



Moments in the USA

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Recollections
and images
from the past

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mlt.photography



So ... after a run of eleven years with a few "specials" in between, before and after, I start a new series of "photo-reflectives". Looking at landscape themes, genres, trips and places over the whole range of years that I've been taking photographs, but now re-visited with the benefit of new editing software that is able to restore grainy old photos - sometimes scans, sometimes 35mm slides - and brings them (hopefully) back to life.

The software I will be using is Adobe's Lightroom Classic and Photoshop as well as Topaz Photo AI and Gigapixel AI - the latter two incredibly allow you to "upscale" an image to enable printing at an A4 page size, and recover colours even in old JPEG images, rather than the RAW ones I'm now used to working with. This has been a "learning experience" as well, and the time spent on the computer has compensated for the lack of time taking photographs this year - a principal reason for the decision to change tack.

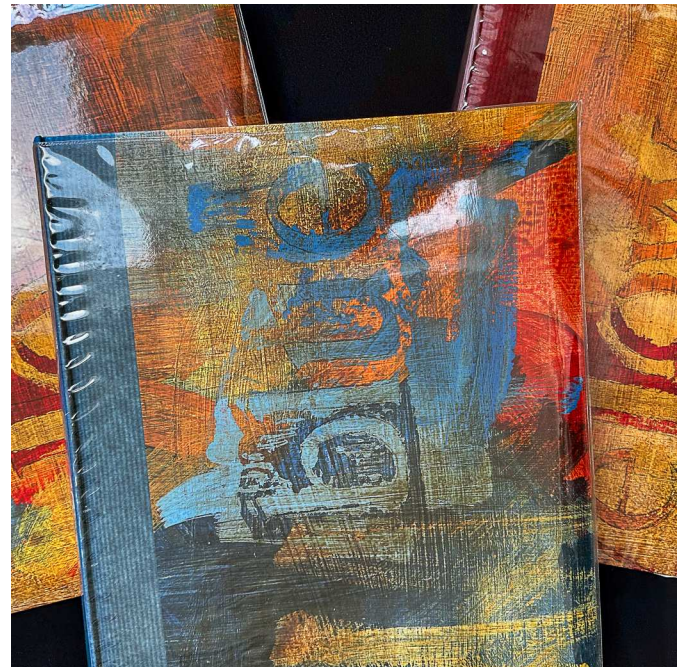
I'm not going to forget the annual photos however, and so will be printing a few of the "best of the year" images and sending them out to family and friends so that they can clip them in spring-backed binders or mount them in an A4 frame, if they so should wish. As ever, I will be publishing moments I like on the website, and writing about them and techniques on the blogs. The links to these I provide below ...

Moments like these - The Blog -
<https://moments-like-these.com>

Moments like these ... the best moments -
<https://mlt.photography>

Just thoughts > Photography -
<https://just-thoughts.com/category/photo/>

... but now - on with the show!

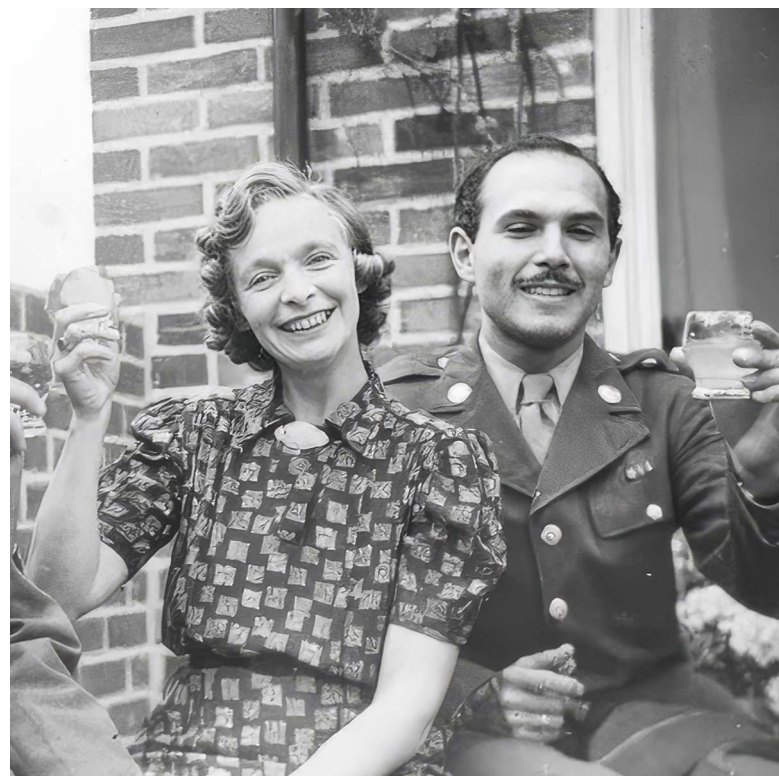


The Three photo books (old-skool) from USA 1999

USA 1968

It's Christmas 1968. I've returned from Aberystwyth to Cardiff in my green Minivan (AFO 59C) which I must have received earlier in October for my birthday. I'm preparing for the great adventure of going to the United States to stay with Leon Abrahams who had very kindly - as a means of repayment for all the hospitality he had received from my Nana and Grandad in Hampshire during the war - offered to pay for a full trip for me to visit New York. He had been stationed as an intelligence officer with the US Army in the New Forest prior to D-Day, and my grandparents had hosted some gatherings for him and his fellow GIs.

Earlier, for my 13th birthday, he had purchased a reel to reel tape recorder which had been well used all the way through my schooldays as a semi-mobile desktop as well as for recording music. He was a very kind benefactor in my early days.



Nana Harrison (Cordery) and Leon

My mother has ensured I've had my hair cut, I've been kitted out with an Astrakhan hat, and a new thick dark blue car coat (from Dunne's), and with my UCW scarf I was prepared for the East Coast winter.

I was to stay with Leon in his apartment on East 10th Street (off Broadway, in Downtown Manhattan). It was a very central location for a tourist visit, and I was determined to make the most of my stay there and include a trip to Washington DC as well.

