

Another Walk

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like I saw someone do last weekend. There is a very good chance whatever is stressing you wasn't there fault.

4. It's a beach, not an ash-tray or trashcan. Enough said.

5. Ladies, wearing certain attire will cause people to stare. Women have been

telling men for years how they are dogs. Well, guess what ladies? You're right. We get it. Arf. Arf. But we would stare at you if you wore a burlap bag. So, when you're wearing dental floss and trying to pass it off as bathing attire, there's a good chance you will be stared at. So don't blame us, okay?

6. Gentlemen, wearing certain attire will cause people

to stare. Men, it's time we faced the facts. Some men have bodies of 18 year olds. Those men happen to be 18. For most of us, however, we've added some hard years to our once 18 year old bodies. If you aren't getting the hint, look at yourself in the mirror. If you are built like the number zero with hair, put the Speedo away. It's not good for you, your circulation

and it may send small children to therapy. On behalf of the Men's Union Local 123, I thank you.

7. Don't feed the seagulls. Personally, I like feeding the gulls. However, when folks heard I was writing this article, I was asked to mention it. So, there you are.

8. Leave all electronics behind. I know, we live in the age where we have a cell

phone in one hand, a blackberry in the other and a laptop on our.... laps. Yet, when a father has a meeting on his cell and a mother, after texting her kids to stay out of the riptide, whispers "Isn't this wonderful quality time?" I just want to weep.

9. Forget everything I wrote. It's beach time. Do what you want. Take a stroll. Jump start your imagination

and see if it still works. Watch kids dig a hole to China, or wherever kids dig holes to these days. Just have fun and be courteous to each other. And forget what I wrote, except about middle aged men in Speedo's. Brrrr!

Johnny Wawa can usually be seen walking around Cape May.



BETWEEN THE LINES

By Jennifer Kopp

Buying a bicycle becomes an adventure

Last summer my daughter had her bike stolen for the first time. It was her own fault, I suppose. Usually she and her friends lock their bikes together while on the beach. This time, however, she was the last to arrive and left hers with the others unlocked.

It was a pink bike, one she had picked out for Christmas a few years back. She was quite attached to it so it was a bit devastating to have it stolen.

This year, upon return from college, she decided she would rather have a used bike than a new one to alleviate any emotional involvement. She was home a week later than most of her college friends being on the trimester system at Johnson and Wales University so we missed a couple of local bike sales. We did ask around at a few bike rental shops to see if they had any left over. We found some for \$150 and were on a waiting list for one at \$100.

I thought that was high for a used bike and though I'm sure they were of nice quality it seemed expensive for a knock-about, to and from beach cruiser. Cruiser being the operative word as you will see.

I knew Lower Township was holding its first Kids Bike Day and Bike Auction for Kids, which included a bike rodeo, safety demonstrations, free hot dogs and bikes. Lots of bikes up for auction.

Bikes!
I held her off for a week until the auction and promised her if there was nothing to her liking we'd head up the road and buy a new one - they were actually cheaper than the used ones. Not as good, but the price was right.

The day of the auction she decided she'd rather "beach it" and left me in charge of the auction. That was my first mistake.

I knew what kind of bike she wanted, she said she trusted me and that was great until I actually arrived at the Lower Township Recreation Center. There were over 80 bikes there of every size, shape and color.

I was overwhelmed.
I started the process of elimination along with everyone else. Too little, too rusty. Bad tires, torn seats, just plain ugly. I found three I felt would fit the bill, so I registered, got a paddle with the number 38 on it and sat in the bleachers and waited.

The auction began with bike number one, of course, my bike numbers were 42, 54 and 61. As the auctioneer went bike by bike - "Do I hear \$1.00? \$1.50? \$1.75?" - I had the inclination to leave. Was it really worth the wait?

But watching the kids bidding against one another was fun, and the competition addicting. I was determined to go home with a bike no matter what it took. It was about bike number 15 when it hit me. I had forgotten to read the fine print.

"Auction for everyone will be held after the children's auction if there are any remaining bikes."

Only kids were allowed to bid! And I had no bid! No kid, no bid!

While waiting for the auction to begin I noticed a young woman in front of me. She had a son around nine, another around five and a toddler in a stroller. As I watched the one son handed the toddler a sticker. The mother was busy with the other son, and

when the toddler began to eat the sticker, the mother came out in me.

"No, no," I corrected. He just stared at me. I shook my head at him as he continued to stare - and continued to eat the sticker.

"Excuse me," I said to the mother who was still preoccupied. "Your son is eating a sticker."

"Oh," she exclaimed, quickly extracting the now soggy, slimy goo from his toothless gums. "Thank you! He tries to eat everything."

How well I remember.
As the bidding continued I realized the woman's oldest son was bidding on lots of bikes. Suddenly, I had a brainstorm. Maybe I could borrow her kid, after all, I had saved his life from that nasty SSD - Sudden Sticker Death.

I explained my situation, that the bike was for my daughter who "lazed" out on me, and she agreed. We compared the numbers of the bikes we were each planning to bid on. She had all three of the bikes I wanted written on her list.

