



BOBBY WRITES TO YOU

Working With The Partridges! Wow!

Hi Babel!

Wow! What excitement I've had this past month. Best of all was doing what I wrote about last month—acting in the pilot for my own show!

As you probably remember, my pilot was what they call a "spin off," meaning that it will be shown on the air as an episode of another series. And lucky me! The series Screen Gems picked for my "spin off" was none other than the fabulous "Partridge Family!"

I've got to tell you just what it was like and I don't want to leave out a single detail!

LOTS OF SLEEP

We started filming on a Monday morning so Sunday night, I crawled in bed about 9 o'clock so that when the alarm rang at 6 a.m. (that's the part I don't like about being an actor!), I'd jump out of bed fresh and relaxed.

At 10 p.m. on Sunday night, I was still awake. Also at 11, 12 and 1 a.m. I guess I was just so excited, worked up and nervous that I couldn't sleep. First I tried drinking cold water (someone told me that helps insomnia), then I counted sheep. When the alarm blared out at 6 a.m., I was a sleepy mess!

Luckily, the weather was absolutely freezing outside... for California that is. Because it was so cold, I woke right up, dressed and drove over to Screen Gems. The guard at the gate smiled and waved and I was happy to see him. I parked my car and went over to the Partridge set.

DID I GOOF?

Would you believe there wasn't a soul there? At first, I thought, "Oh no, Bobby, you've blown it. Filming was last week!" Then I thought, "No, that can't be right. Today is really Sunday and I'm here a day early!" Finally I came to my sense and realized that everyone was simply busy elsewhere.

I went to make-up and spent about a half-hour getting my face powdered, my ears darkened (otherwise they show up too much on TV—everyone has their



THIS IS ACTUALLY A PHOTO OF the end of the show I did with The Partridge Family. They've just driven me to Denver where I meet a songwriter, Lionel Poindexter. We decided to make it a team; I'm saying goodbye, above.



WHEN WE ALL ARRIVE AT LIONEL'S apartment, we can't believe our eyes! He's a poet and he loves to collect things. His apartment is full of bizarre momentos that he has kept over the years and David and I are amused!

ears darkened). Finally I walked back over to the set.

A few people were sitting around or leaning against equipment but I didn't seem to find anyone I recognized. I was feeling kind of lost and decided that since there wasn't anything else to do at the moment, I'd take a chair and sit awhile.

Of course, the minute I sat down, all the work started. People were rushing around everywhere, moving equip-

ment, adjusting lights, polishing up the set.

I pitched in and helped when I could but I noticed something I thought was very strange. Neither David Cassidy or Susan Dey had come out of their dressing rooms. I'd said a quick hello to Shirley Jones but I hadn't seen even a peep of David and Susan. I began to get really worried!

I was afraid that perhaps they didn't want to work with me. Wow, I thought

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