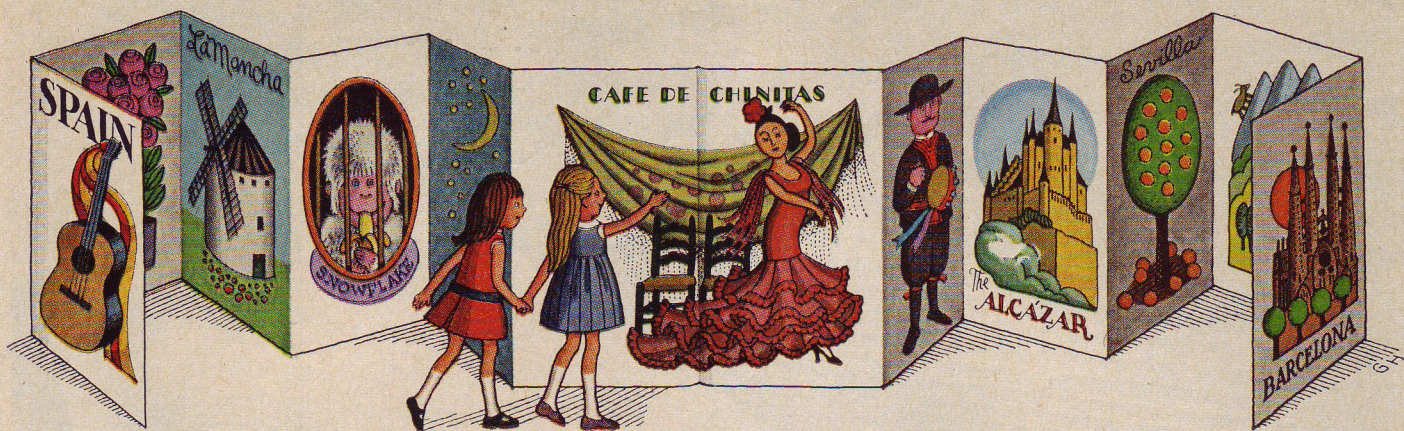


BETSY McCALL WRITES FROM SPAIN



¡Hola, Mommy! Linda and I are cra-a-azy about Spain; so are Uncle Peter and Aunt Sue. Gosh, I'm lucky they asked me to come along. We've visited loads of places—even the island of Majorca. We've also been to darling country fairs and to a fiesta with music, dancing, and the most gorgeous costumes; and seen sights that everyone said we must see, like prehistoric cave paintings in Altamira . . . we lay on our backs to see them while the caretaker shone his light on a ceiling full of reindeer, bison, and horses painted by cave-men who lived 20,000 years ago! And Moorish mosques, palaces, and towers, built 1,200 years back, and aqueducts from something B.C. Here are pictures of what we saw and loved: windmills in La Mancha (Don Quixote's home); a white gorilla, Snowflake, in the Barcelona zoo; flamenco dancing and music with dinner at 10 P.M. (Spaniards like to eat late); students serenading for love—and money dropped in their tambourines; the Alcázar in Segovia, loveliest castle in Spain; orange trees in Seville; an unfinished cathedral by Antonio Gaudi, a strange artist who also did a weird park, and a house in what looks like *melted stone*! My costumes are from Málaga and Cáceres. There's a *mirror* in that bonnet to dazzle men! When a girl marries, they break the mirror. *Hasta luego* ("see you soon," in Spanish). Love, Betsy



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