

BETSY MCCALL



On Open-House Day, Daddy came to my history class. "It was exactly three hundred and fifty years ago that the 'Mayflower' sailed into the harbor of Provincetown, Massachusetts," our teacher, Miss Kane, said. She opened her book and began: " 'Icy winds battered the great waves and loosened the snow in the woods along the shore.' " As she read, you could see the brave Pilgrims, the Indians in their leather clothing, and what it was like that winter. Later, she asked, "What were some of the things to give thanks for that first Thanksgiving?" Hands began waving. "Corn, yes. Wild game, turkeys, yes." She asked

the parents: "Mrs. McGuire? *Safe passage*, yes. Mr. Stone? *Freedom of worship*, yes. Mr. McCall? *Unprejudice?*" She looked puzzled, so he explained: "The Pilgrims must have looked very strange to the Indians—somber clothes, no beads, no copper skin, but white faces. Yet they helped these strangers live on *their* land, fish in *their* streams, hunt in *their* woods. I'd be thankful for such 'unprejudice' today. We find it hard to accept other people's skin, long hair, and wanting to live among us." Miss Kane said, "I agree." So did the parents. And I said, but to myself, "Yea, Daddy," because I was very proud of him.

OPEN HOUSE AT BETSY'S SCHOOL



Something Betsy's thankful for: the American Indian look in her new clothes—the mini-skirt and fringed leather jumper. And, of course, her Pilgrim costume!

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