

B29 HONFLEUR: A FADED BEAUTY

PROJECT: EUROPE 2011

SUBJECT: B29 HONFLEUR: A FADED BEAUTY SCRIPT

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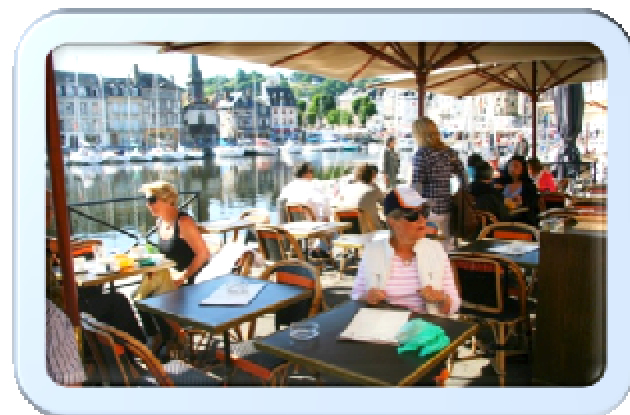


It was a beautiful day to drive along the coast road as we passed through resort towns with such famous names as Deauville and Trouville. We stopped for the night at the small fishing port city of Honfleur, just across the bay from the shipping port city of Le Havre.



Honfleur is not the typical cutsey-poo resort town. It has an active harbor where fishing boats are tied up next to luxurious yachts and when they sail to sea they pass this ornate and active merry-go-round on the jetty. The surrounding buildings have the look of harboring serious small businesses and not just junky souvenir shops although there are many of those too.

You would never starve in Honfleur (unless you run out of Euros) because the harbor is lined with side-by-side restaurants all serving just about the same thing.





Daughter Lisa, in an after-midnight effort, managed to secure a room in the Hotel La Diligence, a three star hotel that should be re-evaluated. Its decorating style mimicked early bordello and the blanket had an image of a dolphin performing at Sea World. Finally it just didn't seem as clean as others of that rating.

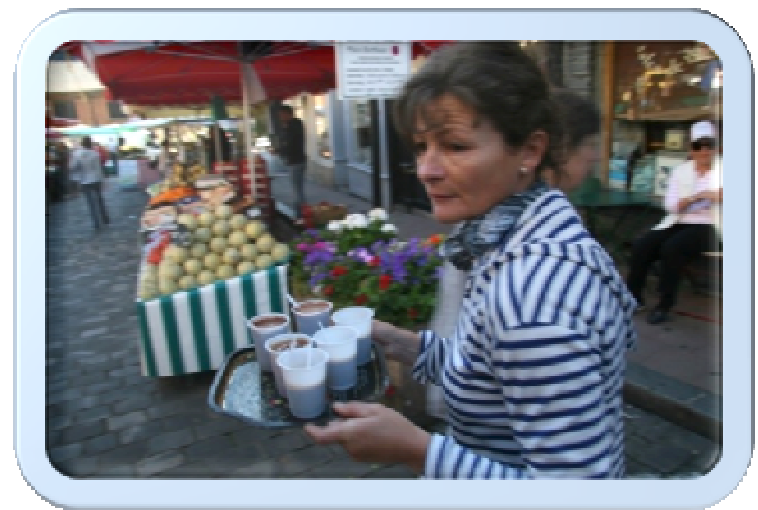


Before leaving for Le Havre we made it a point to visit their Saturday farmer's market in the plaza in front of Saint Catherine's church. In an effort to replicate our Saturday mornings at the Calabasas farmer's market, we purchased items for breakfast.

We liberated a table and chairs from a shop not yet open and enjoyed our croissants and ham slices at curbside.



Really thin hot coffee was delivered in even thinner plastic cups. Never did figure out how to pick them up without burning our fingers.



Louise especially enjoyed watching the seller/buyer relationships being formed at the stalls while we ate.





The MG was a big hit with camera toting tourists who couldn't resist it. Neither could an organ grinder who set up shop just off the grille. His face was immobile...like none of us was there...but he knew how to work the angles.

Instead of using a monkey, he had a tiny puppy in a box at his feet. He also used psychology. As coins dropped into his cup he'd deftly scoop them into his pocket. Tourists, feeling sorry for him, kept pitching coins into the empty cup and into the pocket they'd go.



It worked on me too. Capping my camera after taking this picture, I dropped a coin in the cup. He looked at me, cracked a slight smile and almost gave me a wink. We're off to Le Havre for the ferry to Great Britain. Louise and Ray