

1975

GOLDEN HONEYMOON MEMORIES

Our Honeymoon was ten days long. The three days we spent in Niagara Falls were heaven, the other seven days were the "Honeymoon from Hell".

It all started on Saturday, August 23, 1975. After a wonderful wedding we decided to save money by staying at our new apartment in Syracuse. We found out the next day that the apartment management would be fumigating our middle income, student housing. We were concerned about our wedding presents so we waited until after the fumigation to start our official Honeymoon.

We left on Tuesday. We decided to visit the Buffalo Zoo on our way to Niagara Falls and Toronto. After visiting the Zoo we looked for a place to stay. On our Grad-student budget we decided on a motel called the Blue Dolphin. Adventurous people that we were, we decided on a room with a waterbed. We'd never slept on a waterbed before, so we didn't know that it was supposed to be warm! We spent the whole night on a cold waterbed and woke up in the morning numb with cold. After that chilling experience we continued on to Niagara Falls. To save money we had packed a borrowed tent and our brand new, wedding present sleeping bags. We found a great state campground and for \$4.00 a night, we set up our Honeymoon campsite. We used our Hibachi and I tried my hand at barbequeing. We walked the shore of Lake Ontario and watched beautiful sunsets. It was

very romantic and we just reveled in our love for each other.

For the next three days we enjoyed everything Niagara Falls had to offer. We were the ultimate tourists. We went on the "Maid of the Mist". I was petrified, I can't swim, and the power of the Falls was overwhelming. It's the only time in our lives that we paid money to wear sweaty rain gear worn by thousands of fellow thrill seekers! Bruce and I then took a walk through the tunnels under the Falls, another fun and exciting but very wet experience. That first night we walked along the Canadian side. The lights of the restaurant twinkled and the spot light played on the cascading water of the Falls. It was a truly magical time for us. The next two days consisted of visiting the Floral Clock and the Brock Tower. We took lots of pictures to help us remember the beautiful floral display. We moved on to visit the Power Authority exhibits and learned about hydro-electric power production. The only attraction we didn't participate in was the cable car ride across the gorge. I was just too scared to try it.

One of the last attractions we visited in Niagara Falls was the tower on the American side of the Falls. The view of the river and the falls was a wonderful experience for us and I was sad as we packed up to move on to Toronto. We didn't want this special time to end and it was about to come to a screeching halt!

I should back-track for a minute to explain that we were driving a Chevy Vega-not a real car. Our Vega had had everything replaced or repaired except the water pump. We were confident the car was in good shape. It wasn't. About half way to Toronto the car started making a funny sound. The water pump. We held our breath and prayed we'd get to Toronto. We got there and the "Honeymoon from Hell" began. Coincidentally, Bruce's brother Jim, wife Lynne, dog Maxi and several of their friends were staying at the same hotel where we had reservations. They were in Toronto for gocart races.

We went to check in and there was only one reservation for Gilman, not ours. Our anticipated Honeymoon nights to be spent in a real bed (no sleeping-bags in Toronto, thank you) went up in smoke. The reservation clerk was very apologetic, but there were no other vacancies. So here we were, a car with a tempermental water pump and no room at the inn. Panic time? Not yet. Jim and Lynne offered to share their room with us, they were truly great. It was also decided that we would drive back to Rochester in front of them so if the dastardly water pump decided to blow, we'd have help. Two problems taken care of. Enter their friends in the adjoining room. The key word here is adjoining. We nicknamed the friends the "Odd Squad". Right from the time we checked in I knew our Honeymoon was taking a turn, a definite turn for the worst.

We were hesitant to use our car so we ended up trashing our itinerary and doing everything with Jim, Lynne, and their friends. We went to the gocart races(a real thrill for me, I love the ear piercing whine of engines, smoke, and the scent of gocart fuel). We also visited Yonge Street. A real experience for my naive-ness. One of the "Odd Squad" visited a second floor "massage parlor", a truly cultural experience! Then mercifully, it was dinner time. We went to the Spaghetti Factory. I enjoyed our dinner right up until the massage parlor guy stole one of the tee shirts most people buy. He reached right across the counter and took it. I was appalled. Back to the hotel for bed. I was tired and I was sure Bruce was too. I had no "romantic" plans, after all, we were sharing a room with Jim and Lynne. What I didn't plan on was having their dog, Maxi, sleep between Bruce and me. I was now rethinking this marriage thing. I wanted to fly back to Syracuse and start over again.

To make a long story short, we did live through our Toronto experience. The Vega did make it back to Bruce's parents in Rochester. Our marriage did weather this storm and we have even gone back to Toronto! We have made many trips back to Niagara Falls but none of them as memorable as our first visit there as Man and Wife.

To put the frosting on the cake, our camera with

most of our Honeymoon film was stolen from our apartment shortly after we returned home from our Honeymoon. Almost eighteen years later we haven't got many pictures of our Niagara Falls Honeymoon, but we have our memories!

Respectfully submitted by:

Bruce and C. Margo Gilman

5308 Charland Rd.

Middlesex, NY 14507

716-554-3038 (home)

716-526-6351 (work-Margo)

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