

# ENTER THE BILLION-DOLLAR BABY

THE Cassidy flying circus lands in Britain today. And for the big star himself, American pop singer DAVID CASSIDY, 22, it is the climax of his first European concert tour. The Mirror was aboard Cassidy's private jet to bring his thousands of British fans a first-hand account of what it's like to be a travelling teenybopper idol.

by DEBORAH THOMAS

**T**HERE is an expectant hush in the VIP lounge. Swarms of photographers are poised. Television interviewers unsheath their microphones.

There are screams from a few fans, security guards' shoulders heave and suddenly he is there.

"It's great to be in Amsterdam. I'm so glad to meet all you people."

Cameras click, pencils scribble, recording the empty greetings and tired smiles of the billion-dollar babyface—Mr. David Cassidy.

He has just arrived in Holland from England in his own chartered jet to start a whirlwind European tour.

So that there will be no doubt, DAVID CASSIDY is painted in giant letters on the fuselage of the plane, which has cost the Cassidy empire more than £7,000 to charter.

Fifteen minutes after his arrival he is whisked back on board the plane, hidden by security men. They are not needed. There are only fifty fans at the airport. But by the time he returns a few days later there will be thousands.

## Back

For Cassidy was starting his campaign to conquer Europe and establish himself as a huge star, as he is back home in America.

He sat at the front of the plane. The rest of the flying circus—musicians, their wives, record company executives, helpers, organisers, photographers, journalists—were sent to the back.

The star was not to be talked to, pointed at, touched, photographed or disturbed in any way, we were told.

Nevertheless a barrage of rebellious flash bulbs popped at the gilt-edged investment staggered to the lavatory.

**N**EXT stop is Dusseldorf, Germany, where Cassidy is to sing four numbers at the Radio Luxembourg Golden Lion Awards.

He is not at all happy at the prospect. The audience is middle-aged and stolid. Their taste in music ranges from oompah to oompah-pah.

"It's going to be a load of shit," says Cassidy. But the teenybopper superstar has to go through with the German appearance because his European record distributors, Polydor, say so. Their representatives are everywhere, organising, bullying, worrying.

The rest of Cassidy's European tour is arranged by British impresario Robert Paterson, whose office has spent months organising shows in England, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Luxembourg and Holland.

Cassidy has been booked into the best hotels across Europe; coaches laid on to take his ten

# David Cassidy's flying circus

musicians—called the Whole Damn Band—plus their wives and girlfriends to alternative accommodation.

"I'm not going to make much money out of this tour," says Cassidy, pouring champagne on arrival at his luxury hotel suite in Dusseldorf.

"But I don't need to work for money. I just want to let the people hear me sing."

## Bay

The young star may shrug off the millions but the people round him take them very seriously indeed. Cassidy—or "super puppy" as he is called by the people who work for him—can make their names and their fortunes.

The forty-odd people in Cassidy's entourage care for every aspect of his welfare—getting him a tuna fish sandwich in the middle of the night,

mending his equipment, pressing his skin-tight, star-spangled costumes, setting up his dates after the show, keeping the Press at bay. They live, eat, breathe David Cassidy.

**D**AVID says: "I support them. I'm the star and they revolve round me. If I fall, they all fall."

Imagine the consternation, then, when after the Radio Luxembourg show, a chauffeured limousine whisked the sleeping star off to Cologne by mistake.

For two hours, terror set in as images of hijackings and kidnappings filled the minds of the entourage.

But the million-dollar meal ticket was finally delivered safe and sound, back to his Dusseldorf hotel.

Telex machines stopped stuttering, transatlantic

phone-calls were cancelled and Alka Seltzer was swallowed all round.

And there are other things no amount of American big-time businessmen can sort out.

"No pictures, David has broken out," his personal minder, John Monte, informed the Press in a voice of doom before his Hamburg concert.

No, Cassidy had not managed to escape from the confines of his luxury cell they call a suite; the poor darling had just broken out in spots.

His skin flares up when he is tense. Meditation helps to clear the condition, he says.

## Cry

When he hits the stage at Hamburg's Music Hall he looks as fresh as the proverbial daisy. He rocks, he swoons, he leaps and he shakes for

an appreciative audience of twelve-year-olds.

They yell:

"David, David, David." They fling roses and cry for more. They are besotted and so, obviously, is Cassidy.

"I love it up there. It's the biggest high I can get. But when I come off, it's freaky, man. It's a shock to your system."

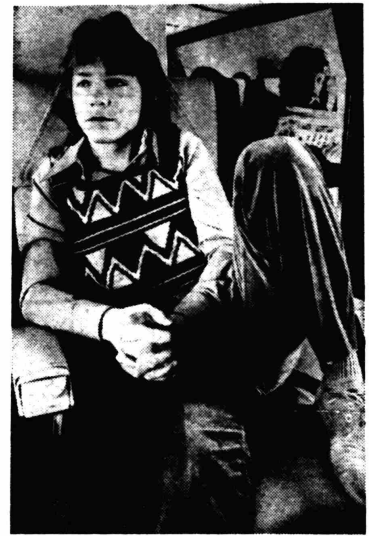
**C**ASSIDY has a string of multi-selling singles and every album he touches turns gold.

"But," he says, "whether I sell records or not now is academic as far as I'm concerned."

Which is one reason why he is parting company with his record producer, Wes Farrell, the man who discovered the American singer and turned him into a superstar.

Cassidy is leaving the hit "Partidge Family" television series too. Playing a boy of sixteen every week doesn't interest the millionaire any longer.

"I'm not going to be dictated to any more," he says firmly.



CASSIDY in transit: please don't touch.

## Run down. Tired. Listless.

When you're lacking in iron even the simplest things seem too much. You've no energy. No interest in anything. You feel run down. Tired. Listless.

So you think about taking some iron. Fine! But which iron?

Some ways of taking it are better than others. And the way that doctors prefer, is the **once-a-day Ironplan way.**

That's why they prescribe the Ironplan kind of iron therapy more than any other.

Ironplan capsules contain the right kind of iron for iron deficiency. And they get this iron into your bloodstream in the right kind of way. Slowly. Gradually.

So the next time you feel you need some iron, try a course of Ironplan.

Available at chemists in 14-day trial pack, 30, 60 and 120-day economy pack.



## Ironplan

The kind of iron therapy that doctors prescribe more than any other.

## Constipation and piles? A gentle hint.

The discomfort of piles can be made worse with the straining caused by constipation. Even the thought of going to the toilet hurts. Doctors and hospitals often advise the use of 'Mil-Par' for the relief of constipation, especially when strain should be avoided.

So if you suffer with piles, you can have complete trust in 'Mil-Par'. It's effortless and effective—yet so gentle. Get it at your chemist.



Mil-Par the effortless laxative.

**SterlingHealth**  
Family Medicines You Can Trust

**'I AM THE STAR. IF I FALL, THEY ALL FALL'**