



David Cassidy

writes personally to you

PLEASE

David forgot to tell you, but gradually this Summer his fingers have been turning green!

ello, luvvies!
I guess I don't have to tell you about my tendency to veer. You know what I mean—I get distracted telling some crazy story that's happened to me or just usually one of my crazy stunts, and I forget all about telling you what's happening with me right now.
I've done it again. This summer while I was hanging around the house relaxing, I did something really fun that I completely forgot to even mention. I planted my own garden, and I planted it so long ago that it's already harvest time.
I don't mean to sound like I'm out in the south forty driving a McCormick reaper. The garden really isn't huge or anything, but it has lots of fresh vegetables like onions, carrots, dishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc., all of which we're now able to eat.
Planting things and watching them grow has always been something that interested me, but I can't tell you how long it's been since I either had the

chance or took myself up on the opportunity. But this year with all this yard space and all that unaccustomed free time I'd really forgotten what to do with, everything was just right for mini-farming.

Wait a minute. I just realised I'm probably confusing you. I keep forgetting that in Britain, garden means what we would refer to as a yard, and I don't mean I planted the kind of garden you may be thinking of. What happened was, taking part of my yard, I planted a garden (Huh?) Maybe you might call it a vegetable patch. (Do you know that I have a friend who insists that you refer to dental floss as tooth rope?) (There I go, veering again.)

Whatever it's called, it's been a really worthwhile enterprise. I dug watering every night, standing out in the grass in my bare feet, and watching the seedlings come up and all that stuff. Gardening really adds a whole new dimension to your life because you start worrying about the weirdest things like

changes in the weather and how your tomato plants are coming along (tomato plants, as you may know, are so delicate and temperamental you begin to think of them as adopted children).

Because I wanted my garden to be totally organic, I couldn't use any chemicals. One time I actually woke up in the middle of the night, worried that the bugs were bothering my cabbages. I then asked myself if I was in my right mind, replied a resounding no and went back to sleep.

The best part of all about my garden is eating all the fresh, unsprayed food. I don't know if you've noticed how food tastes more and more plastic every year, but just try goodies right out of the garden and it reaffirms your hopes that Mother Nature is still alive and well despite the fact that civilization is trying its best to do her in.

Now, onto another part of the forest. If you should happen to see some nit sneaking along at midnight trying to drag six orange trees, it's only me. I don't know if you remember the column I wrote about my manager's far out home-office up above Beverly Hills. I really loved that place, and was sorry to hear she was moving, but her new house is just as unusual and secluded.

There's only one problem. There's sort of a break in the seclusion, an area that needs something added to make the place really private. After

thinking about what would fill up the space and look nice, I finally decided to surprise her with six of the orange trees I have in my backyard orchard.

It isn't going to be too difficult to part with them as I have lots more—and a collection of recipes such as Orange Noodles, Orange Pie, Orange Rind Omelet and have you read my new book—*How To Eat Nine Thousand Oranges Per Year Without Getting Juiced?* (I humbly re-apologise for this and several hundred other feeble attempts at humor.)

What's bothering me is how to get them dug up, over to her house and replanted without her knowing it. In other words, have you ever tried to surprise someone with six full grown orange trees? I wouldn't advise it. Instead I'd advise coming to one's senses and calling a professional tree mover. Maybe just maybe, he'd like a few oranges to take with him. A few tons, I hope.

Love,

