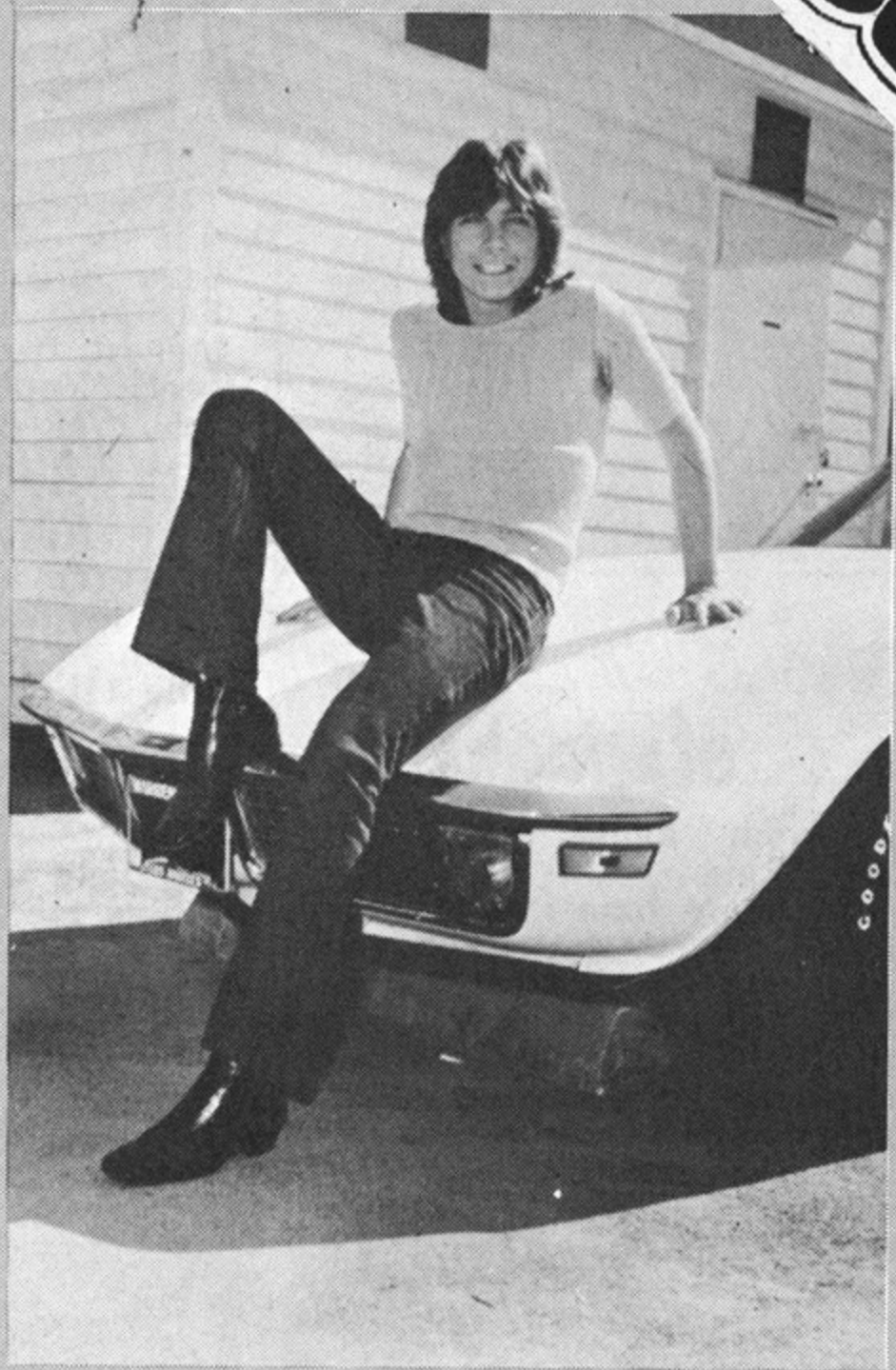


# David Cassidy writes

personally to you

about a tiny feeling he had that turned into a huge crash-bang-zonk last week in Hollywood!



Hello luvs!

Have you ever had the feeling something was going to happen to you? Well, I don't actually mean a feeling. That's too strong a word. What I really do mean is an inkling, something way in the back of your mind, sort of like a tiny little warning bell ringing about ten million miles away.

This was a pretty average week in my life, except for the far-off inkling I was just talking about. I spent two days on the road, doing concerts in Southern America.

When I got back home to ye olde San Fernando Valley, I had to do a few things to get ready for the concerts I'll be doing next week. One of them was get a haircut. I suppose a few of you are thinking haircut? David? Sure I get them, and so does everyone with longer hair (well, almost everyone) or it'd be down to our knees!

Whatever was sort of bothering me was still way off in the back of my mind, and I didn't figure it had anything to do with getting a haircut. I've always hated those so it's hardly anything new. It was bad enough when you were a little kid and the barber gleefully mowed your head right up to your eyebrows with those electric sheep shear things and you went around looking like a goof for two weeks.

Well, it's ten times worse now because, first of all, when you're on a television show, they want you to look the same all the time and secondly, when some barbers get a look at a guy with long hair, they go cuckoo! They get that fiendish look, grab

sixteen pairs of scissors, fling you into the chair and start hacking. After the hair storm, you're left with a crew cut, or worse, if there is anything worse.

I guess this is because many of the old-school barbers weren't taught how to cut long hair any way but off! Whatever the reason, you can't tell if your long hair is going to set off the buzz-saw chain reaction just by looking at the barber. You have to try him and find out the hard way!

That isn't a problem with me now, because I've found a really great place to go where they don't allow sheep shearing. A lot of their customers are actors who'd end up having to wear wigs (yech!) if they did, so they're extra careful.

This time, it was after I got out of the barbershop (pardon me, men's styling salon!) (yech again) that I started to get worried. All of a sudden, out in the parking lot, the little twinge of forboding I'd been feeling became a full-fledged danger signal. But I didn't have time to worry about it because also all of a sudden, someone whizzed out of a parking space a little too fast and backed right into my car!

Better make that a lot too fast because it wasn't just a little crunch. All I could hear was crash, boom, tinkle and zonk.

I never have been a car nut who has a heart attack if a leaf falls on his automobile, and I hope I never will be, but I must confess that I wanted to sit down and blither when I saw the former front end of my little white Corvette. I haven't had

the car all that long, and besides, there's just not too many things worse than seeing your own car after it's really been zapped.

The driver was all apologies and I couldn't very well give in to the urge to pound my head against the cement, so I was polite and we exchanged names and insurance companies and all that. I later found out the damages came to four hundred dollars, so it really had been quite a crunch.

Naturally, after the accident was over and done with, so was the feeling of trepidation (always wanted to say that word!). But I had known something was going to happen! So, I said rather loudly to no one in particular (particularly because there was no one else there by now), "I told you so!"

So if you read any stories about me talking to myself in Hollywood parking lots, you'll at least know the whole story.

Love,

