



## LAST DAYS OF SUMMER

Hildegard Günzel Collection 1997




Porzellanpuppenmanufaktur  
Design by Hildegard Günzel



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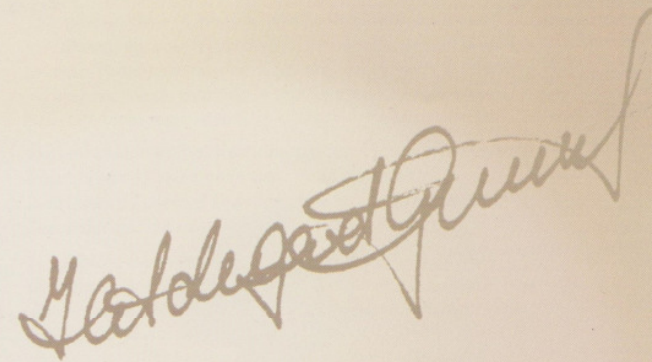




*Ich danke meinen  
Freunden und Beratern  
Carol Ann Stanton,  
Nick Rosenberg,  
Global Doll Society  
und Karin Schrey  
für die schönen Texte.*

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Duisburg, Germany*



*Hildegard Günzel*

## LAST DAYS OF SUMMER

Collection 1997







Samantha  
Anniversary doll

## Dear Friends and Collectors,

The last year was in many respects a very important year for me. During the course of the year, I won eleven international awards. These gave me enormous encouragement and fuelled my creative ideas, resulting in this year's collection which I believe is even more special.

The end of last year marked a particular milestone in my career which began 25 years previously. To celebrate this 25th Anniversary, I decided to design a special doll. Her name is Samantha and the edition is limited to only 25 pieces worldwide.

In addition, I have commissioned a book by the well known German author, Karin Schrey. The book is entitled "Enchanted Journey" and charts the development of my doll designs over the past 25 years. My research for the book involved searching through over 2000 slides and selecting those which best reflected the stages in my dollmaking career. In the process, I re-visited many memories and reflecting on old friends and past events, I experienced many moments of both happiness and melancholy.

Every owner of my anniversary design Samantha, will receive a signed copy of "Enchanted Journey". The book is published by "Puppen & Spielzeug" and may be ordered separately from us. I hope it will help to inform readers of an earlier time when it was not normal to design dolls or collect them.

Despite last year's heavy work load, I was able to escape to the South East corner of England which provided me with a haven of tranquillity and peace. I was truly able to relax, surrounded by the idyllic landscapes of the Sussex countryside. The fragrant English cottage gardens in the full bloom of summer, seemed to me to be the natural dwelling place of flower fairies and elves, providing the inspiration for the theme of this year's collection, "Last Days of Summer". This immersion in a world of enchanted fairy tales, romance and dreams enables me to transfer my feelings into the design of my dolls so that they can then also be experienced by my collectors.

I hope my 1997 collection will bring you much happiness and enjoyment. I would like to thank all of you for your loyalty and kindness and I hope to meet you again during this year's signing tour.

My very best wishes

*Julie Hatfield*







Doris Tessoroff



Maria Gentner



Karin Mülhölfer



Birgit Armbrust

## Dear Friends of Günzel Dolls

### A warm welcome to our English cottage garden!

Don't you think that those last few days of summer are a particularly special time of year. The world slows, becomes still and begins to dream. The countryside still bears the colourful mantel of the dying season. The heavens are a silken blue, the air mild and laced with the scent of late flowers. Birdsong has subsided and insects no longer go about their industrious ways, except for for the occasional bumble bee, buzzing around heavy ripe fruits. Gossamer sparkles in the sunlight and nature has begun to return to its quiet state.

However, quietness belies an innate strength. The year sweetens the departure of summer and brings forth the best it has to offer. Blackberry, elder and rosehip ripen in the hedges. Rosy cheeked apples, juicy golden pears and purple plums shine amongst the as yet dense greenery. Grapes for the wine of the coming year hang full and succulent on sunny slopes. Roses continue to blossom beside tall gladioli and richly coloured asters.

These days of ripening are also those for pause and reflection as we relax, content in the warmth of the dying summer.

Günzel Dolls too, can reflect on a long history spanning 25 years, throughout which Hildegard Günzel has striven to make her dreams real. During these many years they have found friends and captured the hearts of romantics all over the world. The 1997 Günzel Collection is inspired by a contemplation of these "Last Days of Summer". We too, cannot help falling in love and each doll created by Hildegard Günzel is lavished with love and attention by us all, the members of her enthusiastic team.