These few pictures are a record of that trip. Not included are a records of concerts at Radio City and the Lincoln Centre, and then walking through Greenwich Village, Soho and Washington Square, Central Park and Riverside. In Washington I visited Arlington Cemetery, and searched for the US Geological Survey offices.

I also took in a trip to upstate New York to visit the Summer Camp that Leon (a solicitor/lawyer) owned, and experienced a solid nine hours of College American Football over the New Year holiday - Rose Bowl, Orange Bowl etc. I travelled to Washington on the Silver Meteor train and returned on a Greyhound bus - I sampled travel at its best ... even the New York metro!

The news came through at New Year that Granny McKay had died, so upon my return to Heathrow, Dad picked me up from my PanAm flight and drove us up to Dunblane for the funeral.

The quality of these images is about as poor as the hairstyle, and I didn't know much about taking photos it has to be said. I had a simple 35mm slide camera, so these - the best of the crop just show ... "I was there"!



Preparations for the cold.



Downtown Manhattan

It was cold, but I thought it a good idea to catch a ferry to Staten Island and thereby pass close to the Statute of Liberty. I vaguely remember walking around a part of Staten Island close to the ferry quay (Tompkinsville) and feeling it was a million miles away from downtown Manhattan. Very civilised and almost "small town" - but then again my memories might be wrong, it was 57 years ago!



On the Staten Island Ferry



Passing the Statute of Liberty

I did manage to get down to Washington DC as I've mentioned earlier and was welcomed by beautiful December sunshine. I was there for just two nights and did a lot of walking!

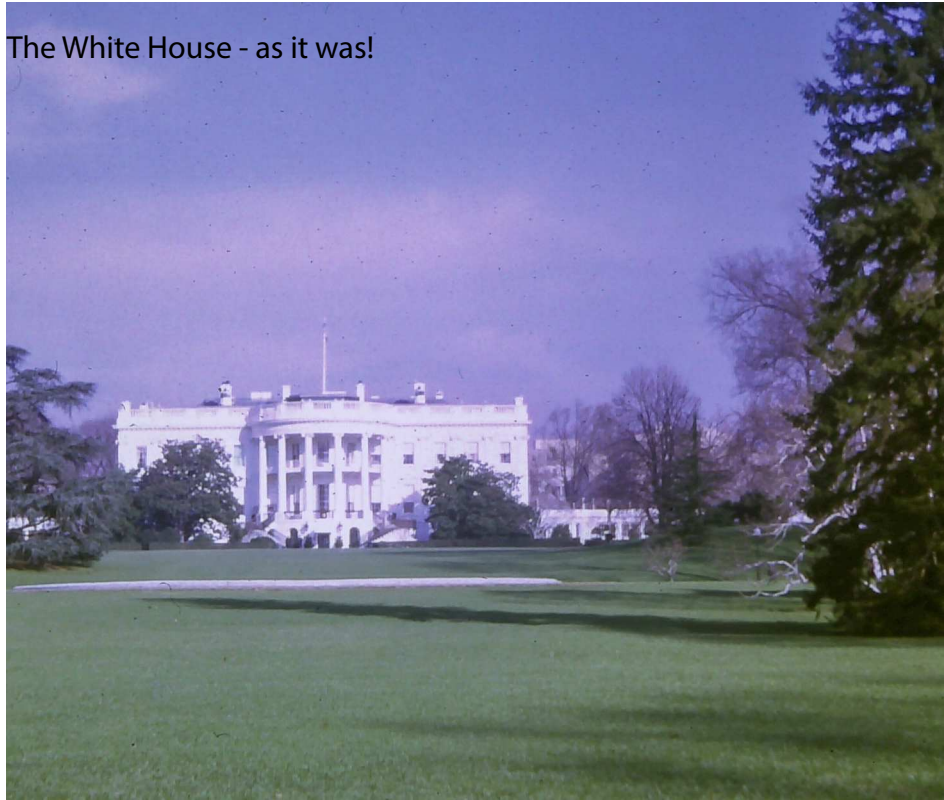


Manhattan skyline - 1968



Looking across the East River towards Long Island and the Chrysler Building from the Empire State Building.

The White House - as it was!



Congress



Another view of the Congress

USA 1999

“The Holiday of a Lifetime”

DeeJay decided he didn't want to join us on our Easter holiday trip to the South West US - Gail and Peter having already left home - so it was just Ruth who accompanied us in 1999 on this which was to be the first really big holiday we'd ever planned, or considered. We were to fly into San Francisco and after a few days there, we were going to embark on a road trip, using motels and low cost hotels that would take us to Yosemite, through the Sierra Nevada, then south to Death Valley and east to Las Vegas. Then through the Zion, Capitol Reef and Monument Valley National Parks to Los Angeles - Universal and Warner Bros Studios, Disneyland and Knotts Berry Farm - plus a quick visit to Huntington Beach.

I kept a diary for the whole trip and I think it makes a good read (I would say that wouldn't I) and so I'm making it available as a separate booklet. I've extracted small pieces from that to accompany the photo record, and added some additional comments where appropriate. Not all the photographs are in strict order of when they were taken - that's artistic licence.

So let's get going ...

We stayed at the Grant Plaza hotel in Chinatown for 4 nights, a very central tourist base for seeing historic San Francisco. We breakfasted quite a bit at Roxanne's and watched the world go by and the trams go up and down Powell outside.



