

“Okay, we’ll print it!” called the director. “Let’s break for lunch.”

“Whew! That was a rough one!” remarked David, getting up from the table. They had been shooting a scene in the Partridge dining room all morning to get the right camera angles on everybody.

“You’re right!” agreed Shirley. “I don’t think I could have passed that salad one more time! And now I’ve got a luncheon interview and guess what I’m going to eat?”

“Salad, of course!” laughed David as they walked out into the hot sunshine. “Well, not me. I’m going to skip lunch and just relax in my dressing room!”

“You must really like it in there,” commented Shirley. “Ever since you moved in we have to pry you out!”

“Well, it’s a change from being in the trailer,” David admitted. “Less noisy, except of course for my next door neighbor. She really gets the music loud sometimes.”

“Just for that,” teased Shirley, “I’m going to bang on your wall when I get back! See you later!”

### BOBBY’S DRESSING ROOM

It was true, though, David thought as he went inside and closed the door behind him. He hadn’t cared one way or the other when he’d been offered Bobby Sherman’s old dressing room on the lot at Columbia Ranch. Now as he lay down on the couch in the cool, quiet room, he was glad he accepted.

For one thing, it was amazing how much more reading he had been able to do! David dipped into a large cardboard box he kept by the couch. All fan letters, and how he loved them! Even though it was impossible to answer most of them, reading what his fans had to say made David feel closer to every girl who wrote to him!

For the next half hour, David worked his way through a large stack, until finally his eyes began to close and he fell asleep with a letter in his hand. He was wakened by a loud knocking on the wall that adjoined his room with Shirley’s.

“Okay!” David yelled, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. The letter he’d been reading slipped out of his hand and fell behind the couch. “Darn!” he said out loud, reaching but not quite able to get it. He got up and moved the couch out from the wall.

### A LOST TREASURE!

As he picked up the letter, something shiny that was buried in the thick, shag rug caught his eye. David reached for it and smiled when he saw that it was a basset hound, made of silver. He turned it over in his hand. There was writing on the back, worn so thin he could hardly make it out.

“To Bobby,” he read, “From your fan always... Lisa.”

Bobby must have lost it when he had this dressing room! He had probably forgotten all about it by now. But as David rubbed the small silver dog between his fingers, he realized how worn it was. Maybe Bobby had kept it on a chain or something. It looked like something he had cared a lot about.

Now there was a knocking on David’s door. “Five more minutes!” called the assistant director’s voice.

David went to the door and stepped out. “I’m ready,”

