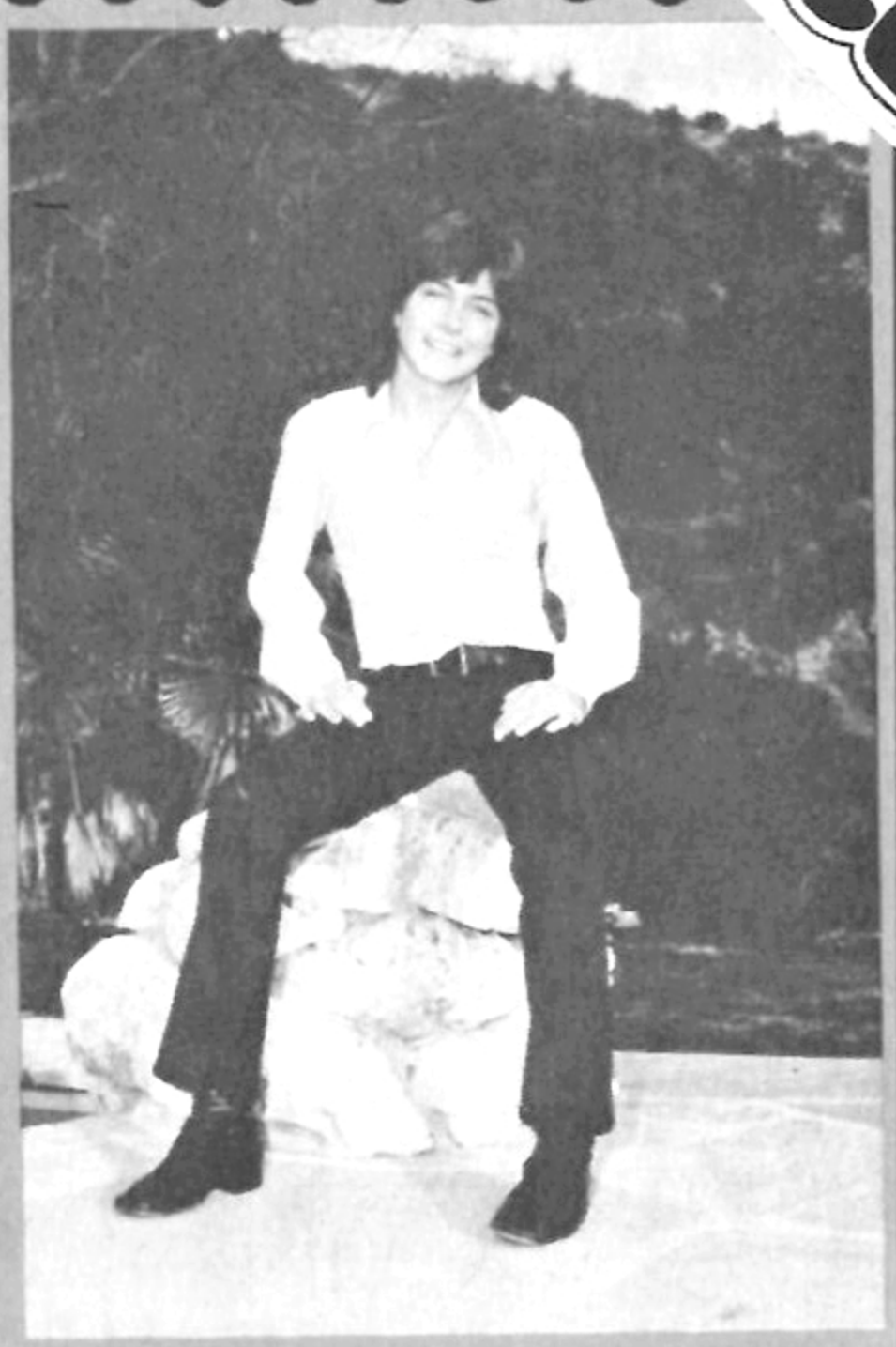


ALAN

David Cassidy writes

writes personally to you about the Partridge Family six cities tour on their 'own' charter plane and first news of David Cassidy Airlines!



Hello, luvs!

The time for us to go back to work on next season's Partridge Family is coming closer and closer. And while I've had nothing to do these last few days, I've really been looking forward to getting the show going again and seeing all my friends who work to help put it together. You don't just get to know the actors and actresses, but all the guys on the crew. Since a crew usually starts with a show and stays with it, and so does the cast, it really does become sort of a family.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. In about two minutes I'll tell you why I had nothing to do for those days I just mentioned, but before I forget, I want to tell you about something funny that happened during our Easter tour.

We went to six cities for concerts during that week, and it turned out to be more economical to charter a plane than for all of us to be buying tickets and paying extra for the instruments and all that.

Well, we were all really getting a kick out of having our 'own' plane, but I thought the group I travel with was just a little too overjoyed if you know what I mean. I soon found out why. They got me to look out of a certain window for some made-up reason or another, and there was this big sign

on the plane that said DAVID CASSIDY AIRLINES.

I about croaked! Of course I wasn't embarrassed enough to get out there and take the sign off (not hardly), but I did start wishing frantically for it to blow off, which it did pretty soon.

Then I started laughing. Not to mention sighing with relief. They did it a couple of more times during the tour, but the sign always sailed away in a few minutes, just like in that great scene at the end of *Hard Day's Night* when the BEATLES got in the BEA helicopter and stuck on a very temporary sign that added TLES.

When the Easter tour was over, I came back to Hollywood, got into my car and headed for the mountains. I'm still just completely nuts over skiing and I really am getting better at it. (I shall neglect to mention that I couldn't very well get any worse.)

I ended up at Mammoth, high in the clean air, and had a fantastic time. I've lived in cities most of my life, but I really think I was born for the outdoors. In my travels, I've seen just about the most beautiful scenery in the world, but I still get absolutely knocked out over the wonders of nature. Maybe it sounds corny to call them that, but wonders are exactly what they are, to me anyway.

It was when I got back home again that I found myself with nothing to do. Nothing except feel crummy, I should say, because somewhere along the line I'd picked up a touch of the 'flu.

I've told you before that I am the world's worst 'patient' because I about go bonkers (swiped still another of your words) when I just have to lie there. Also, isn't it incredible how you think you're reasonably grown up and quite self-sufficient and all that until you come down with something?

And have you also noticed how it's usually great weather outside when you're sick? That always happens to me. And it makes me feel about ten times worse to look out and see the first un-smoggy day all year when all I can do about it is sog about the house until I get better.

Well, I'm happy to report that I am fully recovered and back in the world again. Naturally, the smog is back, but today, even that looks good!

Love,



© 1972 And Trademark of Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.