Day 3 - Grant Plaza Hotel



Day 2 - View from Roxanne's



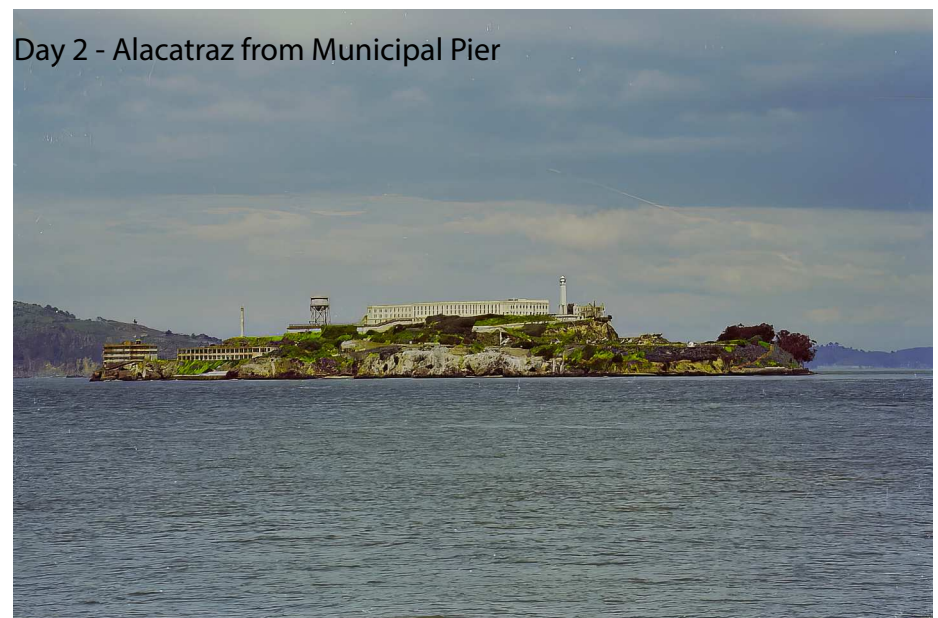
Getting our bearings

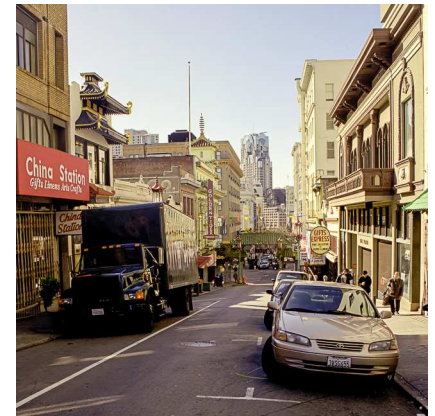
A walk down to the Municipal Pier, a first view of the seals at Fisherman's Wharf, views of Nob Hill, a glimpse of Alcatraz and an emersive experience in Chinatown. That was the itinerary for the start of our holiday as we gradually recovered from the long BA flight from London.

We purchased Muni passports that allowed us to travel on all the public transport during our stay in SF. That proved to be an essential purchase. We also booked a guided tour of the city at the hotel which we had been told was the only guaranteed way of getting a trip to Alcatraz. That tour took us round most of the tourist spots and gave us an indication of the places we might wish to re-visit later.



Day 2 - Waterfront - Ghiradelli Square: National Maritime Museum





Day 2 - Looking down Powell Street from tram

Day 3 - China Town



Day 2 - Jen & Ruth studying hard at the Ale Garden Cafe

The cafe experience here was unusual to say the least. The owner was presumably short-staffed because everyone that arrived and sat down was insulted to some degree or another. This didn't seem to put anyone off, so perhaps it was expected!

Can you see what social worker Jenny was reading?



Day 3 - Jen & Ruth at Twin Peaks towards Downtown and Bay

We took a taxi up to Twin Peaks to get a view over the whole of The Bay area. You can see the haze from the air pollution that hangs over the city. This was a location for hawking and street traders. On the way there and back we saw quite a bit of living on the street which was still relatively rare in the UK at that time.

The Golden Gate Bridge is “up there” as one of the most iconic structures in the world - along with the Tyne Bridge of course!

Then there things that are just plain daft - Lombard Street for instance; it doesn't really need to be a switchback - it does make a good photograph though.

Alcatraz was interesting and the tourist info presented was first class. The glimpse of the Japanese Tea Gardens on the tour tempted us to go back the next day in a taxi.





18 Day 3 - Seals at Pier 39; Fisherman's Wharf





Day 3 - Quay at Alcatraz Island

Day 4 - Lombard St from Telegraph Hill (Coit Tower)



These gardens were so peaceful and welcoming that we spent some time here before returning to Golden Gate Bridge park and the walk back to Grant Street via Coit Tower and Nob Hill.



Day 4 - Japanese Tea Gardens

By the end of the day we were quite exhausted.



Day 4 - Alamo Square

A quick stop requested of the taxi driver and a shot of "old" San Francisco housing, the really old ones they call "Queen Anne's".

Our last morning in SF. We got up early and packed the bags and went up to Roxanne's for breakfast for the last time to eat and watch the cable cars going up Powell. We were welcomed and sat at the same table for the third time.

Today the place was packed by 9.00am (it being a Sunday morning), so to get "our table" was something even Tina (the owner/waitress) commented on as being unusual. Ruth had Chocolate Chip Pancakes, Jen - Cornbeef Hash Special, me - sausage, bacon and fried potato. Really tasty and good value, as usual.

I then went on up the road about 50 yds to the Alamo garage - all so convenient. I had to wait quite a long time as they were really busy but soon I was looking at the car and trying to figure out how it worked. All reasonably obvious except the lack of a handbrake, and lights that didn't seem to want to go out.

A quick consultation with the staff alerted me to a footbrake (which acts as a handbrake) and the fact that the lights staying on was a safety feature - of course, I should have realised that.



Day 5 - Roxanne's with tram (Powell & Bush St)

Well today was to be the day I tackled the American road system and the drivers on it. From the position of observer I had drawn the conclusion that there was little logical about either. No one could tell me what four flashing red lights indicated. Although you were "supposed" to be able to turn right when a red light was showing, that didn't seem to be happening in SF and to cap it all, the pedestrian seemed to be "king/queen" as long as they crossed in designated places and did so on a green light (parallel with the traffic crossing). No panda crossings or pedestrian controlled crossings BUT plenty of traffic lights almost on every junction. Add to this a curious junction at which everyone has to stop, yet they seem to know whose turn it was to move into the box and you can see that my first unaccompanied trip was going to be a mega-adventure. Oh! Have I mentioned kerbing - no I haven't. That's a local regulation that is enforced to stop cars running away. You need to point your tyres in, towards the kerb when parked on a hill.

