

They were narrow . . . very narrow, so that we sort of edged our way down them. You couldn't help noticing the expert way David went down, as though he'd lived sailor-style all his life!

My first glimpse of David's bedroom was a kind of murky darkness . . . and then he switched on the light! I hadn't allowed for the fact that we must be more or less below sea level down there!

"See how spacious it is," David commented, as he showed me around. He had his own bathroom with a shower and even a tiny separate loo! And there, hanging from a hook on the back of the door, was his very own bath-robe!!!

Gifts

One corner of the room was piled high with gifts that had been sent to David by his British fans and many others I had given to him. "I don't know what the Customs man will say if I try to get all of these through," he smiled. "Honestly, I've been absolutely overwhelmed by your kindness and love of my fans here. . . . And I'm not only talking about all these wonderful presents and cards. Look at the way they all stand over there on shore for hours on end when they could be having a good time somewhere else. . . . It's really something to think that they will do that for me!"

Even so, David was amazed to hear that some of those girls had stayed put for twenty hours at a time—without even taking time off for a food break!

"Oh, I do hope they'll take good care of themselves," he murmured, looking very concerned for a moment. "I'd hate anything to happen to any of these lovely girls through their feelings for me. It's like the two girls who swam out to the yacht. . . . Did you hear about that, Pat?"

I had heard about it—but only at second hand, so I asked David to tell me exactly what had happened.

"I was terrified!" he replied.

"I was so scared for their sakes. Well, at first I didn't quite know what was going on. . . . It had never struck me that anyone might try to swim out! You've only got to look at the water to realise how dangerous it would be, there's a strong current and it's not exactly pure water is it!"

"Once I'd really taken in what they were doing, all I could think of was to keep on shouting to them to stay back! And then they were picked up by the police launch. It seemed kind of sad that they went through all that to get over here, and then the result was to be taken off to hospital by the police! But then I guess that hospital treatment would be pretty vital once you'd been for a dip in this water!"

It was sometime after this and we were back up in the lounge once more, when David suddenly asked, "Would you do me a favour, Pat?"

"Of course," I replied—without waiting to find out what it could be!

"Well, I've got one piece of news that I'd like you to make good and sure all my friends over here get to know about. "You know there was a time, straight after Kulla died, when I thought I'd never want another dog again. . . . or at least not for quite a while." David went on. "so I thought you'd like to know about Bull's Eye".

"Who's Bull's Eye?" I asked him.



"An English setter," came his reply, and he hastened to explain. "Not one of the red ones—they're Irish, Bull's Eye is a three-colour mix and seems to be very much at home in the Cassidy household already! I thought it might bring out the

mothering instincts in Sheesh, as Bull's Eye is only six months old—but it seems to have brought out Sheesh's puppy instincts instead! It's marvellous to watch them romping around together. I guess Sheesh is just a three-year-old pup at heart!"

From dogs we moved on to cats. "Yeah, we're thinking of getting a couple of cats as well," David told me. "I tell everyone it's because of the rats! . . . No really, that is partly true," he added when I burst out laughing. "The hills around us are infested with rats so they might come in useful in that way. But, what's more important, is that both Sam and I are very fond of cats. Anyway, I guess our cats will be fed far too well to have any incentive to go rat-catching for themselves!"

New Album

I just had time to fill myself in on the details of David's new album before the launch arrived to take me back to Tower Pier. . . .

"It's called 'Rock Me, Baby,'" he informed me, "and it's really my style of music. It was good to have that kind of recording freedom after having to adapt myself to the Partridge Family style. I guess that, musically speaking, I'm starting to find myself now. . . . There's one particular track on this new album which is really, really me."

Of course, I wanted to know which one that was, but David had other ideas: "No, I'd rather you wait and form your own impressions when it's released over here. Then we can swap notes in the spring, because it doesn't look as though it'll be on release here till January some time."

The thought that David would soon be back was the only thing that helped me to get into the launch and speed away from him. He seemed to get smaller and smaller as we skimmed over the water, leaving the 'Ocean Sabre' and David's waving figure further and further behind us. . . .



ABOVE: Even a Superstar likes to relax sometimes. Here's David managing to catch a few quiet minutes on the Ocean Sabre during his hectic tour

BELOW: How's about this for a welcome, here's David standing on the 'O' of Top of the Pops during his visit to Holland

