



We drove not very many miles when our car began to overheat. By this time, it was dark out. I pulled over to the side of the road, with my dad right behind me. I didn't even have to open the hood before I saw our large, cardboard, "Just Married" sign squarely in front of and blocking the radiator. After removing the sign, but saving it, we proceeded cautiously on. The temperature gauge dropped, and we had no more car problems.

While we were still en route, Barbara nonchalantly asked me where my parents and aunt were going to spend the nights. As oblivious as ever, I replied, "With us, in my apartment." Said she, in a calm yet stern voice, "NO, THEY'RE NOT!!! We just got married yesterday and I'm NOT spending two nights with your relatives." She continued with an ultimatum, "Either we go to a motel or your family does!" I responded weakly, "But, that will cost us \$7 a night." Her reasoned response was, "I DON'T CARE!!" Finally, I saw the wisdom of her argument. The upshot was that my 3 relatives spent Sunday and Monday nights at my apartment, while we newlyweds spent them at The 40 Winks Motel. **MORE CENSORING HERE....** The \$14 we paid for the motel to be alone was well worth it.



Morning after our wedding, 11/22/1959

As planned, the moving van arrived on the morning of Tuesday, 11/24/59. The movers loaded up our few worldly possessions (including the piano), and left. We said "Goodbye" to my parents and Aunt Mary and started our Honeymoon trip in Barbara's convertible. It would turn out to be the only cross-country trip we would ever take by automobile.