

# My friend Cassidy



## THE HIDEAWAY KING OF THE WEENY-BOPPERS

**NO ONE** took any notice of the shambling figure in the long, tatty overcoat.

With a cloth cap pulled down over his face and horn-rimmed glasses, he shuffled out of a taxi and through the thousands of weeny-boppers milling outside the baseball stadium in Antwerp, Belgium.

They were there to watch pop idol David Cassidy in the dress rehearsal of his British tour, which starts this week.

*And I dread to think what they would have done if they'd known the real identity of the man in the long overcoat. For some of them had paid more than £3 of their pocket money to see him, David Cassidy, King of the Weeny-boppers.*

The disguise is the only way he can slip unnoticed into a concert hall or stadium without being torn limb from limb.

It was a good warm-up, though, for his British trip, which begins tomorrow when his chartered Caravelle jet touches down.

After that, just about anything can go for what promises to be the wildest pop tour ever.

I shall be meeting David again when I compere his concerts at Belle Vue, Manchester, on Tuesday and Wednesday, and at the Empire Pool, Wembley, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

It promises to be Beatlemania all over again.

But being a pop idol has its problems, and when David arrives in Britain he'll have to start looking for somewhere to stay.

The original plan was to fly into Bournemouth and stay at Lord Montagu's country home at Beaulieu. From there, he would be flown to his various gigs by helicopter.

### Dropped

But the fans got to know and the plan had to be dropped.

Now tour organisers are trying to find somewhere—anywhere—for the 22-year-old pop star to sleep during his three-week stay in Britain.

No hotel will risk the invasion of teeny-bopper fans—a fear that is even greater for private house-owners.

So at the moment, David—said to be earning £5,000 a night for his concert tour—is a pop millionaire of no fixed abode.

This week the Cassidy package has been jetting across Europe and I caught up with them at Antwerp.

It meant renewing a friendship with David that began when I "scooped"

everyone else on radio by getting him as a guest on my B.B.C. show last September.

We seemed to hit it off pretty well—maybe it's because we are both on the "diddy" side—and a few days later I was his guest aboard Ocean Sabre, the yacht he chartered on the Thames for his last British visit.

I knew then the sort of security that's needed to guard him from his fans.

Because as he chatted happily on the deck of the yacht, teenage girls dived into the Thames to try and swim out to their golden idol.

Fortunately, they were rescued by a police launch—so who knows what they are going to get up to this week?

What sort of social life does David enjoy during all this?

In his dressing-room he told me: "I've absolutely no social life at all."

"Throughout the week I've been out and enjoyed fresh air for exactly one hour."

That was in Hamburg, when I managed to slip out of my hotel and hop into a car for a drive into the country.

While in England I was

**'I must  
not let  
my fans  
down'**



by **DAVID**  
**'DIDDY'**  
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hoping to see some of the beautiful countryside, but I know there's no way.

"These are the pressures of the pop star. But when people want you, you have got to see that you don't let them down."

I was able to see exactly what he meant about the pressures while we were in Antwerp.

While his entourage sat down to a dinner of steak and salad in the first-floor restaurant of the five-star Amigo Hotel in near-by Brussels, David ate his meal locked away in his hotel room.

Cassidy's effect on the 4,000 Belgian teenagers was fascinating.

### Hysteria

He gyrated on stage in a white skin-tight jumpsuit with multi-coloured embroidery and a multi-coloured belt.

It was an act calculated to wring the last drop of hysteria from an audience that was entirely female and entirely teenage apart from one or two mothers who have chaperoned their daughters.

When it was all over and he was back to his room, this is the lonely pop star who admires, into such a frenzy that he runs and hides from

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