

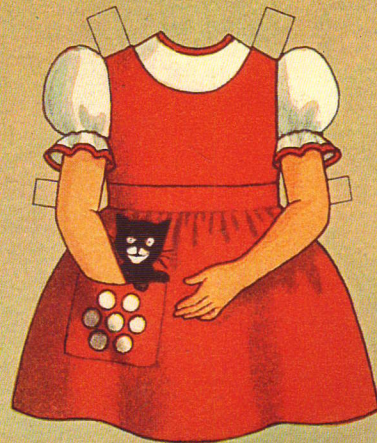
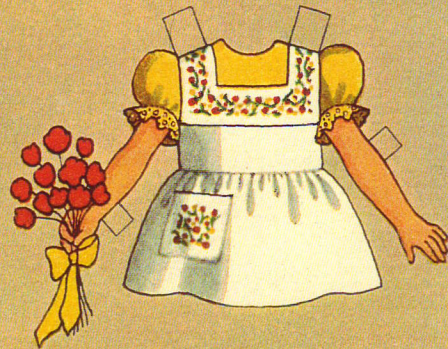
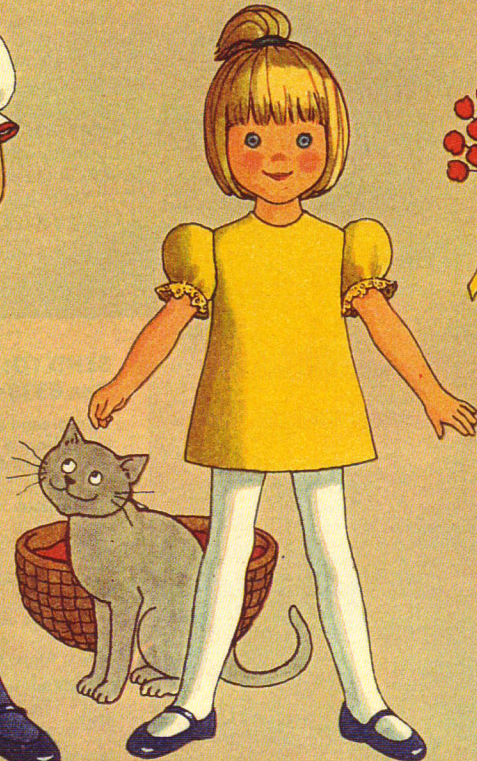
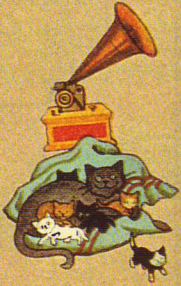
BETSY McCALL



Betsy Celebrates Mother's Day—Sort Of

On Mother's Day, while Mommy was eating the lovely breakfast that Daddy and I prepared, the phone rang. Daddy answered. "It's Linda," he said. "Her gray cat is missing. Want to help your little cousin look for her? I'll drive you over." When we got there, Linda explained that Missy was about to have kittens. We searched behind sofas and easy chairs, and in loads of closets, and under beds. We called, "Here, Missy missy missy missy missy," till Daddy said we sounded like a den of hissing vipers. "Doesn't anyone here talk CAT-TALK? I speak it well. Allow me. Pr-r-rma-ow," he said, "ma-a-a-ow, pr-r-rma-ow," and listened. Nothing! "Me-a-arow," he called, louder this

time, "pr-r-rma-ow!" And at last Missy answered! Her voice led him toward the back stairs. We tiptoed after him, up one flight, then another, toward the attic. "Prrrrmaoww," Daddy begged. "Maoww," replied Missy. "She's behind that attic door." Uncle Dan whispered. "She must have slipped in when I went up to get a basket for her. What a sly puss!" He opened the door, and there stood Missy, very proud of the six teeny tiny little kittens on a beat-up old blanket behind her. Linda squealed, "Happy Mother's Day, Missy!" "Prrrrmaow," said Missy. "What she's telling you," Daddy said, "is that you'd better change her name from Missy to Mrs."



These puffed-sleeve dresses are pretty enough for a party, with or without pinafores

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