

FIRST PART OF OUR EXCLUSIVE TWO-PART SPECIAL

DAVID'S SECRET HOLIDAY HIDEAWAY

THE problem took a lot of solving: where could David Cassidy go on holiday and remain unknown? Well, almost unknown.

David was tired after working for a year on the Partridge Family series in Hollywood and then dashing over to London to appear on Top of the Pops and meet the Press.

"I was absolutely whacked when I was in Britain last September," he told me. "Not only had I been in the TV series but I'd just done a series of seventeen concerts on the road. I didn't know where I was, I was so tired."

Yet typically David insisted that he came to London last autumn. That was when he stayed on a yacht in the middle of the Thames in the shadow of Tower Bridge.

Before his most recent visit in March he was determined, as he put it to me, to go "into training, so I'd be thoroughly rested and ready." The result was that holiday.

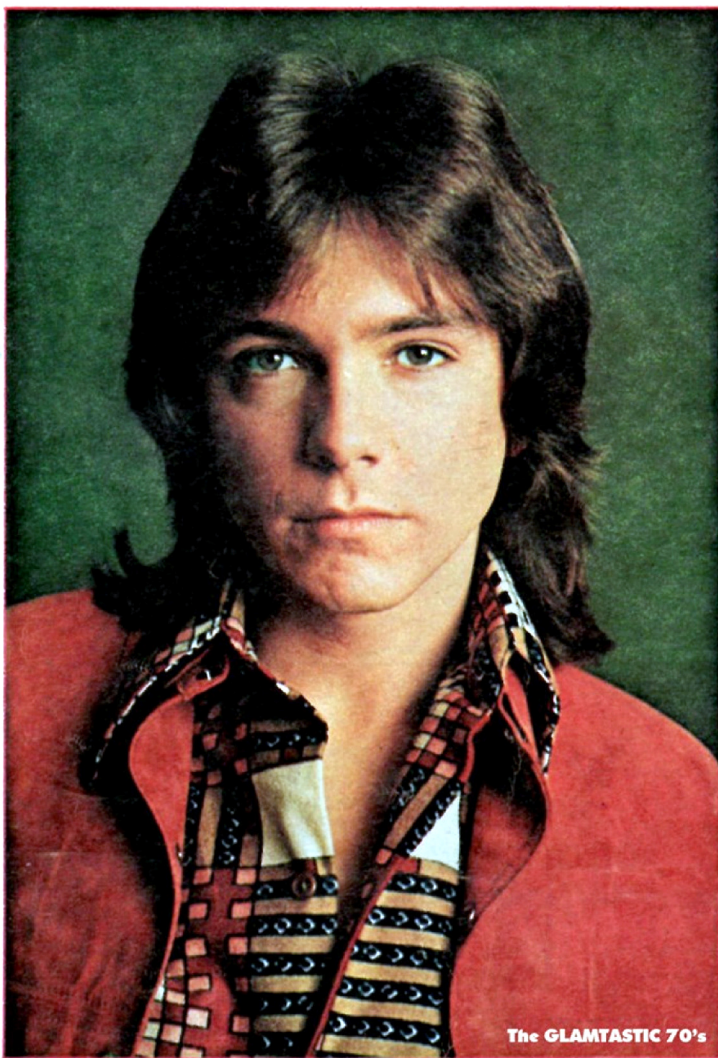
It was decided that Northern Italy would be his secret hideaway. David modestly pointed out, "I've never really been very big in Italy. I don't know why but I haven't, so it's about the only place in the world where I can escape."

But even when his holiday had been settled, after a meeting at his home in the valley outside Los Angeles, David came up with another surprise, which worried his management and staff: he wanted to go skiing.

Think of someone careering down a mountainside and you think of someone hobbling about afterwards with their leg in plaster. That, at least, is the immediate thought which quite naturally struck his managers. However David insisted that skiing was what he wanted to do, and assured them that he would take the greatest care.

"I could understand why they were worried," David explained. "There was this girl I knew who came back recently from a skiing holiday with a broken leg, so I knew they all had grounds for worrying about me. But I also had this feeling that I would be quite all right."

"Everybody in Los Angeles was keeping their fingers crossed, but I



The GLAMTASTIC 70's

had my own little trick which I think kept me all in one piece. I decided to keep the straps that tied my feet into the skis just that little bit loose so if anything went wrong I could get my feet out of the skis. It's always when your feet are trapped that things begin to break."

So off David went to his Northern Italy hideaway. But, as the saying goes, even the best-laid plans of mice and men, let alone David Cassidy, can go wrong. And when he flew into Rome airport there were

some faithful young fans who had somehow found out that David was passing through.

"It was very flattering but I thought for one minute all my holiday plans would be ruined," he said. "Still, they only wanted to cheer and things at the airport and didn't follow me after that, so off I went."

Yes, off David went to a small Italian village where he stayed in a small typically Italian hotel with only five or six rooms. At last he was just another guest, marked down on the hotel register as Mr D. Cassidy, Los Angeles, America.

Now normally David has to get up just after six o'clock when he's at home and working on the Partridge series because the studios start filming at eight in America. So when he went on holiday I was sure that the one thing he'd look forward to would be a long lie-in every morning. But not so.

David told me, "In fact I decided I'd get up early and go to bed early. Of course when I'm on the road I'm never in bed before three in the morning, and when I'm in Los Angeles I spend most nights in the recording studios after working in the TV studios all day, so I felt it would be really nice to get into bed early every night and just have a good sleep."

"And have you ever been skiing? I guarantee you'd feel really tired at the end of the day. I mean I always

feel tired, but it's after studio work, which is nervous energy. To be physically tired is altogether another feeling, a nice feeling."

So, early every morning, after a good breakfast washed down with steaming hot coffee, David trudged off to the ski slopes.

"I became actually quite good," he said, almost embarrassed. "There are a lot of good places to ski where I went (we promised him we wouldn't name the village because he wants to go there again). Oh yes, I fell down quite a number of times, but then everyone does—it's all part of learning the sport. But it's something I really like—it's refreshing and it really makes you fit. Well I didn't get injured and I was lucky, I guess, but if you take care you should be all right."

"I used to go out skiing in the morning, come back and have lunch and then go out again in the afternoon. Mind you, I know I've been trying to put on weight all these years but I actually had to be a bit careful in Italy because of all the pasta they eat. I ate some spaghetti but not every day like everyone else did."

To gauge how fit David was when he left Italy—well, he stayed there three weeks. No wonder he told me, "I think it's the fittest I've been for years. But as I say I treated it as really going into training for the British trip. I wanted so much for it to be a success that I made a real effort."

There was a special treat in store for the people who stayed at David's hotel, and for two Italian-speaking friends who lived in the village.

"Every night I'd get my guitar out and play it," David told me. "We'd all sing along together, tunes I'd written or ones we all knew. It was wonderful, because no-one asked me to play a medley of David Cassidy hits! Again, you see, they didn't know who I was."

"Actually, the two friends from the village couldn't speak English, and I can only speak a few words of Italian. Still I learned how to communicate with them. In fact, yes, my Italian improved almost as rapidly as my skiing!"

"It really was a wonderful holiday."

MORE NEXT WEEK.

