

Betsy McCall *visits Grandma for Christmas*

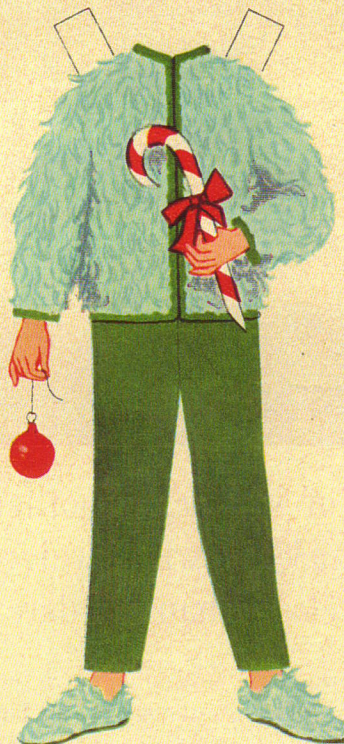
The snow had been falling all day, but it stopped just before Betsy and her parents got off the train. Uncle Ned and Betsy's cousin Linda met them, not in Grandma's car, but in an old-fashioned sleigh, with jingling bells on the horses. Even the sounds were blanketed by the snow, and it gave Betsy the feeling of being in a dream. . . . Grandma and Cousin Sandy waited on the porch. Inside, the house had a Christmas smell of ginger cookies and evergreens. There was a most delicious dinner, and later, Grandma gave each of the children a gingerbread man and shoed them off to bed, so the grownups could trim the tree. Linda and Betsy shared the blue bedroom, and they talked and talked and TALKED, till at last they fell asleep. Early next morning, they tiptoed down. In the bay window, the tree sparkled in sunshine and tinsel, and the packages looked so exciting! If only the grownups would wake up soon! The kitchen door squeaked. "Boo, sleepyheads. Here we come with breakfast," Grandma said. Sandy shouted: "Wow! Blueberry pancakes!" Betsy exclaimed: "With sausages!" Linda cried: "And so many presents to open!" Grandma raised her hand. "Now, everybody, wish everybody Merry Christmas!" So, together, they called to one and all (to you, too): "MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR!"



This is Betsy McCall



Betsy wore this for the trip to her grandma's, and felt snug and pretty



"Let's be lazy," the Orlon top, green slacks, and fluffy shoes seem to say



Betsy put the bed jacket over her long nightie, to inspect the Christmas tree

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