



# Stars In My Eyes!

by Nancy Hardwick  
Editor, STAR Magazine

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Hi, STARLuv!

I'd like to tell you of a very dear dream that I have about STAR Magazine. It's a dream about making STAR the magazine you'll really love most in the whole world!

A couple of years ago, when I used to read those teenybopper and bubblegummer magazines (you know the ones I'm talking about), I never really felt that what I read in them was the truth. The editors never seemed to really care about their readers.

I'm not only talking about all those made-up stories that we're supposed to believe. I just never felt I was ever getting really *close* to the STAR I loved. Made-up stories just never seemed to make it for me. I can always tell, can't you?

Another thing that really griped me was when I wrote letters criticizing those mags a little bit, they never EVER printed those letters! Never! Have you ever seen a letter in those bubblegum mags that said anything besides something sweet and goody-goody about their own magazine? You know why? Because the editors of those teenybopper mags make up about 95% of the letters they publish! Really! Any letter that says anything besides "I think your magazine is the greatest thing since sliced bread," goes right into the trash can!

## THEY HOPE FOR YOU-KNOW-WHAT!

Half of the girls who write for those teenybopper mags don't do it because they really love writing or you. They do it because they want to be close to the STARS themselves. This makes them feel good or important or even filled with hope (for you-know-what). They don't really care about you. To them you're only the dummy *reader* who spends most of her allowance and baby-sitting money to keep their mags moving and them grooving!

I've always dreamed of being the editor of my own magazine. So, when I was offered the Editorship of STAR, I knew STAR could be the best magazine in the whole world if we, its staff, would dedicate ourselves to just one thing: *truth!* Always, everytime, no exceptions!

And we would have to *listen* to our readers like *no* other magazine ever has. My staff and I will read every letter you send to me. And I'll publish "disagreeing" letters every month! I'd rather get 10 letters offering me sincere advice and even criticism than get 100 goody-goody letters! But happy letters are welcome, of course.

And now that you know my promise and pledge to you, I hope that you take it to heart and write me all your thoughts—loves *and* hates—about this, our first issue of STAR!

And if any of the editors of those bubblegum mags read this column, I double-triple dare them to print a reply, or write to me. When and if they do, I'll print each and every one of their letters. If they don't, you'll *know* that everything I've said right here is the truth!

## WITH DAVID!

I'd like to tell you a little about my getting to know David: Many times when I visit David on the *Partridge* set he's very busy shooting scenes. But, very often, I'm lucky enough to be there during his lunch hour. At that time, David and I and Henry get together in David's groovy dressing trailer and have lunch together and talk.

One day out on the set I was in for a fantastic surprise, which I want to share with you. I'll try to remember every detail about this moment that I can! It was after lunch and Henry, David and I were talking about an upcoming rock concert tour when David just picked up his guitar, sat down on his most comfortable blue corduroy chair, propped up his long legs and started playing, without giving us any warning!

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