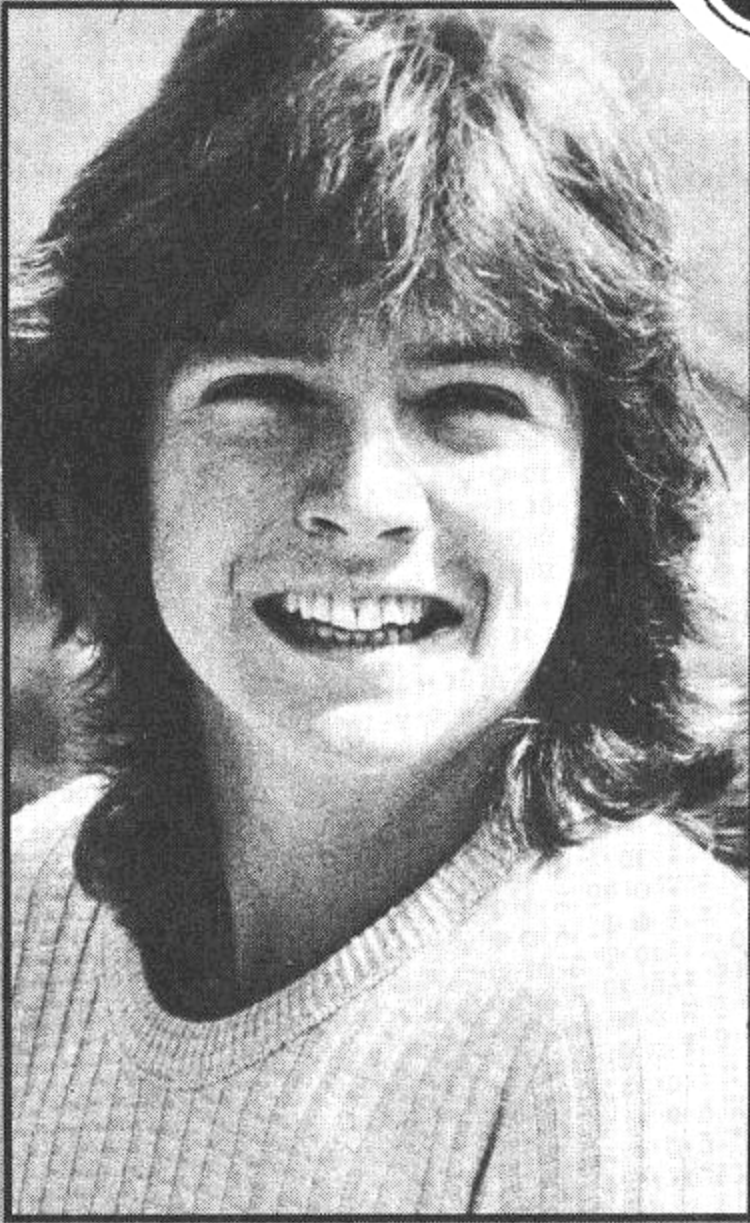


David Cassidy writes

personally to you

David's been having quite some adventure this past week, and he's writing from Hollywood to tell you all about it . . .



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Hello iuvs!

I've been waiting to get a pen and paper all day because I'm dying to tell you about this adventure I'm having.

I have a weakness for animals, especially dogs, and can't stand to see them mistreated.

My adventure started one afternoon last week. I was visiting friends, sitting in their living room yapping, and I kept hearing these incredible sounds coming from the back yard. Moans and groans, then yips and more moans.

I resisted the urge to ask about the noises for a polite length of time (about two minutes). I was informed that it was "the poor dog next door." No one really knew what his problem was because my friends had never seen him, but he carried on that way a lot of the time, especially around three am.

The sounds continued and I kept trying to listen to the conversation but just couldn't. Finally I jumped off the couch and told my friends I was going out there.

They laughed, and I knew why. Their back yard is a fantastic thicket, or tangle. (Actually, it's a mess.) They've let trees and vines and bushes go their own way, and trying to get through it is something else.

When not even that would stop me, they told me the guy next door was a real sweet-

heart. All the kids in the neighbourhood were terrified of him, and my friends felt about the same way.

Still undeterred, I borrowed a pair of boots and started crunching quietly (I hoped) through the underbush, and the overbush. I finally found a chain link fence, and wow! On the other side was a dog, and mean DOG! He looked like a Sumo wrestler, and there were signs saying 'Beware', etc.

But he was obviously underfed and there wasn't a sign of water anywhere. There was an empty bowl, but it had dust and leaves in it and he was panting like he hadn't had a drink for a week. (He probably hadn't, and the temperature had been over a hundred for days!)

It was really a sad sight. I didn't know what to do, other than get him food and water. That much I *knew* I had to do.

So, clawing my way back through the jungle, I descended upon my friends' kitchen, looking for food and a water bowl. (I'd fallen over an outside faucet, and knew where to get the water.)

"That dog will take your arm off, unless the guy shoots you first," they warned.

With those encouraging words backing me up, I sneaked through the "out-back". The dog stared, but didn't make a sound, so I slid the food under the fence. For a second he just kept staring,

then he pounced on the food. After he did it in, he drank five bowls of water.

The supposedly vicious dog didn't so much as bark at me once. The signs made him sound like Super Fang, but all he did was wag and lick my hand through the fence.

We were really getting acquainted when I heard a door open. Yipes! It was the neighbourhood baddie. I barely had time to yank back the bowl and dive into a vine, but I somehow made it back to the house.

How's that for an adventure? Well, it's only just begun, for my friends anyway. I've talked them into doing this bit every time the dog starts carrying on. I just can't stand the thought of him out there hungry and thirsty.

Now *they're* in for missions of mercy through the brambles, but it's worth it. They've started sleeping nights again.

Now I have another project to drive me nuts. They tell me the dog is chained out there, all year round, with no shelter, and I'm trying to figure out what to do when it starts raining.

Sometimes I wonder how I get myself into these things.

Love,
DAVID