As with nearly everything in the US the number of regulations and statutory offences or fines seems huge. They do not seem to leave anything to common sense. Is this something to do with so many cultures in the city/state, or is it something to do with the perceived levels of intelligence of the inhabitants, by the authorities? Anyway this reinforces an observation that I had made about the nature of the American psyche. It goes like this - they refuse to take responsibility for the way you feel about something, or the way that you (or they) do something - once they've explained what they are prepared to do. Thus they warn you about being late for a bus (then they'll leave without you); they tell you where you can get information about food (but don't print it on the labels); they spell out health dangers to pregnant women and children (but carefully don't acknowledge any responsibility for the quality of the information). Curious.

Anyway we packed up and set off without too many problems and even the entry to the freeway and the Bay Bridge was negotiated without difficulty. We drove through strange foothills of the coastal range with houses clinging to the hillsides overlooking the eight/ten lane highway. The road direction signs are on the same model as French ones (you need to know where you're going) but are even harder to follow - road numbers are not that important it seems. We got lost once, which meant that we had to retrace our steps through Pleasanton and Livermore (home of the National Laboratory) and so saw "hometown America" for the first time - more of that later. We rejoined the freeway and drove on down to Modesto (the home of the Gallo vinery) where we decided a coffee break in McDonalds was necessary. [An Easter Sunday morning experience that is described in the road diary.]

The rest of the journey to Mariposa was pretty uneventful and we arrived at the Comfort Hotel (reserved by booking ahead from SF that morning) without any problems. The drive through the foothills of the Sierra was pleasant with the scenery changing around every corner of the road. Mariposa is small and was closed (was this just a Sunday occurrence?) but the room clean and comfortable. We decided to just eat simple (after our unfortunate Italian experience the night before) so I was dispatched to the Happy Burger to get sandwiches, fries and coffee. We were unable to finish the food - there being so much of it - but it was adequate and cheap. Then off to sleep with thoughts of the day ahead; we needed to make an early start to get through the reported improvements to a landslip affected road.

Upon our arrival at Yosemite NP, after a bit of a dash to get in before a planned road closure, we followed the advice of a Ranger and took a walk from the Centre to get good views of Yosemite Falls. This we did in a leisurely manner and with the sun shining brightly was a wonderful entrée to the Park.

On our return we had a sandwich from the café (a weird choices of fillings) and listened to the horror stories about the bears coming down and stealing food. We then set off around the park by way of a guided trail book which Ruth read out for us - telling us where to stop and what to see - she did the job admirably giving the whole experience more value to us.

It's fair to say that we saw Yosemite in ideal conditions; the highlights (for me) being El Capitan, Tunnel View and the Yosemite Falls.

We also saw a coyote who approached the parked cars, Jen thought it looked a bit sick - difficult to judge really since I don't know what one in the pink looks like - so she cautioned us all not to go near it, even if we had planned to!

Hopefully the photos will tell the story of Yosemite accurately, I was left with the impression that everything else we were to see would have to be remarkable to improve upon Yosemite.





