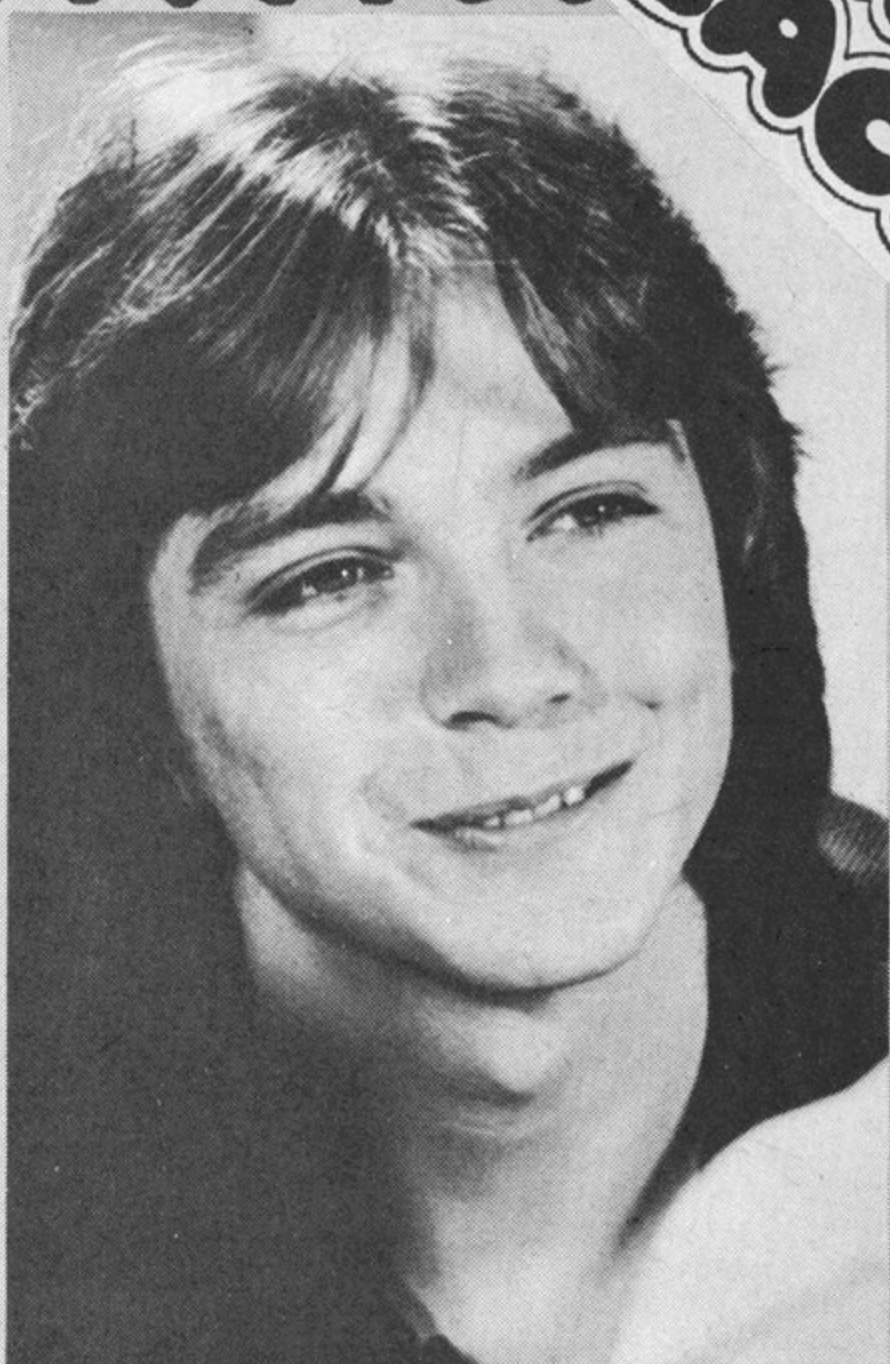


This week David takes you to his favourite place—and hopes you enjoy the trip!

# David Cassidy writes personally to you



PLACE

Hello, luvs!

Every once in awhile, someone will ask me if I have a favorite place in the world, or in Hollywood, or wherever, and of course my mind becomes a complete blank and I just sit there and furiously try to think of one.

Then, after the interview is over, a favorite place will come to mind, but by then it's too late and the writer has gone off into the sunset. Interviews affect a lot of people I know that way. You know, you want to sound intelligent, but there's just something about the poised pencil or the tape recorder that doesn't exactly open the flood gates of the old head.

But this is different. Writing, I mean. I can think for a few days or hours about what I'm going to say, and I'm not uptight when the time comes to put whatever I'm thinking about down on paper. I don't always do the best job in the world, but this is really a great way to communicate.

What I started out to say was that I thought I'd tell you about a place I really dig, and I'd better get to doing it before I run out of space.

Actually, the place is right in Hollywood. Well, let's say it's in the general vicinity. The mailing address is Beverly Hills, but let me tell you it seems much further away than that.

You may not believe this at first, but the place happens to be my manager's office. You're probably thinking, wow, what's so great about a stuffy old office for Pete's sake? But this is no ordinary office.

First of all, I dig the long drive up the canyon you have to take to get there. (It's about a half-hour drive from Hollywood.) The houses get fewer

and farther between, and pretty soon you find yourself driving on this sort of trail. Actually, it's an unpaved road, not very wide, angling along the side of a hill. There are signs like 'No Motorcycles', and that sort of thing because it's fine in a car but would be a little treacherous on a bike.

When you arrive at the proper mailbox, you turn into a leafy lane and go down a small hill to the office. You're very high in the air and can see miles in every direction, and I always do a lot of breathing up there because it's above the smog level.

The reception part of the office is just a nice building with wood floors and French windows, and then you walk through a passageway they've built towards what was formerly a barn!

The barn-office has been painted white, but all the neat beams and doors and thingies have been left in their natural state. Out the window are lots of trees and some more of that 'for-miles' view.

If that wouldn't be enough to make a place groovy, you should see the inside of the office. A lot of the one big room is taken up by a huge pool table, with a working area on either side. But the desks and phones aren't in enclosures, and there's a great feeling of openness.

The walls are covered with paintings, and all sorts of wild things are pinned to the bulletin boards. My favorite is a poster in the shape of a ticket which says "If God Had Intended Us To Go To Concerts, He Would Have Given Us Tickets." That cracks me up. Here in Hollywood (and elsewhere probably) it's very hard to get complimentary tickets to a concert, even if you're with the press. They want to sell every seat

they can, and that's where the idea for the poster came from. I keep wanting to swipe it, but I can't bring myself to, so I just hint around a lot about wanting one for my birthday.

Also in this one big groovy room is a chatty-type area with couches and a coffee table and all that. There's a much smaller director's chair for the junior member of the firm, with her name on it. The back of the chair reads 'Tink,' who happens to be the cutest little dog (a silkie, to be exact) I've ever seen.

And let's not forget Henry, who definitely won't let you forget him. Henry is a big black mynah bird whose cage is nearby, and he talks a blue streak. It just wouldn't be a conference without Henry giving us the rundown of his extensive vocabulary until you're just answering and totally forget you're talking to a bird!

It's really the greatest place ever. I don't know if I'd ever get any work done there, but it's fantastic to just sit and dig on.

Now, just watch. The next time someone asks me about my favourite place, I'll pull a complete blank again. Oh, well. At least I finally answered the question once.

Love,

The Partridge Family  
SINGERS