

1944



Memories of my honeymoon were stirred while reading about the Golden Memories Honeymoon Contest.

Very appropriate, I believe, as we will be celebrating our Golden

Wedding anniversary next New Years Day.

We were married January first 1944. How quickly time passes, and how nice to have the memories to cushion the passing of time.

My husband-to-be was a soldier stationed in the Military Camp in Newmarket. This was our hometown, and we did go to school together. I was thirteen when I met him and nineteen when we married, he was twenty.

God combined a five day marriage leave with a five day New Years pass, giving us ten days. We had a small Church wedding, short white dress. (I do believe I would have been boos'd if the dress had been long and elaborate).

We decided to divide the ten days three in Hamilton, getting there by train. Then three in Niagara Falls,





travelling by ^{II} bus. We spent the day exploring the Falls. There was so much snow, and it was so cold. The river was frozen and we were able to walk on the ice to within a few feet of the Falls. The water and mist was frozen at the one end of the Falls in huge mounds of ice. It was so pretty and I have never forgotten. This all makes me smile as I remember.

We found a room, not too far from the Falls, and then we walked and walked, returning to thaw our frozen hands. There certainly wasn't much to see or do and the now lovely gardens didn't exist. We kept returning to the Falls and just looked. We loved them, they were ours then and they are ours now.

It seemed quite appropriate to spend our honeymoon at the Falls, because, as a child my Father did everything in the garden after Blossom Sunday, and we had made a visit to see



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the blossoms, and then drive
on to have a picnic lunch,
and view the Falls! Lovely!
Thanks for the memories.

Sincerely,
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