

# IT'S A MERRY NOVEMBER AT BETSY McCALL'S



Guess why our whole town is celebrating Christmas *this* month! It's because of the opening of our great new center for underprivileged children. The most ENORMOUS Christmas tree was set up in the kindergarten to hold a zillion gifts. The Governor of our state agreed to be chairman of the fathers' committee and all we kids were Santa's helpers. We had the grooviest job of all: The Governor thought that *we'd* know better than grown-ups what other children would like, so we actually picked the toys and our daddies paid for them! The toy stores were just FANTASTIC last Saturday, with kids of all ages testing bikes and trikes, push-toys and pull-toys, laughing dolls, crying dolls, dolls that drink and wet, or walk, or sleep, or even talk. The dads were

brave and generous—and *tired* by the time we finished—but they waited for us to write our names on the gift tags. Mine is tied to "Cynthia," a big, lovely talking doll. The twins hated to part with their choices—Merry's was an adorable nursery with a mother doll, "Jenny Jones," and "Baby John," the teeniest drink-and-wet doll, only two inches long! Kerry chose two things—a tricycle and a tool bench. My cousin Sandy picked the *giant* Tinker Toy that made the tree in the picture. My friend Dru went for "Talking Tamu," a darling black doll with an Afro hairdo, and my best friend, Sukey, picked "Gingersnap," a rag doll but SOPHISTICATED! The party is today. Gotta dress! Gotta run! See you next page, when I return and tell you all about everything.