

Betsy McCall Goes to a Beach Party

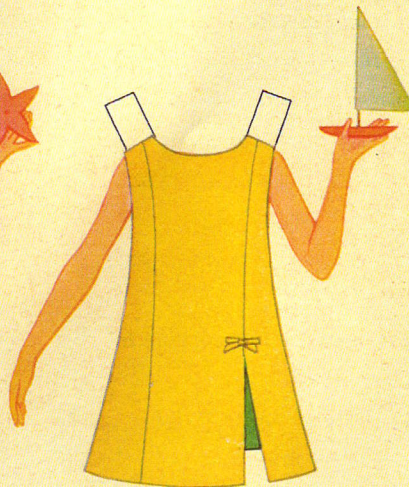
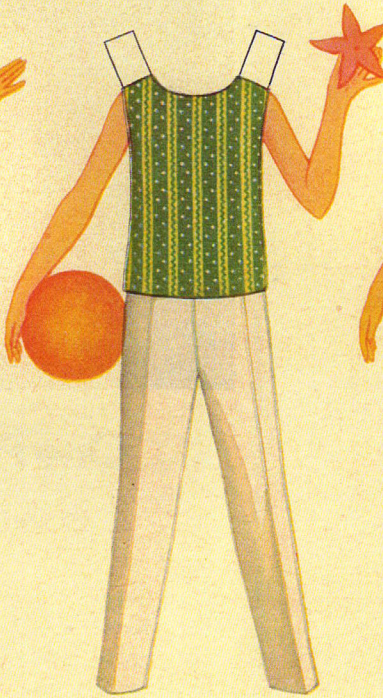
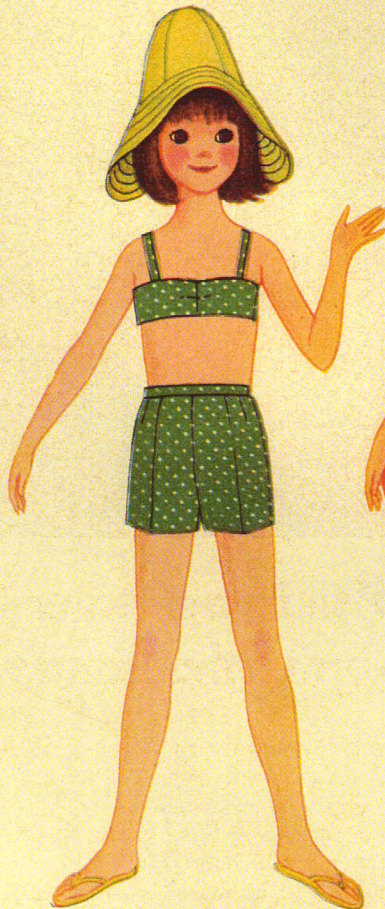
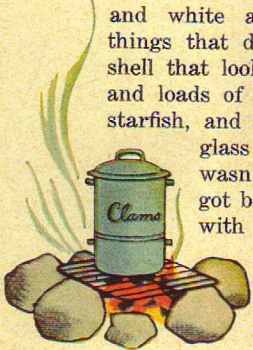


My new friend, Drusilla, the girl I introduced you to last time, took me to the most WONDERFUL Fourth of July beach party at Pirates' Cove. She and her father and mother and her two cousins called for me in their station wagon, and it was filled with all kinds of mysterious things—you know, bags and boxes, big and little. There aren't any pirates at the cove, but Dr. Rose, Dru's father, said there could have been, once upon a time. Those big gray rocks with the secret caves in them would make a dandy place for pirates to spy on ships and hide stolen treasure, he said. Isn't that SHIVERY! But the beach is pretty and white and full of interesting things that drift in. We found a lovely big shell that looked like pearl, and sand dollars, and loads of odddy shaped stones. I found a starfish, and three scallop shells, and colored glass smoothed over by sand, so it wasn't sharp or dangerous. When we got back, Dr. Rose had built a bonfire with a sort of barbecue thing over it, and a huge steamer was boiling over it. And Mrs. Rose had made a table from a plank, with

chunks of wood to hold it up. It was set with bowls and plates and cups and a centerpiece of fruit. And everything smelled so delicious that I was just starved. And what a feast it was! Clams and clam broth from the kettle. Roasted corn wrapped in foil, hot dogs on twigs, fruit, cookies, ice-cold lemonade, soda pop—oh, GOLLY! After the meal, we kids did the cleaning up, and then we took a nap, wrapped in blankets.

When we woke, the sun was going down, and it was getting chilly.

The bonfire felt nice and cozy, and Mrs. Rose was playing a little tune on a recorder, such a sweet, quaint little song, and Dr. Rose was tuning up his guitar. The clouds were pink and gold, and the rocks threw long blue shadows on the sand. Then we toasted marshmallows and sang sea songs until the sky turned dark and the stars came out. When it was time for us to leave, Dr. Rose lighted a sparkler for each of us—"just to remember what a pleasant time we all had." As though I could EVER forget it!



Betsy's mother sewed all these lovely things

(A McCall's pattern, 7789; sizes 7 to 14)