

Mrs. Diane White
1012 Lk. Bonavista Dr. SE
CALGARY, ALBERTA
T2J ON7

Home #403-271-6937
Work #403-236-2110

February 3, 1993

Golden Honeymoon Memories
P.O. Box 270
Niagara Falls, Ontario
L2E 6T6

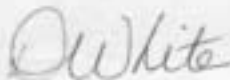
Dear Sirs:

In reference to an advertisement in the Calgary Herald, please find enclosed story regarding our honeymoon in Niagara Falls.

Could you be kind enough to let me know when the winners are announced and how many applicants there are?

Thanks!

Yours very truly,



DIANE L. WHITE
:dlw
Enc.

1983

Honeymoon Capital of the World. Couples strolling hand in hand. Newlyweds comitted until death do them part.

At least for some of us.

The day of our honeymoon was more like "do death and then part".

Some people believe that negative ions generated by the falling water of Niagara Falls act as an aphrodisiac. My husband and I believe that the waters that day were flowing upwards.

My husband Paul and I were married in August, 1983, in Calgary, Alberta. Following a small reception with friends, we travelled to Ontario where both of our families live. We decided that there could be no better place for an "official" honeymoon than Niagara Falls.

Setting out early in my Dad's Honda Civic was fun, but traffic on the expressways leading to Niagara Falls were particularly busy and it proved to be an extra hectic day at the Falls. Matters were only made worse by travelling in a small car without air conditioning in sweltering 36 degree weather.

Everyone that had been on the expressways were looking for a parking spot at the same time we were and none were to be found. Actually, that's not quite true. We could have found one and walked, say, half a block, but my hubby is the type who will walk 4 or 5 miles without a second thought, but fight like the dickens to find a parking spot one car length from the entrance. Half an hour later his perserverance did pay off, but needless to say by this time we were both wondering if we'd made the right choice, and I don't mean in simply spending an evening at the Falls.

First on the agenda was a trip up the Skylon Tower. My first mistake was requesting one small item from our suitcase in the trunk of the car. Lipstick wasn't on the list of hubby's priorities but nevertheless he "opened" the suitcase for me. To this day, I say he ripped the suitcase open, and along with it, tore my favourite "going away" dress, which got caught in the zipper. My dress was named appropriately, because we were both going away, but in different directions.

Paul saw Niagara Falls from 750 feet above and I created my own waterfall sitting on a park bench in the hot sun with a box of Kleenex.

I was devastated. What had happened? It was only three days into the marriage. How could I tell my girlfriends, whom I'd so smugly flaunted my handsome new husband to, that the marriage was over?

Page Two

Being the only mode of transportation back to familiar faces, we met at the car an hour later, barely speaking to one another.

Leaving Niagara Falls, I said goodbye to the Honeymoon Suite that I could only dream about. The Maid of the Mist was slowly disappearing from view in the churning waters. I looked with envy at older couples, thinking that I would never be one of them, at least not with the sourpuss beside me.

Ten years later, we laugh about one of our few major fights.

Did we dare attempt it again? You bet we did! Eight years and 2 small children later, just the two of us snuck away for a weekend of quiet bliss. This time, we enjoyed the many wonderful things that Niagara Falls has to offer - the fabulous hotels and restaurants, the array of fabulous colours illuminating the Falls in the evening, the Maid of the Mist and Ripley's Believe it or Not Museum. When we watched the history of Niagara Falls at the Imax Theatre, we were both happy it wasn't each other going over the Falls in a barrel. We now feel more hopeful that we will end up like the older couples from ten years ago.

Maybe we'll even be lucky enough to celebrate our 10th Anniversary this year flown free of charge to the capital romance of the world, spending a romantic evening in a \$1000 a night suite with the keys to the City clutched in our hands.

On the other hand, even if we aren't, I can guarantee you that we'll be back again one day to take a stroll down Memory Lane and watch the waters flow the way that God intended them to.