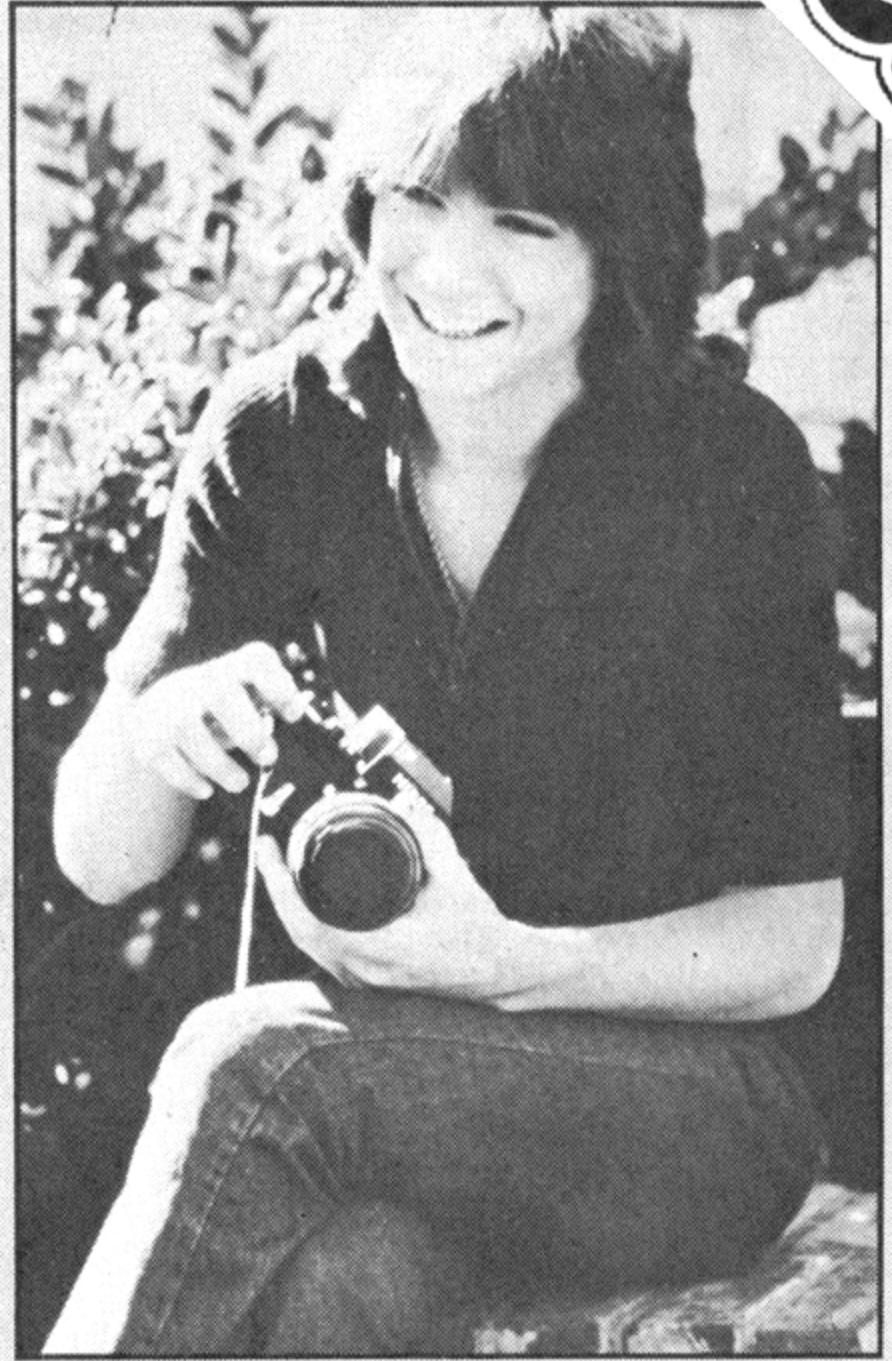


David Cassidy writes

personally to you

... and as he explains, one of the things he likes best is laughing!



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Hello, luv!

Lots of your letters have asked me whether I have a hobby or something that interests me specially. Well, I have about fifty-two thousand things that interest me specially, but right now I really don't have time for a hobby. I'm crazy about camping and ski-ing, like I've mentioned a few billion times before. And there are several other things I'd love to get into.

Photography is one. It's fun and very creative besides. You express yourself, and help whatever you're taking a picture of to express itself. And, oh, I'd like to do other things that take a lot of work, like playing a musical instrument *really* well, or being the world's greatest tap dancer.

But I think my number one ideal hobby would be one I've sort of been doing (but mostly thinking about and talking about doing) for a long time.

One of the things I like the best in this world is laughing. A good sense of humour is absolutely essential, I think. You really need it to work and live and get along with other people. But mostly I dig laughing because it's so much fun.

Think back to when you were a little kid, and maybe not so little. I mean everything was absolutely *hilarious!* We were always rolling around about to die laughing about something. And I don't mean just when we were about seven years old. Seventeen, too! And I really mean we'd literally roll

around. I'm almost embarrassed to say this, but one time when I was around twelve, a couple of friends and I went into a five-and-ten cent store to buy something or other, and when I was handing the saleslady my money, one of the guys I was with said something absolutely insane (which fortunately, I forgot long ago). Well, I started cracking up and then they started, and I laughed so hard I fell right on the floor, gasping! The clerk stared and edged away.

I was so embarrassed and I don't think I've ever had such a stomach ache in my life as I did after that number! But that's the best kind of laughter, the kind that comes from way down deep and just won't stop until you're flopping like a flounder.

Now that I've stopped falling down in stores, I really miss it, and that brings me back to the point I was starting to bring up before I started digressing a few miles back. My ideal hobby would be to keep a collection of all the funny lines and all the crazy moments that have absolutely wiped me out down through the years. In fact, I've started to do this every so often. Once in a while, when something hits me funny, I'll remember to jot it down, and I have a lot of little scraps of paper floating around my life, but since I can't read my own 'shorthand', they don't do me a bit of good.

I did receive a book recently that I'd love to use for this. It's just a lot of empty lined pages with hard covers and if I could remember to write things down it would really hold quite a collection.

I already have one written down, and it's a line from a great old W. C. Fields movie. But first, I'd better refresh your memory about *what* makes me laugh. I told you once before that I just love really corny, crazy stuff, like old movies.

The funny bit takes place in a market. W. C. Fields is the shopkeeper and this weird lady comes in and says "What do you have in the way of steaks?" He says, "Nothing at all in the way, madam, I can get right to them."

You really have to hear the delivery of the line to really appreciate it, but I think it's so funny because it's one of those lines we all go around saying.

Oh well, I'll just admit I have a nutty sense of humour and go quietly.

Love,

David Cassidy

The Partridge Family