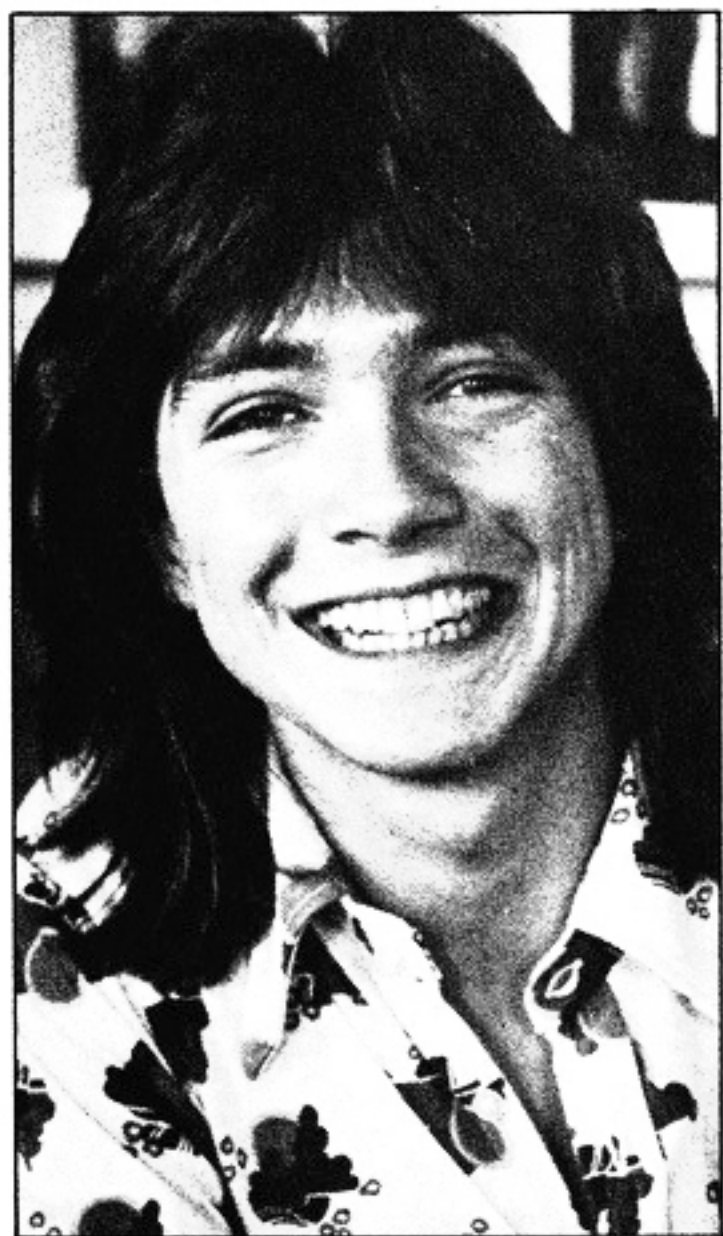# BETWEEN US!

I was in my dressing room reading some mail today when it struck me that school is in session. You know it's kind of funny how when you're in school your life revolves around whether you're in school or on vacation. But for me it revolves around when I'm filming *The Partridge Family* and when I'm on hiatus. I guess in the long run, it's probably pretty much the same thing.

Anyway, I was thinking about school. I guess I really didn't dig school much when I was in it. I was always sitting around dreaming about being somewhere else and my grades sometimes showed it.

I don't really know why I was so uninterested in school—but I sometimes find myself now wishing I'd paid a little more attention to what the teachers were trying to tell me.

Of course, I was growing up in a show business family, and we moved around a lot when I was young. It seems like every time I got used to one school, we'd move to another area, and I'd have to start all over again. I never did really get a chance to know any of my teachers.

Looking back now I can see that school isn't such a bad thing. I mean it's really necessary. Sure, sometimes you get teachers who aren't really together and you kind of feel like you already know more than they do, but that isn't true. Even dull teachers usually have something to teach you.

And I think, too, that you have a little more control over your education than you probably think. I realize now that if I'd just gotten into a music or drama class I'd probably have been a lot happier, because I already knew then that that was what I wanted to do with life.

I mean, like I could have gotten into a music class and gotten that much more of a head start on my career—and I might have been a lot less restless in my other classes. And a drama class—that would have been fun.

What I guess I'm trying to say is that I think you can sometimes get into classes in subjects you are really interested in and that makes school a lot more bearable.

Like, if you like to paint or draw, why not take an art class? Or if you're bugged at the clothes your mom gets for you, why not take a sewing class and learn to make them yourself? Or something like that.

It's not that I regret my school years—I don't believe in regretting anything. Regret and guilt and all that are such a waste of time because there isn't anything you can do about them. But if I had my life to live over again I think I'd try a little bit harder to get more out of school.

I know now, too, how much it worried my parents that I wasn't doing better in school, but at the time I didn't think about anyone but myself and that I was bored. I don't think it's necessary to get straight A's or anything like that, just to do the best you can.

Hey, I don't mean to preach at you or anything like that. I usually try to make this column a little lighter and more fun. But I've been sitting here thinking about school, and I thought I'd pass on my thoughts to you—that's what this column's supposed to be, after all!

Anyway, right now I have to do *my* homework—learn eight pages of lines for this afternoon's shootings. So I'll be seeing you here next month.

Love! David

BY DAVID CASSIDY