

David Cassidy writes

personally to you

Warm-hearted David certainly started something when he talked about the unhappy dog next door—the results included a letter from our RSPCA!



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Hello luvs!

I'd like to send a big thank-you to everyone who has written me about the dog incident I mentioned a while back in this column. (And also thanks to everyone who has written me, period, come to think of it!)

For those who don't know what I'm talking about, during the summer (summer here, I mean, which doesn't end until after October) the dog who lives next door to some of my friends was in a bad way. He wasn't getting food and water regularly, and his owner was such a dilly, everyone was worried about confronting him.

I decided to fight my way through the thicket my friends call a back-yard and slip some goodies under the fence to the dog, and my friends took the hint and have been taking secret care of him every day since.

Well, ever since I wrote about that, I've been getting the nicest letters from other people who really dig dogs. And that's something I really do myself. Not the kind of digging where you take a dog to the poo-poo parlor to have their hair done twice a week, or go to a dog dentist to have braces put on! (So help me, in Southern California, we have dog dentists! We even have dog psychiatrists, and I am not making that up!)

But I do think animals are very special. The opening line of the song *Bless The Beasts And Children* sort of says it for me. It goes: 'bless the beasts and children, for they have no choice.'

I not only got letters from lots of you, but I actually received one from the Royal Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Animals! I about flipped.

Someone had sent them a copy of my column in FAB, and they were so concerned, they wrote to ask me the address where Blanca (that's the dog's name now—my friends tell me his real name is Dagger, but they thought that was a bit much) lives so they could report it to the SPCA here in the United States.

I'm happy to report that Blanca is doing very well now. He is still chained up ninety-nine percent of the time, but my friends see that he has food and water every day, and they've even hacked down part of their forest so they can get to him easier. He used to be sort of a Super-Fang at times, but now his disposition is very good because he's no longer neglected. My friends talk to him out of the window a lot, and sneak over and pet him through the fence when his unkind owner isn't looking.

The wildest thing they did is build him this 'shelter' when the rainy season started. (Must admit I helped talk them into it, although I'm sure they'd have done it on their own.) I'd say kennel, but I saw the thing and believe me, it doesn't even resemble a kennel. It looks more like a packing crate for a short piano.

They put it together themselves with lumber they had lying around, and waited until the guy was at work and asked

his wife if they could put it in the back yard. She said it was okay (and that she'd been trying to get her husband to build one for three years), so they struggled over there with it.

Blanca about went out of his gourd when he got a look at it. My friends said he sniffed all round it and then got in it and started jumping up and down. Finally he wore himself out and laid down on the rug they'd put in there for him and looked up at them and smiled. I think they're stretching it a little about the smile, but if you'll pardon the mush, I'm sure he was smiling inside.

Please don't anyone worry about the dog from now on, okay? My friends have the situation well in hand and don't want to bring in the authorities because they'd only take Blanca away and we all like him too much for that.

Thanks again for being so concerned. It really gave me a good feeling to read your letters.

Love,

