

David's personal letter to you

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Hi there!

This is me, David Cassidy, just about to fulfil an ambition I've had tucked away inside of me for quite a while now. . . . I'm joining the staff of The David Cassidy Magazine! But, before the union starts getting jumpy over it, maybe I'd best point out that I reckon to walk out of here, a free man, within the next couple of hours!

Seriously, though, it's terrific to be right here among the folks who put this mag together every month and see where it all happens. Not that much seems to have happened so far this morning. . . . Would you believe it? I heard tell somebody was putting round a rumour that it was all my fault! And here am I dictating away as fast as my tongue can carry me. . . .

Now that's one of the things I like about working at the centre of things. . . . When I'm miles away in L.A. or wherever, I scrawl away for an hour or more and end up with several sheets of scruffy looking writing that nobody can decipher—least of all me!

So this way it's easier for everyone! 'Cos, I can tell you, I've always found it a sight easier to talk than to put my thoughts down on paper. And I'm pretty sure that Susie's gonna find it an awful lot simpler to read her shorthand back than she normally finds it to work out what I'm rapping on about!

Right?

Well, seems like she's too polite to agree. . . . But, then, she's not arguing too hard either, so I'll leave you to work it out from there!

One thing's for sure: I'm really grateful to have her as my 'personal' secretary for once—specially this month, of all months. 'Cos, when I finally set foot here in Britain, I reckoned I was due for a vacation anyhow!

The European Tour has been tremendous right from the word go, but it hasn't exactly been a rest-cure! You name it, I've been there—and

most likely snug there too! Well, that's how it feels anyway. . . . In fact, I figure I should maybe adopt 'Hello, Goodbye!' as my signature tune for this phase of the tour.

You know, that's the one regret I've had about this trip. I've touched down in so many beautiful countries: France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland.

BIG APOLOGY

Oh, and speaking of the tour, I've got a big apology to make to you and Pat, Susie, as well as to all my fans. I'm really sorry that I wasn't able to let you know about my European concerts, or even the Manchester gig, in time for Pat's May issue.

It's just that things were so busy at my end, trying to finalise agreements for venues and times that I couldn't let anyone know in time for the mag. So, please, don't either Pat or Susie, 'cos really it's nobody's fault. Now, where was I? Oh yeah. . . . It seems that I just begin to get the feel of a place. And what happens? I just have time to decide I'd like to get to know the place and the people a little bit better—and it's time to leave again!

That's what's so nice about Britain. . . . I figure I've spent a fair while here now—with all the bits and pieces, flying visits and so on. So, in a funny kind of way, it feels like I'm coming home when I land here. And immediately that takes a load of pressure off my back, so I can start to relax. Or collapse! And that's often been nearer the truth of the matter, I'm afraid!

Still, I can't think of a nicer place to collapse than right here in Pat's chair, though I guess *she* might have other ideas. I must say I sure do feel at home here in this office. You know, there's piles of records and papers stacked all around, sacks of mail, and real zany posters up on the



It's interesting to compare photos like these two, taken in David's last season, with those taken in his first season. See how much more confident he seems?

