DID YOU KNOW?
The SUN by-the-sea is buried in 2 local Time Capsules?
1. North Wildwood will be opened in 2056
2. Wildwood Crest will be opened in 2057
And every issue is preserved in the Wildwood Historical Museum!

Here Comes the Sun
BY LOUANN CATANOSO

Not only do I have the privilege of writing a column for the ‘best paper in the area’, but I also have the honor of delivering it. Yes, it is an honor to help deliver this heartwarming paper every couple of months to our Cape May County residents. When they see me coming in the door the smile is already on their faces, and their hands are already out. “Is that the new Sun?”

And my ‘paper boy’ route stretches much further than Cape May County. I have a whole list of friends that I mail copies to when it comes out. I have been blessed in my life to have many close friends that have ‘withstood the test of time’ But, unfortunately quite a few of them have moved out of the area.

Sue and I met in the sixth grade when I transferred from St. Ann’s grade school to Margaret Mace in North Wildwood. We became best friends immediately. Sue and her husband (childhood sweetheart, Bob Beasley) live in North Carolina with their family. Jackie came into my life next. She moved here from Philadelphia during the sixth grade also, and from our first hello it was as though we were ‘long lost sisters’. She now lives in Florida with her husband and their two sons. Sil and Paul and I met in our freshman year at Wildwood Catholic High School. Sil lives in North Carolina with his family, and Paul and his family live in California.

Loretta and I became friends late in our junior year of high school; but we quickly made up for ‘lost time’. She and her husband Bill, and their two sons live in Toms River. Geri and I met in the fall of 1975 when we attended college together. (We call it our ‘wild days.’) We got our first apartment together in Margate, to be closer to school. She also lives in North Carolina, with her daughter, Kristen.

Deb and Tom Quinn and I have been close friends since high school. They live in Virginia with their family close by. Last summer we got to spend a couple of beautiful days together on Columbine Ave. beach in the Crest, along with sisters Barbara and Carol.

A couple of years ago I got the idea to start mailing my friends a copy of “The Sun”. After all, they put up with me during my ‘radical teenage years’ and they supported me when I spoke of my dreams to become a ‘Peace Corps’ worker, a ‘Phys Ed’ teacher, and a ‘Police Officer’. And, later on they hung in there with me through illness, and some other personal trials. So, this was the one thing that I could do for them. “The Sun” is like their link to the Wildwoods; their ‘home town, their memories, and their past’.

They all look forward to receiving “The Sun”, and reading it from cover to cover. And of course they are thrilled when a photo of them or their family appears in it. They anxiously await its arrival, and love catching up on all the ‘lighthearted’ news, and seeing all the nostalgic photos.

Growing up during the 70’s with these guys was the best. There was such diversity going on in everything during this time; especially with music. The ‘Carpenters’, ‘The Allman Brothers’, ‘Ambrosia’, and ‘Tower of Power’, were just a few of the groups at the top of my list of favorites back then. ‘Harry Chapin’ (Taxi) also holds a special place in my heart.

I am grateful for “The Sun” newspaper, as it has continued to be a meaningful connection for my friends and I in between our visits.

DEDICATION: This story is dedicated to the memory of one of my best friends, Miffie Poxen. She and I were only 12 years old when we first became friends. And, we remained close until her passing. Miff would have loved this paper! The memories “Mary” and I shared together could fill one entire issue of The Sun.

“Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends will leave footprints on your heart.” ~Eleanor Roosevelt