

“THOSE PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS” CONT.

the way up the street!” Susan told Shirley as she came into the backyard. David was already sitting on a bench in the corner, eating and kidding around with Shaun.

Shirley grinned toward Susan. “What would you like—beef or chicken?”

“Chicken’s fine,” Susan answered. Just then Ryan ran up to Shirley. “Mom, I busted a milk bottle

puzzled, and asked, “Isn’t it hard to be a good mother and have a job like yours at the same time? I don’t know if I could do it.”

“Oh, it’s not easy. The kids have their own activities, so they don’t even want me around all the time. But when they have a play or a baseball game they’d like me to come to, sometimes I just can’t. Then they’re disappointed, and so am I.

well as you do,” Susan sighed.

“I’m sure you will,” Shirley laughed. They both walked back toward the pool and sat down just as the sun set behind the hills.

Another day was ending for the Partridge stars. And through the hours of morning, noon, and evening, they had helped each other through jolly times and troubled moments. Their private conversa-



all over the kitchen floor!”

“Oh, dear! Well, be careful where you step. I’ll be there in a second.” Ryan trotted back toward the house.

Shirley shook her head. “Hmmm. Watch the fire for a minute, will you?”

When Shirley came back a few minutes later, Susan looked at her,

But it’s good sometimes, too. I don’t feel chained to the house or to being ‘a housewife.’ When I have other interests, I feel more interesting. And I think we have more fun together when I feel good about myself.”

“Well, when I’m married and have children, I hope I can handle it as

tions filled with well-meant advice and loving encouragement had done wonders for all of them.

The bright California sun splashed a final pink glow on the horizon—and its brightness was matched by the happy, contented smiles on the faces of three famous people—Shirley, David, and Susan!

