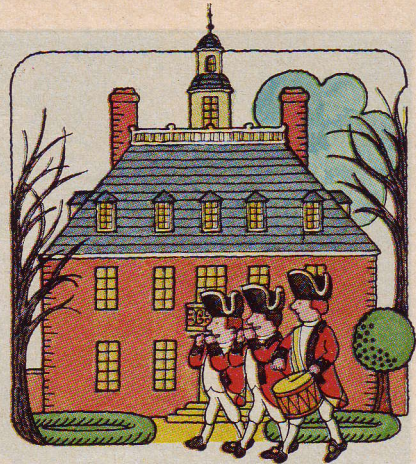
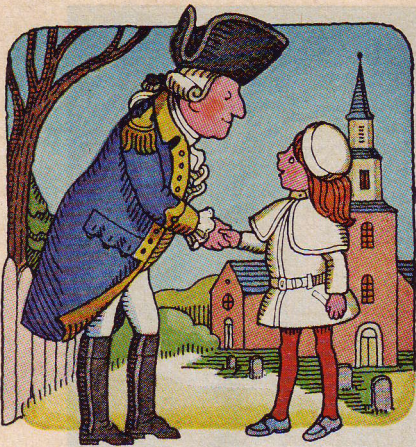


BETSY McCALL



BETSY WRITES FROM COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG

Dear Linda: Today I shook hands with George Washington on his 239th birthday! Other days, he is Mr. Ben Gilbert who looks like Washington and works here, but this morning he was splendidly outfitted in his general's uniform. He received a twenty-one-gun salute (LOUD!) and reviewed his troops. The fifers and drummers played bouncy military tunes. I just wanted to march with them! The college where Washington took an exam, and the House of Burgesses where he served when Virginia was a British colony, and the church where he worshiped, *are still in use*. There's an ENORMOUS tree with a burl that's shaped like Washington's profile. Isn't that *weird*? Linda, this is the quaintest, cleanest,

storybook town. Women wear Colonial gowns and little lace caps, and men wear weskits, white stockings, and buckled shoes! There are adorable shops—a wigmaker's, a blacksmith's, a printshop, a bakeshop, and so on—each one sells all sorts of fascinating things. Mommy bought fragrant soap balls and bayberry candles. The twins got three-cornered hats that won't stay on their little heads. I got two GIANT gingerbread men, one for you. Later, we had dinner at Christiana Campbell's Tavern, where Washington used to eat. The "s" on the menu is like an "f" so I had roaft turkey with dreffing and mince pye (that's how they spelled pie) with cheefe. It waf deliciouf! Fee you foon. Betfy.

