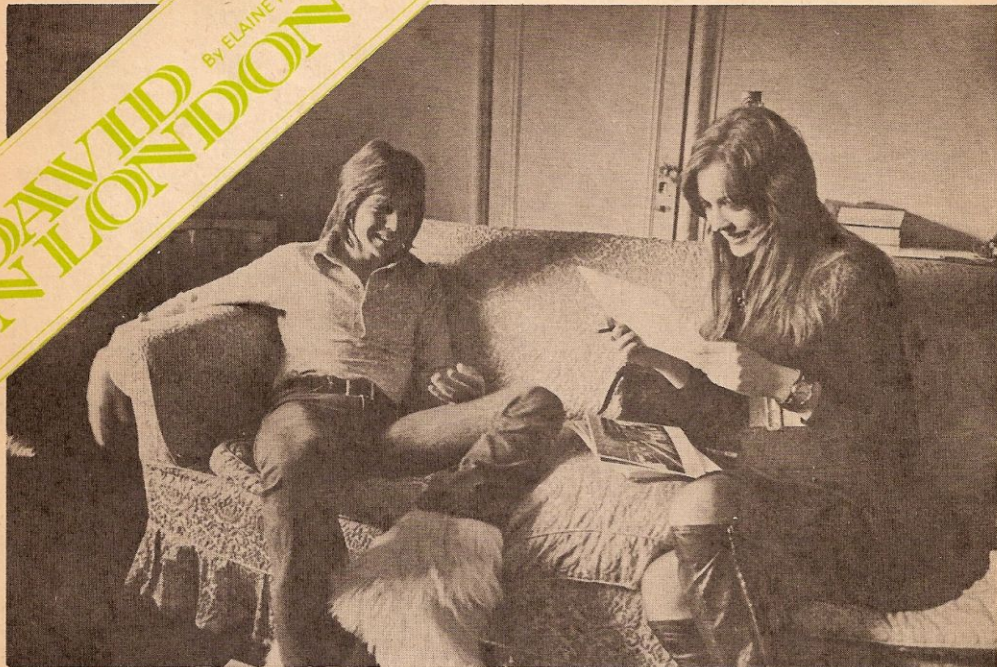


DAVID IN LONDON

BY ELAINE HOWARD



When did you first become a David Cassidy worshipper? Did you see his photo in a magazine and fall in love because of his face? Or perhaps you were idly watching TV and suddenly you couldn't take your eyes off David as Keith Partridge. Or may be it was his voice and his records that caught your attention. Whatever the reason it is YOU who have made David into the biggest and brightest star to hit Britain since the Sixties. And so we'd like you to meet David as he is—talking about England, his hopes and fears, his funny and sad memories, and letting you in on what he's really like . . .

Before David Cassidy came to England earlier in the year, no-one quite realised just how much of a star he had become since The Partridge Family first hit Britain in '71. But all it took was the hundreds of fans there to welcome him at the airport, and suddenly everyone was asking questions and seeking answers about the handsome guy who'd taken America by storm nearly two years before.

Not many of us, sad to say, had a chance to meet David on his first visit to England, and though he's promised to come back soon for concerts, I feel like one of the luckiest girls in the

country because I did get to meet him—and talk to him for nearly two hours! But let me tell you how it all began . . .

I stood at Heathrow Airport, Terminal Two, one Saturday evening in February, completely bowled over by the hundreds of girls waiting, like me, to greet David off his flight from Europe.

We'd heard so much about him from America but wanted to see for ourselves exactly how tall he is, what colour his hair really is, and if his smile makes our knees go weak when we see it in person. And as we waited, I wished that every girl could be a journalist; that everyone could come along to the interview I'd fixed up with David later in the week, on the last day of his British visit.

And after the tense, exciting wait at the airport; there was a slight, gorgeous figure walking out of a side exit. He was surrounded by security guards, and it seemed that almost as soon as he appeared he was gone into a waiting car. But it was David—and yes, he was laughing—pleased as Punch at the tremendous reception. He told me later: "I really wished that I could have stopped and talked to everyone, or at least signed some autographs, but the airport authorities were worried in case the girls or I got hurt, and wouldn't let me hang around."

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