



like a thousand banshees all round you.

Even though the mikes are full on, you only catch a word here and there above the eruption of sound.

"We present... for the first time... the fabulous... one-and-only... DAVID CASSIDY!"

The screams become steam whistles as the curtains part at the back of the stage, and a slim smiling figure swings

forward, mike in his hand, his lips parted in the first few bars of his opening number.

At first you think the hand-mike has gone dead. There appears to be no sound. Then you realise the noise in the hall is drowning everything. Girls are shouting his name and half-rising in their seats to feast their eyes on this heart-throb.

He is smaller and more slender

perhaps than you imagined. The features are delicate, the hazel eyes of remarkable clarity, the hair long, thick and well-groomed without the wild look so cultivated by some stars as a symbol of rebellion.

He is dressed all in white, with trailing white fringes at his cuffs and where his open-fronted jumper ends in a squared-off 'V'. The fringes writhe and wriggle with every movement of his
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