

to be a model again.

Everyone thinks that is the most glamorous thing in the whole world to be a fashion model but really it isn't. You meet lots of wonderful people but it also takes a great deal out of you. And you start becoming overly concerned with external things - like if you have a pimple or something it's a really big tragedy.

"Working with Shirley and David is much more rewarding for me. But I still need lots of time to find myself. You know I've scarcely gone out with boys at all."

"How could that be," I said in a surprised tone. "You're one of the prettiest girls I've ever interviewed, certainly you didn't find it hard to meet other boys."

"But I did," Susan said, "people in my high school began to think that I was stuck-up and different because I was a model. And I was so busy running around New York City going to auditions and all the rest of the job that I had no time for a normal social life. That's another reason why I laugh when anyone talks to me about marriage."

Marriage is really important. If I am going to do something I want to do it with all of my ability and all of my feelings. I know that a lot of women in show business manage to combine their personal lives with their careers but it isn't the easiest thing in the world to do.

"Also it takes a very special kind of man to live with a wife who has a glamorous career. I would really dislike it if my husband and I thought of each other as rivals for fan mail and if we only got to see each other in between screenings. But really it is so premature for me to worry about my long-term emotional life. There's so much to do now that I have never had the chance to do."

Susan picked up the skirt of her dress and began to twirl around in it. "You know," she said wistfully, "I love going to discotheques and swinging all night - - not that I get to do that very often with my hectic schedule - but I wish I could find someone who would take me waltzing."

When I was a young girl one of my favorite pastimes was to watch the old movies on television. I was always so thrilled when they would have a ball scene and the hero would take the heroine, preferably a princess, into his arms and they would go gliding off across the floor."

For a minute Susan even with her pigtails, looked as if she could turn herself into the kind of princess that every man dreams of. Then a grin broke out and she was her bright mod-

self again. "Come on," Susan tugged at my arm, "Let me buy this dress and then we'll go for a walk in the park. I want to see if I can get a sunburn today."

As we left the shop for our romp outside, I thought how lucky David was to have a girl like Susan working with him. Perhaps she was right and it was too early to talk about marriage plans between them. But it was certainly true that David and Susan were good friends. It isn't often that the people who work together also get to grow up together but it seems to be happening in this case. Now that I know a little bit more about the people behind the smiles on "The Partridge Family", I wish them the best of luck in the world.

MERV GRIFFIN (Continued from page 53)

the mark of a superior salesman - and how maybe he should start looking for more swinging dj's anyway... they don't even play his kind of rock, and the next minute - CRASH!

He shuddered and slumped back into the seat. He felt strangely weak, but the pain wasn't getting any worse and he could hear the now distorted and static sounds of the radio. A car passed on the road but he barely realized it until it was gone, and then he decided that he'd better pull himself together or he'd never get into the city. It was obvious that he could forget about that business he wanted to arrange before the show but he was sure he could get to the studio on time - maybe even earlier than if he had proceeded as planned.

He carefully leaned forward and turned off the noise of the radio. Then he pushed open the car door, which didn't seem damaged, and slowly and cautiously extracting his leg from the twisted metal of the pushed-up engine, he lowered his weight to his feet on the ground and stood balancing himself against the open car door. He could tell it wasn't too serious because he could walk, but he did feel weak and it did hurt.

He felt so helpless and almost angry now. Why had it happened? Why hadn't he seen where he was going? The seat belt. Had he had the seat belt on? No. No seat belt. Why hadn't he had the seat belt on?? Well, anyway, he thought, I've got

to get someone to drive me back to get bandaged up so that I can get into the city. But why did I do That? It's nobody's fault but mine. I could have had my leg broken, or taken off completely, or two of my legs. . . I could have spent two weeks in the hospital.

He walked slowly up to the front of the car where it had jammed itself into the tree, which had taken a bad beating. He didn't think that he had killed the tree, but he didn't think the car was worth having repaired, and he might have killed himself. There was blood streaked throughout the beautiful fabric of his flaired trousers, and was even on the jacket. It occurred to him to inspect his leg for actual damages but the country road wasn't all that desolate and cars did come by at regular intervals and it would delay him anyway. He had to get into the city.

He climbed up the slight embankment and stood by the road. A truck came around the corner down the road within less than a minute and slowed to a halt. He didn't even have to hail it. This is embarrass-

ing, he thought, as the driver leaned out and stared with recognition.

"I had a slight accident," he said. The truck driver's gaze had by now wandered to Merv's car. "Could you drop me off at a phone up the road?"

"Sure. Climb right in. You're Merv Griffin, ain't ya?"

He couldn't think of a joke. He didn't want to hurt the man's feelings by seeming inattentive, so he just said, "Hey, you should be careful. Where's your seat belt?"

The driver laughed out loud and said, "Where's yours?"

"Ha," Merv laughed too. "But seriously now," he said in his characteristic show manner, ". . . no really, man, you wouldn't believe what happened to me. I guess there was ice. No, I know there was ice. That doesn't normally happen without ice, and besides I could just feel myself skating. I skated right into the tree!"

"You wanna phone?" the truck driver said. "There's a shopping center before we turn off a few miles up. How's that?"

"Oh, fine. Anywhere will do. I just have to call my wife to drive me back to the house. I have to get into New York in two hours. You know, I shot a whole day. Usually I like to get into the city early to get things done. Thank God it turned out this well. I could have ended up in the hospital and not been able to do anything for two weeks. I hate to lie around."

The truck driver chuckled at the