

YOUR PAGE



Here is **your** opportunity to "put into print" your thoughts, feelings and **love** for your favorite star! You don't have to express yourself in a poem—it could be a drawing, a story or even a handwriting analysis—**anything**, in fact, that you can think of! The only **requirement** is that your contribution must be **original**—and it must come from your heart!

If you would like to express **your** deepest feelings for your favorite star—send your letters, poems, drawings, stories or whatever to: "Your Page," **SPEC Magazine, Business Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.** Be sure to include your **name, address, phone number** and **age** with all correspondence. If your contribution is published, you will receive **\$10!**

Now, take a peek at what two **SPEC**-ers wrote in honor of David Cassidy, their fav.



Honors
David
Cassidy!

DAVID CASSIDY—THE PERSON

*By Ellenann Coughlin, age 17
New York, New York*

Attractive, bold, natural and terrific—that's the figure that David Bruce Cassidy cuts on stage. Putting his whole heart and soul into each and every song, David totally conveys his love of the life he leads, and his happiness at being able to do the work he loves best—while bringing happiness and joy to others!

David gave a concert not too long ago which I attended and all during his performance, David was genuinely himself—talking to the audience and joking between songs, gently easing all the tension. I sat there amid screams of glee and joy, with tears of pride welling up in my eyes and a quiet, overwhelming sense of satisfaction growing within me.

If *you* want to meet, and really get to know David as a *person*, listen to him sing—let the magical sound of his voice reveal the loving, sensitive person he is. I have—and I found that I love him more, and more and *more* each day.

LISTEN, DAVID

*By Cheri Quig, age 12
Milford, Nebraska*

And suddenly your concert is over.
Your walk is a little bit slower,
And your head is bowed a little lower—
And suddenly, my happy dream-come-true is over.

You may not realize all the good you do,
But it's to you I run and tell my troubles to.
So before I end my poem I'll simply say—
"I love you, David—in a *very special way*".

