

1977

Benjamin and Deborah Wineland

212 Church St., Box 217

Roscoe, Pa. 15477

U.S.A.

Honeymoon in Niagara Falls

I had been to Niagara Falls several times as a boy on our family's annual vacation trek. When marriage reared its romantic head and honeymoon plans were discussed, I said Niagara Falls!

It didn't occur to me at the time that Niagara Falls in early January might be a tad different than in the beautiful summer days of my youth.

My bride-to-be agreed that Niagara Falls was the place to go. So January 9, 1977 found us heading north in a borrowed Matador sedan complete with flowers and tin cans. (I removed the tin cans of course- we let the weather take care of the flowers.)

Our first clue that this might be an unusual time to travel north was the traffic. There wasn't any! We did see an occasional car buried in a snow bank, often with only the roof visible, but this didn't bother us. The Matador chugged along nicely in an ever increasing snowstorm with two of the most naive, in love young people you could find. We never gave a thought as to why the cars were buried in the snow or why there was no traffic.

Finally we arrived at Canadian customs. The custom agent didn't crack a smile when he asked our business in Canada. I would have thought the remainder of a huge heartshaped floral decoration, still visible on the dark green hood of the Matador, would have given him a clue. However, we stated our business, and carrying no contraband were permitted to enter Canada.

We stayed at beautiful Michael's Inn very close to the falls. We had no trouble parking or checking in. In fact during our entire stay, we saw only one other couple. Well we didn't really see them - only their trays outside their door.

We checked into a lovely room with a balcony. The balcony doors were frozen shut and there was about three feet of snow piled

up on the balcony furniture. We had a nice view of the river through the frosted glass doors.

The New York thruway was closed to traffic that night so we could not have gone home if we had wanted to go - but we wouldn't have left on a bet. We were having a great time.

I remember a very romantic evening that first night with my bride during which she gave me a beautifully wrapped present which she brought with us - an electric drill!

The next day we took in the sights. The whirlpool was closed because it was frozen over. The falls weren't flowing but they were a breathtaking sight. We have pictures of my wife standing in front of snowdrifts towering over her head.

I vividly remember eating in the hotel restaurant and hearing loud speakers announce, "Clear the streets. Snowplows approaching. All traffic clear the streets." And sure enough these huge snowplows would fly through the streets throwing up great piles of ice and snow along the roads.

I also remember the Buffalo T.V. station which gave the "Weather Outside". This crazy weatherman would stand outside in a blinding snowstorm and interview people who were trying to dig their cars out. We could never figure out why no one smacked him. It was pretty funny to watch.

We took in the sights and we hit all the shops. I remember buying Hummel figurines for twelve dollars! We also bought a great clock.

The people were very nice to us. All we had to worry about was staying out of the snowplow's way.

All good things must come to an end. It was time to end our sojourn in this snow-covered paradise. The customs agent asked if

we had anything to declare and we said no- not thinking of our clock and Hummels. We crossed the Peace Bridge and headed for the now reopened New York thruway and home.

It was a great adventure, one we'll always remember. Who wants the Pocono's when you can have Niagara Falls!