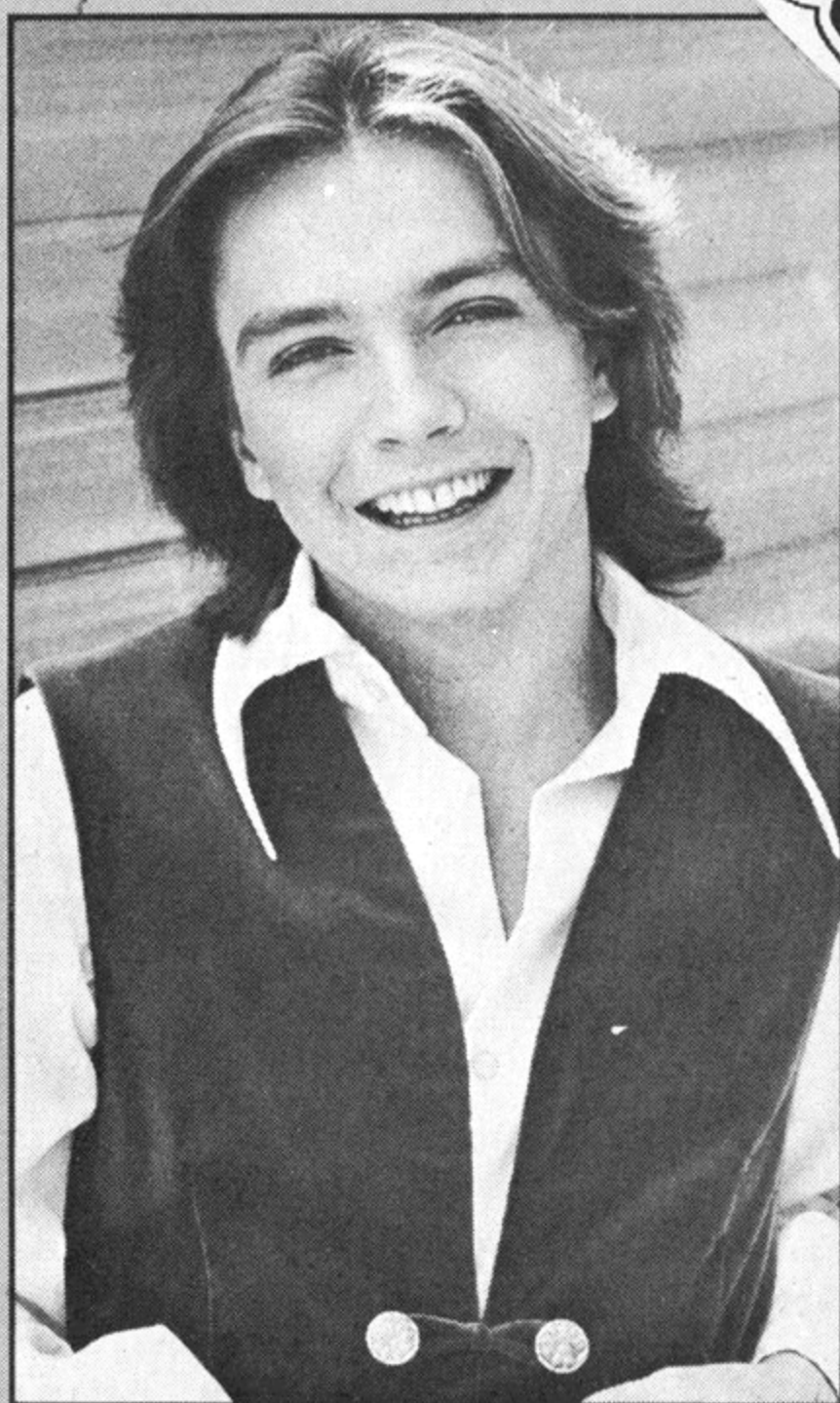


# David Cassidy writes

personally to you

**This week David's getting right down to the nitty gritty and finding out just how everything that matters got started!**



Hello luv's!

Did you happen to read last week's column where I made all sorts of lists of things which turn me on, and also mentioned a few things that don't? Well, I kept wanting to bring up a certain subject but none of the section headings like 'I love' or 'I'm bored by' seemed to fit it at all.

You see, there's this thing that really drives me up the wall; I even start thinking about it and I go nuts, but on the other hand I dig it. (Everyone who is now thoroughly confused, please signify by raising your hand!) What's just about to send me round the bend is myself and this really weird habit I got into a long time ago. How shall I explain?

Well, I have this real bug about finding out where things came from. If I had a secret ambition I think it would be to spend years and years researching origins and then write a huge book like Roget's Thesaurus. I'd probably call it Cassidy's Almanac of Useless Information, and wouldn't it be!

But I'd really dig it and I would read it even if everyone else just used it to prop open doors! I don't remember when it all started, probably in school when I was a little kid and learned about how the human race dis-

covered fire and the wheel etc. All of a sudden I wanted to know really important things like who made the first window shade, or for that matter, the first window. I couldn't eat a sandwich without wondering who got the idea for mustard. To this day a bus goes by and I don't just ignore it or think something sensible like "There goes a bus". I think, "Boy, I wonder who built the first bus," then I wonder what year it was, and who rode in it going where.

I've been able to find out lots of these goodies by just keeping my ears open, but I'm always ready for more. It used to drive my friends crazy too, because we'd be sitting around, talking or eating or something, and right in the middle of everything I stood staring at a certain object on the table. Knowing what was in store for them, and unable to bear the thought, they'd start whooping or banging me on the head or anything they could think of to divert my attention. All this commotion just because I suddenly wondered who got the idea to shake salt out of a container (and for that matter, how did salt ever start being used for food in the first place?) and wasn't afraid to ask.

I remember one time thinking how I'd never seen a

really big post office van and asking a friend how he supposed the mail was moved between cities that were too close together to send the goodies by rail or ship or plane. My friend gave me a withering look and said, "They mail it, stupid!" After I'd finished cracking up over that reply, I made it my business to find out that over here independent trucking companies are used for this purpose in case you're interested—which I doubt!

I'm happy to tell you that I'm much better now, and can go for hours without wanting to know where one single thing originated. In fact, although I've been talking about my weakness, I've typed this whole letter (very badly, I assure you) without falling back into my old habit. Isn't that great?

Love,

*David Cassidy*

P.S. Say, speaking of typewriters, you don't happen to know where the first one was built and who operated it and . . . Oh, never mind!