



# David Cassidy

**A PLACE**

writes personally  
to you

David's been horsing around recently, but not where he thought he'd be. -Confused? Well, so is David!

Hello, luvvies!

I've just been reading over the carbon copies of my last two columns and I'm very confused! By the way, I suppose that you too would laugh at me if you could see the carbon paper I use! My friends are always accusing me of buying office supplies second-hand, at a thrift store, because I usually have just one ragged, jagged

sheet of carbon which has not seen better days but years! It hardly makes a mark on the paper which in turn must be read over a high flame through a telescope! Why do I do this? Because when I buy a new package of carbon, I take out one sheet, immediately put the rest away for safekeeping and never can find it again. (Some-day all those packs of carbon

are going to fall on me out of a closet shelf and break bones!)

Ah, but (for the 7,343,570<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> times) I digest.

To get back to my confusion, I must admit I really don't know where I am this week. Since I last wrote you, I've decided not to go to Hawaii after all this holiday, mostly because I ran out of time.

But I did make the trip to Lexington, Kentucky, as I said I was going to try to do last column. That turned out to be both disappointing and fun.

The reason I went is because I am very much into horses now, as I've also been telling you, and there was a super auction going on at Churchill Downs race track. I'd gotten my feverish hands on a copy of the catalogue of horses that were up for sale, and after driving myself crazy (in the surrey with the fringe on top, of course) (lunatic fringe, that is) trying to pick out one I might like to bid on, I finally had to settle for two (one of them was a distant relative of that neat horse of yesteryear, Swaps, and I couldn't resist).

So, off I fly to Lexington, Kentucky in the dark of night, just in time for the last day of the sale, when these two horses were to be auctioned. I had to tell someone I was coming so that if I bought a horse, I could cash a check (sorry, cheque!) because strangers just don't go around writing checks way on the other side of the country, unless someone has determined that you're legitimate and hopefully have the money in the bank to back up the cheque (sorry, check).

They were very nice about the whole thing and even sent the mayor's assistant to the airport to meet me! (The fact that she was a most attractive young lady has nothing to do with my enthusiasm at receiving this unexpected welcome.) (You've

heard of little white lies—well, that was a big one.)

The auction itself was really exciting and I really didn't know what I was missing until I got off on this horsey trip. But, I wasn't able to buy either horse after all. One had a bad leg, which it'd apparently developed since being listed for sale, and the other has been scratched. For those in the un-horsey set, that doesn't mean it stood there on the auction block itching. (That's what I would have thought this time last year!)

It had a splinter somewhere or another and was taken off the list for sale at a later date when it was in perfect condition. I don't know yet whether I'll make another trip for this same horse, but I guess it's possible that I might.

As for the trip I'm going to take in a day or so, I'm off (and don't we all know it) to the gorgeous Pacific Northwest to spend a few days with friends in Seattle, Washington. Naturally, I'm packing the skis and praying for snow. Anyway, that's what my plans are at the moment and as we all have learned the hard way, that has been known to mean nothing the next moment!

Oh, well, wherever I am and why, see you next week!

Love,

*David Cassidy*