

DAVID — HE'S

The girl was sitting, relaxed and comfortable, in an overstuffed chair, glancing through a magazine. Suddenly she became aware of someone sitting on the arm of the chair facing her—and leaning over her so that when she looked up in surprise their noses almost touched! She found herself staring directly into two sparkling hazel eyes. The boy was young and quite handsome. As she gasped in utter amazement, he said, "Look, I saw you watching me. I mean, I think I saw some-

thing in your eyes that said—well, that you kind of like me." He hesitated for a moment and then continued. "I mean, like if what I thought I saw is what I really saw, would you come with me?"

Still in total shock, she found she couldn't even respond to this brash, but beautiful, young man. Sensing her embarrassment and utter confusion, the boy leaned back a bit and smiled at her provocatively, giving her a chance to catch her breath—and also giving her a

chance to look him over—for indeed he was quite an attractive fellow!

IT WAS DAVID!

Now, of course, she instantly recognized him. It was David Cassidy! He was the boy who had been sitting over in the corner of the lobby all by himself a few minutes before. Yes—she had actually looked at him. Not only because there was something faintly familiar about his perfectly molded features, but also because—well, he was darned cute! When she first sat down in the big chair to wait for her friends—who were soon to arrive to have lunch at the hotel with her—she had surreptitiously taken quite a few peeks at the attractive young man seated across the lobby, but—well, now she realized that she might have been staring at him.

"Well," said the young man who was still perched on the arm of her chair, still staring straight into her eyes, "how about it? Do you or don't you want to come along with me?"

All at once her heart started beating a mile a minute. Good heavens, she thought, this is really David Cassidy! He's sitting right here on the arm of my chair asking me to come along with him!! But rather than speak the words that were actually racing through her mind, she demurely said, "Umm—I'm waiting for some friends. We were

