

How Far Do We Go? 1967

You guessed it! Niagara Falls.....
our number one choice.

We were married August 12, 1967 and all went smoothly, except for knowing just where we would go on our honeymoon. We determined, the amount of cash received for our wedding would tell us where we would go, with our first choice being the Falls. And the Falls it was.....

Arriving late in the afternoon of August 17th, and of course without reservations, we were astonished when we saw how many motels we had to choose from. Of course, we wanted the perfect one, with a honeymoon suite. Well, we will always remember the Alamo, as our search ended at the Alamo Motel.

What we had, we thought was luxurious and ultra modern in those days! Television + Hi-Fi, self controlled

heating and air conditioning, a tub and shower, and best yet, wall to wall carpeting. A plus was that it was only 3 blocks from the Falls.

Our evening started out with dinner, the honeymoon special of course, a sizzling steak for two. Upon completion of our meal, we rushed through a few gift shops, all the time eagerly anticipating the viewing of the 9:00 PM lighting of the Falls. Alas, the lights didn't come on until 10:00 but we didn't mind the 'moonlight' wait. After the lighting, you guessed it, more shops! We found our momentum, a large blue ceramic fish, but decided to put off the purchase of it until our last day in Falls. Reason..... to many more shops to see!

After two days of taking in all the sights we possibly could, our love for each other and our love for the fish took over. We decided we had to have that fish because if anything happened to either one of us, it would

be a great memory of our wonderful Niagara Falls honeymoon.

We returned to the shop where we saw the fish. But, guess what? Someone already hooked it! Being very disappointed, the manager referred us to another shop that carried the same type of ceramics. So off we went to buy it, and this time we hooked it! Now back to the motel, which was 3 miles away, walking of course. All was fine until we were caught in a downpour. The fish, being in a blue paper bag, left our clothes blue too!

Upon the safe return of the fish to the motel, not saying what the bag looked like, we discovered the blue dye soaked all the way down to our under garments. No problem however, we'll just spread our clothes out to dry over the suitcases in the trunk of our car. No one will ever see them there! Or so we thought!

Everything was great until we got to

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the border and the Customs Inspector said, "Would you please open your trunk?" Well, we did, and to this day we still wonder which color he liked best. The blue of our unmentionables in the trunk or the red on our faces!

Anyhow, we made it safely back to Wisconsin, but we sure had a lot to talk about. The fish still intact, never broken, remains a conversation piece of our Falls adventure.

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