

1957

We spent our honeymoon in Niagara Falls in early January of 1957. My husband had already been in Canada for five months and had a good job in a small sawmill town on the CNR railroad near Foleyet, teaching in the one-room school. Since there was no road through the town and nowhere in town except the Hudson's Bay store to spend money, he had already saved nearly \$500 and asked me to come over and share the life of luxury. Against the advice of both our mothers I agreed. He met me in Toronto where friends of my mother could act as chaperone.

After the wedding we took the bus from Toronto and checked into the Sheraton Brock for two nights. With all that money saved up, we thought we deserved the best.

We walked over first thing next morning to see the famous falls. On the way I heard more about the teacherage available to a married teacher. It had three rooms, a wood stove for heating and cooking, an outdoor two-seater privy set back a hundred yards in the bush and the rent was \$10 per month. Like most houses in the town it did not have running water or electricity. This did not seem to be a big deal at the time. The quarter-mile trips through minus thirty Northern Ontario dawns to fetch water from the pump were still in the future.

The first sight of that majestic and unhurried volume of falling water was breath-taking. The spray had coated the railings and trees with ice. Since we had not yet learned how to dress properly for an Ontario winter we admired and kept moving.

Next we thought we would cross the Rainbow Bridge to the USA. We were armed with passports and apprehensive about the formalities of entering a foreign country. We were not prepared for the breezy question "Where were you born?". We were waved on our way across the longest undefended border in the world, risking an international incident by laughing hysterically at the North American informality.

The spell of the Falls helped us survive the social upheavals of the sixties, seventies and eighties, changes of job and home, three children, four grandchildren, and with a little luck will see us take our great-grandchildren back for a nostalgia trip sometime in the next century.

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January 10, 1993

Golden Honeymoon Memories
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Enclosed is my entry for the Golden Honeymoon Memories
contest. I read about it in the Calgary Herald.

Yours truly

Betty Graham