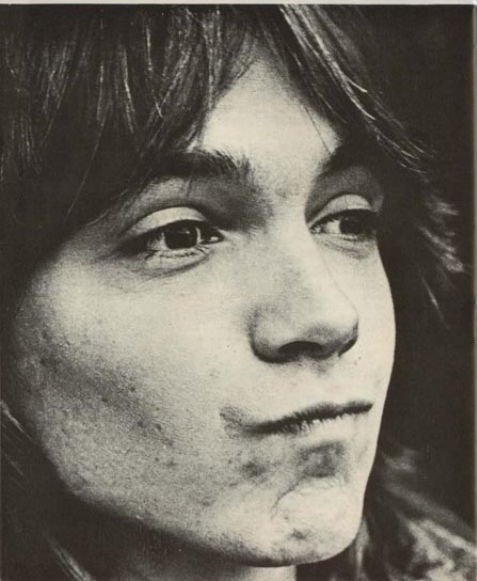




# What Christmas

# means to David



**I**'m dreaming of a White Christmas, just like the ones I used to know . . ."

Well, even if we haven't known too many white Christmases ourselves, we certainly know the song well enough! And so we should, 'cos it's been around for quite a while, you know.

So, it's only natural that, over the years, it's won a special place in our hearts. But what about the singers who sing it for us? Is it, maybe, just another song for them? Just another item in the day's work?

Or is there really something so magical about a White Christmas that it plays a part in their personal dreams too? Take David, for instance . . .

I guess every Partridge Family fan must know and love the fantastic version of this old favourite they gave us on their "Christmas Card" album. How could we ever forget it? As soon as I mentioned the subject to David, I sensed at once that he felt exactly the same way . . . As though it had been something special for him:

"Sure, that song's got a big pull for me," he smiled.

"I guess, because in my case, it really is like the song says . . . It reminds me of Christmas time when I was a kid, back East.

"Of course," he went on, "It doesn't always snow, come Christmas, in New York! But, when I look back, it certainly seems' like it did then.

"I recall one year in particular—I don't remember which year exactly, but I was still quite little—when the snowfall came actually overnight on Christmas Eve!

## EXCITEMENT

"You know, when I think back on it, I can still kinda feel that thrill of excitement as I drew back the blinds and caught my first glimpse of it. Boy! That was really magic, then!"

I couldn't help wondering if David missed all that now. Well, he certainly won't be getting any snow in L.A. this year! Christmas here is all warmth and sunshine . . . The kind of town where sleigh-bells would most definitely feel out of place!

David thought for a moment and then told me: "Like I say, snow at Christmas time holds a lot of memories for me. And of course, I love the snow at any time—specially if I've

got a pair of skis on my feet! But don't start thinking that the sunshine'll ruin my Christmas. For me, Christmas is a whole lot more than a weather report!"

So what does Christmas mean to David?

"Well, I guess it means being with the folks I love and who give out the warmest vibrations. It's the people and the atmosphere that matter to me. It doesn't even matter too much where we are or what we do . . ."

He hesitated: "You see, it's kinda difficult for me to explain. I can't describe my 'normal' Christmas to you, 'cos I don't dig planning things like that too firmly. Anyway, it'd be awful boring for anybody to have to read about what I do at Christmas!"

Somehow, I thought David might be wrong on that point, so I persuaded him to tell us something about last year's celebrations. He prefaced it with yet another warning that: "I'm just afraid that your readers'll expect something really exotic and exciting. And, if they do, they're going to feel awful let down, because it's all pretty ordinary."

I reckoned you'd be