

The Prince meets David

In his time as a D.J., Tony Prince has met and interviewed countless top pop stars. Now that may sound very glamorous. But, as far as he's concerned, it's all in the day's—or night's—work . . . A part of his normal routine.

So how did he feel about doing his Xmas Eve **Radio Luxembourg 'Special' with David Cassidy?**

Was David, for him, just 'another star'?

Not a bit of it! Mention his name to Tony, and this is the sort of response you're guaranteed:

"David? Oh, he's a great guy; a really, really nice guy!" And Tony should know. 'Cos he's clocked up a fair amount of time with David since they first met last year in Luxembourg.

He told me something about that first meeting: "Well, David just came over to Luxembourg for the day and I spent more or less the whole day with him, from the time I met him at the airport that morning. Then, of course, we did the interview at the radio station. And, later, in the evening, we went to a disco where he stayed till about 1 a.m." There was no question of a disguise or lurking in dark corners for David that night!

"He really had a good time," Tony confirmed, "Dancing and having a few drinks—just like everybody else. And nobody bothered him for autographs, or hassled him any way at all."

So Tony has seen David on one of those very rare occasions when he's been able to act just like any other

guy and really enjoy himself. It isn't often that he can shed the 'superstar' image like that, and go back to being plain, ordinary David Cassidy for a while.

I asked Tony if he could recall his first impression of David. What was the first thing that struck him?

"Well," he began, "The thing about David that you simply can't help noticing straight away is that he is a very good-looking guy!

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"I'm sure that's had a lot to do with his success—especially the way he achieved stardom in the first place. It's not the whole story, of course. But I'd say that he captured the hearts of his fans with his looks and his acting talent. And it was only later that he bound them to him by his music."

Another thing Tony noted instantly about David was his slight build and his height. "I'm one of the smaller brand of men myself," he explained, "So I tend to be aware of these things. Not that you could call David short! But I suppose I must have imagined him to be taller than he actually is. And, well, he's not the tallest guy in the world."

It didn't take Tony long to decide that:

"The way he fills the role of superstar is fantastic. It's not an easy thing to do by any means. But he's got all that it takes and he's in control the whole time. He hasn't got any chips on his shoulder, and I guess that's how he comes out of it all as such a down-to-earth, nice guy."

So, when Tony boarded that Jumbo Jet headed for L.A., it was very much a case of going out to pick up the threads of a former friendship, rather than starting back at square one.

But his Traveller's Tales arc a story on their own! In fact, his trip out to California is certainly something he's not likely to forget for a very long time to come!

"I'd had three hours' sleep the night before," he told me, "'Cos I had to be up at 5 a.m. to catch the early flight out to London. And I'd finally got to bed at two the night before." So Tony wasn't exactly the proverbially fresh daisy when he hit London that morning! But he picked up the gold discs and awards without any hitch, and bombed back to Heathrow to catch the lunch-time flight for L.A.

And that, folks, was when his troubles started. . . His first problem was that the plane he had to catch was already fully booked! Now, when you're on your way to

