

Though you always see him smiling, what is the tragic truth behind that smile—and what's happened to make David say "I cry very easily now?"

It was a cold bleak morning in Amsterdam, Holland, and hundreds of members of the press were nervously clustered at the end of the runway—waiting for David Cassidy's plane! As his twin-engine jet—with his name spelled out in huge letters on the side—taxied to a stop, a delicately featured face with sleepy hazel eyes peered out the plane's side window—and with a roar, the members of the Holland press greeted David. Quickly the little curtain covering the porthole light window was drawn closed!

"I HAVE HAY FEVER"

An hour later—though the crew and members of David's traveling entourage had departed from the plane and were attending the gala welcoming party set up in the nearby pressroom—David Cassidy hadn't shown his face. Finally, a hefty young man—John Monte, David's road manager—opened the plane door and started down the stairs. The excited press immediately returned to the runway—and within seconds David Cassidy's golden boots, red satin bell bottoms with matching red satin sequined jacket appeared—topped by a smiling, somewhat shaky looking, but unmistakably David Cassidy. As David stepped off the last rung of the deplaning ladder, the press—acting in a manner that might put a bunch of enthusiastic teeny-boppers to shame—surged forward, notebooks in hands and flashbulbs blazing. And within a matter of seconds, David was not only caught in an ever-tightening circle of adult human bodies, he felt himself being pushed and jostled about, and almost smothered! David looked wildly about him and just as he saw John Monte and several bodyguards pushing through the mob to rescue him—David burst into tears!

Confused and silent, the press crowd actually began to back away. As the embarrassed writers and photographers returned to their party, John and some Bell Records executives swept David off in the

direction of the men's room. Within a few minutes David had joined the party—red-eyed, but smiling—and a more considerate bunch of press members you couldn't find anywhere! However, one newspaper writer insisted on asking David what had happened.

David looked him directly in the eyes and said, "Well, you see, man, like I have hay fever and sometimes I get these real sudden attacks." David paused for a minute and then continued slower—"and when I do it makes my eyes get tear-y, so it looks like I'm crying. Actually, I can cry very easily," David explained candidly, and the writer fully accepted David's explanation and carefully wrote it down.

**THE TRUTH BEHIND THE
"SMILE"**

But the fact of the matter is quite another thing. David Bruce Cassidy is being overworked to the point of collapse! Basically a fragile young man who has never enjoyed the best of health, he has recently almost reached the point of breaking down. It's not that David is *personally* ambitious, it's that he is surrounded by people who pressure him and goad him on until his every waking hour is filled with either TV filming, rehearsals, recording dates, live concerts, TV guest shots or public appearance tours of England and Europe! The result of all this is that David is constantly nervous and needs to take tranquilizers; that he breaks out in hives or a red rash from time to time that requires heavy use of TV make-up to cover, that he is edgy and jittery not only with his fans and business acquaintances, but with close friends as well.

Last, but not least—David *really* is on the verge of cracking up, and if someone who loves him and is near to him and can *make* him listen doesn't soon tell him he *must* let up—then one day soon it may be just too late for David to retire to that wonderful hideaway home he is building in the Hawaiian Islands!