

“SHOW ME YOU LOVE ME!”



too know how it feels to meet that person and just be dazed—dumbfounded by the experience. So please believe me when I tell you that I understand your feelings and share them.

Sometimes I wake up at night in a cold sweat worrying about a girl like you—that girl out there (you say there are thousands and thousands) who loves me truly. You see, somewhere 'way back in my mind and deep, deep in my heart, I guess I'm a little bit doubtful. Have you ever loved someone so much that you gave your all—sang for them, danced for them, acted for them and joyfully ran yourself ragged just for them? And then maybe some little something will happen and that person will just turn their back on you? Well, I live in fear that this will happen to me—that you, no matter how much you love me, will—for instance—hear a nasty rumor about me and will believe it and suddenly your love will turn to hate! What I mean is—I'm afraid of being deserted by you.

After reading your letter, of course, I shouldn't be afraid because you say you'll love me no matter what—even if I were bad or selfish. That's a great love—a love that can span the faults of the beloved, which I deeply need and am very, very grateful for. Sometimes I get extremely tired, and I get pushed and pressured and dragged around until I could col-

lapse. And I'm only human. When I'm pushed too far, too long, I get hot-tempered and I strike back, and sometimes I do and say foolish things—things I don't mean, but once uttered, it's too late. I guess we all do that, but if a so-called star does it, it gets printed everywhere and people wonder what kind of terrible person he might be!

Because I know I have a streak of temper and a fighting spirit, I try to be careful. But there are times when—like every other human being—I blow it. Your letter makes me realize that—in spite of my skepticism—there are, indeed, people out there who care for me in spite of all this and, boy, that really makes me feel good all over!

HOW TO SHOW YOUR LOVE!

David's letter went on and on. It was as though for the first time he was releasing a lot of pent-up thoughts and feelings—not only for Suzie, but for every girl who was as intense, as loyal, as true and as loving as she. Another peek at David's letter reveals—

Showing a guy—me or any other fellow—how much you care isn't easy to do. If you show him that you care too much, he gets scared and runs away. And if you don't show him that you care at all, he'll ignore you because he'll think you're ignoring him.

I guess my case is a little special, because I put myself in a place where you can come and love me—if you understand what I mean. I mean, I'm on that TV show every single week just for you and I know you can't reach into the box and take me out any more than I can reach out of the television set and draw you into my Partridge Family world (though I'd really love to do that!). I not only make every single record I cut just for you, I see you in my mind's eye and feel you in my heart while I sing all those songs that eventually turn up as a Bell Records long-playing album or single—sung by David Cassidy or David Cassidy and The Partridge Family.

Another thing I do is go to see you! Yeah, I know that sounds silly—but nearly every weekend of my life, I'm out there on that concert stage just for you. And I try to arrange my appearances so that I cover every inch of this great, big, beautiful country. That way you—the one who really does love me for myself—can come and see me and share with me, for an hour or two, the joy of our being together.

Well, I guess you understand what I mean—at least, I hope you do. I'm going to be a hard-working guy—just for you—for a few more months or a few more years (depending on how much longer you want to keep me around—and I hope that is forever).

So how can you show me you love me? You can meet me every Friday night for our regular date, you can listen to me sing to you on the radio or on your record player, and you can come and see me whenever I come to your town (or near it). That way, we can keep on meeting again and again until—who knows?—perhaps that one wonderful day will come when two shy, somewhat frightened, but deeply loving human beings—you and I—will meet and discover that we love each other even more than we ever imagined possible.