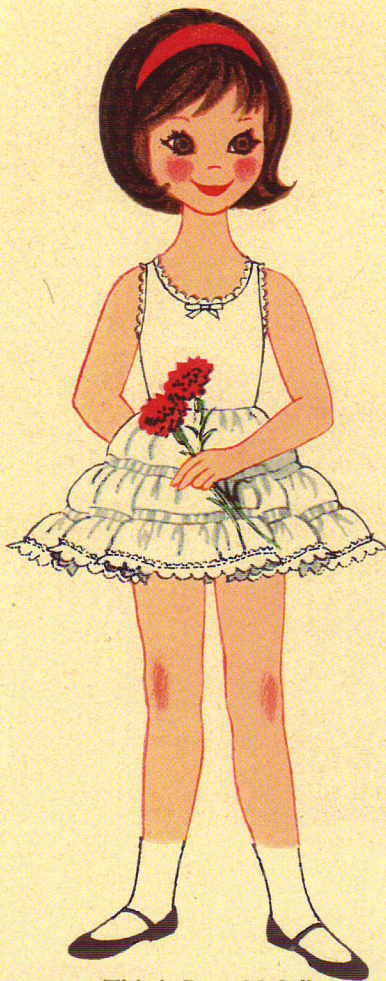




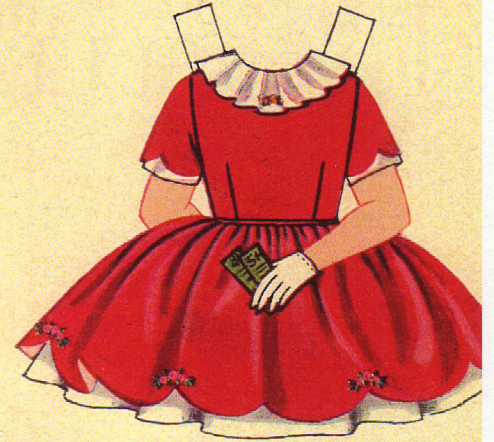
Betsy McCall

visits Radio City

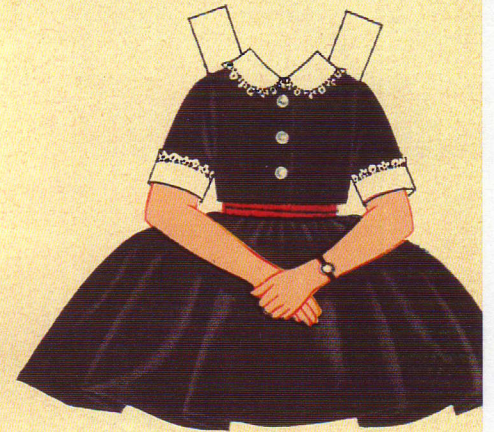
It was a crisp November morning, and Betsy and her mother were sightseeing in New York. At Rockefeller Plaza, they rented ice skates and had such fun skimming over the smooth ice. When it grew too chilly, Mrs. McCall said, "Wouldn't you like to go to Radio City Music Hall? I loved it when I was your age. All those dancers! And all the lights changing color!" The theater was ENORMOUS, and just about every seat was filled. "Does everybody in New York go to movies in the *morning*, for goodness' sake?" asked Betsy. "Sh-sh-sh," her mother whispered. "Most of the people are visitors from out of town, just like us. Look at the Rockettes on the stage. Don't they dance perfectly?" Betsy nodded, but her eyes roved all over the huge theater. The very top row seemed a billion miles away and so *teeny*. "Could I go all the way up there?" Her mother asked, "Whatever for?" "Just to look down," Betsy replied. . . . Up, up, up, she walked, floor after floor, and at each, Betsy looked down. From the very top, the dancers seemed the size of dolls. Great bands of colored lights swooped over the curved ceiling, and long fingers of light streamed from the back of the theater to the stage. It was magical, but afterward, Betsy couldn't quite explain to her mother how it made her feel. "I think I know *exactly*," Mrs. McCall said. "You see, I did the very same thing, once upon a time!"



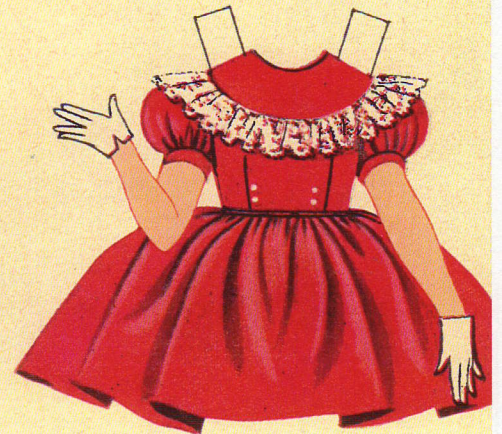
This is Betsy McCall



Betsy fell in love with this velveteen dress with a scalloped skirt. Sleeves, collar, and underskirt are white organza



How she wanted this black velveteen suit, with its red cummerbund and lace-trimmed blouse under the little jacket!



Then she saw this velveteen with the Puritan collar and said she absolutely must have *it*, and the others as well

