

Rock me, David!

By Karen Byrom, People's Friend Editorial

PEOPLE'S Friend staff, cover your ears. You've heard it all before. "Aaargh! I met him! He kissed me! He signed my programme. I met David Cassidy! Aaaargh!"

So just how was it I managed to meet my idol of thirty years, seventies megastar David Cassidy, backstage in his dressing-room at Glasgow's Exhibition & Conference Centre?

Well, I really have to thank Maggie Seed of My Weekly. When we heard David was coming back to Britain in April for a second tour, she gave in to my pleadings to carry an interview with the man himself. She even kindly included me on the page, picture and all.

But, although I was thrilled to have my picture on the same page as the most gorgeous man in the world, I wanted more. Wouldn't it be great if I could actually meet him? Maggie nobly came to the rescue again and rang David's publicist in London. Within a week, we received information – I could go backstage for a "meet and greet".

Maggie's ears still haven't stopped ringing since she phoned to tell me the good news – I only managed to stop screaming long enough to go shopping for something suitable to wear. I found it in a pair of stunning strappy red sandals and a little black dress that was sexy without being too revealing – I hoped!

AT THE STAGE DOOR

ON the day, Sally Rodger (My Weekly), Moira Chisholm (People's Friend), Lesley Wilson (I'm Pregnant!) and I, along with three other friends, travelled through to



● Karen with her idol of thirty years, David Cassidy.

Glasgow. Following instructions to the letter, at 7.30 p.m. prompt, I presented myself at the stage door of the S.E.C.C., made-up to the nines and clutching my camera and programme.

I had one bad moment when no one appeared to have heard I was coming, but fortunately the doorman fetched Jan, David's tour co-ordinator, who listened to my brief, stuttered explanation. I was in! I think I may have been helped by Lesley, Sally, Moira and the others, who stood at the bottom of the stairs, daring the authorities to turn me away. I couldn't have gone with a better bunch of friends – I just wish they all could have met him, too.

Inside, Jan explained to me and the other five lucky "girls" who'd been allowed backstage what would happen – we'd go into David's dressing-room in twos, where he would say

hello and sign our programmes. Then we'd hand our cameras over to Jan for a photograph.

THE BIG MOMENT

MARGARET and I went first. Jan opened the dressing-room door, we walked through, and there was David stepping forward to meet us.

● Karen holding an autographed portrait of her hero.



I felt my face splitting into the most gigantic grin, and he smiled back – probably wondering where the nearest escape exit was! Then he was shaking our hands, kissing our cheeks (I may never wash again) and signing the programmes we eagerly held out.

Funnily, though I'd been nervous all day, I wasn't in the slightest bit fazed by the actual meeting. David was so warm and friendly that I felt completely at ease with him. I only wish I could have stayed longer and chatted to him. But all too soon I was back at the front of the stage with the rest, chanting for our idol to appear.

The concert was fabulous – even better than last year's, because this time I'd met the man and I knew he was singing just for me. Meeting David Cassidy really was one of the highlights of my life. Thanks again, Maggie, for making a dream come true.