

COME ONE — COME ALL
on the most exciting TRIP you've ever taken

DAVID CASSIDY'S



CONCERT TOUR

a new, original book, never before offered!

Be with David on the plane—at his hotel—Watch him rehearse—
See him backstage—Thrill to the magic of his on-stage performance

MORE THAN 50 PHOTOS
to add to your collection

Read a minute-by-minute account of what it's like to be David Cassidy on a fabulous tour. Find out what he does between shows, how fans get in to see him, the special things he does to prepare himself for each performance. You won't want to miss any of this fabulous adventure.

SEND AWAY NOW! BE THE FIRST TO OWN THIS SPECIAL BOOK!

Hurry! Send me _____ copy(s) of David Cassidy's Concert Tour.
I enclose \$1.00 for each copy I want. Add 25¢ for rush handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send To:
David's Concert Tour
Suite 600
1800 N. Highland Ave.
Hollywood, Calif.
90028

TBS-8-71

"DAVID Changed My Life"

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 25



I felt a catch in my throat. "I never see you with anybody, Melissa. Don't you like the kids here?"

"THE TEARS ROLLED DOWN"

Don't be kind, David, please! was my whispered prayer to myself. Please don't be kind! But it was too late, and the tears I had kept in for so very long began to roll down my cheeks as I looked up at him helplessly. "Everything is wrong!" I heard myself saying. "Everything!"

"Let's talk about it then." With his hand on my shoulder, he led me into a small park, where we sat side by side on a bench for a second time. But it was different from the first—different from the way I'd ever talked to anybody before, even Daddy.

I don't know why I poured out everything to David that quiet, sunny afternoon five years ago. Perhaps the time had come when I had to talk to somebody—anybody that would listen. But I know too that for some reason I sensed his gentleness and the fact that he wanted to help me.

"DAVID JUST LISTENED"

The shadows were growing long by the time I had finished and the handkerchief David had given me was wet and twisted in my hands. I talked and talked, with David just listening quietly, until he knew my whole story—how wonderful things had been before Lisa had come between Daddy and me, how we'd never needed anybody—and how awful it was to be me, a nobody!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58