Which of our children has stolen your heart this time? Was it Florence or maybe her small but forward sister Harriet? Was it shy Francine who

wrapped you around her little finger, or was it dreamy Sabrina? Did enchanting Imogene bind you with her spell or did you fall victim to the exclusive charms of Miss Camille. Samantha is special, designed by Hildegard Günzel as a celebration of her 25th Anniversary as a doll artist and designer. From her lace dress down to her shoes, she is the perfect Günzel Doll.

Regardless of which of our dolls you have chosen, you can be sure that each and every Günzel Doll is produced with the utmost care and attention to detail. The composition and colouring of the porcelain casting mixture is unique to Hildegard Günzel, guaranteeing that Günzel Dolls are particularly special and always will remain so. They are often copied but never matched! The dolls reflect the velvet hues of their skin through an extremely delicate but durable coating of wax, applied after the colour fixing. The two colour hand-blown eyes come from the glass craftsmen of Lauscha. We need hardly say that all of our dolls have real hair wigs, every one hand made and designed specifically for the particular edition.

The finest silks and chiffon, woollen georgette, genuine old lace, cotton piqué and cashmere wool are used for their clothes, all of which are designed by Hildegard Günzel herself. Go ahead and lift up the doll's skirts! You cannot fail to notice that the underwear too, is naturally of the finest materials. Our dolls sport no ordinary hats but instead, each is handmade by milliners who employ their skills to model to exclusive designs by Hildegard Günzel.

Our dolls are not embarrassed if you ask them to "show us your little feet". Even their real leather, hand-worked shoes are the product of time consuming dedication to quality; at least equal to that of a real child's shoes, if not somewhat more exclusive!



Vera Racke



Petra Schieffer



Monika Wildenblanck



Magdalena Volkemer

Perhaps you are thinking, "I can see all of that, but how does she do it?" "How does she manage to capture the stuff of dreams?"

Hildegard Günzel succeeds time and again in bringing forth the images of her own dreams. As transient reminiscences, childhood experiences, myths and fairy tales, fleetingly emerge from her forgotten store of memories, her gifted hands crystallise the moment forever into three dimensional porcelain. These ephemeral images shape the soul of the doll, imparting each with its own unique breath of life. Every doll becomes an individual with personality and an unmistakable expression and form. Each is like a snapshot frozen in time. Some sit while others seem on the threshold of movement.

The story of a Günzel doll begins with the Plasticine® model of each doll. Liquid porcelain is poured into plaster casts taken from the completed model. After drying, the cast is cleaned very carefully and then smoothed to remove all irregularities. Hildegard Günzel pays particular attention to the finish of the finger and toe nails.

Following the high temperature firing and final finish, the porcelain is smooth. All heads are painted personally by Hildegard Günzel, since she alone knows the look and expression of the finished doll. The colours are fired onto the porcelain, followed by the final coating of translucent wax, giving the doll its skin-like complexion.

The doll receives its hand-crafted glass eyes. Some are blue, others brown or grey-green, depending on the character of the doll. Similarly, each will receive its own wig of individual colour and style, chosen to suit the physique and personality of the doll. Some Günzel dolls take the form of larger children while others are smaller. All appear to display that special vibrant health peculiar to young children.

Hidegard Günzel will have already selected the colours and materials for her dolls' clothing months beforehand, sparing no efforts to ensure they compliment her chosen theme. This year's collection is entitled "The Last Days of Summer" and the colours are rose, yellow-brown, mauve, mint, violet and white. The accessories are all designed by Hildegard Günzel and the loveable little teddy bears can also be purchased separately. The marottes are made by hand in the traditional manner.

If all this has whet your appetite and you would like to see where Günzel Dolls are created, we would like to extend a warm welcome to you to visit our workshop and adjacent museum; perhaps during your next year's holiday, in the "Last Days of Summer".

"O Come the heavens are as yet sky-blue,  
Casting rays on the meadow's matt-green hue,  
Soon you'll but behold clouds gloomy and grey  
And Snowy pastures by the light of day .....

Theodore Fontane

Now we would like you to accompany our doll-children on their visit to a sleepy cottage, nestling in a spellbound garden. Allow yourself to be invited to the dance of the elves by Amatheia, Desidera and Mirabelle!