Day 6 - Yosemite - Half Dome from The Meadows



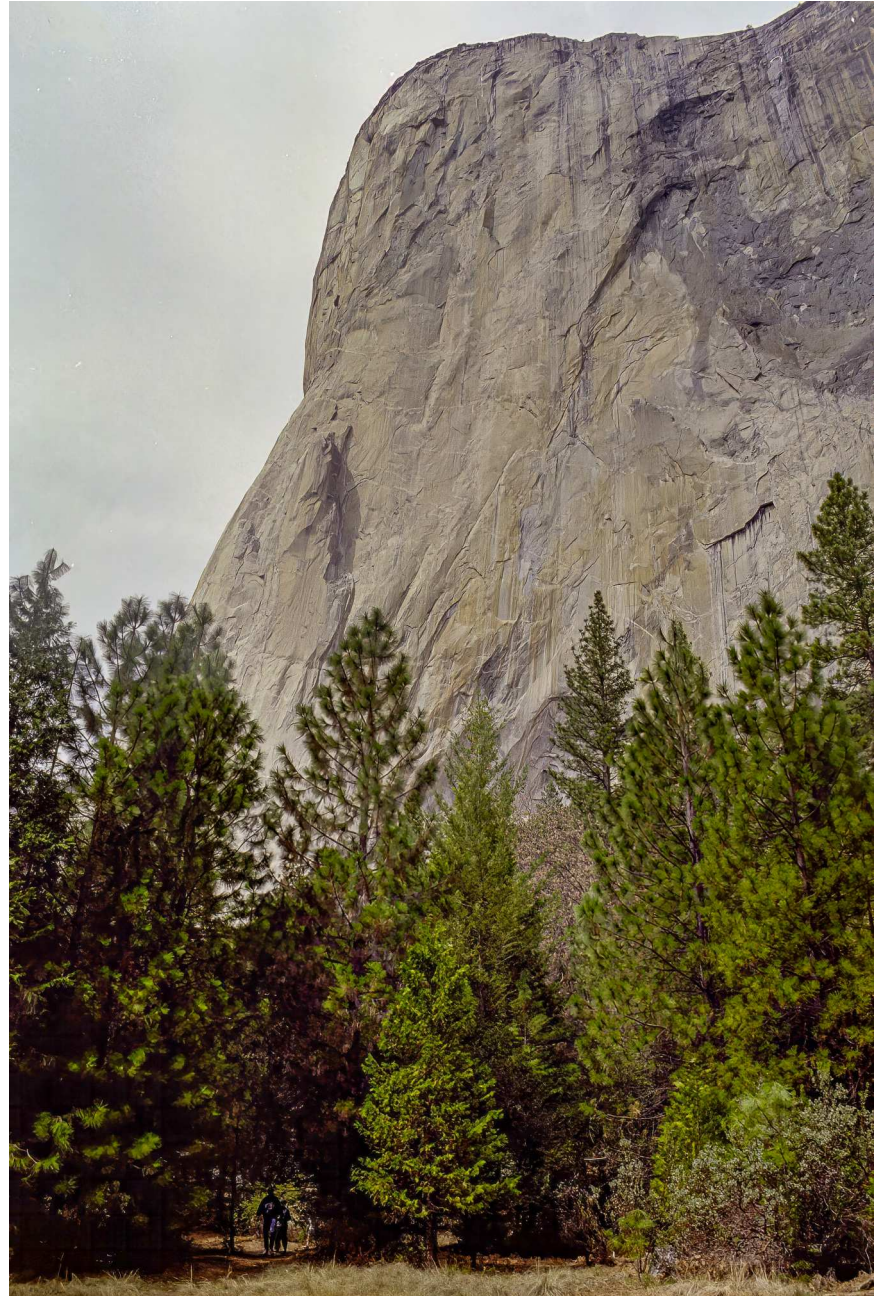
Day 6 - Yosemite Valley



Day 6. - Half Dome - Yosemite



Day 6 - Yosemite



Day 6 - El Capitan - Yosemite



Day 6 - Tunnel View - Yosemite

The journey across the Sierra was very easy; we encountered snow after a little while and it was piled up high in drifts and snowbanks in exposed places. From the west the mountains were not that impressive - not Alpine-like at all (this was Route 88 by the way) and the countryside was dominated by coniferous natural forest. A few stops for photo-opportunities, a few nervous creeps past "avalanche areas - do not stop" and we were on the other side.

Here the mountains were much more "frost damaged" but the trees had vanished. The vegetation was now scrub - something like sage bush. No grass anywhere. This was obviously a very dry area in the lee of the mountains. I knew about rainshadows from my geographic past but it was weird to see snow on the mountain tops, yet desert scrub on the low hills and plains. Rather like seeing the pingos from the air as we crossed over Canada, you know these things exist, but don't know quite what they will look like, or the scale of them, until you've experienced them yourself.

The rest of the drive that day was relatively uneventful apart from stops at Bodie and Mono Lake. Bodie is a ghost-town way up in the hills, preserved now in the condition it was when deserted finally in the 1920's. We walked around the houses and stores feeling bitterly cold in the biting wind, looking up at weird mushroom, or flying saucer shaped clouds. It was so cold that my camera froze - it doesn't seem to have been the same since. I think the temperature was about 18F, so a few degrees of frost, even in mid-afternoon!

Mono Lake was a phenomenon I had wanted to see. it's a chemical lake that had tufas, exposed by the drop in water-level caused by the export of water by aqueduct to Los Angeles. Originally I'd hoped to have been able to drive straight across the Sierra Nevada from Yosemite to Mono Lake, but then I realized that the road was closed by snow for up to nine months of the year! Stopping by a closed Visitor Centre, there was just time for me to run down to the water's edge, take a few photos and then run back. Interesting formations though.

Back in the car the rest of the drive that day was uneventful. The roads were wonderful - open panoramic views, relatively free from traffic and distant views of the Sierra Nevada, or mountain rivers, to keep one's interest. We stayed the night at Bishop, in a Vagabond Inn, and found to our dismay that a stop in Death Valley was not going to be possible - all booked up. So the next day we needed to set off early and drive straight through to Las Vegas. I had to re-jig my plans a bit to accommodate the change, the computer and the spreadsheets of the journey I had prepared coming in useful for this. We went out for a meal in the Whiskey Grill where I had a VERY rare steak, Jen salmon, and Ruth "something" with fries. Back to the motel for a reasonably early night and a very good night's sleep as we had the early start to make.



Day 7 - Bodie - a ghost town in the Sierra Nevada



Day 7 - Abandoned mine workings at Bodie



Day 7 - Tufa at Mono Lake



Day 7 - Tufa at Mono Lake

The light at this time of day was not the best for photographing Zabriskie Point - a shame - so we drove down the length of the Valley past Badwater (lowest point in the Western hemisphere at -282ft), stopping for a walk up Golden Canyon - wonderful folded and tilted rocks.



Day 8 - In Death Valley



Day 8 - Golden Canyon

As a retired geographer I was in my element - the rocks and the features were breathtaking - arroyos, alluvial fans, playas, and more. The vegetation here was greener than we had seen earlier the day before - obviously because we were going south and it was not summer in the Valley yet. On the other hand we were just a little too early for the flowers, which was unfortunate.

Las Vegas and Zion NP was next!!



