

1953

1-26-93.

345 Summit Ave.

Westville N.J.

08093-10290

Dear Sir,

It's ironic that I said to my husband of thirty nine years, "I'd love to go back to Niagara Falls this year."

Nov. 28, 1953 really wasn't the right time of year to go north but when you marry a bricklayer winter is the slack season. Luckily I love cold weather. Had to say we've never been back.

That day was also the day the Army & Navy played their yearly classic in Philadelphia. We were a Pennsylvania/New Jersey union. We were caught in the frenzy of what happens to Philly on that day.

For starters we both forgot to make reservations at a hotel. Everything was booked up. We finally got a

room at the Hotel Plaza in Camden, N.J.
Camden was still intact at that
time.

We started out the next day going
up Rte 309 in Pa. We were half way
there and we had a tire blow-out.
The terrain was mountainous, cold &
snowy. I wasn't sure we would
reach our destination.

We finally arrived late Sunday afternoon
but I can't remember the name of the hotel.
I know we ^{in which we stayed} ate at the Whirlpool restaurant
where I had my first Filet Mignon
and the most delicious onion soup I
ever had. I guess I was so in love
everything was the best. Afterwards
we walked to a spot where we could
look at the main attraction - The Falls.
There were multi-colored flashing

over the Falls. ³ It was breathtaking especially for someone who had never been further than N. J. & Philly, N.Y.

We met some people at the bar who were from Hamilton, Ontario the birthplace of ^{my} maternal grandfather. It is a small world.

We went around sightseeing but some things are closed in the winter. We bought souvenirs then we ^{went} to Toronto and visited the castle LaPaloma. Then my husband heard of a place called the Copa Cosino in Buffalo where a jazz accordionist from Holland (Nate Mathews) was appearing. My husband is an accordionist also. It was a tony place and we spent the evening with the

Dutchman's girlfriend. We did see him
one other time at the Blue Note in
Philly.

On the way home we were stopped
by the Pa. State Police. They ~~was~~ were
checking cars for deer illegally
killed. My husband Coyle told
them he had his "deer" in the car.

Since that time we have raised four
wonderful children and are expecting
our ninth grandchild in eight years.
This non-traveller has branched out
as far west as Omaha & as far east
as Paris and Oslo, Norway. Things
do change. The bricklayer is retired and
my shape has changed.

Sincerely, Connie Di Giscone