

ways grown up fast in their parents' eyes. It would be Liza next she knew. Liz understood now she could not—would not want—to stop it. In giving birth to her children she had given them part of herself. They were her immortality. No matter where they went they would always be with her.

At last Liz smiled—a slow knowing smile—and said, "You'll stay for dinner, won't you? You must meet my husband." The two rose and strolled out into the garden where they spent the afternoon in a long heart to heart conversation.

When Richard came home that evening, he brought with him two dozen red roses. It's not unusual for him to buy Liz unexpected presents; he loves to give her things. But Richard knew about Chris—had known for some time. He understood Liz would not easily accept the prospect of losing her second son from the family fold. But Richard knew that in spite of the difficulties, Liz would do the right thing. She's that kind of woman. That's why he loves her. The roses were only a token of that great love. Elizabeth would understand. ●

FRANCESCA CUNNINGHAM

DAVID CASSIDY

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We had only three minutes to get to Gate 8—but now that my big moment was so close at hand I wasn't about to let anyone take it away from me. So I'm afraid I pushed and shoved a great many people to get there in time to see David's plane taxi to a stop.

Other passengers on the flight seemed surprised to find photographers, TV personnel and writers on hand. A few hysterical fans had been lucky enough to overhear the news of David's arrival and were waiting around for autographs or just to get a close-up look at him.

We happened to be standing next to a girl who was there to meet her mother. "What's all the confusion?" the woman asked as she came toward us.

"David Cassidy of *The Partridge Family* is on your plane," her daughter replied.

"Oh, is that who he was?" she said in surprise. "He slept across three seats all the way from L.A."

After all the other passengers had left the plane, David stepped out—and he was just as I'd imagined he'd be. His hazel eyes blinked against the sunlight, his long brown hair blew casually around his sensitive face, a shy sort of smile crinkled his well-tanned features. He looked so tall as he stood at the top of the ramp—but then he is 5 foot 8. (Would it sound corny if I say every inch a star?)

At the press conference that followed I had to remind myself that I could not just gape like a smitten schoolgirl. I was expected to keep track of what was going on.

David was asked if he was aware of the responsibility that is attached to being an idol of American youth.

"Yes, I am," he said quickly. "However, what is good for David Cassidy is not necessarily good for you, or good for her, or good for him. It is good

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