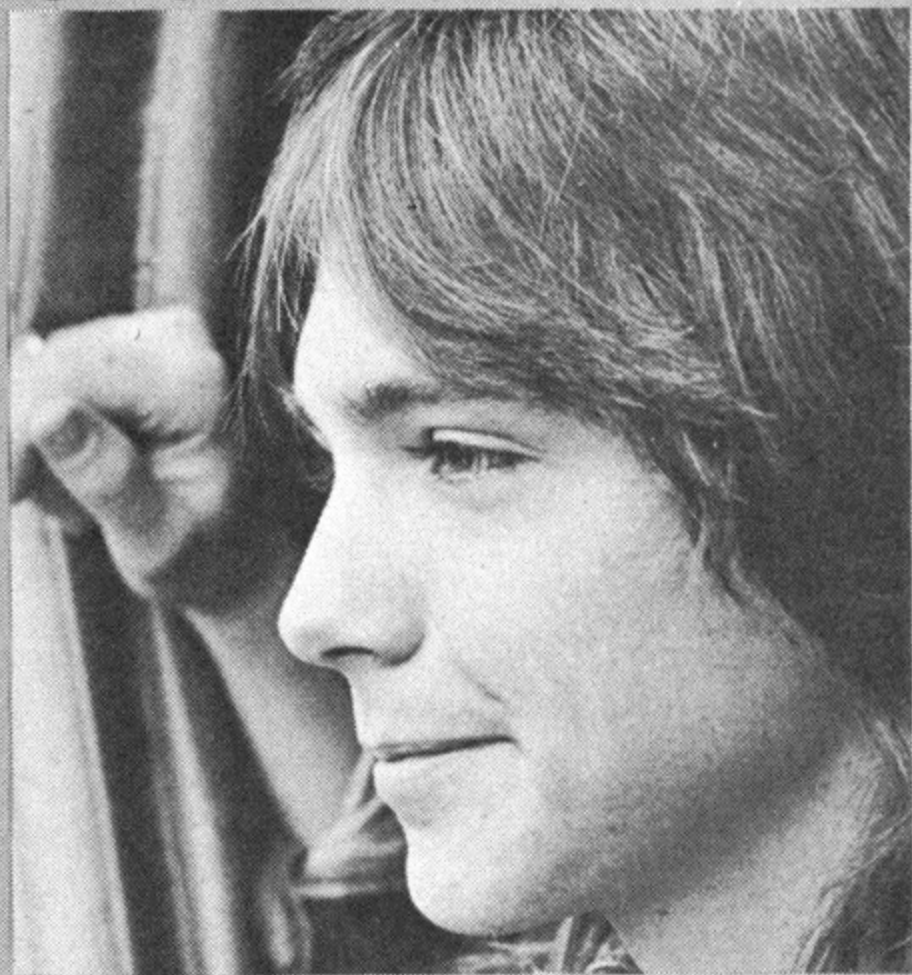


# David Cassidy writes

personally to you

While David was whizzing round Europe he certainly didn't stick to the usual forms of transport—'cos he's found a great new way of getting around . . .



Hello, luvs!

Now that I'm back at home in Hollywood, parts of my trip to Europe are already starting to seem like a dream. Why is that, I wonder? I mean, when something fantastic happens to you, and then you go back to your regular life, you begin to remember it kind of like it happened to someone else. It's the same way when you think back to being a little kid. You remember things okay, except it's sometimes hard to realise it was *you* all those things happened to.

Boy, am I getting philosophical in my old age! And I've been waiting around for the chance to tell you about what a neat time I had in Europe, so why don't I? Good idea!

It all started when I flew from Hollywood to Italy. And if that sounds like a casual statement, it sure isn't! You should have seen me getting ready to go! Naturally, I'd forgotten practically everything, and my friends had to finish packing for me. When I was on the plane, I still couldn't believe what was finally happening.

I'm not a very good plane-sleeper, but I did doze off a few times and once when I was waking up, I couldn't remember where I was going! For about two seconds I thought I was on my way to do a concert somewhere in the States, and then I remembered! Wow!

When I got to Italy, I picked up the camper that I'd already arranged to have waiting for me. A camper, as I'm sure you know, is a little house on wheels with lots of conve-

niences inside like a bed and stove and refrigerator.

I headed for Northern Italy. I chose to go there first of all because I have friends there. During the whole trip, I slept in the camper several nights, parked out in some fantastic countryside, and if that wasn't something else! I'd wake up at sunrise, and look out the window and about fall out of my bunk because the view was so terrific.

When I got to the North and located my friends, I stayed with them and they decided it was about time I learned to ski. Well, I'm about as brave as the next guy, and having grown up in Eastern U.S. where there are lots of winter sports (and lots of winter), I'd always thought ski-ing looked like great fun. But it also looked like hanging off cliffs and careering down mountains about nine million miles an hour!

But, they talked me into it, and I'll always be grateful they did. By the end of the first day, I was a ski nut personified. Kind of a *clumsy* ski nut, as you can imagine, but a nut all the same.

Man, what a feeling! Even on the beginners' slopes there was that sensation of whizzing along, and the snow spray in your face and all those good things. And the greatest part of all was the air. I've always been crazy about the outdoors, so crazy I still miss walking home from school because it was being outside and moving around. Well, feeling that way, you can just imagine how I dug being surrounded by clean, fresh air

while I was hanging off those cliffs and careering down mountains.

When I left my friends in Italy, I drove on through France, on the look-out for ski resorts. I bought some really great equipment, and I always had the old skis ready just in case I happened onto a good trail. And in that part of the world, this time of year, I happened onto plenty of them!

I was pretty terrible at first, but if I do say so myself, I'm at least getting better. One of my ski-ing friends says I'm actually 'Pretty good', and although I don't agree (yet), I am definitely going to be one of these days (or years).

Now that I brought up the subject of ski-ing, I can't think about anything else, so I'll have to tell you about the days I spent in Paris another time.

Since it's only about an hour's drive to the snow nearest Hollywood, I'll bet you just can't guess where I can be found next weekend! See you on the slopes!

Love,

David Cassidy