

David Cassidy:

Is He Trapped By Your LOVE?



Although the sun outside was shining brightly, the pleasant room on the 11th floor of the plush hotel was dark and still. The brightly printed drapes had been pulled shut, making it almost impossible to notice the young man who was the room's only occupant.

When the plane had brought David Cassidy and his group of musicians safely into the terminal a few hours before, David had sighed with relief. They were early and he would be able to catch up on his sleep before the concert performance.

Being on the road so much on the weekends, after filming on the "Partridge Family" set all week, was tiring, and though David loved performing, it was very exhausting!

The others in the group had checked into the hotel and then had taken off to see the local sights and get something to eat, leaving David and his managers at the hotel.

Arriving in his room, David had drawn the drapes and thrown himself wearily on the bed. It wasn't long before his managers left, too, reminding him not to leave his room and that there was a security guard stationed outside if he needed anything.

David closed his eyes and waited for sleep to descend upon him, but somehow it kept escaping his grasp. He rolled over on his back and stared at the ceiling, feeling the weight of the room's silence in the air.

• THEY HAD LEFT

Suddenly he sat up. Now that he thought about it he was very hungry! He leaped from the bed and went to the telephone, dialing the number of the room his friend Sam Hyman was in. There wasn't any answer, and then he remembered. Everyone thought he had wanted to sleep and they had all gone off together.

David started for the door trying to recall the name of the place Sam had said they were going. He snatched his jacket from the arm of the couch and opened the door.

The tall, muscular man who stood before him, looked at David with questioning eyes, then put his hand on David's arm as he took a step. "I'm sorry," said the security guard, "My orders are to let no one in or out!"

Startled at first, David smiled and said, "Oh, it's all right, I'm just going to join my friends." The officer looked down on David with a touch of pity on his face. "It's too dangerous for you to be out, I'm sorry. The street in

front of the hotel is lined with kids and somebody could get hurt. If you're hungry you'll have to call room service."

David stepped back into the room, unable to find words to speak. Then, angrily he slammed the door shut behind him. What was he anyway? A prisoner? Why should he have to stay trapped in this room when so much was waiting outside? Why was it that they never let him out without an escort, without a guard? He wasn't afraid of his fans—he loved them! How could you be afraid of those you love?

• WASN'T HUNGRY

Silently David picked up the room service menu and glanced over it. His hand reached for the telephone, then stopped. Somehow he just wasn't hungry anymore.

He turned to the window and pulled open the drapes, flooding the room with sunlight. A stab of sadness flashed through him, causing his eyes to suddenly cloud. He was lonely, and for the very first time he couldn't hide it, even from himself!

David leaned against the window and gazed down to the busy street

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