



A LETTER FROM DAVID



MEET SHAUN, PATRICK, AND RYAN

My three greatest fans just happen to also be my three worst critics. They are my brothers, Shaun, Patrick, and Ryan. You're probably wondering how come I didn't refer to them as my stepbrothers since they are the products of my father's second marriage.

I think ever since I first heard the story of Cinderella, the word "step" has brought to my mind the image of wicked and horrible people. The four of us are brothers! It's as pure and simple as that. Of course we fight—what brothers don't—but we have a deep love and respect for each other that makes us treasure the precious times we can spend together.

Since I am the oldest, I have naturally assumed the role of "big brother." That has a lot of responsibility to it, and I don't take the role lightly. Being a real life big brother is much more difficult than playing Keith Partridge as a big brother on "The Partridge Family." If I goof on the set, the director can stop the scene; if I goof in real life, I can do tremendous damage to my brothers' growing up process.

I've learned to understand each of my brothers as individuals, and to be interested in whatever interests them. Shortly after "The Partridge Family" became such a success, I noticed Shaun had developed an interest in playing a guitar and singing. I think originally he may have started out to copy his big brother and get into the limelight, but gradually I saw he really had a love for music. And more importantly, he had talent! I began to encourage him to get more involved in this new interest. I bought him a brand new guitar for Christmas last year, and I spent hours listening to him practice. When he formed a band with some friends of his, I helped them get bookings.

IN THE MIDDLE

Patrick has always been the quiet, bookish one in the family. Perhaps that's because he's the one in the middle. Even as a toddler, he was always asking the most probing questions. I always have to be on my toes around him!

When the first astronauts landed on the moon, he wanted me to explain to him all about how a rocketship works. When he was first introduced to the new math in school, he wanted me to help him with his homework.



DAVID AND SHAUN "brother talk" on the Partridge set.

Fancy gifts don't impress Patrick at all. I could bring him a thousand dollars worth of gifts and he would thank me politely and put everything away neatly. But when I spend an afternoon with him playing chess or helping him build model airplanes, you can see by the expression on his face how much it means to him!

THE LITTLEST ONE

The baby of the family is Ryan, or "Ry-Ry" as the family calls him. He's just six, and resents anyone calling him a baby. I'm just starting to develop a relationship with Ryan now. Before he was always too young to do anything with or take anyplace, but now he loves to tag after us.

When Shaun, Patrick, and I play ball in the backyard, Ryan is made Chief Retriever and Purveyor of Nourishment. Right now we've convinced him that's a great honor. I dread the day he realizes that just makes him the one to chase the balls and bring us soft drinks from the house. Boy, will he get even with us!

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