"I really want just 42," I said and she agreed to take that one off her list. Real nice woman, indeed. Her son was delightful and thoroughly enjoying the whole auction process.

As I handed him my paddle, I felt a pang of guilt but rationalized the bike I wanted was a ladies' bike - too big for most of the kids, anyway.

I leaned over to her son and whispered in his ear, "I am now your Aunt Jennifer." He howled. "I'll be at your Thanksgiving table." He howled even louder.

Finally, it was time for number 42. The big moment. My heart raced. How high would it go? Some had sold for as little as fifty cents, others upward of \$50.

"Go as high as \$40," I told the boy. I really wanted that bike.

"Number 42," announced the auctioneer as four or five paddles soared into the air. I held my breath.

"Do I hear four, five, six?" The paddles remained airborne. "Seven, eight?" A few disappeared. "Nine, ten?" Just one other lingered. "Eleven?" Down went the paddle.

I had won! The feeling of victory was exhilarating. I wanted more, more!

We compared bike numbers again. 54? 61? No, the woman wanted those. So sorry. She said. I think she understood my auction fever.

Thankfully, this particular fever doesn't last long. Otherwise, I'd be holding my own auction this weekend. I paid and left.

The excitement lingered, however, as I presented my hard-earned prize to my daughter. "Eleven dollars!" I said.

"But I wanted a cruiser," she pouted. "That's a mountain bike."

I was crushed.

I thought it was a perfectly good bike, but I know she's right. The fervor of the auction had swept me into borrowing somebody else's kid and buying a bike she couldn't really use! I think I'll lay off auctions for a while, but hey, it was fun! A blast, in fact!

By the way, does anyone want to buy a bike?

Jennifer Kopp is the editor of the Cape May Star and Wave.

Police report

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-tem we have a phone number and maybe a key holder to contact. It's worked out well for us," Sheehan said.

After property checks, the police spend most of their time on motor vehicle stops, with 430 recorded over the first three months of the 2009.

Police rolled on EMS/Medical Assist calls 146 times over the three months, and responded to alarms 107 times. The police were asked to assist a member of the public 98 times, while appearing at school-related activities 96 times over the first quarter. The police were also called out 72 times on fire calls.

Cape May Police responded to 61 incidents of criminal mischief, and 48 reports of a suspicious person or incident.

There were also 30 complaints about animals, 23 incidents of theft or attempted theft.

March appeared to be the biggest month for stolen property, but it turned out to be a non-incident.

According to the March report, \$26,579 worth of stolen property was reported in Cape May that month. However, Sheehan said, \$25,000 of that amount was from a report of stolen jewelry from someone staying at Congress Hall. The victim later reported finding the missing jewelry.

That month there was also \$8,000 in stolen property from Cape May Point.

Sheehan said after a yard sale or moving sale, the people had some oriental rugs and a flat screen TV taken from their house.

Other incidents in the first quarter of the year include 21 parking complaints, 19 warrants served, 18 motor vehicle accidents, 13 incidents of disorderly conduct, and 12 domestic violence complaints.

During the first quarter there were 11 juvenile matters, nine DWIs, eight incidents of a burglary or attempted burglary, seven incidents of harassment, and six each of noise complaints and assault.

There were no arsons, homicides, kidnappings, robberies or sexual assaults in Cape May, Cape May Point or West Cape May during the first quarter of the year.

Pictures from the Past



Pamela Cook of San Francisco recently came across a postcard with the attached image that was sent to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook in 1957 with a 2-cent stamp. The image supports the local claim as a bean growing area, particularly lima beans.



Cook, who spent many summers in Cape May Point, recently found these photos of the Easter Egg Hunt in Cape May Point about 1959. The kids, including her sister Carolyn Cook Gotay, are on the fire truck while the Easter eggs are being hidden in the Circle. From the children's expressions, they are not enjoying the wait. Cook's said her grand parents spent summers in Cape May Point, and her father still does.

"Bite your tongue. Get a cinder in your eye. When you feel good, you feel nothing."
R. Buckminster Fuller

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Pictures from the Past

Do you have a historical photograph you would like to see in the Cape May Star and Wave?

Bring it by our office at 600 Park Boulevard in West Cape May between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. weekdays.

We're looking for everything from old family photos to class pictures or scenes of the past from the Cape.

Where have you been lately?

Taken a trip or been on vacation recently? Send us a photograph and tell us about it. Submitted pictures will be returned if sent with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEASON REMINDER AND SAFETY TIPS

With the summer season fast approaching, the Cape May Police Department would like to remind residents and visitors of the following ordinances:

- Curfew for juveniles 17 and younger is midnight until Sept. 30.
- From May 1 to Sept. 30, bicycles are permitted to be on the promenade from 6 a.m. until 10 a.m.
- Bicycles and animals are not permitted on the mall at any time.
- Bicycle helmets are required for those 16 and under.
- The beach curfew is from 10 p.m. until 5 a.m.
- The majority of city parking meters are active from May 1 until Oct. 31.

Also, every summer season bicycle thieves plague many shore communities. The police department would like to remind all residents and visitors to lock and secure your bicycles at all times when visiting the mall and beach areas, and even at your home.