

Sharon Shane's 7ravel Journal

1972 to 1978

Boston, Florida, England, Grand Canyon, San Francisco, Seattle, Mexico In our youthful hippie days my friends and I didn't hold jobs very long. We picked up and took a trip at every chance we could. A lot of these old photos got torn when I tried to peel them out of my old photo albums to scan, so I lost some and the photo quality from the 70's just didn't hold up well, so lots of yellowing with age. I realize I didn't really take photos of myself in these places back then but took more of my friends, as I was holding my camera most often and snapping scenery shots. In later years I learned to put myself in all the shots at scenic places around the world.

I marched in peace rallies, the biggest being in Washington, DC with the swat teams lining the streets. In 1971 or 1972 we flew up to Toronto for a weekend....just because...for one, we had never flown before, and two, we had never been to Canada. No photos of that trip, but we still laugh about all the funny things that happened as if it were just yesterday.

After traveling on the eastern seaboard from Canada to Florida, a friend and I drove across country to move to Los Angeles. From there we took a few more road trips along the beautiful west coast down to San Diego and all the way up to Seattle. I made a solo road trip to Big Sur and went hiking by myself, but I have no pictures of that trip either. The memories of the exquisite natural beauty of that area remain in my mind as one of the most beautiful places I've visited.

This journal begins with the first trip I have actual photos of, a road trip to Boston in 1972 for a peace rally and then to Provincetown, Massachusetts. Follow the pages for more U.S. road trips, a month in England and ending with a weekend trip to Ensenada, Baja, Mexico in 1978.

May 1972

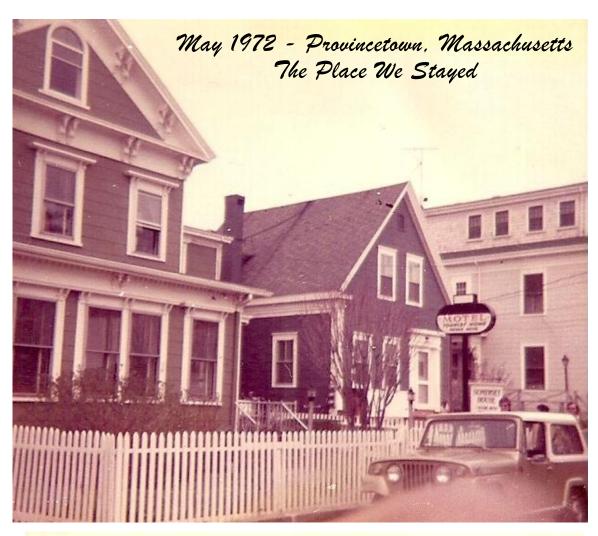
Boston and Provincetown,

Massachusetts

May 1972 - Boston Commons - Peace Rally









April 1972

Daytona Beach, Florida

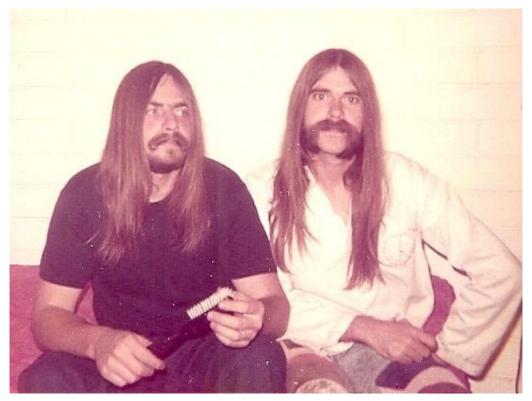
I never went to college, but that didn't stop me from driving to Florida with my friends for "Spring Break." We made reservations this motel on the right. shared the driving with another friend and I drove like a maniac to get there in "record time" of 17 hours straight through only to find out we couldn't get into our room right ended away. We spreading a blanket on the beach to try to catch some sleep having been up all night driving.



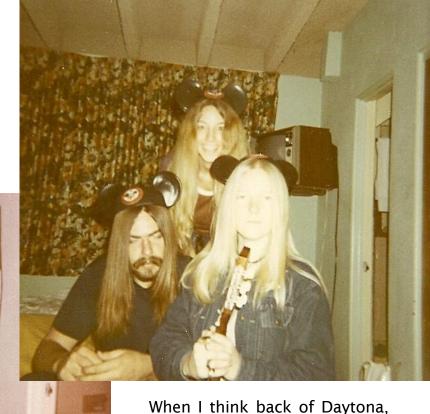
April 1972 - Daytona Beach, Florida Above - Friend outside our motel Below - Friend wearing Mickey Mouse ears



We took a side trip to Disney World, which had only opened the year before in 1971. One funny memory that stands out...we were sitting on the curb on Main Street, and a couple of guys sat down next to us. The guy right next to me pulled out a very large cigar size dayglo pink joint and lit up and offered it to us right out in the open. I don't think this was the kind of "Fantasyland" Walt Disney had in mind!



