

David Cassidy writes

personally to you

David's really excited 'cos he's about to start his grand tour of Europe, but he doesn't seem too organised yet as you'll see!



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Hello, luvs!

This is kind of a special column because it's the last one I'll be writing before I take off for my vacation in Europe. Just think, by the time you read this, I'll be in France, or Italy, or maybe even London! I really can hardly wait. This is the biggest and the best trip of my whole life, and I've been dreaming about it for years. Sometimes I wondered if it would ever really happen, or if I'd just keep daydreaming about it until I was about seventy. To have it actually happening really knocks me out.

I hope you don't mind that I'm not stopping to write a column every week while I'm roaming around. This is going to be a one-hundred-per cent free-time trip, and I'm not even going to do interviews or concerts. I'm just going to get on that road and let my White Line Fever take me wherever it wants. (Have you heard that song? It's just great and all about a wandering guy who lets the white line in the middle of the road take him wherever it happens to be going.)

What I've done is spend the last few evenings writing absolutely brilliant columns (cough) for FAB to publish while I'm off in the wilds, or sitting in some country garden. You'll be overjoyed to hear that I've done the second installment of my tasty cooking column (choke!) and also dug up a few thousand other things to rave on about.

When I get home, I'll tell you all about what I did, and prob-

ably go on and on until you get sick of hearing about it!

I've asked my friends to sort of supervise my packing, because you know how I am about clothes. I just don't think about clothes one way or another, and I'm constantly going off on a weekend concert trip without any socks or something equally necessary. I don't know why some company doesn't come up with disposable socks that you wear once and throw away, but even if they did, I'd forget those too, probably.

To save me from having to stop at every other town for a toothbrush or a new shirt, I've admitted that I'm bonkers when it comes to packing and asked for help!

While they've been busy doing all the work (heh heh), I've been boning up on my French and Italian. There isn't much to bone up on, let me tell you. The only thing I can say in French is a sandwich called *oeuf and boeuf* and I can only say that because it's pronounced *oof and boof* which cracks me up! And I'd better get hustling with the language because that means egg and beef and one of those is enough.

The only thing I can say in Italian is Sophia Loren, and somehow I think I'll get by. Actually, Italian is one of my favourite languages because it sounds so musical, and if I can learn to speak a bit, that would be fantasticamente! (Yep, I just made that up!)

Having grown up in the Eastern US, I'm really going to flip over snow and at last I

know I'll be seeing it somewhere on my trip. That's something I really get homesick for, which is why I love going to the mountains and sliding down hills and all that stuff. Which reminds me, it was a lot closer than that one night this week! We've been having this really cold weather, for here. It's been down to the forties at night in Hollywood, and lots colder than that in the suburbs. Well, the other night, it started snowing! Real live flakes! I didn't get to see it because it was several miles from where I live, but just the thought of it made me feel good.

During the winter you can sometimes drive less than an hour out of Hollywood and find snow.

Well, I'd better get going. I've got a few more things to do, and another couple of days work before everyone on *The Partridge Family* goes off on their holidays.

Don't forget now—if you see me tootling along, just give a wave!

See ya maybe!
Love,

David Cassidy

