

It was interesting to me how many Morocco folks were curious about a women traveling alone. Here is just one insert on that subject from a hotel manager in Tanjier.

When I arrived, a young man, who obviously wanted to be my guide, approached me, and I told him politely that I wanted to be on my own. Meanwhile, some folks from the ship came in, and I spoke to some of them regarding their RV caravan trip.

Then, I walked back out to get a taxi and was confronted again by the same young man. Finally, I told him, a la Greta Garbo, "I want to be alone." He said something that sounded as if it could be a swear word, but whatever it was, he got the message and left me alone.

Most Moroccans guess I'm German, which is one-half correct, but I'm an American, and that gets some surprised looks.

I got into a conversation earlier with the manager about my traveling alone. It is unusual, as most people my age sit at home and are looked after by their children.

"I see my mother every day, and if I'm out of town, I call her six or seven times a day to see if there's anything she needs or if everything is okay. My three other

brothers do the same."

"What do you think about me with my travels?"

"I think you're running away from something, or you are just a very strange person."

"I just like to travel, and I am an adventurous person," was my reply. I added, "I like to see how other people live in other countries."

The manager gave me a blank look.