

# French Market

In France, the weekly market is a lifeline that ties the community together. The traders set up their stalls on barred roads at dawn and within no time, the smell of fresh fruit from the south, veg from the north, and roast chicken from the butcher soon fills the air. That, mixed with the general good humour, creates an atmosphere special to those early hours. By 12.30 the streets are clear, the traders are gone and the car rules the road once more.

A French market in Colwyn Bay, "C'est pas possible!!!" But it's true as we discovered when the Marché came to Station road this summer. Martine, who organises the regional market, showed me around.

The market travels from Normandy, which is well known for its diversity of home made produce. "We have all the smells and tastes that you associate with France and French cuisine." As Ingrid Lewis, town centre manager was discovering on the crêpe stall. I was going to ask for a comment but her face said it all. It tasted

good.

One stallholder told me how impressed he was with the locals grasp of the French language. It shows, whatever the politicians think of each other, the bond between the two countries is strong.

This gang on marketers travel in convoy of seven trucks, spreading the mot français wherever people want them to visit, and from what I saw today, the people want them to come back again, and again, and again. **By Stéphanie Durrant.** ■

