

THE FANS WHO FORCED DAVID TO MOVE!



Traffic on the north bound Ventura Freeway was heavy as usual that Friday night. Caught up in the rush hour surge of thousands of automobiles, David Cassidy sighed deeply outloud, his fingers drumming roughly on the steering wheel.

Inch by inch the cars moved along—minute by minute David's destination grew closer, until finally up ahead he could see the Laurel Canyon Boulevard exit.

Soon he would be home and able to relax after a rough week on the set. He really looked forward to Friday nights—a quiet dinner, maybe some music and nothing to do but sit quietly by the huge picture window in the living room and let the tension slowly drain from his weary body.

A PLEASANT WEEKEND

Laurel Canyon Boulevard wasn't too busy and as David neared his home he found himself singing along to the radio. Besides, he was looking forward to a pleasant weekend, too. Perhaps he and a couple of friends would go scuba diving!

As the car turned onto Kirkwood Avenue and sailed past the Canyon Country Store, David knew that home was only a couple of minutes away. Then suddenly he slowed down, almost afraid to make the last bend in the road—afraid of what he might find ahead! Deep inside he knew it would happen, but somehow he couldn't help hoping that tonight would be different.

GATHERED AROUND

He pulled into the driveway before the house as a dozen girls gathered around the car, laughing and squealing, autograph books ready. It wasn't signing autographs that he minded, it was what he knew for sure would follow!

It happened almost every night now, when he arrived home. Some-

how his address had gotten out and it seemed there were dozens of girls waiting for him every night! He would sign autographs, smile and talk for a while, and he really did enjoy that!

But then, when he went inside, they would knock at the door, peer through the windows and call out his name the entire night long! And on the weekends, if he was home, he couldn't step outside the door without having an autograph book shoved rudely into his face, or some hand trying to tear at his shirt!

HE WAS EXHAUSTED

And that wasn't the end of it! His phone number had gotten out also, and when he had requested a new number, the phone company told him there was a list of people ahead of him and he would have to wait!

He didn't mind phone calls in the early evening or afternoon—he found talking to his fans wonderful, but, how many times had he been awakened at 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning by the ringing phone? He

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