



A JACKIE SPECIAL ON DAVID CASSIDY IN EUROPE

PART SIX

AIR WE GO AGAIN!



It was another of those early morning calls for David Cassidy in Suite 618 of the Eurobuilding Hotel in Madrid. We had to fly the three hours plus from Spain to Luxembourg in his privately-hired Caravelle jet, and that meant a rushed breakfast for David.

Just a cup of coffee, a crisp roll with apricot jam, and he was off in his limousine to the airport. It was already a bright sunny day, a little colder perhaps than the Spaniards are used to, and on the car radio the driver had switched to a Flamenco music station—or 'Flamingo' as David insisted on calling it!

At the airport David, for once, did not have to fight off the fans and stood around joking, especially as everyone had suddenly realised that his friend Anthony Fawcett, known simply as The Ant, had left David's coat back at the hotel by mistake. David decided, therefore, that he would wear The Ant's coat, and it really suited him. It was fitted, black soft corduroy and came down to just above the knees. Jokingly The Ant decided he would carry a fearsome-looking sword that David had been presented with in Spain.

At Brussels the airport authorities had temporarily lost our plane as I told you. At Madrid airport they wouldn't let it near the building, so David and the rest of us had to get in an airport bus and drive a mile away across the other side of the tarmac. And when we reached the plane with its distinctive lettering of David Cassidy beside the main door, the pilot told David that we wouldn't be leaving for another half hour! So we all had a walk out on to the tarmac—until we were driven back inside by the noise of other planes taking off.

"Has anyone got a pack of cards?" asked David. But this time no-one could find any so David went back to his seat in the small first-class compartment at the front of the plane ready for take off.

After take-off we were all served with an enormous breakfast, at least David found it too enormous: there were three sorts of meat, and cheese as well as rolls and coffee. As it was a Dutch airline that was flying us, we noticed that the breakfasts always included meat and cheese, a mixture that the Dutch like. The cheese was in fact very creamy and wrapped in silver paper, and David seemed to enjoy that.

Then he came down the plane again and started pretending to photograph people. Often during the trip he pretended that we were the stars and he was following us, and then we'd ask him jokingly what it was like 'to be a star'.

Everyone was in high spirits most of the time.

We were on our way to Luxembourg for David to do an hour's 'live' radio programme that evening.

Luxembourg is a Grand Duchy and one of the smallest countries in Europe. The airport was a pleasant change from the others David had been used to so far. It was more like a little village bus station, and the officials there welcomed him and waved him through unhindered.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered, not only a guitar that had been left behind, but after carrying it on to the bus realised that it belonged to David himself! So at least Jackie can claim that they saved one of David's guitars from vanishing for ever!

David's hotel was in the centre of Luxembourg and opposite the railway station. And if you wanted to change your travellers' cheques for some funny reason you had to cross the square from the hotel and change them there. Most other places you can change them in the hotel itself.

We were all staying in the Hotel Kons and there were already all the disc jockeys from Radio Luxembourg waiting there to welcome David, including Tony Prince who was to interview David that night.

The hotel was quite strange, in several ways. For instance, I've never seen a hotel with so many beds in one room. Even in David's room, beside a large double bed there was a *third* bed at the other end of the room. The bath was also

slightly puzzling because when you turned the taps the water came from underneath instead of downwards as normal.

It was only a short taxi ride from the hotel to the radio station and David arrived in plenty of time to sit down with Tony Prince. Also in the studio were the three air stewardesses from the private jet, off duty now and looking very pretty.

I stood with the engineer behind the glass looking into the studio as Tony Prince welcomed David to Radio Luxembourg. Once again David was in high spirits and answered a lot of the questions very lightheartedly. If you travel much with David it's easy to understand why he adopts this attitude sometimes, because he's asked some very silly questions.

One man in Brussels asked, "How does David Cassidy go about kissing a woman...?" Quick as a flash David replied laughingly, "First I take a rope

... In the studio he was asked, "What lipstick do you like most?"

Well it sounded as if it was David who wore the lipstick. So once again he gave a jokey answer and this time said simply, "Garlic!"

By now the studio was in uproar, we were all in fits of laughter and David was waving at everyone through the glass. Then he was asked what he'd like to be in 50 years time.

"Stuffed!" he replied to which Tony Prince answered, "Well I'll bet there's a lot of girls would like you on their mantelpiece!"

David wanted to read the news in between his interview and the station playing his records, but Tony Prince didn't think this was too wise. So next David posed for pictures, signing the disc jockeys' chests!

Then it was all back to the hotel where David ordered some vintage red wine and relaxed with his friends. It was a pleasant evening for all of us. The next day David and the rest of the party were travelling



on to Rotterdam via Amsterdam, also in Holland, for two concerts. After that, it was on to England.

However, it was my last night on the tour as the next morning I had to fly straight back to London from Luxembourg. Because there wouldn't be much opportunity to meet while he was in Britain (his schedule was very hectic), David and I had a long talk about his hopes and dreams and plans.

In fact, by the time I said goodnight and goodbye it was quite late!

Next Week: David's future.

