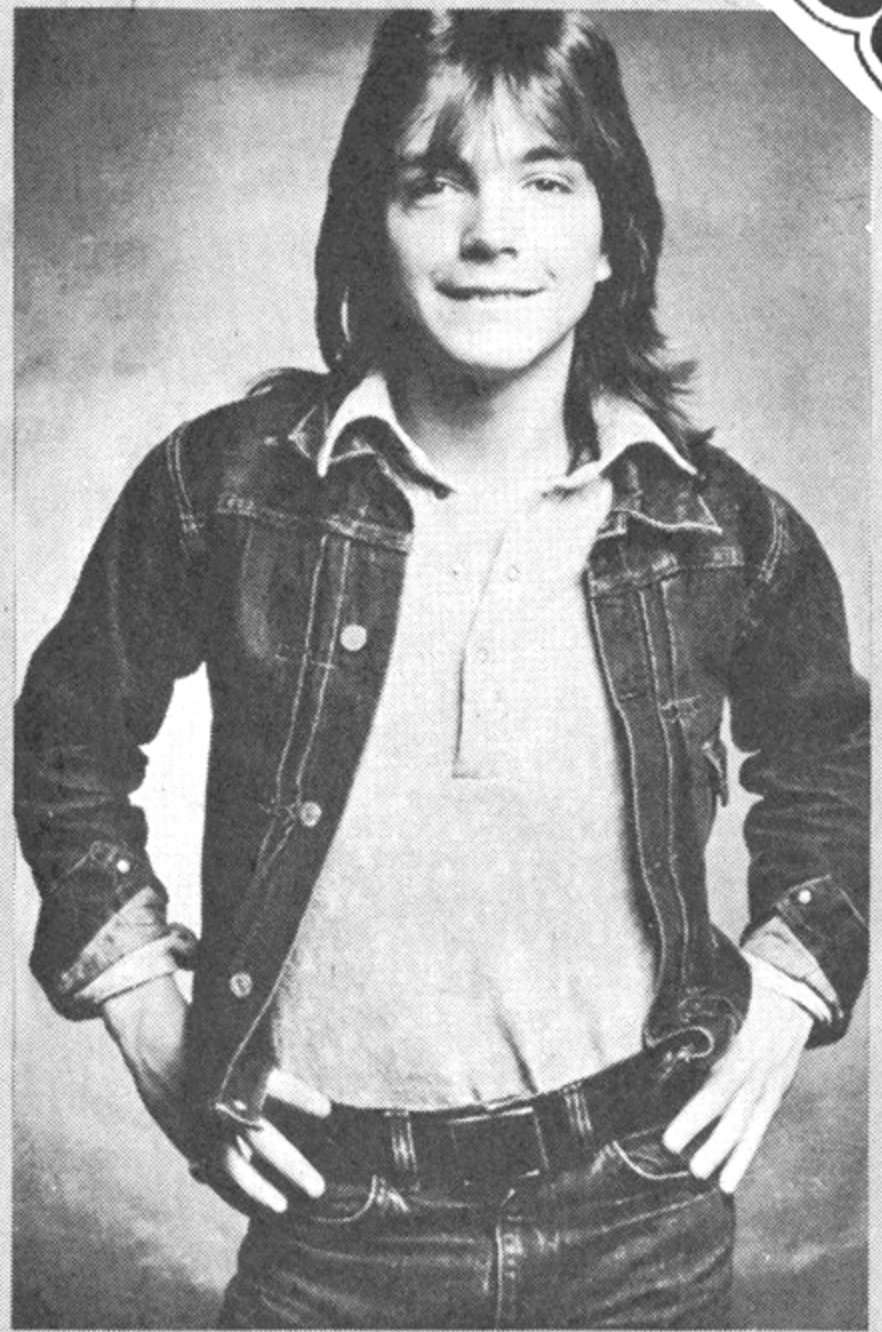


David Cassidy writes

personally to you



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David tells us this week what he really dug about Britain—and why he thinks London swings . . .

Hello, luvv!

When I wrote my column about arriving in London and finding such a nifty welcome, I really didn't get to talk much about how much I liked the city, and what I liked about it! So, get set for the first instalment of London and me. (Okay, I know that's supposed to be *I*, but me always sounds cosier.)

Hey, that reminds me of something I haven't thought of in years. When I was in elementary school, I lived near a girl who was always trying to be Queen someone, and used her own version of veddy proper English. When we'd be trying to run away from her, which was often let me tell you, she'd yell "Wait for II Wait for II"

There I go, digressing again. As I was saying, I really dug London, and found the food specially interesting. Here in the States, you can ring up room service and order a sandwich any time of day, and wow, was I surprised to find out that in most hotels and restaurants, sandwiches are served only at tea time, and then they're little bitty things made out of watercress or cucumber. They're good though, and I could have eaten about six tons of them. (Being a perfect gentleman, I only ate five tons).

I think your roast beef and Yorkshire pudding are absolutely fantastic, but what I really fell in love with was trifle. Some restaurants here in America serve it, especially if

they're English-style, but I'd never tried it before. Now I wake up in the middle of the night, wanting to jump in a great big vat of it.

I didn't have the courage to try steak and kidney (yipes) pie, but I did dash into a chip shop and dash back out to the car with some real English fish and chips. For the last couple of years, we've had this type of shop in the Hollywood area (and probably elsewhere in America), but the English people I know have always said "well, they're okay, but not like home!" Now I see what they mean.

When I was in London, I couldn't get over how true the song *England Swings* is. The bobbies really *do* ride bicycles or walk two by two, and the little children really do have the rosiest, reddest cheeks in the world!

Here's something which will make you wonder if I'm all there, but I'll tell you anyway. When I found out we were going to stay at the Dorchester, I told a friend of mine and he said "Oh, that's pronounced Dooster!" It didn't sound right, but he went on to say "well, if Worcester is pronounced Wooster, Dorchester must be pronounced Dooster." Can you believe that I fell for that one? I'll bet he laughed all the time I was in Europe. I found out he was kidding before I opened my mouth and said "I'm staying at the Dooster," but I did buy his story for a while.

One of the most beautiful

places in London, to me anyway, was right across from the Dooster (yipes again). Yes, that's right, Hyde Park—it's just too great, and it was so neat seeing Marble Arch after reading in history class at school that it was built as an entrance to the palace and abandoned because it was too narrow to get the carriages through.

And the palace! Wow! Naturally, I wasn't invited in for tea, and saw the palace from the street—but wow anyway! I watched the changing of the guards and really dug the guys with the bearskins!

What I really loved were those red double-decker buses! I wanted to ride on one so bad, but I couldn't this time round. Next time I come to London, I'm going to get on one of those double-deckers and ride all over the city for a whole day. Then I'll hop on the Green Line (do I have that right?) and go for a ride through the countryside!

As for when the next time I come to London is going to be, that's a question I can't answer, as I don't know the exact date yet, but I'll tell you one thing. I hope it'll be soon, soon, soon!

Love,

David Cassidy

The Partridge Family