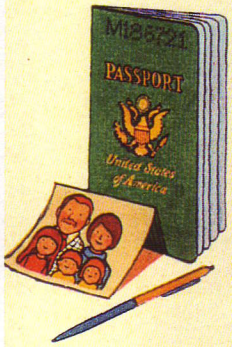
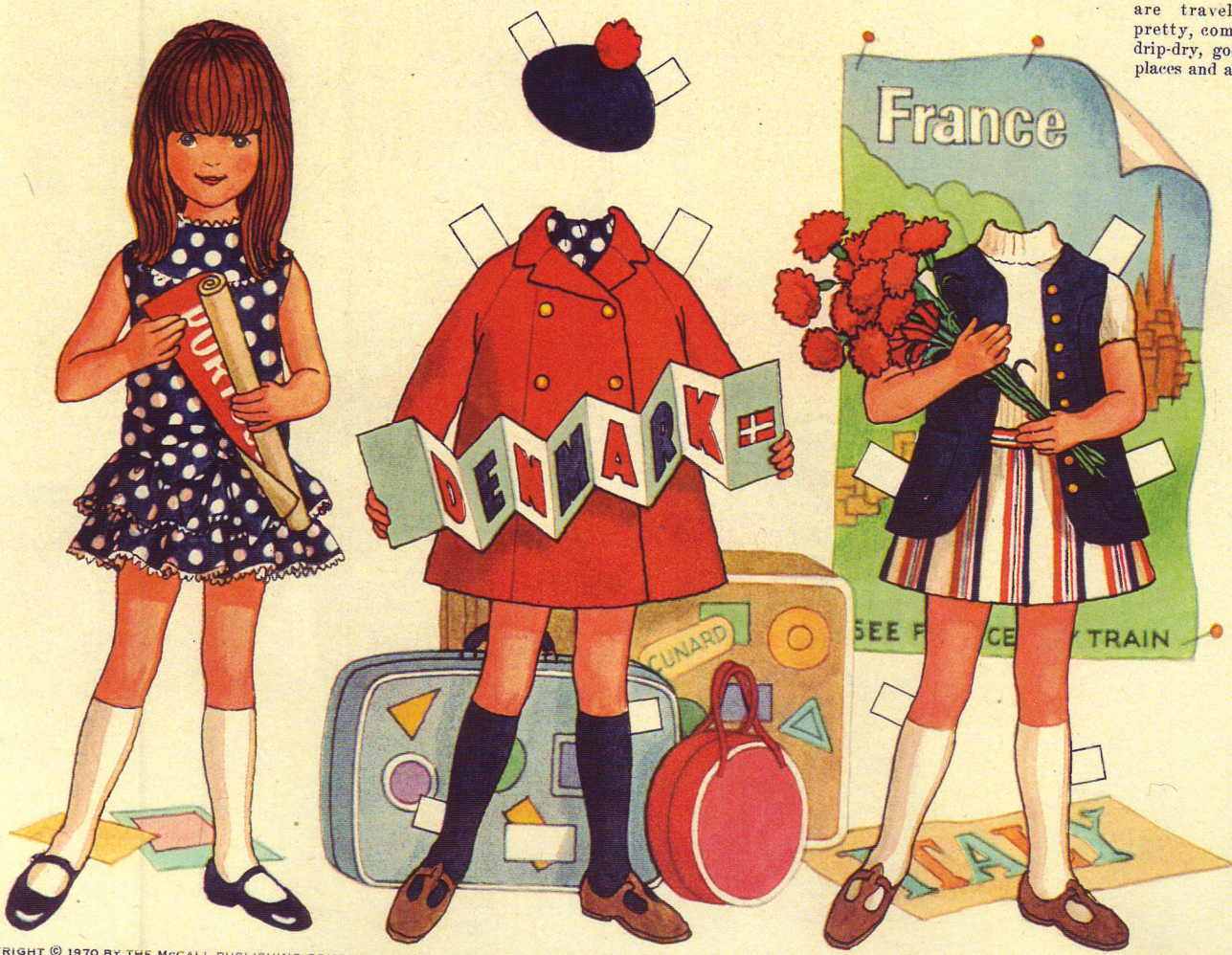
BETSY McCALL



Daddy Helps Betsy Plan a Trip

Guess what! We're going to Europe for my daddy's vacation! We'll visit Paris first, so Daddy can attend to some business. Later he'll take us all over France by car AND BY TRAIN! Our living room is filled with travel folders and books, which he reads aloud to us at night—all about a French cave with prehistoric paintings, and puppet shows in Paris, and mountains where the snow never melts. Even the Twins are excited—you should see them with their arms out, pretending to be jet planes! I still can't believe it all. Or at least I couldn't until we went down to the Passport Agency this week with our passport picture and our birth certificates, AND our smallpox certificates, showing that we've all been vaccinated no more than three years ago. You MUST have that, or you can't get back into the U.S.A. You never saw such a lot of people, all wanting passports. Daddy says the country will be so light when everybody's gone abroad that it will just float away! My father *loves* to make jokes. Anyway, he was NOT joking when he said that our passport is the most valuable thing we'll own while we're away. We must show it *everywhere*—in planes, trains, hotels, and when we return to America. I'm glad that Daddy is the one who'll be looking after it. Wow! It would give me shivers to carry something THAT important. What if I LOST it!



Betsy's new clothes are travel-perfect: pretty, comfortable, drip-dry, good for all places and all weather

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