Day 8 - From the Vagabond Inn looking towards Treasure Island, Las Vegas



Day 9 - the hourly show at Treasure Island



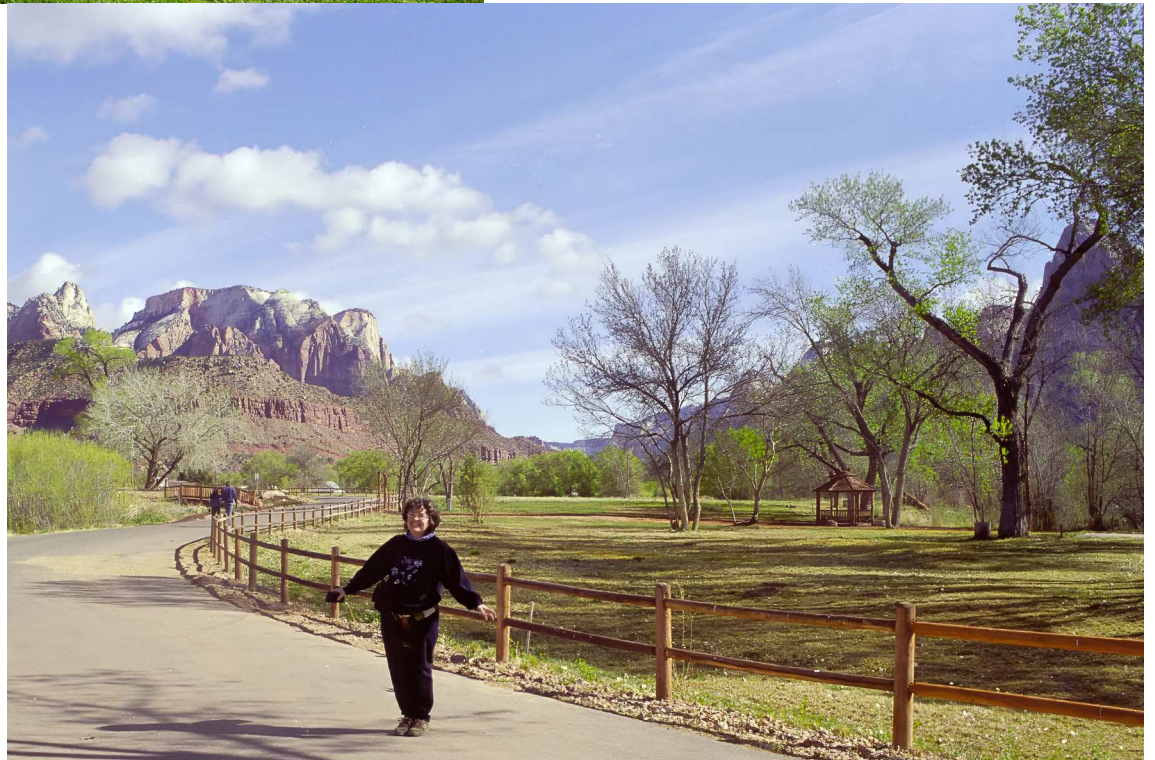
Day 9 - All too much for a country boy



Day 9 - New York New York



Day 10 - escape to Zion NP



Day 10 - a celebration of freedom!

Zion National Park after a night at the most luxurious motel we stayed at on the trip. The sky was closing in; the clouds were gathering; bad weather was on the way.



Day 11 - Riverside Walk in Zion NP

The walk up towards The Narrows, where only 80 passes per day are issued, as the risk from flash floods is so high. The sediment load increasing from about 30 truck fulls per day to 75,000. Not a place to dawdle.

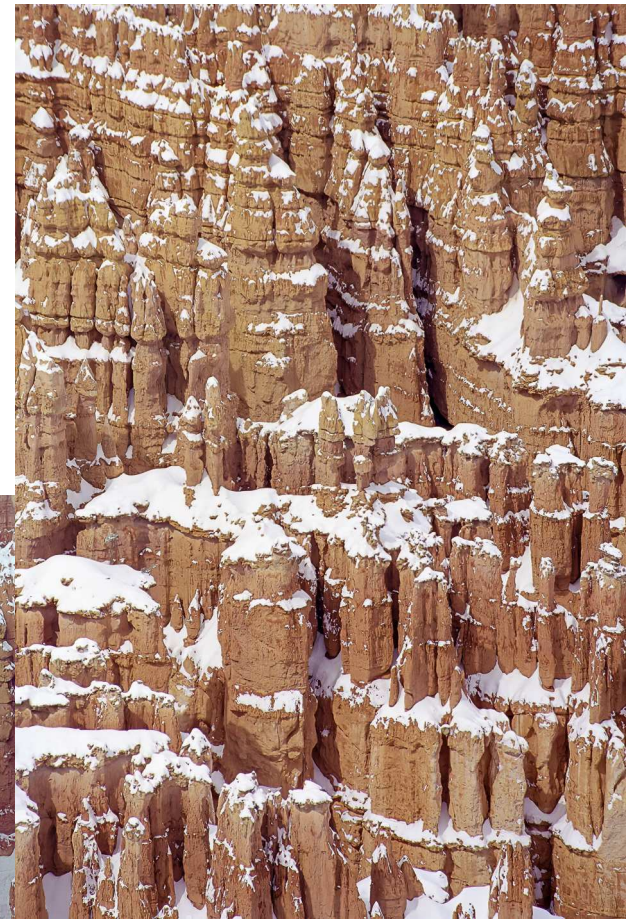


Day 12 - Bryce Canyon



Day 12 - Ruth looking out over Bryce Canyon

What an unexpected bonus. We lost a day through being snow bound at Ruby's Inn, but were able to see the beauty of Bryce Canyon in snow in all its splendour. We saw Paria View and Bryce Point in sunshine, but then snow flurries returned to limit the photo opportunities at Inspiration, Sunrise and Sunset Points. A real photographic highpoint however.



Day 12 - Hoodoos at Inspiration Point, Bryce Canyon



Day 12 - Bryce Canyon



Day 12 - Bryce Canyon



Day 13 - Kodachrome Basin



Day 13 - Kodachrome Basin



Day 13 - Chimney Rocks in Capitol Reef NP

Scenic Byway 12 is a lovely road and Jen took over much of the driving today as we skirted the Dixie National Forest and descended into Capitol Reef National Park. This was an unexpected pleasure. The scenery was on an altogether more manageable scale and we stopped at Chimney Rocks for a short hike up to a viewpoint. We saw large paw prints on the trail and I suggested they might be those of a mountain lion (well they might have been); but a large dog was probably more likely.



Day 13 - Capitol Reef NP



Now it is rather difficult to explain why Hanksville actually exists (like a lot of the places we had seen) - the descriptions in the Rough Guide of such places are usually very appropriate. For us the only purpose of this settlement was to pinpoint where the junction to Highway 95 started. This road was a mixture of long unchanging roads and vast scenery mixed with sudden surprising and quite exhilarating vistas, such as the one which opened up when we saw the top of Lake Powell at Hite for the first time.

Time unfortunately did not permit a diversion into the Natural Bridges National Monument as we had to press on to reach Mexican Hat. The road gradually became unchanging (even rather boring) and then a bit of a shock - a notice informing us that the metalled surface was to end shortly and we were going to have to go over a rough road - what was ahead of us? The truth was a sheer cliff that we had to descend by way of what the Americans call a "switchback".

This perilous descent had Jen almost screaming at me to brake as we wound our way down the Moqui Dugway to its base. I think we were all so relieved to have survived a journey as near to a theme park ride as you can get, that we missed the turning to Goosenecks (more of which later), and with the calls of nature becoming ever more pressing, went straight past the Mexican Hat rock formation that gave the town its name and on to the San Juan Inn and Trading Post where we were to spend the night.

I returned as sunset approached to take this photograph of Mexican Hat.





