

# CONVERSATIONS"



door. He could see Susan sitting in her car, talking to Shirley through the open window.

"I feel so bad about it," Susan said.

"I know you do, but it can't be helped," Shirley agreed.

David walked up to the car. "David," Susan turned back to him, "you have the same problem—don't you feel awful about not being able to talk to your fans more at the studio? I mean, I was coming in this morning and some kids tried to talk to me. I barely said hello when the guard told them not to come in."

"Sure, that happens all the time," David answered. "But if we had an

open house on the set, we'd never get any work done."

"Do you think they understand? The kids looked so disappointed this morning."

## • THEY UNDERSTAND •

Shirley put her hand on Susan's shoulder. "Susan, it's nice to be able to chat with your fans when you have the time. But they are your fans, and they know you have a lot of work to do. They couldn't be mad at you for wanting to do your best. You can't take too much time to stop and talk at the studio."

"And if you shirked your responsibilities at work, they wouldn't re-

spect you for that," David added.

"I suppose if the tables were turned, I'd understand, too," Susan nodded.

"Say," Shirley brightened. "What are you two doing tonight? We're having a backyard barbecue, and you're both invited!"

"Sounds great!" David and Susan said in unison.

"Good! See you about 8," Shirley said as she climbed into her car.

The air was filled with the luscious smell of barbecued beef and corn on the cob.

"Mmmmm! I could smell it all

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