

David Cassidy hard to hear above squeals

David Cassidy has a sparkling show.

He has a pleasant singing voice.

That is IF you can hear him above hundreds of screaming little girls.

Clean and Fast

They screamed their heads off at his performance here at the New Mexico State Fairgrounds.

His show is clean and fast. It is his show and he's on stage most of the time. The band gave a brief warmup introduction and then on dashed David in shining white costume.

But he didn't appear before hundreds of young voices called for him.

Screams, Yells

One little blonde girl with the face of an angel screamed "We want David" louder than her companions.

They squealed at his gyrations. At Chicago burlesque, they would call it humps and grinds.

He twirled the cord on his hand mike. The youngsters yelled like mad.

Squeals, Sighs

He raised his hand for "Reach Out". Little girls leaped to their feet and waved and squealed.

He took a sip of water. The girls sighed and yelled.

When he picked up a hotel type hand towel and mopped his face, voices cheered in approval.

A good showman, he dedicated "Brown Eyes" to those with brown eyes. More thunder crashing sighs and applause.

Hear Some Words

He sang "Cherish." You would hear some of the words when youngsters stopped screaming to breathe.

He closed with the popular "I Think I Love You" which he dedicated to everyone. When he finished, there was a mad rush of teen-age girls to the stage area. One youngster scrambled down from the arena over the wall to the stage area in the center ring, not bothering to take the steps. However, David escaped.

It was a well behaved crowd. Those seated down on the stage level kept creeping up toward the foot of the stage but moved back when attendants insisted they return to their seats.

The crowd which probably

averaged 11 years old, dressed up for David. There were hot pants, hot pants with the cover up skirt unbuttoned in stylish fashion. There were granny dresses, pant suits and smart frocks. Some were deliberately casual in blue jeans.

Such youth. Such vitality. Such noise from the enthusiastic David fans.

Spotted among the youngsters were a few of an age who screamed in the days of Frank Sinatra. They were parents or escorts. They did not scream or squeal. They looked a little peaked from the thunderous roaring which beat like a hammer on throbbing heads.

Wearily Wait

One mother-type waited wearily for the show to end, her hair rolled in big blue and pink curlers.

During the show the hutchers hawked their wares. But it was in silent fashion. They held up "original" David Cassidy programs and the \$2 David Cassidy posters. Eager young hands reached to buy them.

If you want to HEAR David Cassidy, turn on the television or play a record. You won't hear him at one of his shows.

Urith Lucas.