



**FASTEST WAY** to get any of us DeFrancos to smile is to put one of Mom's homemade pizzas in front of us and say the magic words—"Help yourself!" Umm-umm, Mom's pizzas are the best! Check out her recipe on pg. 55—it's yummy!

## DAVID'S LETTER

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"The Partridge Family" any more? Why have you decided you've got better things to do than visit us once a week through the television? Don't you know how much it means to us to see your happy, beautiful face every week? Don't you know how much we love to hear you sing?

My girlfriends all say it's because you've decided you want to go for an older audience because they've got more money. They say that all you care about is getting rich and getting good reviews from a bunch of scraggly rock and roll newspapers. They say you don't care about us at all.

I know that's not true. It can't be. But...if it isn't...you've got to tell me, David--why?

Love,  
Karin Leeds, 14

Dear Karin,

What can I say?

You think I've betrayed you. You and so many others think I'm turning my back on you. And I can't tell you how deeply it hurts me that anyone should think that. I have so many reasons to be grateful to you, so many reasons to love you...how could I turn my back on you now, after all we've been through together in the past few years?

I want so badly to make you understand, but I don't know where to begin. And I don't know if any reason I might have for what I've done is justification for having made you feel so sad and down.

But I have to try to make you see that I'm actually doing this for you. I know that sounds strange and impossible, but...well, it's true. It was the most difficult decision I've ever made, and even now I'm still hoping that I was right.

"The Partridge Family" took every last bit of my time and energy. I was filming five—and sometimes six—days a week, usually eight to ten hours a day. After the filming there

were always lines to learn for the next day's shooting, and that took another couple of hours, so all that together took ten to thirteen hours, roughly, every single day.

On Fridays, I would go straight from the set to an airplane and take off for a week-end round of concerts. I got home late Sunday, exhausted, and usually I would go to bed at about four in the afternoon and sleep straight through until it was time to get up for work the next morning!

And, of course, there were the recording sessions. They were sort of stuck in, here and there, whenever the producers of the show could take me out of filming for a few hours. Usually, I'd learn the song at the last minute, and by the time I got into the studio to record it, all the music had already been put on tape, and my job was just to slip on a pair of earphones and sing the song over and over until I liked the way I was doing it. And they'd slap a label on it and rush it out...and that would be my new record!

Well, the trouble was that I didn't feel that I was getting any better. Bit by bit, my music was becoming the most important thing in my life, and