DUTCH-TREAT DATES . . .

Jones Gives Glimpse Of Life In France

Ed. Note—As recipient of Rice’s Alliance Francaise scholarship for 1960, Miss Jones, a senior Romance Languages major, spent eight weeks in France this summer studying and living with a French family.

By NANCY JONES

Narrow, crowded streets, broken cobblestones, wild drivers, more Americans than French—this is Paris in the summer in the daytime. And at night an almost unbelievable change and one can no longer see the dirt but instead is charmed by the beautiful lighting and gay appearance of the old city.

I SPENT FIVE memorable weeks in Paris and I really needed about that much time to see it well. Some of the French customs took a little getting used to—for example, you can’t browse in a store. If you want to buy a dress you have to know the color, style, size, etc., and if you enter a shop you’re usually expected to buy something. Too, the current rage is motorcycles—everyone has one so you just may go out for a date on a motorcycle.

The French are fascinating—courteous to the nth degree and (once you’re out of Paris which is crammed with tourists) ready and willing to meet you and to help you, particularly if you’re an American. I stayed three weeks on the coast of Normandie with a French family. The family was absolutely marvelous, introducing me to their friends and entertaining me, and I met many, many French people of my own age—students too. On the coast, anyway, the word American works like magic—immediately things are 50% in your favor, sight unseen, and the French students are all eager to meet and talk to an American.

IN NORMANDIE we all just loafed on the beach during the day, compared countries and customs (of course the first thing they all wanted to know was, “Who’s going to win the presidential election?”), and at night there was dancing—often all night at some large country estate. They are really making up for lost time since in France the girls don’t date or dance till at least 16 and usually later and the boys start about 18. They all seem about three years older than they actually are, though. Another thing—on a date it’s general policy to pay your own way—different to say the least! Well, there you have some glimpses of two wonderful months spent in France. Some day I’m going back.