

into the small hours of the morning.

As it happened, things didn't turn out that way at all. After a shower and a change of clothes David felt ready to keep going all night. He didn't go quite that far, but got near enough to an all-night session to feel distinctly resentful when his early call came through on the Wednesday morning!

So it was a rather grouchy David who groped his way overboard and sped towards the BBC and David Hamilton. The round of personal appearances and interviews had started in earnest; and on this day, as on all days throughout the trip, David's fans were one move ahead.

They had been lining the banks of the Thames to wave good morning to him. And now there were hundreds of girls outside the Beeb studios. Not surprisingly, David soon lost any inclination to grumble and groan, and really began to enjoy himself.

By the end of the day, though, enjoyment was beginning to wear thin. No sooner had David got back from the David Hamilton Show

than it was time to prepare for the next batch of interviewers. There were about twenty or so journalists expected for a lunch-time press-reception, followed closely by a "Today" interview which was to be filmed on board.

So, once back aboard, David prepared himself for the questions and cameras. He was horrified to realise that he'd have to make up right away ready for the TV interview, simply because he wouldn't have a moment to spare after the press men had gone, he didn't dare face the cameras without make-up because he knew all too well that they show up every minor blemish; and David had his fair share of those after months of having pan-cake plastered all over his face for filming.

### KNOCKS

The net result was that he met journalists feeling, as he put it himself: "distinctly overdressed about the face!" Another by-product was that he got a few knocks in the music weeklies. But that was something David had got used to coping with by this time.

He was also very experienced at coping with the barrage of questions fired by twenty different voices. In his early show business days this kind of set-up had frightened the life out of him and he'd often said things on the spur of the moment that he had afterwards regretted, or, worse still, he'd just dried up and found it difficult to talk sense at all.

By this time, though, he'd become a true master at parrying difficult or "needing" questions. He refused to lose his cool: yet he made it quite obvious where he stood on controversial questions—like the nude shot for Rolling Stone. Yes! Would you believe...that was news in those days!

Come 3.30 all stray news-men were herded on to a launch and stow-aways were rooted out, to leave the decks (literally) clear for Alan Hargreaves of the "Today" team to start on the same old round of questions!

No wonder David was feeling rather weary when the time came to return to BBC-land for Top of the Pops. He was also feeling rather depressed, because he'd set his heart on singing—not signing—on the show. But when it

finally came to it, his lack of work permit meant that he could only make a personal appearance, not "work". So it was a case of a few words, smiles and then autographs, autographs and more autographs till it felt as though his hand would drop off at the wrist if it went on any longer.

His embroidered cerise satin suit had made its debut. It was to be his hall-mark of this trip on the clothes scene, so it was fitting that he should end his official duties wearing it on this first full day back in Britain.

Not surprisingly, he decided to change into something a little less eye-catching to go out for a quiet dinner. His ever-faithful fans were still waiting to wave goodnight when he came back to the Ocean Sabre late that night. He'd weathered his first day, and, as he finally sank back onto his bed with a grateful sigh, he told himself that it couldn't get any more hectic than it had been that day. It was a comforting thought to go to sleep on. But he was wrong.

**DON'T MISS PART 59 OF THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE**

David not looking too flappy about his belongings being auctioned!



Bidding for Keith Partridge souvenirs begins.

