

BETSY MCCALL



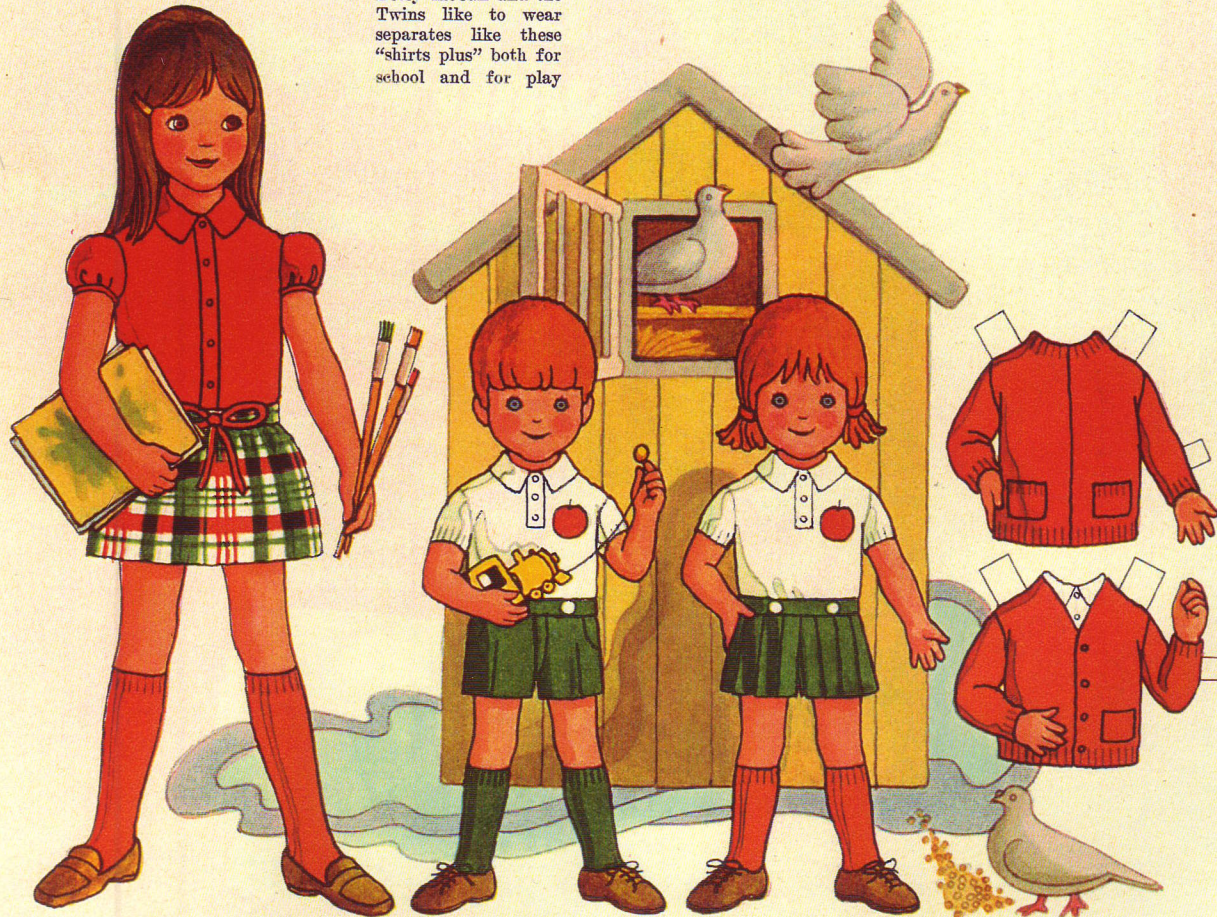
The Twins Go to Play School



Merry and Kerry started nursery school today, and you'd have thought they were going to the moon. *To stay!* Daddy kept telling Mommy that they were not babies any more, and she looked as though she didn't believe him. And really they did look awfully little when they left, one on each side of Daddy. I stopped by at noon to take them home. The class was singing a song we used to sing: "My pigeon house I open wide," with the children flapping their arms and being pigeons. Kerry didn't want to leave. Merry's lip was pushed out the way it is when she is going to cry, but she changed her mind when she saw the others

getting ready to go. "You may all come back tomorrow," their teacher, Miss Bascome, said. She whispered to me, "That Kerry is a born leader—first to drink his juice, first to put his empty glass on the tray. All the others followed. And Merry is a real little mother. You should have seen her comforting Timothy when he cried for his mother!" I told Mommy and Daddy at supper what great twins we had. Daddy said, "Like father, like son." Then he bowed to Mommy. "And like mother, like daughter." "Gosh," I said, "don't they get *anything* from me?" He smiled. "Only *everything*. You're their big sister, the person they really want to be like someday."

Betsy McCall and the Twins like to wear separates like these "shirts plus" both for school and for play



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