Day 13 - Lake Powell at Hite



Day 13 - Lake Powell

Day 13 - Painted Rocks, Navajo Sandstones







We decided to retrace our steps to see the Goosenecks - they were an eye-opener; the photo hopefully speaks volumes but suffice to say I'm glad we made the detour and I know Jen was equally impressed.

Everything is on a different scale - for instance the rivers seem to be always carrying silt in suspension, and where such extremes of climate are being experienced it doesn't seem realistic to suppose the same processes are at work in our temperate climate, as they are in this classic US Geol Survey, Leopold, Wolman and Miller country.



Day 14 - into Monument Valley



Day 14 - Buttes and tumblegrass





Day 14 - Foreground focus



Day 14 - Monument Valley





Day 14 - These buttes are not for climbing





Day 14 - Monument Valley panorama





At Desert View we had our first sight of the Grand Canyon. Jen and Ruth climbed a tower and reported back that the views from the top were superb. I was upset to see that we had arrived at this end of the Canyon and we were looking towards the sun - thus spoiling photos; this plus the haze (possibly smog from coal-powered power stations north of Los Angeles which afflicts the Canyon) spoils the first view for me. Still a few photos were taken but it was impossible to illustrate the depth of the canyon even at its top end!

It then seemed sensible to drive west as fast as we could, drop the car at the motel and then go to a viewpoint to get the sunset. This we did, dropping our bags in the Maswik Lodge and making for Hopi Point as quickly as possible by way of a shuttle bus that runs frequently over roads that cars are prohibited to travel on.

We got there just in time, a couple of shots looking east and then disaster. Brrrr went the camera - end of film. "You have got another film, haven't you" from Jen; "Of course"; "Oh no! It's a 'used' one." They didn't believe me, but it was true, my system of taking spent films out of the camera case, had broken down. I was left to watch the sunset without the need to "worry" about taking photographs, a spectacular sight.



Day 15 - Grand Canyon



Day 15 - Grand Canyon

Although I'd set the alarm to what I thought was the correct time, I was glad to have woken early finding it lighter outside than I thought it ought to be. Hurriedly getting dressed, I jumped in the car and set off for Mather Point, already identified from my research, as being the prime spot for sunrises. The frost was thick on the windscreen and I was glad to have the woolen hat bought at Ruby's Inn to wear. Not sure of how to get where I needed to be, I was glad to find that it was not far, and that there were parking spaces. Needless to say, I was not alone and there were a whole crowd of folk - most with cameras (and tripods) all to see the sun rise over the Grand Canyon. The event was memorable - I hope my photos go some way to doing the view justice. I had been using filters quite a bit for the past couple of days to get accentuation of colours, but for this morning I tried a number of plain and filter shots. We'll just have to see how they turn out.

The journey to LA on Route 66, stopping at Kingman for the night was largely uneventful - more large trucks, a lot of massive trains and a McDonalds stop being the only diversions. Into LA and the motel was found without many problems. Then disaster struck - they denied having a reservation for us. What followed was a period of annoyance and disappointment as the frontdesk receptionist refused to take any responsibility for what was happening and furthermore was extremely unhelpful in finding us any alternative accommodation. Luckily the Vagabond at Costa Mesa had vacancies and we headed for it.

In the end, the location of this motel was an improvement on the one we had originally intended to stay at, being further away from Disneyland and more central for other trips we did.

The next couple of days saw us visit Universal Studios, Knotts Berry Farm, Huntington Beach and of course Disneyland. On our last day we ventured into LA itself and visited Warner Bros studios and looked at the Walk of Fame outside Mann's Chinese Theatre where Sean Connery had only just recently left his imprints.

So "the holiday of a lifetime" was over; the weary travellers had experienced (and one had enjoyed) the geomorphological field trip. Ruth was to be frequently heard saying "not more rocks, dad?". We returned the car undamaged, we collapsed in the departure lounge and waited for our trip back to London and the coach back to Cardiff.

We'll never know quite why DeeJay opted not to come with us. I expect he enjoyed being "home alone!" though.



USA 2001

In the early “noughties” my career had taken a couple of different directions, becoming Chair of UCISA and also CEO of Welsh Networking Limited - the collaborative organisation created to provide wide area networking services to HE and FE institutions across Wales, and onward connection to JANET and the internet. I later took on a role with JISC in the couple of years before I retired.

I only mention this because it explains why I was able to travel three more times to the States, twice in 2001 and once in 2007, to major conferences - Educause; and study tours sponsored by Cisco Networks. Jenny was able to come with me on one of those occasions, to Seattle in 2007 - but that’s jumping ahead of myself.

In early spring, I was fortunate to be invited along with a number of my fellow IT Directors to visit the States to experience what advances in computer assisted learning were going on at New York University and Stanford University in California. There was time for a little sight-seeing - around Greenwich Village and Columbia University Library - as well as some social events - a traditional Italian Sunday lunch in Chelsea, and a reception in the Nasdaq in Times Square.

For me however a real high point of the trip was being able to take some photos from the plane as it flew at lower altitudes across the States than normal international flights. With a bit of enhancement from Topaz I’m well pleased at the outcome.



Grand Central Station & the Hyatt Hotel



Inside the Nasdaq

Grand Central Station is like a cathedral for the long-forgotten age of American steam trains. The booking hall is massive, lit by chandeliers and adorned with marble floors and pillars.

The Hyatt Hotels in both New York and San Francisco were a step beyond what I'd experienced up to that date.

I won't say more, but there are some images of both "in another place".



Library of Columbia University, NY



Canyonlands



Sierra Nevada



Looking down on Mono Lake



Stanford was magical, the campus quite British in some respects but with Mediterranean vegetation, and as I recall we were shown some new technologies there - maybe even from Apple.

Stanford University



Chowder for lunch

I didn't return to the UK with the rest of the party. I took some leave and chose to stay on in San Francisco. I met up with my cousin's daughter, Catherine - who we knew well from her days studying and working in South Wales. We had a lovely day together; she took me up the Californian coast for Seafood chowder which was really good.



