

we had to keep shooting the same scene over and over and over. Our faces were so wet and slippery that every time we embraced, we literally slid right past each other! Finally, somehow, we got the proper footage together. But just remember — when you see the “My Son The Feminist” segment on *The Partridge Family* some nice cool evening this fall, you know what was really happening!

By the time that day’s shooting was over, all of the principals were soaking wet — and more than delighted when the director, Peter Baldwin, was finished with our final scene and told us we could go home for the day.

I WON'T BE GOING HOME TONIGHT

Tonight I won't be going home, cos Wes Farrell — the producer of *The Partridge Family* records — is in town and I have to meet him at the studio as soon as I can, so that we can spend an evening together cutting records. The studio where all our records are cut is a small studio on Sunset, right next to Screen Gems-Hollywood lot. Right around the corner from the studio is the famous Copper Skillet and, of course, Lenny's Boot Parlour. As I park my Mustang in the lot behind the Copper Skillet, I see a *Sale* sign at Lenny's — and before I know it, I'm inside on a shopping spree. Before I walk out of Lenny's, I'm an hour behind schedule — and at least \$100 poorer! (I bought a white linen suit and two silk shirts, one beige and one in a pastel print!)

The first person I run into in the recording studio is the music director for *The Partridge Family*. We go over the lead sheets for *I Can Hear Your Heart Beat* and *To Be Lovers* — the two songs we will be working on tonight. The tracks are already laid down (that means the music part of the record has been made), and now I have to put in my vocal part. Though I love doing *The Partridge Family*, the most exciting thing connected with the show

has turned out to be the *music part* of it!

My work with Wes was the first time I had been in a recording studio and every night I learned something new. Everything that happened just made music even more interesting. For instance, we did about 20 takes of *I Can Feel Your Heart Beat* before both Wes and I were satisfied. That seems like a lot of work after a hard day in the sun. But, as you know, if you're doing something you really dig doing — well, it's always a pleasure and the time seems to just fly by.

It was around midnight before Wes and I agreed that we had gotten the lyrics to *I Can Feel Your Heart Beat* down exactly the way we thought they should be for the album. I was quite surprised when, as I went to say good night to Wes, I suddenly realized that I was hoarse.

“Wow, I sound terrible!” I told Wes, secretly wondering what I was going to sound like at the TV studio the next day.

“Don't worry about it,” Wes said, grinning. “You'll be all right tomorrow.”

Later, as I drove home, I started singing the song again softly to myself. I was surprised to discover, as I sang, that the hoarseness was already going. So, as I rolled along in my Mustang over the Hollywood Hills, singing softly to myself, I indulged in my favorite daydream — me with my own group up on stage doing our thing!

But that's another story — and, who knows, maybe if that dream ever comes true, it'll be one of the stories you will be reading in *My Secret Diary*!

Don't miss the next “episode” in David Cassidy's Secret Diary! It'll all be in the February issue of 16, which goes on sale December 22. Be sure to meet David and the rest of the Partridge Family gang here then!!

Director Peter Baldwin (center) sets up a shot.



“I can hear your heart beat—can you feel my heart beat?”

