

ABOVE: The scene when the ractingle ranny were only on an outside location and for one of their episions. BELOW: David often entertained the other passengers to a complete private performance during the long flights between countries on his last tour.



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loose to ask the same predictable questions. They were questions he could have amswered in his sleep by that time, and he must have been sorely tempted to try it. Because sleep was something he was going short of in England, along with all the other guests on the Park Lane side of the hotel!

KEEP SMILING

But, no matter how weary he might feet, he had to keep amiling for the myriad photo-graphers and sound as though he really wanted to meet all the folks who'd been sent along to grab a couple of thousand words on David Cassidy. For most of them he was news fodder, while the people who'd really have valued a half hour with David were kept outside in the rain.

Amazingly, though, David left with some happy memories of that first trip and a definite desire to come again so he could do more, see more and meet lots more British people.

In spite of all the determined attempts to keep them apart, David and his fans had managed to come together occasionally, and both parties had liked what they saw. David was specially happy when he met up with just a small group of cirls, so he could talk with them as individuals:

"As soon as they're in a mass," he commented sadly, 'they op crazy and lose all their charm, 'cos they get panic-stricken that they're goin' to miss out on me, so they all get to pushing and stampeding till they scare the pants of ther." All the same, he saw enough of them to decide that British chicks were worth a second visit! And he took away an impression of British people as being sincere and genuine— —in the main.

TRAVEL

David had also intuitively liked London, and was certain that he'd love the rest of Britain if he could only get the opportunity to travel round and see some of it.

And, apart from all this, there was another reason why David reckoned that a second visit would be essential.

He was determined to show his British fans what he could do in action. He wanted to per-

form for them, not just sit around in front of cameras!

So he had plenty to think about during the long flight back home, with the plane weighted down by sackfuls of letters, Valentines and presents galore sent to him during his stay. Deep down he was, of course, thrilled by such signs of his fans' love for him, atthough there had been other times when it had irritated and annowed him.

But, by the time he got back home, he could laugh about hose. . . . Like the hair-raising car chase through London he'd been involved in just to get to see "Godspell". He had a great evening and loved the show. But, in spite of all the attempts to preserve absolute secret about his plans, somehow they'd leaked out and his car was "tracked".

'FOLLOW THAT CAR'

"It was like a bad movie sequence," he recalled lauphing... "You know, the bit where they leap into a cab and yell: "Follow that car!" So there I was, in the middle of a movie sequence, but without the cameras rolling. Seriously, though, it must have cost those kids a fortune in cab fares. I just hope they figured it was worth it. "Cos, as far as I know, they didn't even get in to see the show. And it sure was a terrific show."

Ah, well, to quote the current Partridge release at the time . . . It was just One Of Those Nights!

And David's fans were looking forward to

many more to come during his next trip, which was to be only six months away!! But, in Spring 1972, that was still very much

into the future. In the meantime David was due to return to the role of Keith Partridge for another season: a prospect he viewed with mixed emotions.

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