

BETSY McCALL AND THE BABY ROBIN



Last Saturday, Daddy had just finished clipping the hedge when he called out: "Wonder what Mr. Bushy-Tail is up to!" He pointed to a busy squirrel slyly edging up to the big tree behind our house. "He has his eye on SOMETHING. Let's see what." There it was in the grass, the dearest baby robin, trying so hard to fly! Daddy lifted it ever so gently.

"Poor little fellow must have dropped from the nest, maybe while it was trying its wings. It's more frightened than hurt. Lucky we were here to save its life. Now to find its nest." Daddy said I could smooth it just once. It was silky and



trembling, poor thing! Daddy found the nest, almost hidden in a crotch of the tree. "If you and Mommy will get the small ladder, I'll take him home." He climbed the ladder, holding on with one hand. We watched him set the robin into the nest so-o-o carefully and cover it with his hand for a second or two to comfort it. When he came down, he laughed. "He has two others in there for company." We heard them *cheeping*! "Did the mother and father desert them?" I asked. "Not a bit! They were scared away. When we leave, they'll be back." Sure enough, from our back porch, we saw them swoop down to the tree to take care of their babies. Daddy said the little robins would learn to fly very soon, and one fine day, the whole family would fly away. That was a sad thought for me. Anyway, maybe they'll come back to us *next year*!



Betsy's new summer cottons look fresh and stay fresh. Her white shorts with striped top, her sleeveless, double-knit skimmer, and her striped beach-party dress (it comes with a matching kerchief) are so cool. By Glen of Michigan. Shorts, about \$6; top, about \$4; skimmer dress, about \$11; beach dress, about \$10. All in sizes 7 to 14.