

A lot of people have asked me where I live. So for the first column, I'll tell you just that.

I live near the top of a hill in what I think is one of the prettiest parts of Los Angeles. My house is sort-of hard to find because the streets that go up the hill are narrow and winding and easy to miss. In fact, the street I live on is so narrow that when a car going up the hill meets a car going down, one of them probably has to back up.

My house doesn't have a very big front yard, but behind it the hill slopes down sharply and there are lots of trees and a little path running through them down the hill. Most of the time it's pretty quiet where I live. Sometimes I can even hear the birds singing—if I'm not scaring them away with loud music!

The back of my house has enormous picture windows that give a fantastic view of the valley below. But everything you see from them isn't always beautiful. On bad days you see a thick, heavy cloud of smog hanging over Los Angeles, and that's pretty depressing to wake up to.

The outside of my house is putty colored with a balcony on the front of the second story. I spend quite a bit of time out there, reading or writing or just lying in the sun. (One of the nicest things about California, I think, is that it really *is* sunny almost all the time.)

Inside, my house is fairly small—two big rooms, a little room and a very little kitchen. But it's big enough for me. After you come in through the heavy wooden door, there's a small entrance area and then my bedroom. Actually, there are beds in both the main rooms. But the one upstairs is mainly for guests. I usually sleep downstairs.

Since I do most of my practicing down there, too, my bedroom looks pretty cluttered most of the time. My guitar and drums and things are all down there. And that doesn't leave much room for anything else. I have a few crates for chairs, plus records, books, a few odds and ends and that's about all.

Upstairs isn't much different, except that it isn't so crowded. Besides the bed, there's a low



FROM DAVID'S DATEBOOK

Hi! Welcome to my column. I'll be writing it in each issue of TEEN LIFE to keep you up to date on whatever's happening with me and my friends on "The Partridge Family." I'll try to bring you all the news and all the latest developments, everything I think you'll be interested in reading about me and the Partridges, just as they happen. So stay tuned, okay? Okay.

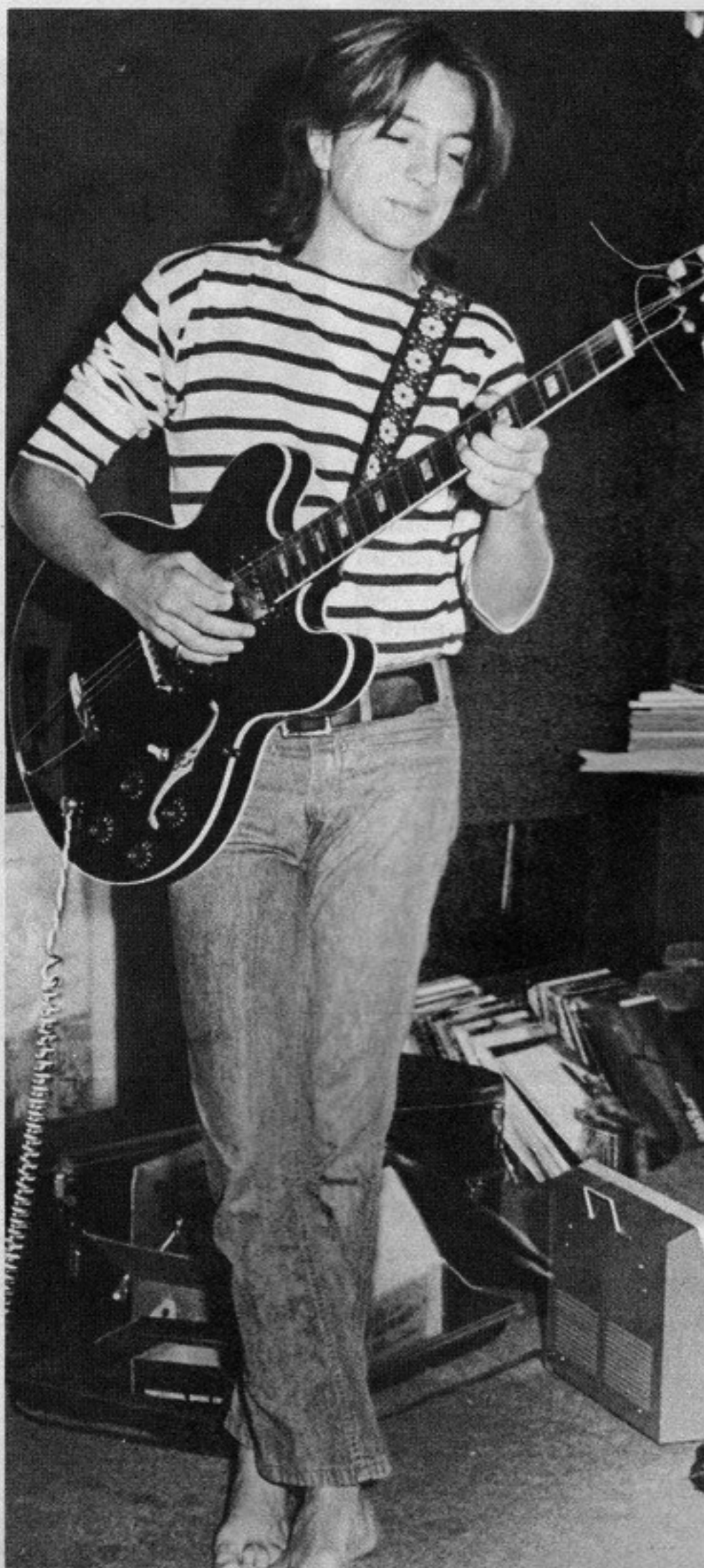


table that's made from an industrial spool mounted on chunks of wood. I really like the way it looks and it's the first thing people notice when they enter the room.

My excuse for not having much furniture is that I haven't lived there very long. But I have to admit that if you come to visit me in a few months, my house will probably be just the same, with the same old orange crate chairs. It may not be beautiful, but it really is pretty comfortable.

Now and then I wonder where I'll be living a few years from now. I expect I'll be in a different house, perhaps even a completely different location. I'm having fun living in Los Angeles now, but it isn't really my idea of the perfect place to live. When I was a lot younger I used to think it would be great to live someplace like the Swiss Family Robinson's island. I still do. But I guess there aren't many places like that left. Maybe I'll find one someday, though. If *you* hear of any, let me know.

I did find one place I thought would be great to settle down in. It was in Canada, in the southern part of British Columbia. I found a valley there that was just beautiful—I almost couldn't leave it. Of course, it does get cold out there—not really, really, *really* cold, but pretty fearsome. I could still see myself living there now—except for one problem. With commuting to work every morning, I'd have to get up at eleven the night before!

Eventually I'd like to find another place like that. But right now I'm happy where I am. I like having a place all my own and I like being up in the hills. I have some great neighbors—people around here are quite friendly. Sam and Shish, my dogs, like it, too, and there's plenty of room for them to run (except for a couple of hours every day when a certain unfriendly dog is out. I keep my dogs in the house then.)

Living around here is sort-of strange but I can't explain exactly why. You'd have to live here yourself to know what I mean.

See you in the next issue!