



Betsy McCall Finds a Treasure

My best friend, Suki, had a Treasure Hunt on her birthday. Each girl got a bright-colored shopping bag with her name on it and a list of the five things she had to find. The fifth was a huge question mark, because it had to be a surprise. My list was *one bent fork*, *two boots with holes in them*, *three spools of thread*, *four seashells*. And the surprise thing, I knew where a bent fork was, because Mommy had just bent one trying to open a can of paint. Our shoemaker lent me some holey boots. Three spools were easy. And my cousin Sandy has a shell collection, so he gave me four to keep, if I want to. But that *funn!* Nothing I could think of was a sur-



prise—a baby's sock, a Christmas ball—things like that. I looked on porches and in people's trash barrels for ideas. In front of the last house on the street, where a new family just moved in, was a huge box filled with things. I started to poke around when I saw a girl about my own age, sitting on the railing of the back porch. I said, "Hello." She said, "Hello." And I told her about the treasure hunt and that I was looking for something surprising. She laughed. "Well," she said, "I don't think you'll find a surprise there. It's just some stupid old junk that Mother's throwing out." Her name is Drusilla—Dru for short, she said—and her dad's a teacher. I told her about Suki and everybody and how surprised they'd be to know I had met her. And then



I thought, That's it! My surprise! So I took her back to the party, and I won the prize for the best surprise of all.



Her new flower-printed shift is very Hawaiian-looking. Betsy thinks



Her pink and blue dresses, trimmed with rickrack, have a real Mexican look