



DAVID'S PERSONAL LETTER TO YOU

COLUMBIA RANCH
HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA

I'M afraid I'm feeling a bit down right now, but I'm hoping that writing to you might make it all a lot better. At least I know I can get one or two things off my chest to you - because I know from your letters that you care and that you can give a guy a lot of sympathy just when he needs it. You see, last month I was almost certain I knew what I would be writing to you about this time. I still didn't have her then, but I was all set to welcome a new boarder into the Cassidy household.

Kula was just a few months old when I got her, and she was a gorgeous, cuddly, silky bundle. She was quite big, actually, for such a young puppy, but I guess that's because she was an Irish setter - and she was just normal size for a pup of her age. For the month or so that I had her, she brought a new sense of life and fun into our home. I'm not the tidiest of guys myself, but - with Kula in the place - you could just forget that the word 'tidy' was ever invented!

The bedclothes proved to be a great source of fun and - regardless of whether I was trying to get some sleep underneath them - Kula would amuse herself by rolling round on them, with one corner of a blanket grasped tightly in her teeth . . . With the result that there would soon be one tangled bundle of blanket with one suffocating dog writhing about inside - plus one distinctly cold David Cassidy, minus blankets!

Another favourite pastime used the drapes as a playfellow . . . But I never could work out whether Kula was trying to

climb up them or if the idea was to pull them down on top of her and then do a repeat performance of the blanket stunt!

Then, of course, there were things like my shoes and socks, which turned out to be exactly the right size to play hide-and-seek with!

I don't suppose you've ever tried 'seeking' one of a pair of shoes before you've really woken up properly - and when you've got under a half hour to get on set at the studio! Boy! I can tell you that it's no joke!

Mischievous

Your first reaction is that you must have kicked it off extra hard as you got into bed the night before. It's only when you see a perky, wide-awake, silky face looking at you, with head cocked on one side and tongue hanging provocatively out of mouth - then, you can guess what it's all about.

For the first few times, I played the game . . . crawling around on the floor, hunting under the couch in the living room - even peering into the shower, in case she'd been particularly mischievous that time!

Then I just started to put the pair of shoes I'd be wearing next day into the closet the night before. Kula still found something to hide - but it wasn't quite so drastic, usually!

It's funny, isn't it, how it's the things they are **not** supposed to have that appeal most to dogs, while they happily desert the playthings bought specially for them!

But, then, I guess it's exactly the same with children! How often have you come across the kid who's got all the most expensive playthings that money can buy? It's ten to one that kid would rather get