

OFF DUTY



SITES AND SIGHTINGS

DESIGN • DECORATING • ADVENTURE • TRAVEL • GEAR • GADGETS
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THE BOOK
French Tips
 You know that one-table restaurant in Paris? Not? Nor the shop that will copy your favorite shoes? Aho! Despair not, outsider. "My Little Paris," the City of Light's answer to New York-based style newsletter *Daily Candy* has compiled its best finds into a slim illustrated volume, now available in English. In between mentions of Benihana-like restaurants and eyebrow threading spots (both apparently new in France) are addresses to cherish. Available in mid-September, \$20

THE GADGET
Packable Perfume

Favorite fragrances no longer have to languish at home while you roam the globe. The *Trevolo*, a lipstick-size, aluminum-clad atomizer, can be filled from a spray bottle, no pouring—nor the attendant spilling—involved. Pop it onto the nozzle of a perfume container, pump several times and hit the road or runway. Holds more than 65 sprays. \$16, available in six colors, us.trevolo.com



THE DIGS
Ship Escape

It's not the result of a major navigational snafu—it's art you can sleep in. A Room for London, a one-bedroom art installation designed by David Kohn Architects and artist Fiona Banner, will be perched on the roof of Queen Elizabeth Hall for the immense London 2012 Festival, and can soon be booked for one-night stays. The "ship" offers panoramic views of the city, in addition to the chance to sleep in a (temporary) landmark. Commissioned by Living Architecture and Artangel, it will also host artists, writers and cultural commentators who will hang out in the mini-hotel to contemplate the city. Bookings for 2012 open up Sept. 8. From about \$200, living-architecture.co.uk

—Sara Clemence

ADVENTURE & TRAVEL

NOVELIST ELEANOR HENDERSON ON TAKING HER FATHER BACK TO HIS GEORGIA HOMETOWN

Calling Up Ghosts on the Ten-Mile Straight

earned me to be a nearly 80-year-old man. I don't stretch on my 60-year-old collapsing drag him M.C., back to Georgia, Ga., second copies on been away years? ing to write a Georgia in ping to need h eyes, and our guide—tually lived Depression.

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Fitzgerald. It was the Fourth of July, but still cool enough to wear a sweater, and we seemed to be the only car on the quiet, pine-lined highway. We passed the occasional church, barn, farm. An old country store that had long ago been shuttered. All my life, my dad's stories of his childhood took place on the Ten-Mile Straight, the road that led west out of Fitzgerald to the 800 acres that his family farmed as sharecroppers, and to the crossroads grocery store that his parents ran. When I noticed that the GPS said eight miles to Fitzgerald, I turned the car around.

Sure enough, the store we'd passed had been his parents'. We poked out front and walked across the gravel to the tiny white building with bars over the windows. "It's so small" he said. "It used to seem so big."

Kot half a mile down the road, we came to the charred rubble of his first house. It was nothing more than a pile of concrete and plaster. The

too, three miles east of Fitzgerald and just yards away from the curve in the road where my father, with a new driver's license and no seat-belt, took a turn too hard and flew through the windshield of his father's Chevy Coupe.

"You OK?" I kept asking him, and each time he assured me he was fine.

As for Fitzgerald itself (pop. 9,000), it was a lovely, not-quite-pitiable ghost town. Crepe myrtles blossomed primly along the brick-paved Main Street, where every other store front was empty. Most of the cars were in the Wal-Mart parking lot. In the '90s this newspaper dubbed Fitzgerald "the Recruiting Colossus From Nowhere," for its industrial magnetism, but the downtown seemed a frozen postcard. The sepia-colored Depression felt right there under the surface, just a layer or two deep.

After lunch, we drove to see family in Albany, and by that time, I realized that he really was OK. Whatever cramp had seized his heart had passed. He was animated, telling my cousins about all we'd discovered that morning on the Ten-Mile Straight, how at the farm he'd gotten down on one knee to take a picture, so he could see it at the height he was at 5. Three quarters of a century ago, he'd ridden over that spot in a mule-drawn cart, and now he was sooting it through the lens of a digital Nikon.

"It wasn't worth the trouble," he joked—standing up from that position was hard on his old hips. But I knew the trip had been worth the trouble, every mile, and I knew he knew it, too.

Ms. Henderson, an assistant professor of writing at Thaca College, is the author of "Two Thousand Saints."



Illustration by Mike Stankovic for The Wall Street Journal

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New on the Travel Scene



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