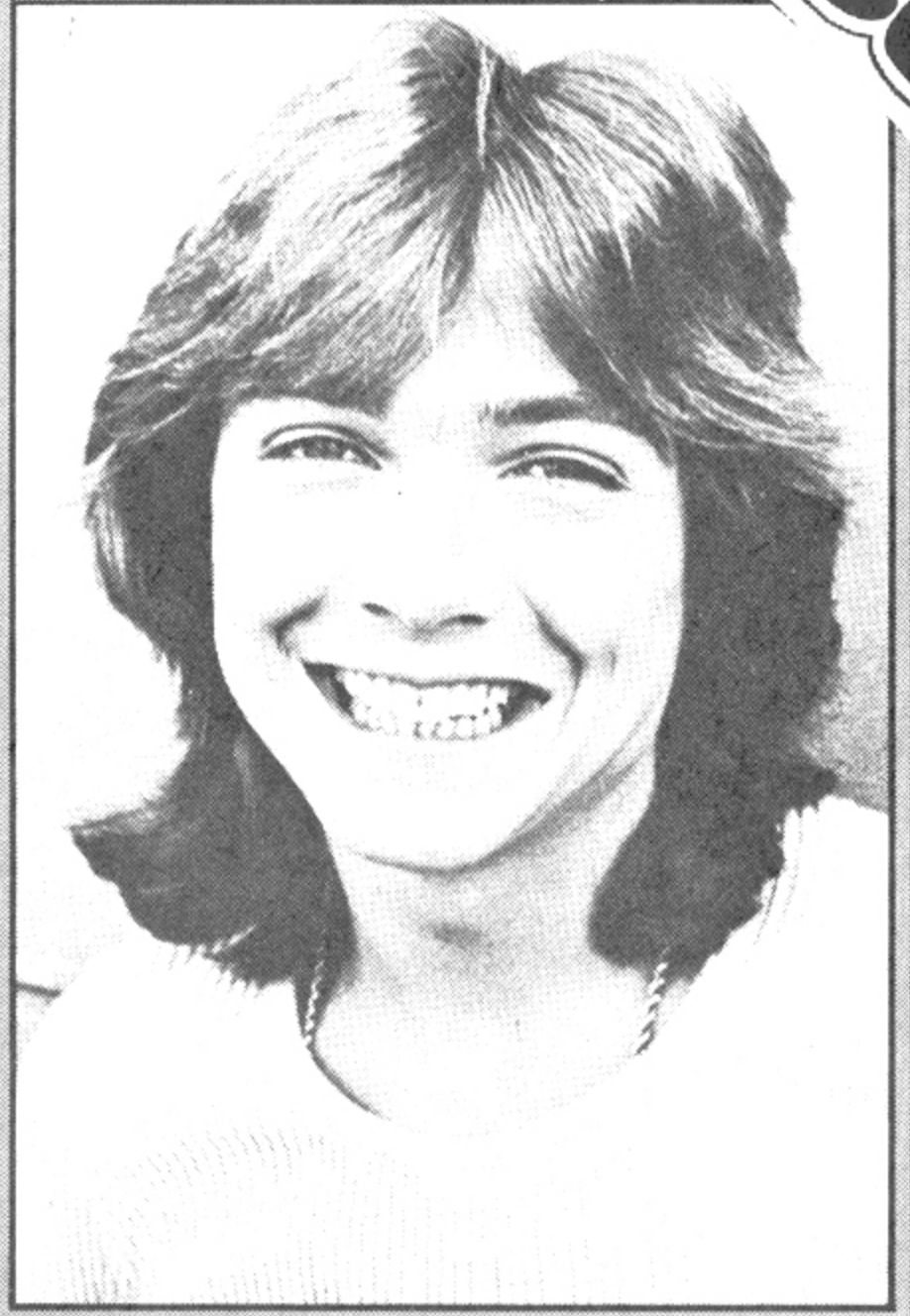


David Cassidy writes

personally to you



Remember David's canine friend Blanca? Well here's the happy ending to Hollywood's shaggy dog story . . .

Hello, luvs!

If I were writing a book instead of a column and this were one of the chapters, I'd call it 'Blanca's Revenge'.

Remember Blanca? I've already written two columns about his adventures. Maybe you didn't read them or have forgotten, so I'll hit the high spots of the story this far.

Blanca is the name we gave the dog who lives next door to some friends of mine. Last summer when he was starving and wheezing from thirst, I battled my way through the underbrush and sneakily fed and watered him through the fence so his big, bad owner wouldn't see me.

After that, my friends started feeding him every day, and because he was chained up all the time with no shelter, my friends made him this odd-looking but welcome dog house. By then he was strong and as happy as any chained, neglected animal can be, and his life was really ten times better. That's where I left off last column, and in view of the recent developments, I think I'd better finish the story.

A month or so ago, a change started coming over Blanca. He was finally being treated like a human being (you know what I mean) and feeling good and getting bigger and stronger. For a while, this and the novelty of having food and shelter was all he could ask for. But when he finally got into really good shape, he started getting—well, the only word I can think of to describe it is furious.

I'd go visit my friends and Blanca would be absolutely raving in his back yard (which is next to my friend's bedroom). Not whimpering or moaning the way he used to when he was

half starved. He was barking like he was saying "hey, you'd better pay some attention to me or else!" Not like he was unhappy, but more like he was really cheesed off.

One night around dinner-time when he was carrying on like this, my friends heard him go into the number he does when his owner bothers to come out and see him, which is practically never. So they ran to the window to see what was going on.

What a sight! They're still laughing about it. Blanca's owner is as big as he is nasty, but by now, Blanca was big and healthy himself, and darned sick of being chained up and alone all the time. He was so glad to see someone that he jumped up on his owner. The guy was apparently expecting the old Blanca (skinny and not very powerful) because he didn't brace himself. And when the dog jumped, the guy went right over backwards, flat on his backside.

My friends quickly ran into the other room so they could laugh hysterically and yell "Viva, Blanca!" without the guy hearing them. But even that far away, they could hear him berating the dog, who was barking right back, telling the guy where to get off.

Somewhere in his tirade, they heard him telling the dog he was going to get rid of him, and for the next few days, they practically lived with their heads out of the window for fear he would call the dog pound to come and get Blanca.

But no, he sold him instead, and my friends were on hand to witness the sale via the window, and here's the great part of the story. When the owner was un-

chaining Blanca so that his new master could put him on another chain, old Blanca gave this huge leap and ran for his life.

My friends raced out of the house and got to the street just in time to see him disappearing into the distance, barking joyously, and doing everything but clicking his heels in mid-air. The two guys took off after him, but it was no use. Blanca had made it over the wall! He was free at last.

We don't know quite what happened to him. My friends called the dog pound the next day to see if a dog of his description had been picked up, but the answer was no. They kept calling and even went down there a few times, but Blanca never showed up, which means he either found a good home, or has decided to see a bit of the world before settling down.

So, if you happen to see a large, white, short-haired dog with two brown spots on his left side, walking down the street having a look at your part of the globe, give him a pat and a nice bone and tell him he's the new canine hero of Hollywood.

Love,