We met these two brothers above from Ohio. I hung out with the one on the right all week. They were very funny and made up their own words. Marijuana was "mattahoochie" and boobs were "chibangies." I guess they were trying to be like Cheech and Chong??!!



When I think back of Daytona, it's the only beach I've been to that you have to look both ways before crossing the sand to get to the water. Cars are allowed to drive on the beach and guys drove by trying to pick up the chicks just like at any other cruising boulevard.

Winter 1973

Loxahatchee, Florida

It was in February or some winter month of 1973 that I got the idea to leave behind the freezing cold winter and drive again to Florida. I talked my friend into calling into work saying we had the flu and would be out the whole week. We drove to Florida without making reservations at a motel. We had no idea it was Daytona 500 week. After driving all the way to Hollywood, Florida, we gave up trying to find a place to stay and ended up sleeping in the car.



February 1973 - Safari Park, Florida

In the morning we went into a Duncan Donuts, ordered breakfast and washed up and changed our shirts in the ladies room. We finally found a motel room later that day, and we ended up going to the Lion Country Safari Park.





May 1973

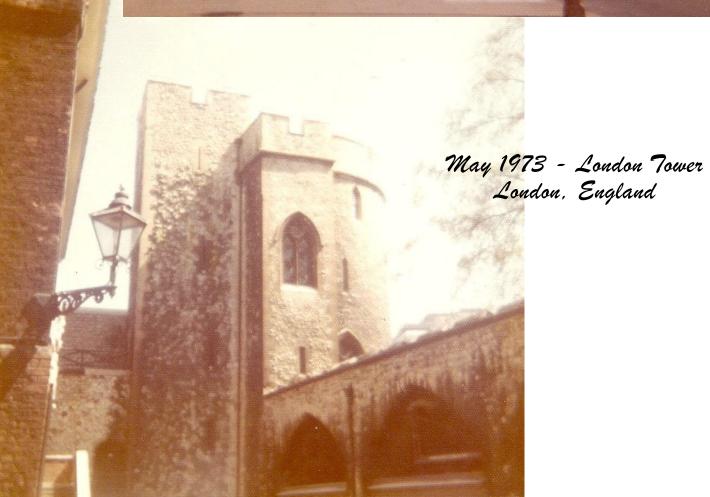
England and France

In the very beginning of May 1973 my friend and I flew to England with the idea that we would stay until our money ran out or that we had to fly back to the States in June because we were scheduled to be bridesmaids at another best friend's wedding....whichever came first. It turned out that our money ran out just at the end of the month, so we were able to spend the entire merry month of May in jolly old England. We stayed in London for a week and saw the sights and shopped on Kings Row. I bought a sweater and a few things. It was cold to us wherever in England we went every day that May, a damp cold that seemed to chill you to the bone. We got strangely glared at all over the streets, as we stood out as American hippies dressed in our patched jeans while everyone else was dressed up in fancy suits. One of our jokes for years after was about falling off our clogs and platform shoes many times while crossing cobblestone streets.



May 1973 - Big Ben London, England







May 1973 Buckingham Circle London, England

May 1973 Buckingham Palace London, England



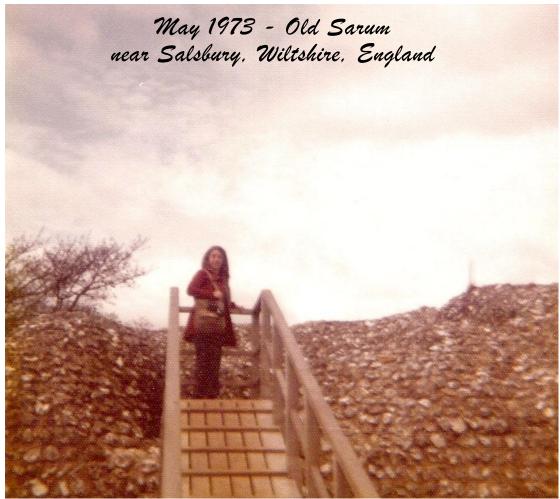


We left London and traveled all over by train and stayed as guests in two elderly ladies' homes for very cheap and a great home cooked breakfast.... the widows Mrs. George and Mrs. Green. I remember their names but don't remember in which town each lady resided, although one was in Stratford Upon Avon, the home of Shakespeare. I remember we saw that horse carved out of chalk in the moutainside somewhere along the countryside from our train window view. We went to Salsbury to see Stonehenge and Old Sarum, which is an ancient Roman ruin, and then back to London for a few more days and then to Dover. We took a hovercraft from Dover and got as far as Boulogne, France and wanted to go on to Paris but our money ran out, so we had to head back to London and flew home.

