



COME FLY WITH ME!



My own personal plane with my name painted on it just to be sure everyone gets the message. Someone says they ought to have put: **STOLEN FROM DAVID CASSIDY** in case we get hi-jacked.

The last bag has been packed. Bye California! See you all in a month's time maybe. A last hug for my English setter, Bullseye, who looks miserable. How do you explain to a dog that it's not forever? Then on the plane for London after a farewell dinner with John Lennon and Yoko.

Why am I doing this concert tour of Europe? John sums it up pretty well for me. "In Britain and Europe," he says, "it's one thing for people to know all about you. But if they can see you — and you've got something to offer — then the whole thing will really explode."

This is your Captain speaking. We regret the flight will be delayed because I can't get the hang of this instrument board. There are twenty clocks in front of me and I can't tell the time on any of them!