

1967

We were married July 1, 1967: twenty five years ago last July. For our honeymoon we planned a trip to Niagara Falls and Montreal to visit the World's Fair.

We stayed at a small hotel in Niagara Falls for about three days. We had never been to Niagara Falls before and enjoyed every minute of it.

Our next destination was Montreal and the World's Fair. Bad Idea!! The rooms we reserved were nothing more than plywood shacks, thrown together to handle the overflow crowds, for the exorbitant price of \$24.00 per night. Since it was late, we stayed the night. Next morning we found a Penthouse Suite for \$35.00. Good Move. Right!! Well, we left our drapes open that night because there were no other tall buildings near us at that time. Next morning we were lying in bed wearing very little if anything and reading a room service menu. Since it was sunny, I suddenly realized it was getting darker in the room. Looking up we were greeted by two hysterical window washers on a scaffolding. (must have been the scraping sound we heard on the roof moments before. I dove under the covers and my poor husband was jumping around on one foot trying to put on a pair of pants and close the curtains at the same time. We always make sure our curtains are closed now.

Finally we were off to see the World's Fair. Boring!! We decided we should never have left Niagara Falls. The next morning we drove the eight hours back to Niagara Falls, to the same inn, to enjoy the remaining days of our honeymoon.

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