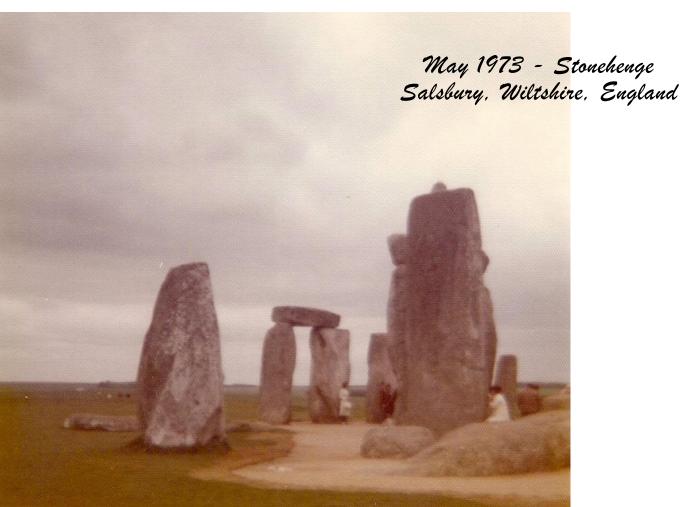
May 1973 Cow in Pasture near Old Sarum Salsbury, Wiltshire, England



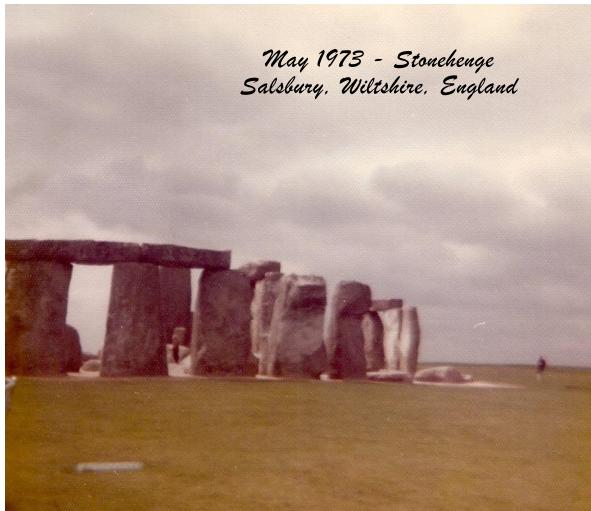














May 1973 - Stonehenge Salsbury, Wiltshire, England



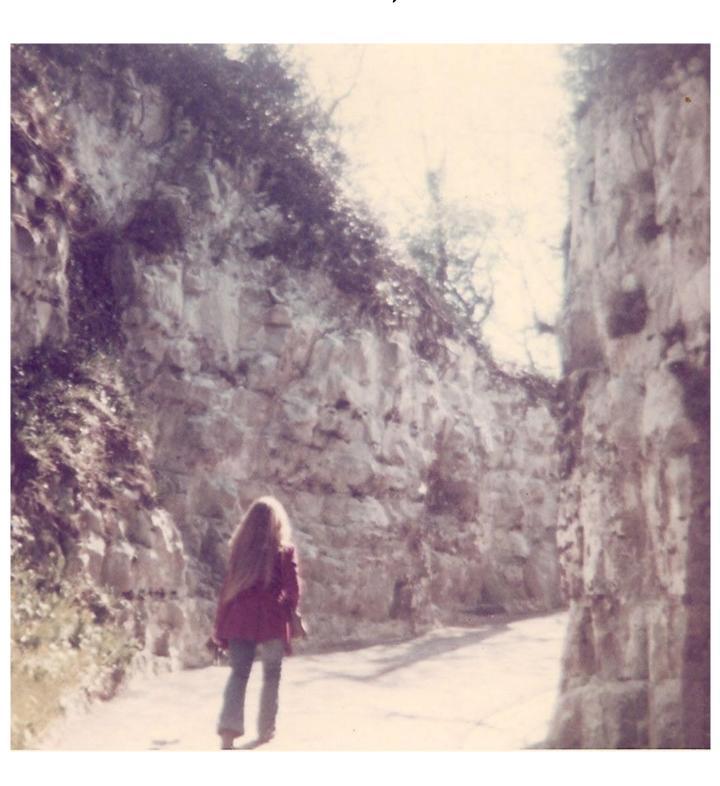
May 1973 - Stonehenge Salsbury, Wiltshire, England







