christmas morning. I know what's coming and I simply can't wait. I can't wait to feel the sand in between my toes. I can't wait to live in my bathing suit all day. I can't wait to eat the boardwalk staples such as Kohr Brothers, Polish Water Ice, Sam's Pizza, Curly Fries, etc. I can't wait to ride the same rides I've ridden every summer on Morey's Piers, yet still scream with childish delight like it's the first time I've ever ridden them. I can't wait to lay out on the beach with the clear, bright blue sky that you only see in Wildwood up above me. And even though I'm only there 7 out of 365 days a year, I can't wait to feel "at home."

If you're lucky enough to call Wildwood your home year round, I envy you. Last summer I

had the privilege of living and working here and it was the most wonderful experience of my life. To be able to hear the seagulls caw every day, to go for a walk on the beach or boardwalk every morning, I simply couldn't have asked for more. Most of my friends had been skeptical before I went out on this little adventure that it would only make me hate Wildwood because it wouldn't be my usual one-week-a-summer getaway. I'd get tired of it, is what many people told me. They couldn't have been more wrong. It was the best summer of my life and I will treasure every memory, big and small, for the rest of my life. The past two years, I have also had the time to make it for a winter visit, which again, most people told me I would hate because everything would be the complete opposite of summer. Once again, they were wrong. I think I only fell deeper in love with it.

I can only hope to someday soon have the chance to live and work in Wildwood year round. My dream is to own a motel and give the same kind of service, friendliness, and home-away-from-home feeling that the owners of "our" motel have given my family for the past thirty years ever since my parents first vacationed here in 1980. I don't believe there is anything that could ever change my feelings for the town. I simply am in love with every aspect of what it has to offer. Although some people say I'm crazy, some say I'm obsessed, I hope that if you've made it through this whole article, you understand why I feel the way I do. It's something that's hard to put into words, but those of you who know, understand exactly what I'm talking about. It's that magic about the Wildwoods that we've fallen in love with.

