get very close to the Eiffel Tower to realize how large it really is. From a distance, the proportions of its base to its tower seem to hide its true size. There were also new museums for us: the Jewish Museum, the Picasso Museum, and the Victor Hugo Museum. It would seem that the French Catholic Church expelled the Jews, invited them back, expelled them and invited them back a second time. Those who came back the second time did not bother “francophiling” their names. So, the holocaust wall there presents a list of French Jews with eastern European names. The Picasso Museum was excellent! The stages of Picasso’s life and his art proceeded room-by-room, with short multi-lingual synopses in each room. The Victor Hugo Museum was located in the family home on the lovely Place des Vosges---still maintaining its 17th century façade on all four sides of a square facing a pleasant park and garden. It would seem that the Hunchback of Notre Dame was just Notre Dame for a long time and was good theater almost from the day of its publication. The stars playing Quasimodo were a who’s-who of Paris theatre. (Of course, there was also Charles Laughton who wasn’t half bad, either.)

We also “discovered” a delightful family run restaurant: Le Rouge Gif. The husband was the maitre d’ and his wife was hostess; they both share in the cooking. If in Paris, add it to your list of places to eat in Paris.

On the other hand, we visited Versailles for the first time and were turned off by the opulence. It would seem that we are too liberal to tolerate all of those excesses, expenditure of people and resources, for the sake of two people. At least it has now become a glorious people-place.

From there we went on to Giverny and stayed at a delightful B&B, La Reserve, north of town. A retired farm couple has built a recreation of a traditional country farmhouse/inn for the joy of it. As part of the character, they installed windows and doors acquired from a castle that was dismantled. On the other hand, they had a country kitchen that rivaled Monet’s for charm, but with many modern appliances tucked in along the walls, including a giant electric bread slicer to match their traditional gigantic French loaves.

After many delightful hours at Monet’s Garden and the American Museum in Giverny, we went wandering the nearby countryside—really gorgeous! We ended up at a restaurant in a restored wheat mill with running waterwheel. Then, thanks to our portable navigator, we made it back to the B&B in the dark on country roads at level D with three numbers! In honor of that success, we named this navigator Marie Lorraine, after our delightful