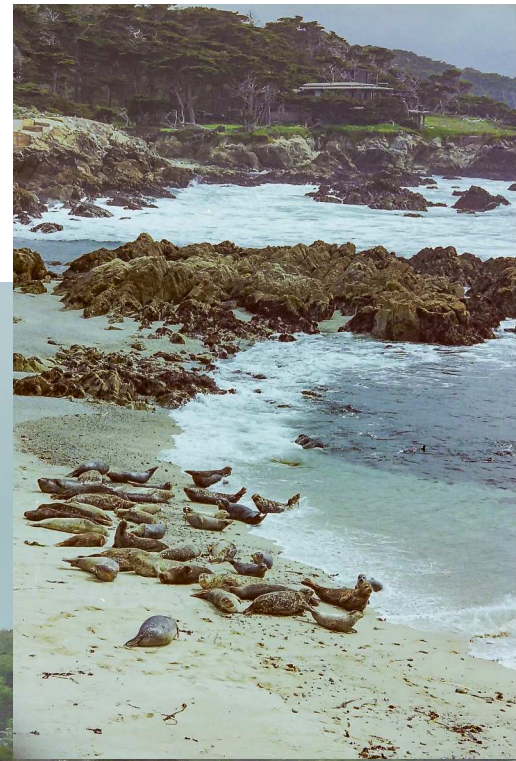
Catherine, Sonoma Coast (?)



On our earlier trip to California we had gone inland and through the Sierra Nevada; I had always hoped to have the opportunity to drive down Route 1 to Los Angeles and along Big Sur - the classic coastal drive which hangs to the side of cliffs crumbling down into the Pacific.

The next set of shots document that drive. Unfortunately the weather was not to help me as it was gloomy and dull, often with a sea fret coming in. I did manage to see the Giant Dipper at Santa Cruz - it wasn't running, and stop in Monterey (Fisherman's Wharf and classic "colonial" buildings) and Carmel-by-the-Sea. [I think I saw Clint Eastwood's house where he was later to become mayor.] I also saw, but did not visit Hearst Castle.

On Big Sur drive - south of Monterey





An engineering challenge on Route 1



Not the easiest dwelling to get to!



The road south from Monterey



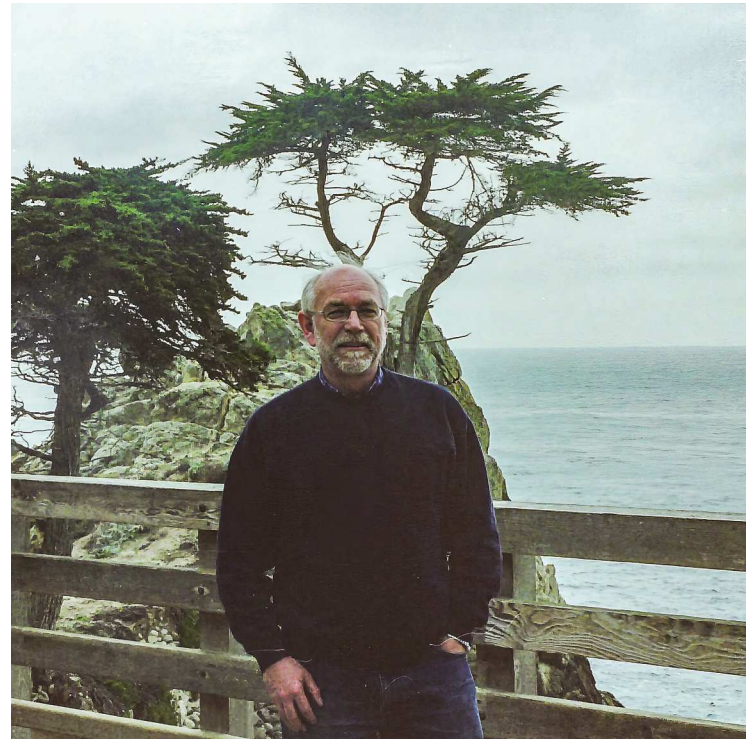
Looking south down Big Sur



Big Sur, California



The Lone Cypress, Pebble Beach, Carmel Bay



Beside the Lone Cypress

The poor visibility at "The Lone Cypress" led me for this book to consider some software enhancements - I leave you to judge whether it was worth it, or not.



Monterey Cypress, Pebble Beach, Carmel Bay



Challenging light!



"Creative" takes over!!



Spilling into the sea



The second trip in 2001 took me to Indianapolis for Educause, a gathering of educationalists and computer folk from across the world. A hugely enlightening and enjoyable experience.





USA 2007

Educause 2007 was in Seattle and Jenny came with me. We did limited sight-seeing together but did get to the Space Needle and had great fun at the Museum of Pop Culture which honours Jimi Hendrix of course. We went to the original Starbucks beside the Pike Street Market where we ran into an acquaintance (Tammi) from a trip we had done to Scotland a couple of years previously (we knew she sold her silk scarfs there). This was to provide the opportunity for Jenny to travel to Vashon Island to visit her and learn about her canoe-based travel around the island.

She also visited the Seattle Public Library which was a visual show-stopper both inside and out with lots of technology being showcased, including a real-time display of Dewey references of books being taken out projected around the room

We visited the Boeing facility which is based at Seattle for a conference dinner.

We also visited Lumen Field, the home of the Seahawks where I was extremely fortunate to get the shot of Mr & Mrs Seahawk - a couple, with their friends, who were featured a great deal when the Seahawks got to the Superbowl in 2013.



The original Starbucks



Tammi with Jen, Pike Place Market, Seattle



Seattle skyline from the Space Needle



Mr & Mrs Seahawk and "family"



Puget Sound, Seattle



Tammi on Vashon Island



Jenny, Tammi & friend - Vashon Island



Seattle from the Puget Sound Ferry

And that's it, the first of a new series of books. I have the next one - New Zealand - in mind and will start some planning and preparation soon. I hope you've enjoyed it. I've enjoyed making it and re-visiting places and replenishing memories. I'd appreciate your feedback.



Designed using Adobe Photoshop Lightroom

