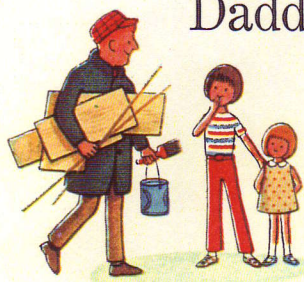
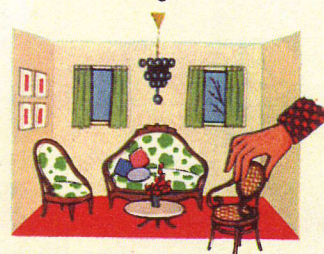


Daddy McCall Builds a Dollhouse for Betsy



My father came home, the other day, with a bundle of boards under his arm and a sly smile on his face. I asked: "Daddy, whatever are you doing?" And he answered: "It's a Christmas surprise, Betsy. Something I can't tell anybody about." So I asked: "Is it something for Mommy?" He shook his head. "NnNn." That's Daddy talk for No. "Is it something for the twins—maybe a playpen or something?" He shook his



head and said: "UnhUnh," which is also Daddy talk for No. Well, I guessed, right then and there, it was something for me. But *what?* If he had only given me a *teeny-weeny* hint, I just would have waited until he showed it to me. But I was so curious I couldn't. Saturday morning, I heard him hammering away in the rec room till lunchtime. Whatever it was he was making, it didn't take him long—just an hour or so. And while he went upstairs to scrub up for lunch, I ran downstairs to have a look. It was a *big, beautiful dollhouse*, just what I need, because I don't have any more room for my dolls. It has a lovely kitchen, a bedroom, a living



room and a sun deck. It has *wheels*, so I can push it from one place to another if I want to! Oh, dear, how will I ever wait till Christmas? And how will I not let Daddy guess that I know what his surprise is?

Betsy's cute stovepipe pants and poor-boy top are from the same McCall pattern 8429. Do you want your daddy to make you a dollhouse just like Betsy's? Ask him to see page 187.

