



"White water, white water!" It seemed I shouted that all weekend long when Mommy and Daddy took Merry, Kerry and me on a canoe trip. What fun we had! We cooked over a campfire, paddled down the river, and slept in tents and sleeping bags, watching millions of stars winking back at us. Having breakfast that first morning and cleaning up afterwards—Daddy made sure we understood how important it is to keep the campsites clean—seemed to take forever. Finally, we went to rent some canoes—I went with Mommy in one, and the twins went with Daddy in another. Mommy and Daddy each

sat in the back, because even though everybody paddles, that's where you sit to steer the canoe. I sat in the front of mine—Mommy told me I would be the navigator. I was to watch out for rough water, and she would steer us

around it, because it meant there were a lot of rocks there, and we didn't want to get caught on those. When the water swirls around, it gets all white and foamy—that's why it's called white water. We saw some people tip over, which wasn't dangerous at all, because the river wasn't very deep and the twins and I wore life jackets, anyway. Once Daddy and the twins hit a rock and turned completely around! Mommy and I laughed so hard at them going backward down the river that we almost hit a rock and turned around ourselves. But I saw it coming and shouted "white water" just in time!

BETSY McCALL TAKES A CANOE TRIP



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