They are already awaiting you!

With kindest regards

Your doll team at Hildegard Günzel





**Samantha**  
Anniversary Doll  
limited edition 25 worldwide

## The Last Day of Summer



The old garden gate creaked quietly, almost seeming to play a melody from some half-forgotten tune. The children listened bewitched. From the outside the garden had appeared like all others, but here inside the colours seemed more intense and a feeling of peace hung in the air. The front door of the house opened and Auntie Floralind welcomed them with spread arms. To Edward she appeared as round and fresh as a peach and yet as comfortable as a sofa cushion. Laughing, the children rushed up to her. Amy had brought her a little letter and a posy of wild flowers. "These are for you Auntie Floralind!", she pronounced and promptly received a kiss in return.

"Children, how nice of you to come!", said Auntie Floralind. "come inside". The children followed her into the cosy thatched cottage, buzzing with excitement. Auntie Floralind had already laid the table which was bedecked with home-made cakes, richly buttered toast, marmalade wafting of summer fruits, and golden yellow honey fresh from the beehives. She set about pouring tea into delicate bone china cups.

Miss Camille ate sparingly. This was "on account of her diet", related Imogene, who seemed to have difficulty in controlling her amusement and never did get around to eating. Sabrina's attention was captivated by Auntie Floralind's large tom cat Toby who was in turn preoccupied with trying to catch an elusive fly. Francine and Florence, being somewhat shy, dared not venture to eat, while Edward shared no such reservations and was cramming his mouth with one cake after another. Eleanor rapped him across the knuckles with her *marotte* as he reached for another.

Harriet and Lillibeth played with their teddies while Pandora quizzed Auntie Floralind regarding the recipe for her cakes. Samantha stood humming at the window and gazed over the luxuriant garden. A profusion of cottage plants blossomed in every direction. "Strange, Auntie Floralind", she said over her shoulder, "Your garden is somehow different to all the others. Why is that?". After a slight hesitation, Auntie Floralind smiled mysteriously and said, "All right, I suppose I'll have to tell you. This garden is enchanted. In it live three elves". Listening in disbelief, the children broke into laughter. "Elves?" asked Edward with more than a little scorn. "There is no such thing as elves!"

Auntie Floralind's face took on sudden look of seriousness. "But child, there are! I have already seen them with my own eyes! Today in fact!" She looked around anxiously and then bent down. Raising her finger to her mouth in warning, she whispered, "Today is a special day, the last day of summer, and tonight there is a full moon. On such occasions they like to play mischievous pranks on people. Think of that while you are outside and don't provoke them!"

There was a moment's silence, followed by the children's laughter. That was the nice thing about Auntie Floralind, it was never boring with her. She always told such great stories. "May we go out and play?"

"Oh yes" said Edward gleefully, "I want to see if I can catch an elf".

"That is the one thing you musn't do!" said Auntie Floralind shocked, but the children had already begun to rush outside, barely able to contain their excitement.





Miss Camille with "Smoothy" and "The Duchess of Catsfield",  
Limited edition 10 worldwide

The sun shone warmly from blue skies and wasps buzzed indolently around the plum tree, where over-ripe fruit lay in the grass. A slight breath of wind drifted through the garden. Whispering in the trees, it swept over the herb garden, bringing with it the mixed spicy aromas of thyme and fresh mint, laced with the heavy scent of rose, the sweetness of wallflowers and the freshness of lavender.

"Just look at that enormous butterfly!", called Edward pointing, "Look at the size of it, and the colours!"

"Where?"

"There, above the delphiniums! I'm going to catch him!" Edward rushed towards it. The butterfly fluttered briefly above a large rose before landing on a sunflower. Edward crept up to it stealthily, intent on its capture. "I've got you!" he shouted triumphantly, but the butterfly fluttered away in alarm, landing in the centre of another sunflower.

Edwards face froze and took on a look of complete amazement. He rubbed his eyes and plainly had difficulty in coming to terms with the scene unfolding

before him. The shimmering wings had folded back and for a moment, all movement ceased, the butterfly apparently having regressed to its former state as a chrysalis. The moment passed and the chrysalis gave birth to a tiny but exquisitely pretty girl. Her angry look and posture, upon seeing Edward, did not suit her at all.

