



# Betsy McCall

*flies a kite!*

It was a beautiful windy day,  
 A perfect day for flying a kite,  
 And Betsy bought one, shiny and gay,  
 All red and yellow and blue and white.  
 "The wind is blowing terribly hard,"  
 The storekeeper warned her, shaking his head,  
 "So fly it at home in your own back yard."  
 "I'm going to fly it now," she said.



The wind was so strong that it made her gasp  
 And just as she ran around the corner  
 It tore the kite right out of her grasp . . .  
 Little good it had done to warn her.  
 Away sailed the kite, so fast, so high—  
 And Betsy McCall went home without it,  
 Trying her hardest not to cry  
 As she told her mother all about it.  
 "Too bad!" said Mother. "But *these* should heal  
 Your hurt: three dresses, bright as bright."  
 Betsy McCall began to squeal:  
 "This one is colored like my kite!"  
 "And here," said Mother, "is a *real* surprise  
 That'll put the twinkle back in your eyes.  
 Look out the window! There! Do you see  
 What's caught in the branch of the maple tree?"



This is Betsy McCall



Betsy loves red. She loves rickrack. She loves no-sleeves. She just loves this dress.



This does look like Betsy's kite, doesn't it?  
 Mrs. McCall likes it because it's drip-dry



You can't pick this tulip! You see, it is part of the dress. Don't you think it's fun?

*Betsy's dresses by Mary Jane may be seen in stores listed on page 159*

For paper dolls of Betsy and her cousin Lindy printed in color on sturdy cardboard, plus 12 costumes to cut out for them, send 10c in coins only (please do not send stamps) to McCall's, Department D, Post Office Box No. 1390, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. In Canada: McCall's, 362 Front Street West, Toronto 2R, Ontario.

PREPARED BY MARY JANE McCALL  
 Copyright © 1959 McCall Corporation