

## Betsy McCall's Trailer Trip to Yellowstone



You'll never guess where I've been since last time. Yellowstone Park, with my little cousin Linda and her parents in their new travel-trailer. I don't know what to describe first. There was a deep, *deep* canyon with walls of yellow stone and a swift, foaming river running along the bottom. And a perfectly GIGANTIC waterfall, tumbling more than 300 feet down a mountain. And over 200 geysers, all bubbling out of the earth. You've heard of Old Faithful? Well, it's the most tremendous geyser of all. Every hour or so, there it went, steaming high up into the air. You can't stand close to it, because it is boiling HOT. Daddy had told me about the bears in Yellowstone and how they love to beg for food. But, goodness, I didn't know how *greedy* they are. They wait along the road or come right up to your car. "If one of them hands me a card telling us to eat at Joe's Diner, I won't be a bit surprised," Uncle Rick said. "Anyway, I hope you kids won't be silly enough to feed them. It's against the law. Besides, don't forget that even tame bears like these are still savage." While he was talking to us, there was a bear fight across the road. A male bear cuffed a cub—I don't know why. Suddenly, Mama Bear came tearing over to protect her baby. She cuffed and pounded the big bear, and away he ran! Then



back they all went to their begging. We saw lots of other animals, too, everything from a tiny chipmunk to an enormous moose—Linda called him an *enormoose*, and she wasn't even trying to be funny. Oh, and zillions of birds—all kinds. We slept in our bunks in the travel-trailer. It was so cozy, looking through the window at the stars, and one night when there was an awful storm, it was the best feeling to be safe and snug in our little "house," looking out at the rain and the lightning. Aunt Sue cooked the best food on the gas range—delicious thick bacon and toast for breakfast; and for supper, the trout Uncle Rick caught in the river. She baked us hot biscuits in the oven, and cookies, too! There even was a shower bath in the little bathroom. Can you *believe* it? Linda and I went on walking tours with a National Parks' guide, and he told us that Yellowstone is thousands and thousands of years old. And famous all over the world. We met a little girl from Japan, two boys from Denmark and a family from way-off Australia. I'm going to ask Daddy to take me back to Yellowstone someday. Why don't you ask your daddy to take you, too? And maybe we'll meet on one of the trails—or waiting for Old Faithful.

