

BETSY MCCALL



This costume is worn in Brittany, a land reaching far out into the Atlantic Ocean

Many Normandy houses wear a thatched roof; many Normandy girls, a tall starched bonnet

Arlésienne ladies are said to be the most beautiful in France. So are their costumes

BETSY WRITES A LETTER FROM FRANCE

Bon jour, Grand'mère! We've been taking short trips from Paris to Normandy, Brittany, Alsace, and everywhere, and have seen castles and thatched cottages, and women in quaint costumes with great big starched caps. Daddy says he's glad he bought our Eurailpasses and plane tickets before we left home, or we'd have to walk across Europe and swim the Atlantic, because Mommy spends so much money shopping. She doesn't really; she just looks. Not all our trips are short. We took an overnight train to Provence, in the South of France. First thing I saw from the train window, in the early morning, were six little black goats prancing in a bright-red field of poppies. Just beautiful! In Arles we saw a marvelous folklore festival, with the loveliest costumes, in a theater built by the Romans 2,000 years ago.

Provence is a very historic place, with Greek and Roman temples and amphitheatres and aqueducts. One day, we had a French-style picnic near the Pont du Gard—sausage, cheese, fruit, bread as long as my ARM. Most fascinating place so far is Périgord in southwest France. Under huge round mountains that seem to be toppling over, there are caves where Cro-Magnon men lived 20,000 years ago. We went deep into one of the caves at Les Eyzies and saw prehistoric wall paintings of reindeer, bison, and horses. It is scary and breathtaking, and nobody talked at all, *not even Daddy*, but just stared. And thought. Now we're back in Paris, with the Eiffel Tower, cathedrals, and everything. In the Parc Monceau, I met a nice girl, Michelle, and she invited me to visit. Oops! End of page!

Love, BETSY