

**THE GIRL SCOUTS AT
SEA CREST OR THE
WIG WAG RESCUE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649104499

The girl scouts at Sea Crest or the wig wag rescue by Lilian Garis

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

LILIAN GARIS

**THE GIRL SCOUTS AT
SEA CREST OR THE
WIG WAG RESCUE**



THE CAPTAIN STOOPED AND LIFTED HER IN HIS ARMS.
"The Girl Scouts at Sea Coast." Page 161

4/24/22

**THE GIRL SCOUTS
AT SEA CREST**

OR

The Wig Wag Rescue

By LILIAN GARIS

Author of

"The Girl Scout Pioneers," "The Girl Scouts
at Bellaire," etc.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY

NEW YORK
OR 1911 17

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
17433A
NEW YORK
1917

THE GIRL SCOUT SERIES

By LILIAN GARIS

Cloth. 12mo. Frontispiece.

THE GIRL SCOUT PIONEERS,
Or, Winning the First B. C.

THE GIRL SCOUTS AT BELLAIRE
Or, Maid Mary's Awakening

THE GIRL SCOUTS AT SEA CREST
Or, The Wig Wag Rescue

Other volumes in preparation

CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY, NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY
CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY

THE GIRL SCOUTS AT SEA CREST

Printed in U. S. A.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
17433A

CONTENTS

| CHAPTER | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| I. SAME OLD OCEAN | 1 |
| II. THE BOTTLED WARNING | 11 |
| III. A COUPLE OF FREAKS | 19 |
| IV. MARGARET-BY-THE-DAY | 25 |
| V. CAPTAIN DAVE | 32 |
| VI. CRABS AND DISASTER | 42 |
| VII. A DIFFICULT SITUATION | 51 |
| VIII. AT WEASEL POINT | 58 |
| IX. THE FIRE AT THE PIER | 67 |
| X. PLANNING FOR ACTION | 75 |
| XI. AT THE COLONNADE | 83 |
| XII. ON THE SANDS | 91 |
| XIII. A BLANKET OF FOG | 102 |
| XIV. ABOARD THE BLOWELL | 113 |
| XV. STRANDED | 123 |
| XVI. THE BAREFOOT GIRLS | 132 |

ORDER FROM G. O. APR 1927

CONTENTS

| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---------|----------------------------------|------|
| XVII. | A RELIC FROM THE ALAMEDA . . . | 144 |
| XVIII. | THE WIG WAG RESCUE | 155 |
| XIX. | THE GLORIOUS AFTERMATH | 165 |
| XX. | A REVELATION | 176 |
| XXI. | ON LUNA LAND | 187 |
| XXII. | A COMEDY OF THE ROCKS | 196 |
| XXIII. | SCOUTS EVERY ONE | 204 |

THE GIRL SCOUTS AT SEA CREST

CHAPTER I

SAME OLD OCEAN

THREE girls stood on the beach watching the waves—the tireless, endless, continuous toss, break, splash; toss, break, splash! Always the same climbing combers smoothly traveling in from eternity, mounting their hills to the playful height of liquid summits, then rolling down in an ocean of foam, to splash on the beach into the most alluring of earth's play toys—the breakers.

“And we thought the baby mountain at Bellaire beautiful—why this ocean is—well, it is simply bigger and grander than anything I have ever dreamed of,” declared Grace. “No wonder the girls out in Chicago long to spend a summer at the sea shore.”

“I couldn't even find a word to describe it,” admitted Cleo. “Doesn't it look like eternity all spilled out?”

“And the roll is like the origin of noise,” suggested Grace. “Now, Weasie, what do you see that looks like—like the original public service telephone company, or the first gas and electric plant? Don’t you think those glints of color and sparks of foam may be our first sulphur springs?”

“I never could claim a poetic imagination,” admitted Louise, known to her chums as Weasie, “but I might see a family resemblance there to—well—to a first-class Turkish bath. There! How the mighty hath fallen! From the origin of noise and eternity spilled out, down to a mundane yet highly desirable Turkish bath! And girls, mine is the only practical description, for a bath it is to be, ours for all summer! Can you imagine it?”

“And smell the salt?” prompted Cleo. “Since you insist on being practical, no use talking about the aroma of the gods, or the incense of the mermaids. Weasie, I see you are going to keep us down to earth; and I guess you are right. Essays are better in school than done orally on a beautiful beach. But really isn’t it overwhelming?”

“I’ll admit that much,” replied Weasie. “But you see, I have had a glimpse of the beach before. I vacationed here for one week. Then I have been to Atlantic City in winter. That’s simply wonderful. But you little Westerners, all the way from Pennsylvania,” and she