

1976

**Our Honeymoon at  
Niagara Falls**

**Sharon L. Jones  
Box 1060,  
South Porcupine, Ontario.  
PONIHO  
705-235-4942**

## OUR HONEYMOON AT NIAGARA FALLS

Our wedding in Hamilton was so much fun that we didn't want to leave. But at last my mother pushed us through the doors of the old Sheraton Connaught Hotel with a bag of wedding cake pieces neatly wrapped in plastic wrap and with all of our friends wishing us well we headed on our way to Niagara Falls. We laughed and talked on our way and we finally arrived at the Sheraton in Niagara Falls at 3:00 a.m.

We checked into the hotel and went up to our "room with a view of the Falls". Our room was near the back corner of the hotel but from our window we could both hear and see the Canadian Horseshoe Falls. The sight was magnificent on that warm summer evening so long ago. The parkway and "Lover's Walk" beside the Falls were all lit up and the mist above the Falls sparkled as it danced in front of its partner, ~~the Falls.~~

We had planned to check out the next day and do a little sightseeing before heading on our way; but when we got to the desk, we were told that we would have to pay another \$75.00 because we had overslept the check-out time. My husband dutifully handed over the money and keys to the cashier. However, being that I was a rather thrifty person and knowing that we had very little money for our honeymoon, I said to the cashier, "If we're paying for another night, then we're staying another night!" And with that I picked up the keys. That seemed to be satisfactory to the cashier and so we took our luggage back up to our room.

That afternoon we walked up into the town and browsed around the multitude of souvenir shops and tried to find Madame Tussaud's. Then we were drawn back down to the Falls where we watched a Maid of the Mist tour boat. The sight of that brave little boat risking the swirling waters of the Niagara Gorge brought to mind the Indian legend that I had learned as a child.

It was the story of a beautiful young Indian maiden who was deeply in love with a young brave in her tribe. With single snap of a bow string, and the falling of the chief's arrow at her feet, this sweet innocent became the human sacrifice to the spirit of the Falls for the sake of her tribe's prosperity. Her love for her brave was so strong that she said that her spirit would endure beyond death. It is said that you can sometimes catch a glimpse of this beautiful Indian maiden in the mist that constantly hovers over the Falls. As a child I thought the legend was ever so romantic and the mist that seems to kiss your face so gently was her gift to lovers. As the mist settles more heavily though, it becomes our tears -a memorial to her cruel fate.

*A. Jones*

As we continued on our walk we looked at the people around us, many of whom had come from different countries to see the Falls and we talked of the many who had visited Niagara Falls and had helped to make it famous. One was Marilyn Monroe- the love goddess of the Fifties, a woman whose film making antics at the Falls had positively "mortified" my Victorian-Edwardian grandparents. Along the way we stopped to put our quarters into the viewers and gaze down at the bubbling cauldron that is the gorge below. We talked of the people who had gone over the Falls and had survived- some in barrels and one, a young boy, who had survived completely unprotected. With thousands of gallons of water constantly flowing over the Falls, hammering the rocks below, it was amazing that anyone had survived at all. We wandered beyond the Horseshoe Falls and saw the old barge that was still firmly anchored on the rocks in the middle of the river. My parents had told me that the boat had been an old rum running barge from the 1930's Prohibition Days and that it had been sunk and become moored among the rocks at the bottom of the river. I wondered if there was still rum on it.

"Probably not," my new husband replied. The police would have confiscated it for evidence.

Next we crossed over to the garden side of the Falls and found an elegant, old restaurant which faced the Falls. We asked for a table that was just right for honeymooners. The hostess obligingly led us to a small table "with a view".on the corner of the porch. To us, it was the best table in the house. The dinner that we ate was our big splurge but the gentle breeze and the delicious food were worth every penny.

We were very happy as we walked back hand -in-hand towards our hotel. By this time, night was falling and we decided to sit on one of the benches in a little park in front of the American Falls and simply soak in the beauty of everything for awhile.

Suddenly, in front of us, the sky on the American side of the Falls became filled with bursts of colour and loud explosions. The sparkling colours bounced off the waters of the Falls and gave everything around us a special glow.

It was July 4, 1976 and our American cousins were celebrating their nation's Bi-Centennial with their usual style. That evening in front of the Falls we were treated to a show far better than any theatre could provide.

*S. Jones*



We sat talking quietly, snuggled close together, two newly weds enjoying the beauty that lay before us. When the gala display of lights was finished, we walked back to our hotel.

The next day we checked out of the Sheraton and continued on our way; but over the years we have often reminisced about that wonderful, sweet evening of our honeymoon that we spent at Niagara Falls.

*Sharon L. Jones*