

response. There was something in his voice, his manner, his way of communicating with an audience that made him a sure success.

And right now, Jimmy's star continues to rise. He recently signed with the office of Al Gallico, the man who discovered country and western great, Miss Tammy Wynette. Jimmy's now off to Nashville to start recording.

At the moment, he receives between 200 and 600 letters a week from fans, and is appearing in teen and movie mags across the country. That's quite a score, when you realize that Jimmy hasn't yet had a hit record. Just think what's going to happen when he **does** have a record on the charts!

You can write to Jimmy by addressing letters to:

Jimmy Angel National Fan Club  
c/o Ted Eddy, Mgr.  
300 W. 55th Street  
New York, N.Y., 10019

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### SUSAN: WHY I'D LIKE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH YOU

*(Continued from page 33)*

my sister and I should be models in New York and she sent our pictures in to a model agency. The woman at the agency telephoned and wanted to see us." You aren't surprised since Susan has a rare kind of beauty, perfect features, slender figure and that wide-eyed look of innocence.

"They hired both of us and after that it was a hectic life. I used to go to school, then rush to Manhattan after school to work. And, of course, I worked all summer. It was nice in a way, but it was hard too. I didn't have time for dates or anything I wanted to do. It was sort of all work and no play."

Susan had an apartment in New York. "I did start to have dates. You know, people I met in the business—photographers and advertising men. I liked dating in New York because when you went out, you dressed up. That's one thing I don't like about California. Everybody is so casual, they so seldom dress up. And you know how everybody talks about crime in New York. Nobody ever bothered me at all, except now and then some guy would whistle at me, but that was all. And the first month I was in California I was robbed—my house in the hills was robbed, I mean.

"Then Christmas—I love the holidays in the east, but out here, forget it! It just wasn't Christmas to me. I guess I associate Christmas with snow and cold weather."

You know that Susan takes her work very seriously, that she's always on time and ready to work, and she never

forgets her lines. "That's me," she said. "A perfectionist. But I often wonder why I'm here, why I'm in a series. I know a lot of girls envy me, think I really have it made. But—" she hesitated, "do you know, **that I envy them?** Don't get the idea I'm not grateful for the chance to be in **The Partridge Family**—I am, but I also miss just being a girl, doing normal things like other kids. You know, going to college, dating, being free to go home for weekends. In our family, we're very close."

Amazing, isn't it, that a girl so many thousand of others envy and would love to trade places with, isn't sure she's doing the right thing?

"I guess it's a case of taking things for granted for so long, things like not having too many responsibilities, having girl friends to rap with and having dates with different boys and knowing you have plenty of time to decide what you want to do with your life."

But there's another side of Susan, a side that wants to go on as an actress. "I'd like to do summer stock and learn more about acting, and, of course, I'd like to do films. People tell me I'm beautiful, and you don't dare take it seriously. Otherwise, you'd lose your perspective. I do miss my family and not seeing them more often. My brother's in college, doing the ecology thing. He travels around, stopping in different places to study the environment. We're very close."

She lives in the hills in a small house with a girl who is a bit older. Her parents feel that at 19 Susan is too young to live alone. She cooks—she excels at that—when there is time. And she's fussy about keeping her clothes just right. She adores David Cassidy. "We don't date and he's not like a brother either. I guess you'd say he's just a very special person to me."

She sat down and studied her nails. "But I still have the feeling I'm missing out, that the years are passing quickly when I should be having fun, being a teenager, discovering the excitement in dating—that sort of thing. And I'd like to tell my fans not to envy me and think I have everything, because right now, you know, I'd change places with them—and just be a girl!"

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### BOBBY'S HIDDEN FEAR

*(Continued from page 13)*

His fans—all those wonderful girls—would they desert him if times were bad? Would they write him off as just another falling star and start looking for someone to take his place? Or would his fans, his thousands and

thousands of dedicated fans, stick with him now when he really needed them the most?

Bobby was feeling so low that for a while he couldn't answer his own question. At that moment he truly felt that without his show he was nothing, that nobody would love him just for himself—just because he was Bobby Sherman.

The sudden ringing of the phone jolted Bobby out of his seat.

"This is Patty," the voice said. "I've just heard about your show, and I want to tell you, Bobby, that you're not allowed to sit around feeling sorry for yourself. You're a terrific talented performer, you're ambitious, and you're dedicated. This isn't the end of the world for you. Remember you've sold millions of records, you've done **Shindig** and **Here Come the Brides** plus dozens of guest TV spots and personal appearances. Bobby, you're really good!" There was a pause. "And besides," Patty went on softly, "you're a wonderful person. Just all by yourself, you're a wonderful person."

Bobby felt his throat tightening as he thanked her and said good-bye. Patty is a really nice girl, he thought. She didn't have to make that call. She did it just because she likes me and she cares about me.

And suddenly Bobby felt better. If Patty felt that way, probably a lot of his friends felt the same way, too. And if he could count on them, he figured he could count on his fans too. The ones he had met were top-notch girls, the kind that would really stick buy a guy in an emergency.

He shook his head as if to clear it, and walked firmly over to his stereo rig. The sounds of his big hit record filled the room, and Bobby started snapping his fingers in time to it.

He'd come back, all right. He had talent, and something to give, and a strong desire born of love to give it. He thought how foolish he had been, worrying that nobody would like him unless he was a big star.

And then he stopped dead in his tracks. And he felt suddenly ashamed of himself—for doubting his friends, the loyalty and love of his girl friends, and his fans. The people who really love me, and whom I really love, see me as a person, he said must have said to himself. They don't see me as Bobby-Sherman-The-TV-Star, they see me as Bobby Sherman, period.

On the spot Bobby made a vow to himself that he would not give in to his distrust and hidden fears of those who loved him—he would be what he had to be and they would all learn to live with it. Even Bobby.