

I enjoy traveling alone, but now that I'm getting up in years, I doubt if I'll be able to do it much longer. Heading out all by yourself without worrying about others, schedules or deadlines is the best way to go. It certainly has its advantages, as long as you can handle the physical requirements and challenges. When I was a very young guy in the Navy, going ashore with the gang was fine, but I always felt I was then forced to do what everyone else decided for me. I had enough of following orders aboard ship, and when on my own, preferred traveling alone. Not that I was such a goodie swabbie, but I never drank nor smoked. Everywhere the gang wanted to go, including restaurants and clubs, was full of choking smoke and sloshing drunks.



Most people think meeting girls is easier when there are two or more guys looking to hook up. That sometimes worked for me in the Navy, but not into the bar pick-up scene, it was much more effective to single out a girl without having to go through the booze routine.

I could expand my hunting territory to meet girls at movie theaters, restaurants, museums, sports events, USO dances and other crowd scenes. They were out of their teens, more fashionable, better educated, had good jobs and their own apartments.

That same rules apply to single women and men of all ages when they're seeking to meet new people. Group excursions are OK, but you're confined to whatever schedule the group must follow. I can remember taking a bus tour of Northern California coastlines. It was great, except we spent every day in the bus, every tired evening in some motel, then up every morning at 8 to board the bus for the same routine all over again.

When we travel alone or as couples, we're free to go anywhere for as long as we wanted. At age 75 and 65, we traveled throughout Europe on our own schedule or not for three weeks, with just a wheeled carry-on and knapsack. It was the best trip we ever had.

I met my wife at the swimming pool party for servicemen at the Y. Each of us went there alone. When we met, we both liked what we saw in swim suits. That was almost a half-century ago. Need I say more about traveling as a lone wolf?