



**IN HOTEL SUITE**, David munches on an apple while he looks across the room at presents fans had sent up. Some girls made birthday cakes which he served at a late party.



**LONELY SOMETIMES**, David rode back and forth to concerts in a guarded limousine. He told me he'd rather get closer to his fans, but the police insisted on tight security!

**DAVID TRIPPED OUT** over Portland's auditorium! He stood on the empty stage hoping his concert would be a hit. After singing for two straight days, David told me from now on he'd have to go a little easier on his voice. He was hoarse going home on the plane.



**GOOFING OFF BACKSTAGE** before show time, David drank hot tea with honey. He really loosened up in Seattle when Wes Farrell, rt., producer of the Partridge records, surprised him back stage. Wes flew out from New York.



**DAVID'S A STAR** but he still likes carrying his bag and guitar. On the plane home he was quiet, but really happy. He said he'd like to do a concert every weekend. That's Dave, me and Steve 'Kookie' Ross, above, at L.A. airport.