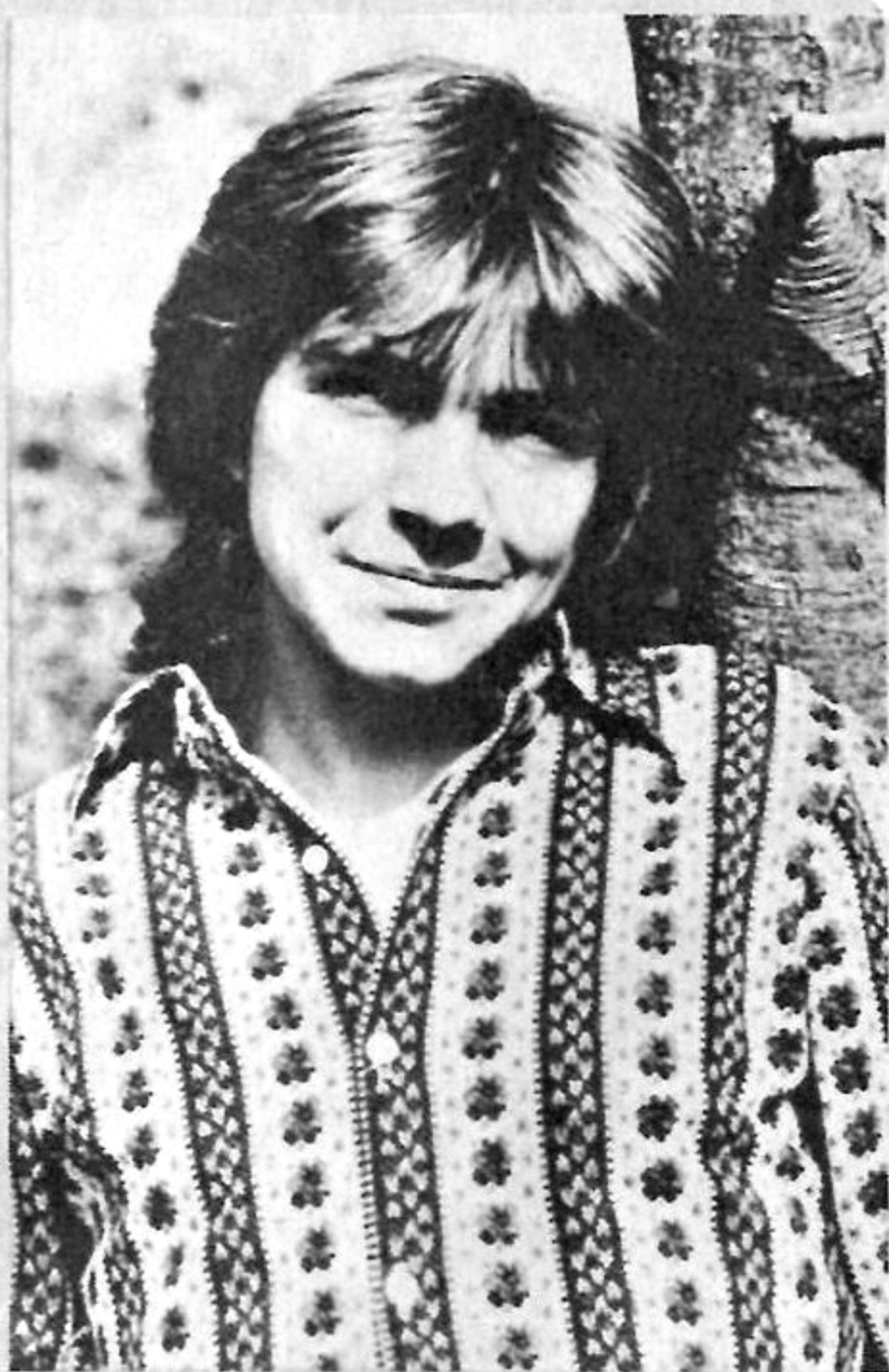


David Cassidy writes

personally to you

about his Hawaiian daydreams
...with soft violin backing!



Hello, luvs!

This has really been my year for fantastic vacations. I've already raved on and on about the great time I had in Europe, but here I go again! Not about Europe, though.

The week before the *Partridge Family* started filming again, I had two concerts to do, one in Salt Lake City, Utah, and the other in Denver, Colorado. I traveled by plane, but even then I couldn't help being affected by being in two of the most beautiful parts of the United States. Utah is raw and red and rocky, and Colorado has green mountains and beautiful rivers and the cleanest air these city lungs of mine have ever breathed — wow! (That reminds me of something weird—when I was about five years old, I was positive the past tense of breathe was brothe! And nothing could change my mind until my teacher hit me on the head with a grammar book.)

These two short trips gave me another big case of wanderlust, sometimes known as back-pack-fever. And do you know what I did? I got up the morning after the weekend concerts, took a look around me and grabbed the first plane to Hawaii!

I could only stay a few days, but I just couldn't resist the urge to *really* get back to nature just one more time before we start doing next season's shows. And I can really get back in Hawaii.

I don't know what it is that being in the islands does to me. I naturally dig the fact that the

privacy is out of sight, because I just can't get into camping with someone parked next to me in a trailer, watching television or something like that. That type of thing makes me feel like I'm right back in town, just pretending to camp in my own yard. (Come to think of it, my yard is a lot more private than most U.S. camp sites are today.)

Aside from the privacy and the wonderful sea air and the beaches (a lot of them are black, you know, from volcanic rock and really look far out), I guess Hawaii gives me a sense of history. Now let me see if I can explain *that* one!

When I'm camping out in a little grass shack (which I actually have done), I sort of have the feeling that I've gone way back in time to when the Polynesians came to Hawaii who knows how many centuries ago. And although I know better than to expect to re-discover that other civilisation, I have this probably very corny daydream about what it would be like if I did.

There are no 'unknown tribes' on the islands, just living in the past, but in my daydream I manage to stumble onto one. I'm walking through the trees and plants and fragrant flowers and suddenly, in the moonlight which is as bright as day (if one of you would accompany me on the violin at this point, I'd appreciate it), I come across a clearing in the forest. In that clearing are about a zillion real Polynesians having the greatest dance-feast in the world,

with fire dancers and sword dancers and all kinds of neat things. I watch for awhile, and then they see me hiding in a bush and invite me to join the festivities.

I end up dancing up a storm with a beautiful young girl wearing a real grass skirt and sea shells and flowers. And when everyone is worn out from dancing, and the food's all been eaten, the whole scene just turns to mist and there I am all alone. (Louder on those violins, if you please.)

Anyway, I love Hawaii and I was fortunate enough to spend a few days there before getting back to work on the show. I hope you don't think I'm too crazy for telling you about my Polynesian dream thingy. One friend says it's a result of my having seen the movie *Briqadoon* on TV about nine hundred times, starting when I was a little kid.

Personally, I sometimes wonder if this and a lot of other things don't happen to me because that teacher with the grammar book hit me on the head just a little too hard.

Love,

David Cassidy

The Partridge Family