

John & Polly's Honey Memories of Niagra Falls

MOON

1968

On August 10th, 1993, we will celebrate our Silver Wedding anniversary, and it will be 25 years since my husband and I spent our honeymoon at Niagra Falls. It has been a great 25 years and the memories and fun times are just as precious now as they were 25 years ago in 1968.

We arrived about 3 PM on Sunday afternoon, and after unloading our car at the Fallsway Motel in the heart of Niagra Falls, we decided to look for some action. Someone was announcing "Last chance to get your 'Cave of the Wind' tour tickets for today." Having no idea what the "Cave of the Winds" was, and not wanting to miss anything, we bought 2 tickets and took our place in line. Soon, someone said, "Women to the right and men to the left." I replied, "no, I want to go with him." Their reply still the same, "Women to the right and men to the left." I was very upset because I thought he would go with one tour group and I would have to go with another, and being in what I thought was a foreign country, many miles from home, I thought I would never see my new husband again. I was actually crying real tears of frustration when they told me to take all my clothes off and put on these flannel pajamas and yellow rain coat. After doing as I was told and kind of pushed around some more, I ended up back outside. There were other people walking around in funny yellow raincoats, but that didn't make me feel any better because I had lost my husband, hadn't seen anything exciting like Niagra Falls and I was a lonely bride many miles from home. I didn't even have my purse with me as I didn't want to carry it, so my new husband had all our money. I soon spied a rock wall, walked over to it and sat down to contemplate my predicament. After sitting there a few minutes, I happened to look up and "Behold", there sat my husband under a tree. I had to bust out laughing, took his picture and ran and threw my arms around that gorgeous hunk in the yellow raincoat. I had never seen him in anything but dress clothes, so flannel pajamas that were too short, burlap shoes with a patch on the bottom and a yellow raincoat were really funny looking on him, but to me he was beautiful. He was just as anxious to see me.

After enjoying our tour "TOGETHER", we finished the evening walking arm in arm, watching the lights change color on the beautiful Niagra Falls and vowing that no one would ever separate us again.

Everything was great while we were there and we took one of the

honeymoon tours. As we made one stop and signed a visitors' book where the mayor would send a certificate saying we spent our honeymoon there, we found we weren't the only starry eyed couple there. As we signed the visitor book with name, address and wedding date, the lady ahead of us wrote 10-8-68. Everyone else followed too. We no longer had gotten married on 8-10-68, but the month of October instead. The mayor was really surprised to have a whole bus load of people celebrating their honeymoon but not getting married until 2 months later.

The "Maid of the Mist" tour was just as interesting as I was one who was scared of boats and water, spent the entire ride in the middle of the boat in a black raincoat, hanging on to the center post. Coming home and looking at the snapshots taken from the Cable Car over the gorge and whirlpool, I have to admit I was really on some other cloud.

The night before we left, as we were sitting in a restaurant overlooking the Falls, my husband looked at his watch, smiled and said, "exactly 12 hours from now, you have to be in Marion, Ohio for work and we are a long way from home and here we sit. We just didn't want to leave. Everything was perfect for beginning our lives together.

We have grown and matured a lot these last 25 years, but if we had it to do over, we don't think anything would change. This was our first and only marriage and we would say to any one---Honeymoon at Niagra Falls. Incidentally, we arrived in Marion, Ohio at 8:00 AM the next morning, ready for work at 8:30 with lots of fond memories and my first real snapshot of a real rainbow.

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