

I had heard there was an evening cruise, with dinner on board, and the buildings were specially illuminated for the benefit of the cruisers. We scheduled ourselves for the eight o'clock departure.

In view of our preferred parking place in front of the hotel we decided to take a cab to the river. When we arrived we discovered that dinner reservations must be made at least twelve hours in advance. We found there was a 21:00 departure without dinner. Since it was only 19:30 we had time to get a bite to eat.

A short walk to the corner from the hotel revealed no restaurants in sight. Realizing you cannot eat dinner in a restaurant in Paris in less than three hours, we took a taxi to le Drug Store.

There we found a table and were able to get a couple hamburgers which were not bad. However, our waiter apparently lost the *addition* (the check) somewhere between our table and the kitchen. When we finally got up and started to walk out we got a little action, but I had to practically rewrite the check by telling him what we had as well as the price of each item.

Our next adventure was the taxi ride to the Bateaux Mouches. We hailed a cab which made a U turn on the Champs Elysees and then seemed to be taking the long way around to Pont de L'Alma. With my limited knowledge of the one-way streets in Paris, I had some doubts about telling a Parisian taxi driver how to get where we wanted to go.

When we wound up on the wrong side of the river I had to, at least, tell him how to get back on the right side. Then he proceeded to a riverside restaurant rather than the Bateaux Mouches.

As we pulled away from there we came within six inches of a head on collision. Dad was about ready to get out and walk. I then asked the cabbie how long he had been driving a taxi in Paris. He apologized and said he was a farmer and this was his second day on the job! I would have preferred to be behind the wheel, but I directed his every turn until we pulled up at the Bateaux Mouches.

We arrived in time to catch the 21:00 boat and cruised up the river past the Isle de La Cite, the Isle St. Louis, then turned around and returned on the other side of the two

Isles. Our downstream cruise took us past the Eiffel Tower and the Pont de Grenelle where a miniature replica of the Statue of Liberty is located. We returned to dock at 22:30 and had a reasonable cab ride back to our hotel.

Wednesday the 26th of August turned out to be a most beautiful and sunshiny day with the temperature around 70°F. We took breakfast in the hotel dining room just off the lobby.

Before checking out we inquired to see if the Holiday Inn, in Diegem, had forwarded our laundry as requested. No, it was nowhere to be found. Otherwise we had a comfortable stay at the Hotel Troyon.

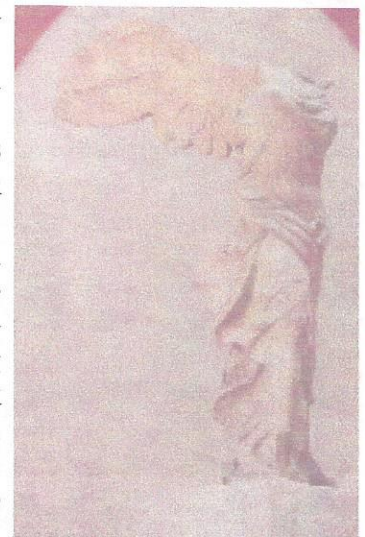
The Louvre

The Louvre opens at 10:00 on Wednesday, so we conquered the red tape involved in cashing a couple Traveler's Checks at the Bank du Commerce and drove to the Louvre.

I made a couple circles around the Place du Carrousel in a vain attempt to park. There seemed to be a restricted parking area right in front of the entrance to the Louvre. I pulled up and confronted the guard in front of the gate, in English. He asked, in French, what our business was. I replied, "we want to visit the Louvre." He waved us in, and again, we parked within a hundred feet of the main entrance.

Dad wanted to see one of his old girl friends, Venus de Milo. We encountered quite a bit of sculpture as we traversed long halls until we found her. Fortunately there were cushioned benches here and there where Dad could rest while I tried to get some photos of the well known pieces.

Flash bulbs are not permitted in the Louvre so photos were a combination of using a tripod, figuring out a time exposure and hoping someone didn't walk in front of the camera when I snapped the shutter. Venus de Milo and Winged Victory were not



Winged Victory