

David's

personal letter to you

Hi there!

I seem to have come to the end of my days as a member of the unemployed! As you must know, the strike was over a good while back, and things are really starting to happen now!

You'd just never credit the change that's come over L.A. . . . All the zest and zing went out of the place when the movie business was at a stand-still. But now all the familiar faces are around again and it really feels like home! And I'm just one of the faces that's come back like a homing-pigeon (or maybe 'partridge' if you can stand it!).

I must say that the first thing that struck me was how hot it was downtown. Now that might seem an odd sort of comment coming from a guy who's been happily basking in a temperature of up to a hundred degrees in Hawaii lately!

STUCK INDOORS

But 100° on a Hawaiian beach is a very different matter from 100° — or even 80° — on a scorching city sidewalk! I don't know why it should be so, but I guess you've noticed the same sort of difference yourselves. If you've never thought about it before, just think back to a gloriously hot day during your summer vacation and then compare it to a heatwave when you've been stuck indoors, either at work or in school... See what I mean?

Recording studios sure can be very hot places, in spite of air-conditioning and all that stuff. So I guess I ought to know what I'm talking about, because that's where I've been spending most of my time since I've gotten back into town.

Still, it's all been worth it, 'cos I reckon we've gotten some good stuff canned . . . So far, there are a couple of oldies, including a beautiful John Sebastian number which I'll guarantee you've got to like if you share my taste in music at all. This is the track I'd like to go out as a single in the States, so maybe you'll be hearing it in Britain before too long.

Tony — that's Tony Romeo, if you hadn't

COLUMBIA RANCH
HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA

guessed — has written me some real zappo new songs as well, so I'm hoping you're going to like those too. Right now I'm not sure what will, and what won't, be going on my next album, because I'm still recording at Western at the moment. I'd like to get maybe eighteen tracks laid, and then pick the best twelve or fourteen for the album.

I don't want to rush things too much, but I promise you that I won't be any longer than I can help over the recording. I reckon to have the album together by early September, so I guess a likely British release date would be some time around October or November.

But I want to make it quite clear that I'm just telling you my *hopes* right now — this isn't a promise! You see, so many things can go wrong and hold things up . . . If you don't believe me, look at the way the scriptwriters' strike over here has held up my final season with the Partridge Family show! That put a lot of plans out of joint, I can tell you!

Including some of my plans too! In fact, I'm afraid that the chances of that September visit to you seem to get slimmer and slimmer every day . . .

The idea was that I'd be coming over for four or five days, maybe nearer a week, to say 'Hi!' to you all and do some filming for Top of the Pops while I was over. So far, I've still managed to keep one week free in September. But it looks as though it's going to turn out to be the wrong one as far as all the folks in Britain are concerned.

WEEK'S VACATION

And that is the only week's vacation I've got scheduled till the end of the season! Not that I'm complaining about that . . . I reckon I've had my fair share of vacation to last me over the next couple of years! But it certainly looks as though I may have to postpone my next visit with you till 1974 — *early* in 1974!

You see, although we're starting work on the series three months late, we're all set to work like crazy so as to make sure that we finish by next January! And we'll really have

