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1970

HONEYMOON HAPPENINGS

Twenty three Junes' ago my wife and I embarked on an unforgettable honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls. We were both twenty years old and filled with the anticipation of the excitement we'd share in our new life together.

Excitement ? You bet.

We stopped at a Motel in Bellevue Ohio on our wedding night. About three in the morning, there was a tremendous BANG!

I jumped out of bed and threw on the light half expecting to find that my wifes' father had shot me because I hadn't signed the marriage license !

The actual cause turned out to be the cork which was expelled from a half empty champagne bottle.

Sheepishly I turned out the light, got back in bed and admitted that I didn't know that champagne left sitting in the bottle would cause the cork to blow out with such a loud noise.

The next day as we were riding down the Queens' Highway toward Toronto, that darned champagne shot me again !

I almost wrecked the car when it went off that time. As we loaded the car, my beloved had simply set the bottle on the floor behind the drivers seat rather than putting it in the trunk.

We stopped at the next roadside rest and drank the remaining bubbly.

That night, we stayed at a small roadside motel which rented individual cabins. Around 2:00 am I woke up just in time to contemplate being brained by one of my wing tipped dress shoes!

Somehow, a mosquito had gotten in the cabin and was buzzing around my wifes head. Since it was disturbing her sleep, she decided to take action. She reached down, picked up the first item she could feel in the dark and swung at the location from where the mosquitos buzz seemed to come.

My large, heavy shoe slipped out of her grasp hit the ceiling, caromed off and landed on my pillow approximately one millimeter from my head.

That was the first time she said " oops, I'm sorry !"
In the years since, I've heard it quite a bit.

We arrived in Niagara Falls on the third day of our trip.

After we found a motel room, we immediately went out... well, almost immediately. We went out and began to sightsee.

We visited shop after shop. We visited the Museum and we sampled the cuisine at various food stands. We looked at sweatshirts and various trinkets in the many gift shops.

Finally, we walked up to the largest fireworks store in the area.

I was a smoker and I'd just lit a cigarette. Since I LOVE fireworks and I couldn't wait to see what this store had, I handed my wife my cigarette. I said " here honey, would you hold this while I look around ? "

I walked around gawking at the quantity of aerial bombs, firecrackers, cherry bombs and all other manner of noisy explosive devices.

Suddenly my wife called out to me excitedly, " look Honey , they've got M-80's!

M-80's? , those are the equivalent of roughly a quarter stick of dynamite ! The preceding fact flashed through my mind as I watched my sweet, lovely young Bride sort excitedly through a bin full of M-80's of various colors WITH THE SAME HAND IN WHICH SHE DEMURELY HELD A LIGHTED CIGARETTE !

After managing to get out of the store without destroying most of downtown Niagara Falls, I wished I'd kept some of that champagne.

There were a number of other memorable moments during that trip. We laughed, dined, danced and enjoyed the unique beauty of the Niagara area for days.

That beautiful young bride and I often reminisce about all of the fun we had on that trip. Over our years together we've shared a number of adventures together.

We've got to admit though, almost setting off a massive unplanned fireworks display in one of the most spectacular locations in the world ranks right up there !