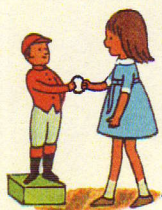
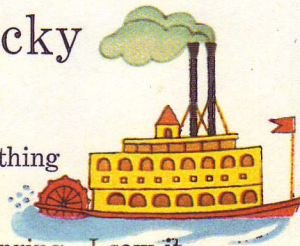


# Betsy McCall Writes from Kentucky



Dear Linda:

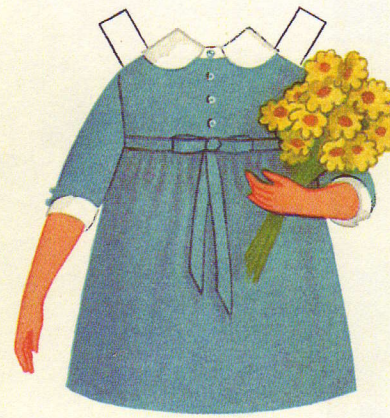
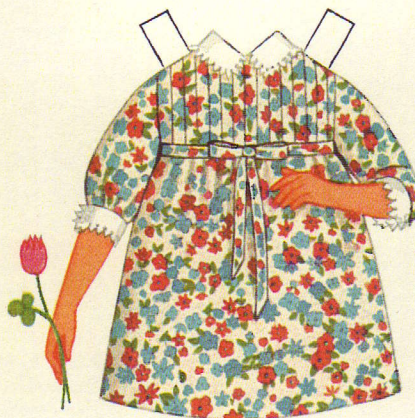
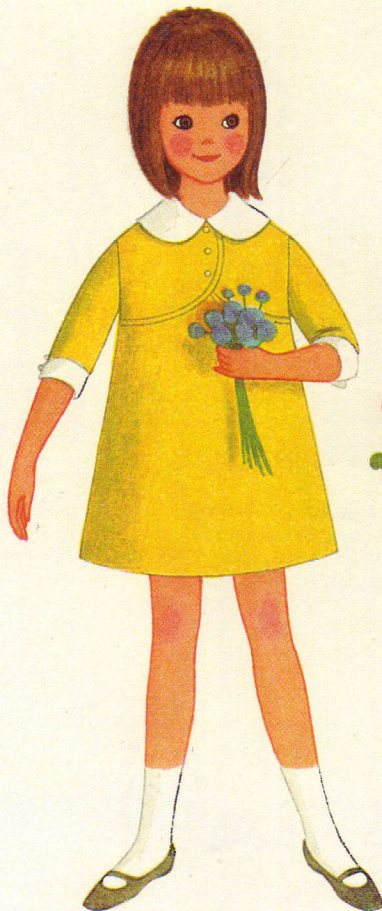
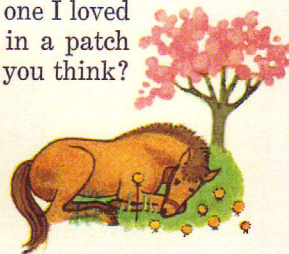
Daddy says our long school holiday is the best thing that ever happened to him, because that's why we're here in Kentucky. They call it the Bluegrass State, and the grass is really blue in the spring. I saw it. There are horses, horses, horses all around here. You would love it. Daddy took me to the Kentucky Derby, which is a terribly exciting horse race, and Mommy took the twins to visit a lady in Louisville who used to go to school with her. They have a Derby festival here, and we saw a race between two steamboats, and gorgeous fireworks on the river. Bet you don't know what batty cakes are! They are thin, lacy pancakes, and I had loads of them for breakfast. The twins have been good as gold. All of us drove to Calumet Farm, which is a famous farm where they raise horses. It's like something in a movie—all white and red. Low white



buildings, trimmed with red around the doors and windows. White fences with red gates. Old-fashioned hitching posts, made like jockeys with red shirts. Everything was so clean and bright, especially the horses. Brown, black, white, shiny as satin, and they came right up to the fence, so I patted their noses. The colts are the dearest things, with long, thin, clumsy legs. They snuggle close to their mothers or chase across the fields, tails flying. The one I loved the most was a chestnut colt, fast asleep in a patch of dandelions. What was he dreaming, do you think?

Love,

Betsy



Betsy and her mother love these pretty dresses. You see, they need *no ironing*

All are of Dacron and cotton. One has a jacket; the others are empire dresses