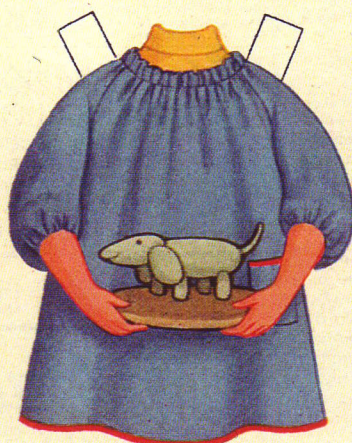
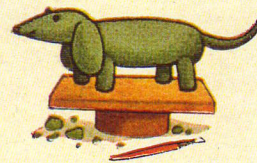


# Betsy McCall, Sculptress



Did you ever suspect that your old friend Betsy McCall was a sculptor? Neither did I until Daddy brought me a perfectly **HUGE** can of modeling clay and I began making things out of it. At first, I made bowls and stuff like that, but then I thought, Wouldn't it be fun to make a statue of my dog, Nosey? So I took this big chunk of clay and made his body. Then I took two smaller chunks and made ears for him, then a piece for his head, and a long, thin roll of clay to make his tail. When I finished, I showed it to Daddy and said, "Guess what this is." Daddy said, "That's easy. With those long ears and that trunk, it could only be an elephant." An **ELEPHANT!** My goodness! I mashed the clay down and started all over again. This time I made the ears smaller and the nose shorter, and I thought it looked *just* like Nosey. Mommy studied it when I asked her to guess. "I'm not sure," she said, "but I guess it is a horse, or maybe a German shepherd dog. Which is it?" I said it was a secret. I mashed it all up again, and this time I really was *very* careful. I rolled a ball for the body, a smaller ball for the head and then lots of little balls, to use for paws and a tail and a muzzle and so on. My cousin Linda came in, and she squealed: "They're adorable! A daddy pig and a mommy pig and baby piglets. Betsy, you're so smart!" I was stunned; but when I looked at them carefully, they *did* look just like a pig family. And you know what I think? I think, way down deep, that is exactly what I wanted to make.



Betsy's cotton smock from the Lighthouse for the Blind, 111 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y. 10022. Under \$3. Her shift and coat, McCall's pattern 8593

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