



**This is a story of adoration of an idol and what happened when that idol suddenly became very much a flesh and blood person. The girl who confesses to us will never forget her experience for as long as she lives.**

□ The night before he came to town I could not sleep a wink. Maybe I was afraid that if I went to sleep I'd wake up and discover that it was all a dream, that I wasn't really going to meet David Cassidy in person after all. And to be with him throughout his stay in New York. . . . Well, what can I tell you about a dream-assignment like that? Only that I had to pinch myself to be sure that I hadn't gone to sleep after all.

It was Thursday, March 9th, and we—a photographer and myself—arrived at Kennedy International Airport late in the afternoon. My excitement mounted as we stood at the TWA terminal where David was expected—and suddenly we were informed that he'd be coming in on United Airlines Flight 6 instead. (The change had been made as part of the security precautions following the TWA bomb scares.) (Please turn to page 61)

**AN  
EYEWITNESS  
TO  
ECSTASY:**

**MY NIGHTS WITH DAVID CASSIDY  
... what he**

**did... what he tried to do...**



Evelyn Ward, David's mother, says his New York performance (the fifth she's attended) left her positively breathless.