"Larkspur, hotspur

Ne're-do-well, unkindly glance

You shall assume a foxglove's stance"

it said and blew something into his face, making him sneeze. "Now why do I feel so strange all of a sudden?" wondered Edward. His arms and legs shrank, becoming like thin stalks. His marotte, the jolly joker, fell to the ground. His discomfort increased with the feeling that he was growing a blue ruff. The appearance of small blue calyces, hanging from his fingers was simply too much. "How silly! What did the little thing blow into my face?" he vexed. "I think I ought to run for it!" Unfortunately, that was precisely what he couldn't do!" His feet no longer belonged to him. They had taken root.



Miss  
Camille



Lillibeth  
with  
"Lilli Bear"

Limited edition  
25 Europe  
25 USA





Harriet had her two teddies under her arm as she wandered between the rose bushes. Each variety had a different scent. Pushing her nose deep into the cool velvet-like petals, she attempted to distinguish between the different varieties with her eyes closed; the white from the pink and the and the yellow from the red. "Ouch!" she exclaimed, what bit me?" Opening her eyes, she rubbed at the tip of her nose which was suddenly sore. Her mouth dropped in astonishment. What had bitten her was no insect. A teeny-weeny lady in a pink dress with two gossamer wings on her back was observing Harriet with folded arms and drawn eyebrows. "just who do you think you are pushing around?" demanded the outraged tiny person. Recovering her composure, Harriet took a deep breath and quick-wittedly she asked, "And why did you bite me?"

There was no mistaking the fury on the elf's face as looked Harriet up and down.

"The cheeky little girl  
Must atone for her insulting quip  
I shall bite her nose's tip."

"If you insist on poking your nose in, where it's not wanted," you must expect this."

"But I only wanted to breathe in the scent", said Harriet. "I love the smell of roses!"

"Really?" asked the little elf. Shaking the pollen from her dress, she stood up and then cast Harriet a sidelong impish glance.

So the little maid love the scent of a rose, does she well?

She should be a rose herself and heave the  
Blossom's swell!"

Taking a handful of pollen, she blew it into Harriet's face. Harriet changed. Her feet put out roots into the soil. Her face became a rose in full bloom and rose buds began to appear on her arms. She swayed gently in the breeze and thought, "Of course, this is only a dream. I must have fallen asleep without realising it. But, it's a beautiful dream, although a little strange."



Harriet  
Limited edition  
25 Europe, 25 USA







## Imogene

Limited edition  
25 Europe, 25 USA

Imogene sauntered up to the plum tree. How good that smelt! Would she be allowed to sample one? Auntie Floralind surely wouldn't mind, would she. Surreptitiously, she picked a plum and took a hearty bite. She spat out the stone in a high arc into a flower bed. "Ow!" came a shocked squeak. "What was that?" Imogene bent the stalks of the flowers apart and there, actually sitting on the ground in plain view, was an elf. It had to be an elf, for it looked just how you would expect an elf to appear; a little girl in a fluttering, colourful dress, complete with shimmering wings on her back. The little elf rubbed her head. "What do you think you are doing, throwing stones at me?" she asked furiously.

"It was only a plum stone," said Imogene, as if that somehow made it better.

"Do you always spit out your plum stones anywhere you please?" sneered the elf. Imogene was silent as she regarded the tiny creature.

"Are you really real?" she enquired impatiently.

"Don't be silly!" retorted the elf angrily. "I am just as real as you." Spreading her wings, she buzzed around Imogene's face like a dragonfly.

"Scrumping little rascal  
Nibble a plum would you - now let me see  
Turn yourself into a tree!"

A feeling of astonishment crept over Imogene as she observed and felt her feet becoming longer, more pointed. Her toes changed too, becoming roots which dug their way deep into the ground. Reaching towards the sky, her arms became boughs and her hands twigs. The transition was complete, as her hair fused into small branches, adorned by leaves and shiny hanging plums. "Well how do you like that then?" giggled the elf as she flew between Imogene's twigs, hopping from one leaf to another. Imogene would gladly have made an appropriate reply, but found herself unable to offer a single word.





LAST DAYS

OF SUMMER



Hildegard Günz

Collection 1997





# Sabrina

Limited edition  
25 Europe  
25 USA



"Smoothy! Duchess!" called out Miss Camille. The white afghan hounds bounded up to her, wagging their tails. Camille was unsettled. Where could Edward, Harriet and Imogene be? They had all disappeared and she had been searching for them for hours now. "Go and find them, fetch!" she instructed the dogs. Jamming their noses to the ground, Smoothy and The Duchess of Catsfield began to snuffle around, searching for the scent of a trail.

