



Rain, rain, rain—for three days in a row. Nosey waited at the door, anxious to take in all the fresh after-rain smells. On either end of a leash, we started our walk—and then Nosey spied a soggy visitor. There on a low branch was a tiny bird with a black-capped head. It shivered from beak to tail, its eyes closed and damp feathers pressed close to its sides. It looked so sad! Nosey kept watch as I ran to tell Daddy. He called the wildlife warden to find out just what to do. "It's a chickadee," Daddy said. "All this rain has left it too cold and weak to look

BETSY McCALL FINDS A FRIEND

for food." Slowly, quietly, we approached the little bird. Gently, I cupped it in my hands and carried it indoors. Mother filled a shoe box with cotton and clean rags to use as a nest. Daddy found a bright light bulb and set it just above the box to warm the bird and dry its feathers. Then we placed a tiny cup of water in the box

with some seeds and berries, and Daddy put a cookie rack over the box so the bird couldn't fly out and get hurt. Soon the chickadee was stretching its wings and sampling our meal. Next morning, I carried the bird outdoors, but this time it wriggled and chirped with life. I opened my hands and away it flew—right to the dogwood tree. Merry and I looked at each other. A frown tugged at the corners of our smiles. We'd lost a friend. "No, you haven't," said Daddy, smiling. "I'll bet we see our friend nesting in that dogwood all spring long!"



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