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*Trade Mark



The night we said GOODBYE To David SOB! SOB!



LAST OF OUR SUPER 3 PART DAVID CASSIDY EXCLUSIVE

Well, we had come a long, long way to meet and talk with David, but I just knew it was going to be worth it. I had heard the terrific feeling he had put into making the Melanie record and saw the sincerity he so obviously felt for his British fans as he thought slowly before carefully putting his thoughts into words for the tape.

Believe me, I could scarcely wait to get back to start getting all my jumbled, wonderful memories onto paper, in case I happened to forget any of them for you, the readers. Now, in the quietness of David's bedroom with only the inky black of the Los Angeles night outside, (remember David lives far above all the razzmatazz of Sunset Strip or any of the other blinding, neon palaces of this frantic city), we were listening intently as he began to talk of his career and the music that means so much to him.

"Something's been puzzling me for some weeks now," I said carefully. "And that's your 'Rock Me Baby' album. It's a pretty big departure from things like 'I Think I Love You' or numbers like 'Cherish'. Why do you feel doing this was so important?"

He smiled as though he had been expecting that question to come up! "Well, let's say it is and it isn't a departure - confusing isn't it? For me it's like showing the other side of myself. There are some sweet love songs on it that I like, but it definitely is a different kind of concept from 'Cherish'. Someone said when they heard 'Rock Me Baby' that it reminded them of Elvin's 'Hound-Dog' - but I don't know... I don't think it's like that at all.

"I just hadn't cut that kind of groovy song before! Did you know I sang background on it, too?" He looked very pleased with himself.

"The singers on the album are all my friends. I called them up and said: 'Hey, you want to come up here and sing background for me?' So we sat there in that studio and sang all the super, super high harmonies and it was just so much fun! I was practically breaking up!" In his enthusiasm he cannoned into a mountain of very expensive equipment and disaster was only just averted! We breathed a sigh of relief. "If you had a chance to record any song you liked," I said, "which would you choose?"

"Whew! That's so difficult to answer! There are so many beautiful songs that have been written. I mean, I listen to an old Beatle record and suddenly I'm fourteen or fifteen years old again and it's electrifying. The number of times I've thought: 'Now why don't I record that!?' We broke then for cokes and went back into the sitting room. Some friends of David's, really close people, were sprawled out on the low sofas telling jokes and stories and laughing quietly about tours and shows and places and people and long, lonely nights spent in lonely dark mid-America towns where there was nothing else to do after the show but sit in your room and watch those many flickering channels of old movies on your colour TV.

It was a wistful world, a world you felt you'd like to share... but knew that really you could never stand the pace - or the life. David gagged and joined in the stories and it was now very late. A car horn sounded outside and it was our hirecar come to drive us back to our hotel on Sunset Boulevard. David came to the door to wave goodbye and I shot two final questions to the boy a million girls dream about every night. "Where do you see yourself in a couple of years' time?" Quick as a flash came back this answer:

"I see myself rested and happy and relaxed and maybe, just maybe, married with lots of little kiddies running around!" Married? David? Well - maybe that's something one of you might like to bear very much in mind next time he catches your eye from on-stage and lingers there just a fraction too long...

Bill Williamson.

Did - you - know? ... That David can't walk or drive through Los Angeles for fear of being mobbed by fans?

That Miss Ruth Aarons, David's Personal Manager, has one of the most beautiful homes we've ever seen... high up in the hills above L.A. with pets everywhere and a very naughty Minab Bird!

That it took us 17 hours to fly to L.A. just to see David (allowing for 4 hours aircraft delays!)

That the streets of Hollywood are not paved with gold (too many young actors out of work!)

That Darling David could soon be a film star?