"Have you seen the three of them?" asked Miss Camille. Pandora, Samantha, and Eleanor sat on the garden wall, playing with Eleanor's marotte and quietly humming to themselves. Both shook their heads. Sabrina was preoccupied in following the progress of a large glossy beetle as it made its way through the grass. Amy and Florence were picking flowers, laying them gently in their baskets. Francine seemed tired as she looked over sleepily towards Miss Camille, her finger in her mouth.

"There!" she exclaimed suddenly, removing her finger from her mouth and pointing to three giant dragonflies whose wings glittered in the sunlight. They were dancing above the meadow, up and down, a shimmering colourful dance. Something about them struck Miss Camille as being odd. She followed them intently with her gaze. Smoothy began to yap excitedly. The dragonflies wove a dance before her, buzzed around her and were sometimes so close to her that she could hear the beating of their wings. It sounded for all the world like soft laughter. Anyway, they were very strange dragonflies. She had never seen such pretty ones! Remarkable! They even seemed to have faces, like women. Miss Camille's heart stood still. Could they be ..... "Are you elves?" she called out perplexed.

"You've guessed it"

giggled the elves.

"Well clever are you  
So you we will spare  
And bestow a reward fair  
Wait but a moment or two"

They led Miss Camille to a large dark blue clump of foxgloves. She hadn't noticed them before. In front of it lay Edward's joker-marotte. Smoothy barked and ran in circles, round and round the clump.

"Bring him back quick, and let us see  
Set the child completely free

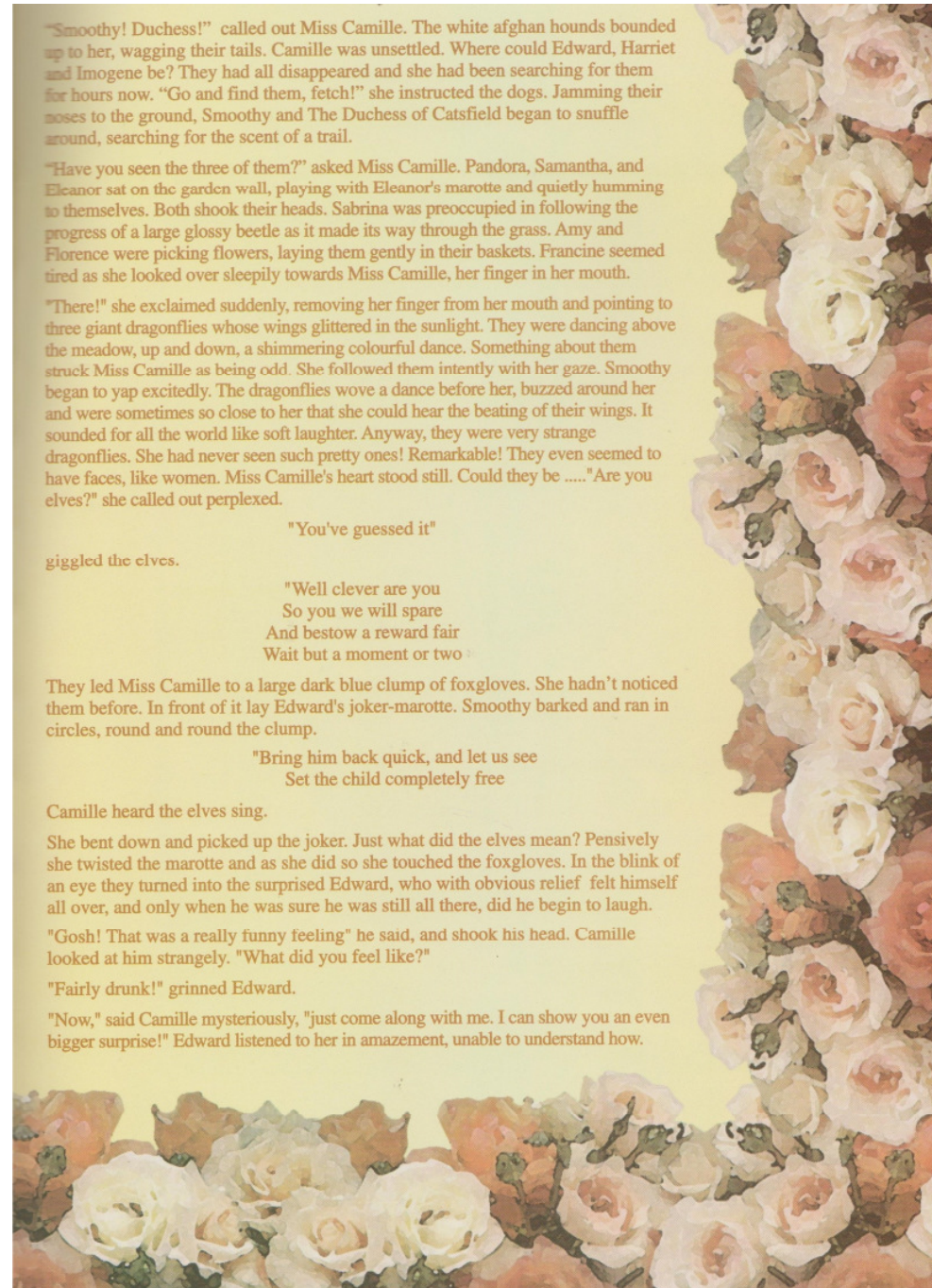
Camille heard the elves sing.

