

style stage act for you. For a long time now I've felt that there was still a lot of room for development in my act — if I only had a moment or two to work a few things out! Right now I'm busting with ideas that I want to try out to see which are the best ones ... 'cos they'll be there to stay.

A BREATHING SPACE

I'm sure my whole performance will benefit from this kind of new look, because it will feel so much fresher to me when I'm singing to you. So, you see, I'm longing to get together with you for so many reasons that I can hardly wait for the pages of my calendar to turn over to March!

In a way, too, it will be nice to have such a refreshing break from the Partridge Family. Don't get me wrong! It's a good show to work on and all the folks there are absolutely great, so I'm not having a grouse on that score. It's just that when you play the same role, week in and week out for months on end, you do occasionally find yourself hankering after something that's different. Never mind what — so long as it's not Keith Partridge for the umpty-ninth week running!

Another nice thing about having a spell away from playing Keith is that it gives me a chance to grow my hair again back to the length I like it — which is around shoulder level.

Thank goodness, Keith's hair length has been allowed to progress some since the early days — otherwise I'd be permanently suffering from pneumonia ... caused by excessive draughts 'round the back of my neck!

But my big problem right now is to fix up a Christmas shopping schedule. I reckon to do most of mine in Hawaii, where I can hope for a bit more peace and quiet if I set out for a browse around some shops. If I try to fit some in in L.A., I just have this flash of inspiration of what to give my friends or my folks for Christmas ... Then

somebody recognises me and, by the time I'm through signing autographs, the inspiration has fizzled out on me, and I'm right back to zero, scratching my head all over again!

Still, even before the autograph problem started, I seem to remember that successful Christmas shopping wasn't my strong point ... always supposing I had the money to do any at all, that is! You see, my problem is that I get an idea into my head about what the *perfect* gift would be for a particular person. It's only after weeks of frustrated hunting that I'll accept that the manufacturers just can't have thought of the idea beforehand ... because my idea simply doesn't seem to exist in the real!!

Well, by the time I'd come to that conclusion it would usually be close on Christmas Eve anyway ... so, really, nothing's changed that much!

BUSY

Do you have the same sort of crazy problems as I do? Or are you all so marvellously organised that you're sitting back right now with all your presents bought — and maybe even wrapped up, ready to give to all your friends!!! But I'll bet there are at least some of you who know exactly how I feel — because you're just like me ... Right?

Anyway, whether you're one of these expert Christmas shoppers, or if you're like me — a Christmas shopper-flopper! — I'm wishing you happiness and love for Christmas 1972 and for ever after. Because I reckon that, if you've got love and happiness you don't need so much else in life: I'd rate them as some of the most precious things there are.

So: be happy and loved this Christmas. And do your bit to bring happiness and love to others too, won't you? I'll be thinking of you.

Any decade is David's. Even the gangster style moustache, slicked down hair and mobster's clothes can't defeat the basic Cassidy looks. It doesn't matter what the make-up department do to David ... he still looks dishy!!

