

# NOT A SOUVENIR GUY

**D**avid Cassidy admits that he's no great souvenir hunter or collector. In fact, he was hard put to think of more than three or four souvenirs that he's brought back from his extensive travels round the world.

Most people — myself among them — haunt souvenir shops, even in Blackpool! But it's when we go abroad that the fever strikes in earnest . . .

It starts with those tempting racks of gaily-coloured picture postcards outside. There's always someone else you could send a postcard to, isn't there? And, once you're inside the shop — you're finished! Maybe that's the reason why your suit-case always seems so much fuller when you're packing to go back home. It also explains all those little carrier bags that suddenly become vital — and manage to burst at the most embarrassing moment possible!

Somehow, all this passes David by. And it's lucky — in one respect at least. If he brought back even the average amount of sou-

venirs from his trips abroad, his house would have burst at the seams long ago.

Be that as it may, he's obviously pretty well immune from "souveniritis." But, when asked to account for this, he seemed to be in a bit of difficulty.

## DOOMED

Clearly, he felt the implication was that he *ought* to come back laden with various odds and ends from the far-flung corners of the earth. He found excuses readily enough, though: "You see," he explained, "I get so little time to go shopping when I'm in a foreign city. Like when I was in Britain the last time . . . I'd heard tell so much about Harrods, so Henry and I fixed to go there one day. And then, when we got there, the store was closed. Well, when you get things happen like that, you come to figure that your ideas about shopping must be kind of doomed."

It isn't quite as simple as

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*David - all kitted out for a day at the races held in Paris earlier this year, and obviously trying to find out what the running's like from this lucky jockey!!*