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FAN'S OWN STORY (Continued from page 23)

been watching the show for awhile, it suddenly hit me. I didn't have to be part of anyone else's family. I really loved my own mother and sisters and my brother. I'd just stopped doing anything to show how I felt.

I was so taken up with my own problems, my hurt feelings and my worries, that I'd stopped thinking about them as people. I stopped remembering that they had needs and feelings too.

Maybe you think one person, and someone my age, at that, can't change a whole family. Well, you're wrong.

"Loving has to start somewhere," I thought. "It might as well start with me."

The first time I offered to help my brother with his homework, he thought I was making fun of him. It had been such a long time since I'd even asked him what his problems were at school.

When he saw 'inat I was serious, his whole face lit up. The first thing I knew, he was not only telling me about his homework problems, but about other things that were happening in school, about trouble he was having with one of his teachers, and with a kid who was picking on him and giving him a hard time.

Just talking it over made him feel a lot better, and from then on, there was an improvement. I gave him what help and advice I could, and I asked my older sister what she thought.

The first thing you know, we were having a real family conference, just like the Partridges have. We felt like a real family for the first time in months.

I agreed that I wouldn't try to get out of doing my share of the housework, if my big sister wouldn't take such a high-and-mighty tone with me.

The important thing was-we were able to talk. I mean, really talk, not argue or bicker.

I didn't think Mom would notice the change but she did. "I don't know

what's come over you," she said one night, when she came home from work and found dinner on the table and everyone talking and fooling around together. "I feel as though I have a real family again."

I didn't tell Mom, or any of the rest of the family, about the way the Partridges had changed me. I figured maybe they'd laugh, if I told them

But you know, the way my family is these days, the wonderful new closeness we feel in our home. I think that some day I might just tell them what caused the change in our lives. And I wish I could tell everyone in the Partridge family, too. Maybe—just maybe-they'll read this and understand how much we owe to them.

GIRL DAVID CAN'T FORGET (Continued from page 8)

come true, but David is a realist, too. "It takes more than wishing," he says. "You have to work hard to get the things you dream about."

And the kind of hard work that David sees ahead doesn't leave that much time for a serious romance.

"And you know, a lot of the girls I date are also in show business," David explains. "This means that they have their own busy schedules, their own career plans."

All these reasons for not falling in love and going steady right now are real enough and yet . . .

Even now, David still remembers the one girl he did meet who made him think seriously of going steady, the one special girl he can't forget.

He met her at a party, not any big, fancy Hollywood party but just an ordinary birthday party given by a friend. She wasn't the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, but there was something about her. Her smile was so warm and friendly, and she acted so relaxed and outgoing. David's friend introduced them. The girl, we'll call her Lynne, was visiting from out-oftown.

Even though she was a fan of David's she didn't make a big thing out of meeting him. She treated him with the same casual friendliness she showed all the other guests, and he liked that.

They danced and then went out in the garden together. The moon was reflected on the swimming pool and the night was warm. They sat down on a bench beside the pool and talked about everything-silly things and things that were important to both of them.

Lynne was a good listener, and David liked that. But she had strong