She bent down and picked up the joker. Just what did the elves mean? Pensively she twisted the marotte and as she did so she touched the foxgloves. In the blink of an eye they turned into the surprised Edward, who with obvious relief felt himself all over, and only when he was sure he was still all there, did he begin to laugh.

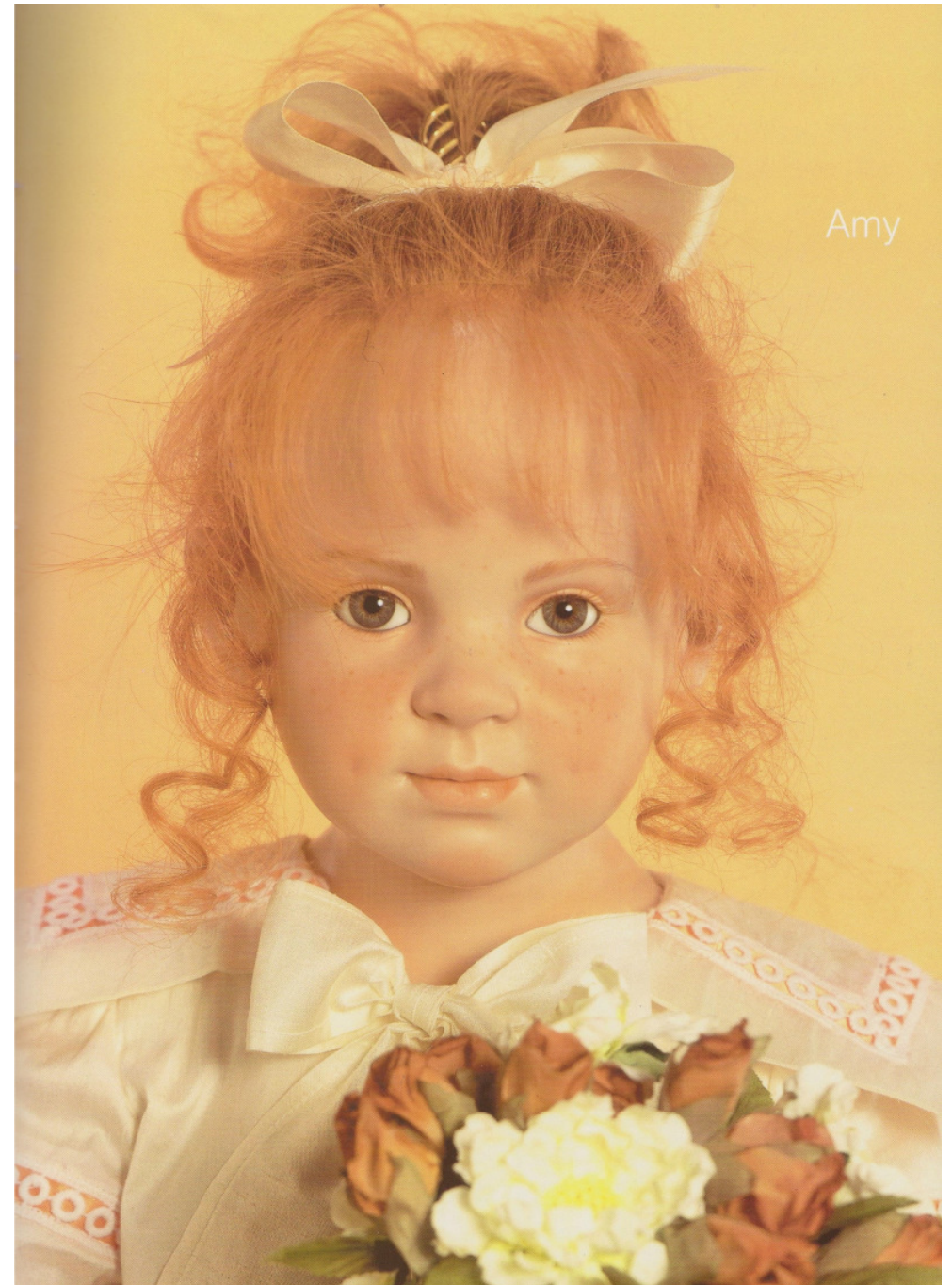
"Gosh! That was a really funny feeling" he said, and shook his head. Camille looked at him strangely. "What did you feel like?"

