

AN OPEN LETTER TO DAVID:

Ever since David Cassidy announced that he wouldn't be on the Partridge family too much longer, we've received thousands of letters from fans pouring their hearts out. We've decided to print one that we felt was really written from the heart. After you've read Alice's letter, think about what David means, or perhaps once meant, to you.



Dear David,

I heard the news today at school from a friend of mine, but at first I didn't believe her. I thought it was just another rumor going around until she said that she had read it in a newspaper column. "David Cassidy to Leave Partridge Show." There must be some mistake, I told her. He wouldn't do that to his fans. But what I really meant was you wouldn't do that to me.

All day long I couldn't concentrate on my classes, because I was thinking about you—and how much you've grown to mean to me. When your show came on TV three years ago, I wasn't one of those girls who flipped for you right away. I began to like you slowly, and each time I saw you, or heard your records, or read about you, the feeling I had that you were special grew a little.

I wasn't much interested in boys then, but somehow you were different than the ones I knew. I never imagined myself as your girlfriend in a romantic way either—but I always made believe that we were the closest of buddies, who were able to share all our feelings together.

I don't know when it was that I began to write letters to you—it's been quite a while now. When things went wrong for me, I'd go to my room and tell you about it. When I was about to go out on my first date, I wrote you how scared and excited I was, all at the same time. The day I got my braces, you were the one I confessed my fears to. Would everybody laugh at me? I knew you wouldn't, and that made it easier.

GOOD AND BAD

I like to think I shared your happy and sad moments too. When your dog died, I cried just like I know you did. When you got all those gold records, I was as proud as if they were mine. Your successful concert tours—the vacation trips you took—in my imagination I was with you every step of the way.

The happiest moment of all for me was when I actually saw you do a concert in our city. That was over a year ago, but I still remember it as if it were yesterday—from the moment you ran out on the stage right 'til the last magic moment. I wasn't one of the