

BONANZA

David Cassidy writes

personally to you

to ask if you fancy seeing him down on the ranch, because he's got the Old-West-Blues this week!



Hello, luv's!

Well, it's been another busy week!

Last weekend I hopped a plane and flew up the West Coast to do concerts in Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington. When *The Partridge Family* finishes shooting for the week, it's back to the airport for this kid. Only this time I'm going all the way across the United States, about a three thousand mile trip, each way.

I'll be doing one concert this time out, in Long Island, New York, which is right across the bay from New York City.

Besides really keeping busy, which is hectic but fun in its own way, something else sort of special is going on this week.

A few years ago, before *Partridge* got started, I did guest roles on a few telly (swiped that one, didn't I?) series. One of my favorite parts was on *Bonanza*. I played a boy named Billy Burgess who had a few pretty bad problems, and the segment was called *The Law And Billy Burgess*. (Which somehow figures, I'd say, but then I'd say anything as I proved in my last column. Oh, never mind. Maybe time has been merciful and you've already forgotten what a crazy mood I was in last week.)

Meanwhile, back at the ranch (wow, I'm hilarious, right?) (wrong) I was just about to say how much I loved working on *Bonanza*. Not just because the show was popular and the people were really great, which they were. (I'm still just sick about DAN

BLOCKER's death, as I'm sure everyone who ever worked with him is.)

Another reason I loved this particular acting experience was because it was my first Western and I hope it wasn't my last! I'm sure there's always been a real feeling of going back in time for the people who do Westerns, especially for actors who work on them every week. But at this point in history with all our smog and pollution and complexities, and with so many counter-culture people really trying to get back to the simpler things and the land, doing a Western is ten times more of a trip than it was when the present-day world wasn't quite as confused or confusing as it is now.

I don't know if I can explain it, but it starts when wardrobe decks you out in jeans and cowboy boots or whatever. I began feeling like I was right in the old West, and the air seemed to smell fresher and the earth and the sky so much cleaner. (I hope that you violinists who accompanied me on a column not too long ago haven't put away your instruments because I need you again this week!)

Let me tell you, the week I worked on that show, I really got into what I was doing. By the time shooting was over for the day, I expected to get on my horse, find a place to build a campfire and start cooking a pan of beans and a pot of bush coffee. That's the kind of coffee you make by just tossing grounds into boiling water,

and though it may sound gucky, it tastes great. Especially when you drink it out under the stars. (Note to musicians: don't you agree that a few bars of harmonica would go nicely at this point?)

Well, I'm digressing—as usual—and I've done all this talking about Westerns without even telling you what brought them back into my mind. That seg of *Bonanza* is being re-run this week, and now I've got the Old-West-Blues all over again. I'd just love doing another Western, and I really intend to do it, too.

With my imagination, I'm not sure I'd be able to cope with acting in a Western every day, though. Somehow I think that if I were Marshal Dillon and I'd been him for nineteen years (that's how long *Gunsmoke* has been running, I think), I wouldn't be able to stop being him. And I'd probably just get arrested for wearing sixguns on Hollywood Blvd. or riding my horse down the freeway.

But, then, we all know I have a tendency to get carried away. And I don't mean 'carried away' as in 'carted off', or do I?

Love,

David Cassidy

The Partridge Family