

# David Cassidy writes

personally to you  
to say a huge thank-you  
for giving him such a  
marvellous extra  
birthday!



Hello, luvs!

From the way things are going, it looks like 1972 is going to be one really great year.

In addition to all the fantastic things that have happened to me so far, I've had three birthdays!

The first wasn't too fantastic, come to think of it. I think I told you this before, but I went on a skiing trip to celebrate and came down with the 'flu right on April 12. Anyway, I started coming down with it, and feeling all shaky and uncoordinated, which isn't the ideal way to feel when you're on the slopes.

But my second birthday this year was really something else. That's when the birthday mail from Partridge people around the USA was all delivered to me. It's pretty overwhelming to get a lot of mail, and I also start being wracked with guilt because I can't answer all the cards and send individual thank-yous for the gifts. But all in all, it was just the greatest.

Anyway, I thought it was until a while later when the birthday mail from the readers of FAB arrived. Then I was *really* overwhelmed. I had no idea I'd receive so *many* cards and good wishes. I really flip to think that so many of you took the time and went to the expense (more about that later) of sending me remembrances and birthday cards.

Most of the gifts were little animals or dolls from your country (actually, I should say countries because they came from several different places overseas) and a friend of mine went completely nuts over a mini stuffed cat and dog which

reminded him of two toys he'd had as a kid. He promptly named them Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kiddy Cat, which is kind of funny when you think about it (well, I thought it was funny), and just as promptly tried to swipe them. I caught him in time, and am allowing him visiting privileges only.

Thanks, thanks and thanks again for thinking of me. It's really a good, warm feeling to know that you cared enough to go out of your way.

Now, let's have a bit of a chat about just that. Much as I love getting all these goodies, I kind of get the blues when I think about you spending your money on me.

I think I have a way that would help you save a bit and still remember your faves on special days. One of my favorite things in the world is art. I don't mean I stand in the museum for hours gazing blissfully at a hunk of plastic, or am saving my money to buy a Van Gogh. Although it's not a bad idea, that isn't actually the kind of art I mean.

What I'm trying to say is that I love to get letters with your own personal work, or hand-made cards where you've done the decorating and maybe even written the verse! Let me tell you, I've opened letters that were so beautiful, I fell right out of my tree. I never realised that so many people had so much artistic talent! I'm probably nuts, but it seems to me that more young people are artistic than adults. Maybe it's because we're growing up in such a visual age. Whatever the reason, I love it,

and if you really want to double-please me, and save yourself some bread at the same time, just decorate the first thing you can find and send it off next time you feel like doing something nice for me. It's so much less expensive than presents or the cards you buy, and it's so much more personal.

I know a lot of other actors and musicians who feel this way. In fact, I know one who digs through his mail and looks for the unusual, personalised envelopes and opens those first. Give the art idea shelf space in your head until another special occasion comes up where you want to remember someone you care about.

Thanks again for caring about me, and I hope every single one of you has the most beautiful birthday in the world. Better yet, have two or three!

Love,

