

1956

The Niagara Falls Honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan W. Steele

Our Niagara honeymoon was, to say the least, different! It began on Saturday, June 30, 1956.

That day, in Belleville, Ontario, I woke, with anticipation, in early morning, to glorious sunshine and gentle breezes that promised only good things were coming.

At Christ Church, in the afternoon, I married Ivan W. Steele, in a quiet ceremony with a few friends and relations attending. The wedding, as the saying goes, "went off without a hitch"!

My parents, Harold and Lillian Taylor, held a small reception in their Albert Street home. Then, my new husband and I, with suitcases in hand, hustled to the family car, that my younger sister, Marjorie, assisted by a cousin, had decorated for the occasion. My dad then chauffeured us to the Belleville depot, where we mounted the train for our ride to

Niagara Falls and our weekend honeymoon.

From the Niagara train station to the Falls was a brief, green, tree-lined walk, with branches stretching from side to side like a far-reaching arch.

On the hill opposite the Falls, we found the Honeymoon Cottages, the most beautiful little homes away from home. Looking out a window, we could see the white mist that rose from the bounding waters of the Falls, that were but a walking distance away.

Ivan took my picture, and I took his. The warm, humid weather had begun to change, even though it was still early evening, so, we decided to wait until morning for more picture-taking.

The clear sky clouded over, and there were sprinkles of rain. The mild breezes changed to gusty winds. A difference appeared at the Falls, also. The soft, afternoon mist developed into a thick haze, which

nose, to block our view of the Falls, in a patchy mass of dark purples, blues and reds.

In the short time one takes to shower, the strong winds increased enough to rattle the cottage window shutters and the screen door. As a finale, the shutters and the screen door were ripped off at their hinges, while rain pounded on the roof.

Only a brief period passed as the storm subsided, and we finally dropped into a thoroughly exhausted sleep.

On Sunday, July 01, 1956, in Niagara, my husband and I woke to bright, rosy sunshine, in a powder blue sky, with a few, puffy white clouds floating past.

If we avoided looking at the downed trees, hydro poles, telephone wires and scattered debris, we would not have believed that a storm took place the night before.

Bushes and trees, with their distinct shades of green, bordered

the river above the Falls, which, once again, showed only a thin, white mist, as the water tumbled onto the rocks below.

laboring against the current, the Maid-of-the-Mist reached its limited tour boundary, the docking area. There, couples prepared for an under-the-Falls walk, donning yellow raincoats and hats.

Bolted to the cement, on the walkway where we stood, was a huge telescope, through which we could clearly define the perpetual motion of the Whirlpool waters.

Water, that escaped the Whirlpool, flowed continuously toward Lake Ontario, through high, steep banks edged with more green bushes and trees.

A west to east picture we will always remember!

Newspapers stated that the storm was violent with raging winds that uprooted trees and tore off rooftops, but, no name was given to the storm, nor was it listed as a

hurricane or a tornado.

Still, as we journeyed home, Ivan and I vividly recalled our Niagara stay. With special feelings, we spoke of "Steele's Storm" that arrived to make unforgettable, our, once-in-a-lifetime, "Hurricane Honeymoon" weekend at Niagara Falls, Ontario

Sincerely,
Mrs Frances M Steele
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