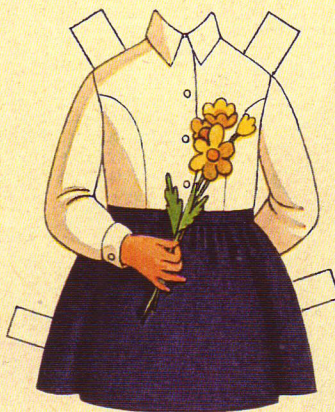
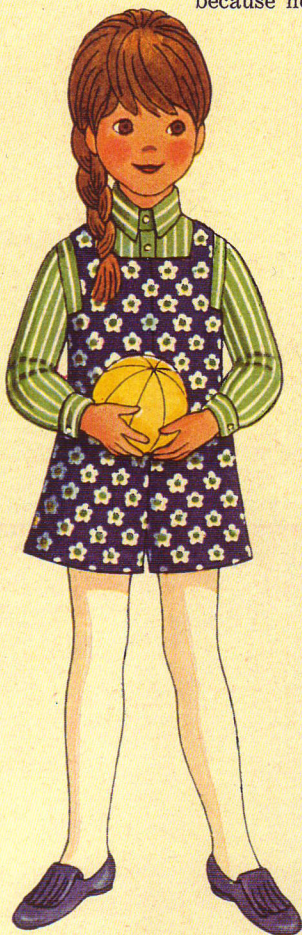
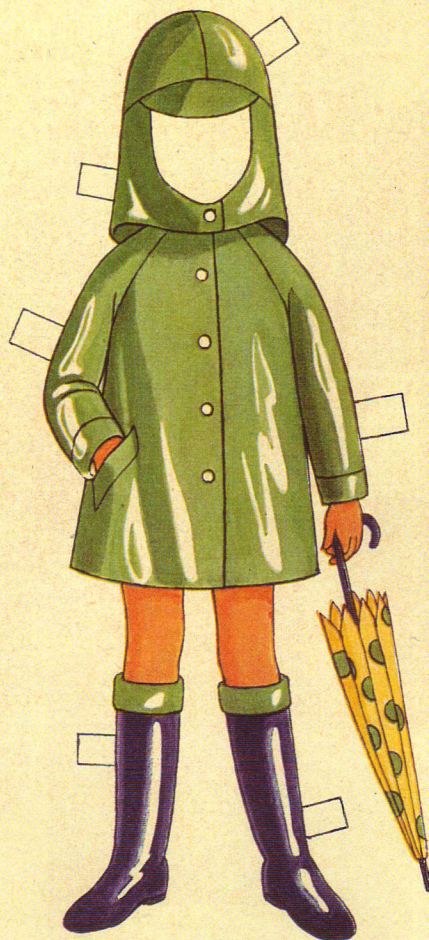


## Betsy McCall's Adventure in the Rain

My friend Drusilla and I were walking home from the store last week on a day it was raining cats and dogs—especially *dogs*, as you'll see. I thought I heard a squeaky sound, but Dru said it was the wind. Then I heard it again. It was like a yelp. This time Drusilla heard it, too. It came from one of the empty houses on the block, so we crossed the lawn to look. There, under the porch steps, was something that looked like a muddy brown mop without a handle. When we went close, it gave a weak little growl. A DOG! He was shivering and *so* wet. Nobody could tell us whose dog he was or anything about him. So I took him home with me. Mommy gave him hot milk, and we made a bed for him in an old cardboard box. When Daddy came home, he cried: "What have we here? A genuine what'sis if I ever saw one! Let's give him a bath." Honestly, you never *saw* a dirtier dog. But after his scrub, he was fluffy and brown, with a curly body, a cute flat nose, and a wavy tail. "Well," Daddy said, "he seems part Pekingese, part poodle." *Part Peke, part poodle.* "Daddy," I said, "let's call him Peke-a-Poo." Daddy shouted: "Peke-a-Poo! I LIKE it." And so did Peke-a-Poo, because he pranced about on his hind legs, proud as ANYTHING!



Betsy is right as rain in a green vinyl coat and navy boots. On sunny days, she wears a printed culotte-jumper or her white shirt with her navy-blue skirt



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