"Fairly drunk!" grinned Edward.

"Now," said Camille mysteriously, "just come along with me. I can show you an even bigger surprise!" Edward listened to her in amazement, unable to understand how.











Eleanor, Edward and Afghan "Smoothy"

Now Smoothy led her in the direction in which Harriet had disappeared. A splendid rose bush grew at a spot where previously, there had never been one. Well aware of this fact, Miss Camille began to examine the rose bush. "What beautiful roses!" exclaimed Edward enthusiastically. "I'll just pick a few for Auntie Floralind!" He grasped the largest stem, about to break it off, "No!" shouted out Camille shocked, and grabbed his arm. "Can't you see that this rose doesn't have any thorns".

"What does that matter?", enquired Edward reaching for the rose a second time. Camille pushed him to one side angrily and lightly touched the rose bush with the joker. The transformation was immediate and Harriet reappeared, took a deep breath and opened her eyes. "I had a strange dream!", she croaked, reaching in amazement for her throat. Miss Camille looked her up and down carefully. "Do you feel alright?" she asked.

"I feel as if someone had grabbed me by the throat and shaken me", she replied with some difficulty. Edward closed his mouth which up to now had been hanging open in surprise. His face assumed an extremely guilty look.. "Come along!" said Miss Camille, "we have something else to settle!" She didn't have far to go. No change in the garden escaped her attentive eyes. She noticed the new young plum tree immediately. It definitely had not been there before. Smoothy too, knew straight away and began to bark. "Just look at this splendid fruit!", enthused Harriet who reached for a plum and tried to tear it from it's branch. "Hands off!", proclaimed Camille and struck her lightly on the hand with the marotte. She then touched the trunk with the joker and in an instant Imogene was standing before them. "How are you?" enquired Camille calmly. "You may well ask!" said Imogene, her face a picture of annoyance. "Someone pulled me by my left ear!" Harriet's eyes became round and she drew her hand in front of her mouth, dumfounded. Edward giggled with malicious glee. The Duchess of Catsfield and Smoothy seemed very pleased that they were all there again.

"Children, let's go indoors and have supper!" called out Auntie Floralind. "What already?" grumbled the children. "Why can't we play outside a little longer?", they asked as they sat around the table. Auntie Floralind shook her head. "Not today!", she said in a tone which made it clear she would accept no argument. "Tonight the elves dance on the meadow. If you hear a melody - don't look out of the window. The music comes from the stars. Towards dawn there will be a dew and they say it consists of nothing but pearls and diamonds. Whatever you do, don't you take it into your heads to peep outside! If they see you, they will turn you into beetles or something similar."

"Or into rose bushes, plum trees and foxgloves" said Miss Camille, looking across at Edward, Harriet and Imogene in turn. Auntie Floralind cast a severe glance at her, but Miss Camille was silent and helped herself to a bit of cheese.





Later on during that night, Edward was awoken by a tender ringing melody, "Tra-la-la da ding". "Star-dew" he thought. The noise made him sleepy. His eyes closed again and none of the children saw the window of Auntie Floralind's room open. Auntie Floralind sat on the window sill and stretched out her arms. As the dew began to settle on her, Auntie Floralind's shape began to change, her body becoming smaller and smaller and ever more dainty. Now she wore a dress of silver and her head was crowned with a diamond coronet.

