

BETWEEN US!

Hi, there! When I ran out of room here last month, I was telling you about the time during my vacation when I was driving from Chamonix to Paris and I ran out of money! That is, no one in the little towns I was passing through had ever seen a travelers check or credit card, and I had no cash! Things got a little hairy for awhile, and I almost ran out of gas before I found someone who would accept my travelers check!

But I finally arrived in Paris, where I dropped off my little camper and spent three days seeing the sights. Then the "official" part of my trip began. I flew into the London airport, where Jim Flood was there to meet me—along with about 50 million other people! I found out later that all the radio stations had been broadcasting my flight number and arrival time and inviting everybody to come down and meet me. And they did—even though *The Partridge Family* was not a success on British TV and neither were my records, until recently.

As the police lifted me off the ground, raced me through the crowds to the car and practically threw me in beside Jim, I started to laugh and laugh. Jim asked me why I was laughing, and I was finally able to catch my breath and explain to him that after almost two months of being absolutely unrecognized by everybody, and being able to move about freely everywhere, to suddenly be confront-

My Trip to Europe! Part 2

David at London airport.



ed by mobs of happy fans yelling and pushing was too sudden a change, and it just struck me funny!

One thing, though, didn't strike me funny at all. And that was the fact that all those people had been invited to come down to the airport to see me, and then I couldn't so much as say thank you to them, because the security at the airport was so poor. I really felt bad about that.

The next couple of days in London were busy with all kinds of interviews and meetings. There were always crowds of fans around the hotel, and after awhile they started

getting noisy and chanting "Die-vid, Die-vid!" which is how they pronounced my name. Jim and I were in the back of the hotel, so we didn't hear the turmoil when it first started, and by the time we knew about it, I couldn't go out to them, 'cause I'd have been trampled!

The hotel manager wasn't too pleased at the whole thing, and neither were the other guests, who were complaining about the racket. The manager called Jim and threatened to throw us out of the hotel. I remember we went out to theater that night (we saw "Godspell," and it was great) and when we got back, Jim talked to the hotel manager again, pointing out that *we* weren't doing anything but being nice, rule-abiding guests—and if he threw us out, no other hotel in London would take us in, 'cause the crowds would follow us!

The manager agreed to let us stay, and I kidded Jim about how well he and Aarons Management watch out for me!

But our stay in London was soon over, and we flew back to New York and then to Los Angeles. Now I'm back to my usual busy schedule, with concerts every weekend and recording during the week. But I love it—I really feel great after my vacation, and it feels good to be back at work!

Hope to see you soon.

Love! David

BY DAVID CASSIDY
