

Squealing Fans Give Cassidy Noisy Welcome

Their David Lives Up to Expectations

By FRANK CUSTER
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"He's cool, daddy," whispered my little blue-eyed Jill, 8, as she snuggled up to my shoulder and watched the man she currently admires most, next to her father, I think.

Up there on the big stage at the Coliseum Thursday night was David Cassidy, of television's Partridge Family fame.

He gave the crowd its money's worth, singing and prancing for nearly an hour solid without a break.

The little girl next to me, seated on a football blanket case, so she could see over the heads of the taller girls, took in the show quietly.

I have a small suspicion that anticipation had worn down her squealing apparatus long before she got to the show. Informed of the news early in the day that she would see Cassidy, her vocal enthusiasm seemed limitless.

Supper hour was a drag for Jill. Her appetite was blotted by the anticipation of seeing the man whose voice dominates the collection of Partridge Family recordings she plays on the family stereo.

But if Jill didn't scream during the show, the remainder of the girls in the audience made up for it as they registered their adulation for David.

People like Cassidy, who make a small mint of money with their performances, complete with body gyrations, know the approval registered in the shrill screams. And when the screams come, people like David smile smugly up there on the stage and prance some more to bring on more.

And so it was. When David turned his back to his audience of several thousand and swayed his hips and the psychedelic lights blinked all over the place, competing with camera flash bulbs, high pitched voices shattered the air to nearly drown out the boom of the drums and guitars which grated through the Coliseum.

If David danced forward on the stage, or swung his big



David Cassidy

guitar at the band... if he pointed a finger towards the gallery, pandemonium ensued.

He handled the long microphone wire like a rope, leaping about the stage and singing and, yipe, what a noise the girls made.

Nearly each number registered with the audience. He didn't miss many of the favorites—"I Can Hear a Heartbeat," "Everybody, I Love You," "I'll Meet You Half Way," or "Cherish." What magic the brown-haired, slim youth worked on his predominantly female audience.

It appears that top favorites were "I Woke Up In Love This Morning," "Am I Losing You," and "I Think I Love You." And brother, when David finished with that last number, he vaulted off the stage and vanished down the stairs into the never-never land from which eager little girls were prohibited entry by brown-clad sheriff's deputies and yellow-jacketed ushers.

The children were generally orderly. Many a mother there with her daughter, could look back to a decade or so ago when she gave similar vocal vent to her admiration for such as Sinatra, Fabian, Chubby Checkers, Pat Boone, or Frankie Avalon.

There was the usual rush of girls down the aisles, cameras a-popping their flash bulbs, who had to be cleared back to their seats.

One young lady scored some kind of a coup as she dashed up to the stage to lay a white towel with huge letters in blue, spelling "David" on the stage for her hero.

Cassidy, who will be 22 next month, plays a lead role in the television Partridge family, apparently well watched by the likes of those in the crowd.

The singer appeared in a white open throat shirt, tan vest, which he shucked off midway in his act, and brown flair pants. He said that someone had stolen his good show clothes two days before at Scranton, Pa.

The warm-up before Dave's appearance featured a pretty husky-voiced blonde chick, Kim Carnes, and a mustached, long haired blondish man, name of Dave Ellingson.

A band of eight men, red shirted with black vests and ties and white collars and cuffs played a sax, trumpet, trombone, piano, drums, organ, and two guitars. And sometimes, boosted by 28 turned up electronic speakers, their efforts were mindful of a visit to a boiler factory.

But the best part came at home as the 8-year-old crawled into bed and smiled "Thanks, daddy, I never believed I'd really see him."

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