She spread her large shimmering wings and flew out through the window and into the garden. Alighting on the most beautiful rose petal, she sized up the two little elves standing in front of her. Their faces betrayed their guilt. "Amathea, Desidera, what did you get up to with the children? Tell me!", demanded Floralind angrily.

"We were only having a little harmless fun", murmured Amathea, meekly. "I turned Harriet into a rose, that's all!"

"And you, Desidera?"

"Imogene spat a plum stone onto my head, so I just turned her into a plum tree!"

"Just what did you think you were doing?", insisted Floralind, her arms folded and an even more severe look on her face.

"But it was only a very small plum tree", said Desidera miserably.

Floralind sighed. "I expressly told you beforehand .....". She cast a searching look around her. "Where has Mirabelle got to now?" Angrily she called out, "Mirabelle! Mirabelle! The child will drive me out of my mind!"

Mirabelle had seen the severe reprimand coming. She had waited until Floralind had landed in the meadow and had flown off very quickly, through the window and into the dark cottage living room. Toby the tom cat lay in his little basket and slept. Mirabelle snuggled down cozily into the soft fur behind his ears. Feeling a tickling sensation, Toby raised a hind paw to scratch himself. "Stop it!" demanded Mirabelle, "or you'll shred my wings to ribbons.

"What do you want here?", miaowed Toby angrily. "Outside with you! Off you go!"

"But it's so comfortable with you", purred Mirabelle. She could do that almost as well as Toby. "It's cold and wet outside", she shivered.

"Well, okay then", said Toby, for essentially he was good-natured at heart, "but stay still and stop tickling me!" He stretched out, yawned and closed his eyes again. "Trouble! That's all you get with small fry!", he thought, snored abruptly and then fell asleep again.

Outside the rain drizzled down. The summer had come to an end.



Edward  
Limited edition  
25 Europe  
25 USA





Francine



Pandora  
Limited edition  
25 Europe  
25 USA

Francine  
Limited edition  
25 Europe  
25 USA





Pandora

Florence





Florence

Limited edition  
25 Europe  
25 USA



### Anniversary Doll Samantha

Limited edition, 25 worldwide  
Height 75 cm  
Handmade Mohair Wig  
Dress of Antique French Laces  
Real Leather Shoes

### Miss Camille

Limited edition, 10 worldwide  
Height 100 cm, sitting 80 cm high  
Wig handmade from European Human Hair  
Dress of best Egyptian Cotton  
Real Leather Shoes  
Designer Hat in Finest Straw  
Two Afghans:  
"Smoothy" and "Duchess of Catefield"

### Lillibeth with Lilli Bear

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 60 cm, sitting 38 cm high  
Wig hand-made in Human Hair  
Silk Dress  
Mohair Teddy Bears

### Harriet with Daisy and Buttercup

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 75 cm  
Wig hand-made in Human Hair  
Silk Dress and hand-knitted Vest in Silk Yarn  
Real Leather Shoes  
Mohair Teddy Bears

### Francine

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 81 cm  
Wig hand-made in Human Hair  
Silk Dress and Knitted Vest  
Real Leather Shoes

### Pandora

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 89 cm  
Wig handmade from European Human Hair  
Doulton Silk Dress  
Designer Hat in Finest Straw  
Silk Handbag

### Florence

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 63 cm, sitting 46 cm high  
Wig handmade from European Human Hair  
Georgette-Dress with Vest in Cashmir  
Real Leather Shoes  
Flower Basket

### Imogene

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 80 cm  
Wig handmade from European Human Hair  
Woolen Georgette-coat and Dress  
Real Leather Shoes  
Designer Felt Hat  
Play-doll in Porcelain

### Amy

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 78 cm  
Wig hand-made in Human Hair  
Doulton Silk Dress  
Real Leather Shoes  
Bouquet of Flowers

### Sabrina

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 82 cm  
Wig hand-made in Human Hair  
Silk Dress and Cashmir Coat  
Real Leather Shoes  
Designer Felt Hat  
Silk Handbag

### Eleanor

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 78 cm  
Wig hand-made in Human Hair  
Cashmir Skirt and Vest  
Blouse in Silken Embroidery  
Real Leather Shoes  
Designer Hat in Finest Straw  
Marotte with Porcelain Head

### Edward

Limited edition, 25 Europe, 25 USA  
Height 87 cm  
Wig hand-made in Human Hair  
Silk Skirt, Cashmir Vest and Trousers  
Real Leather Shoes  
Marotte with Porcelain Head

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