May 1973 The White Cliffs of Dover Dover, England



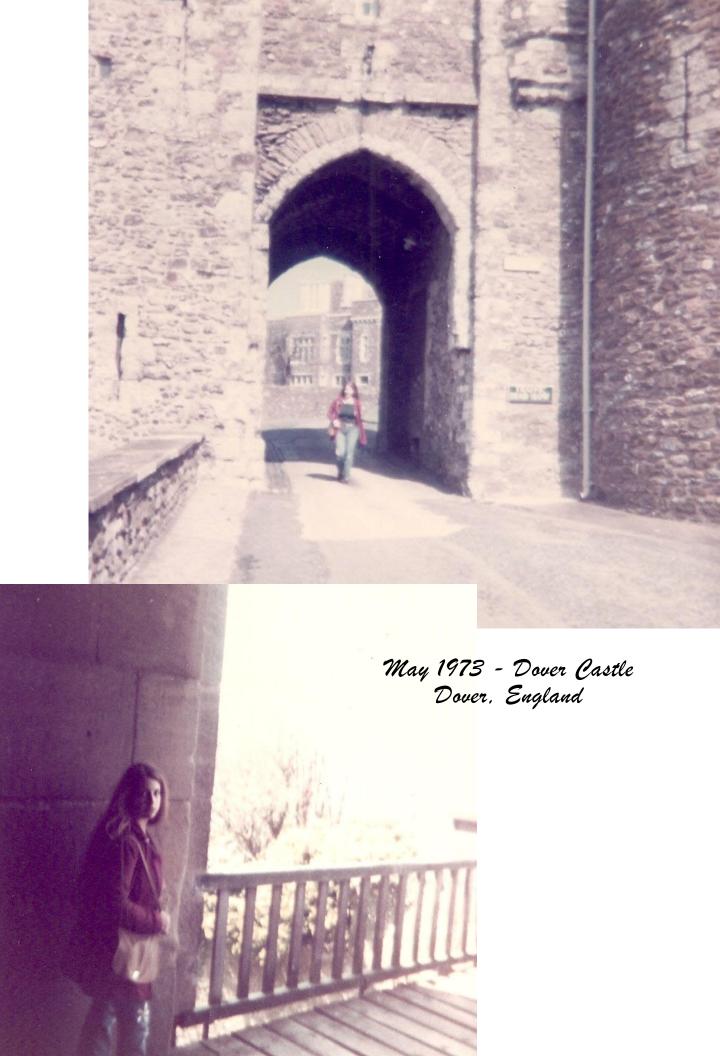


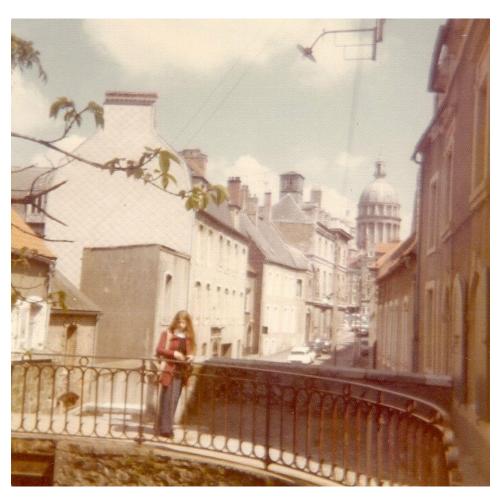
May 1973 - Dover Castle Dover, England



May 1973 - Dover Castle Dover, England





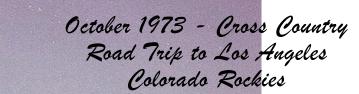


May 1973 - Boulogne, France



October 1973

Cross Country Road Trip to Los Angeles, California





October 1973 Nederland Lake Colorado Rockies



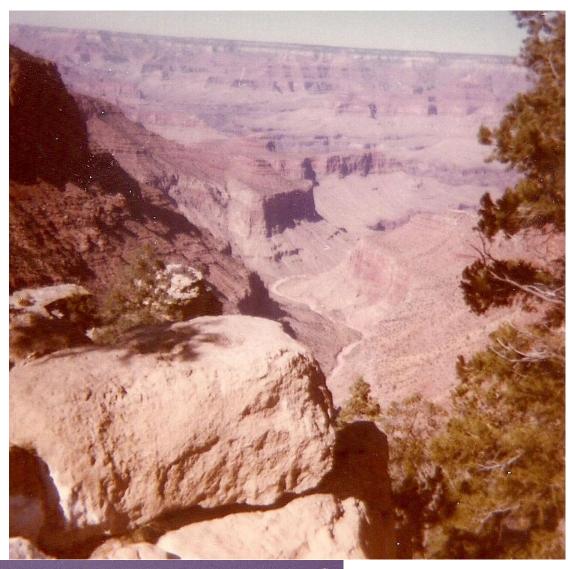




October 1973

Me at the

Grand Canyon, Arizona





October 1973 Grand Canyon, Arizona 1974

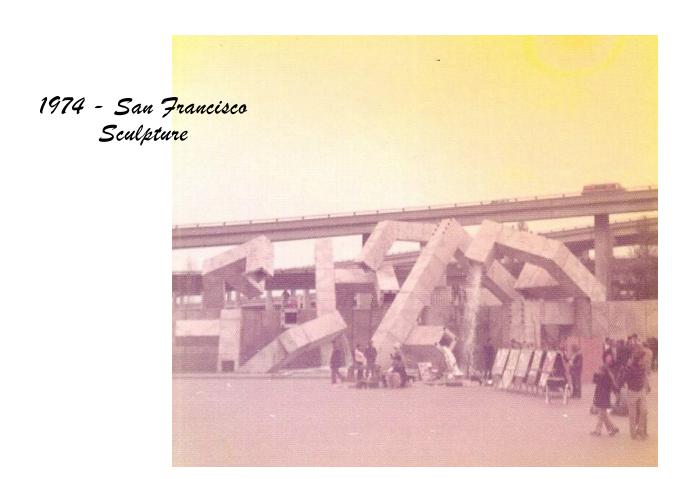
Road Trip to San Francisco, California



1974 Road trip to San Francisco Pacific Coast Highway

1974 - San Francisco Trolley Car







1974 San Francisco "The Human Jukebox"

This guy was funny! You put money in the slot, picked a tune and he would flip open the flap and play. Depending on how much money vou put in was how notes many he would play. A quarter only got you a few notes, but a dollar might bring a whole chorus.

1976

Road Trip to Seattle, Washington



June 1976 Road Trip to Seattle, Washington

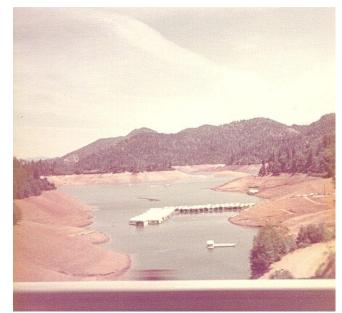


Some friends moved to Seattle, so we took a road trip drive up the California coast to visit with them. These faded pictures do not capture the beauty of the Pacific Coast Highway drive, which I've driven at least four or five times.









More of the California coast, Mount Shasta above, a lake to the left and the Golden Gate Bridge in the distance below.









Our friends showed us around Seattle, took us to the famous fish market and we actually took the "underground tour" of the original Seattle that the current city was built over. Needless to say it was a total disappointment and really nothing at all to see.



1978

Road Trip to Ensenada, Baja, Mexico 1978 Road Trip to Ensenada, Baja, Mexico



Friends at a ruin and me desert windblown

My friend, Paul, and his wife suggested we take a road trip to Baja, Mexico. We headed down from Los Angeles to San Diego. stopped briefly in Tijuana and then drove to Ensenada where we had a rented rustic cabin reservation. We drove around exploring the desert off the beaten track on roads that were more dirt than paved, and we ended up in a village seemingly in the middle of nowhere. The inhabitants were looking at us like we landed from outer space. I guess they didn't get many tourists wandering in. We bartered for baskets and handicrafts in Ensenada. I bought a cool handmade marionette puppet that I hung on the wall as decoration at home. We dined in a really nice restaurant with beautiful authentic Mexican decor.









1978 Me and friends at the rented cabin in Ensenada, Baja, Mexico

