David & Susan
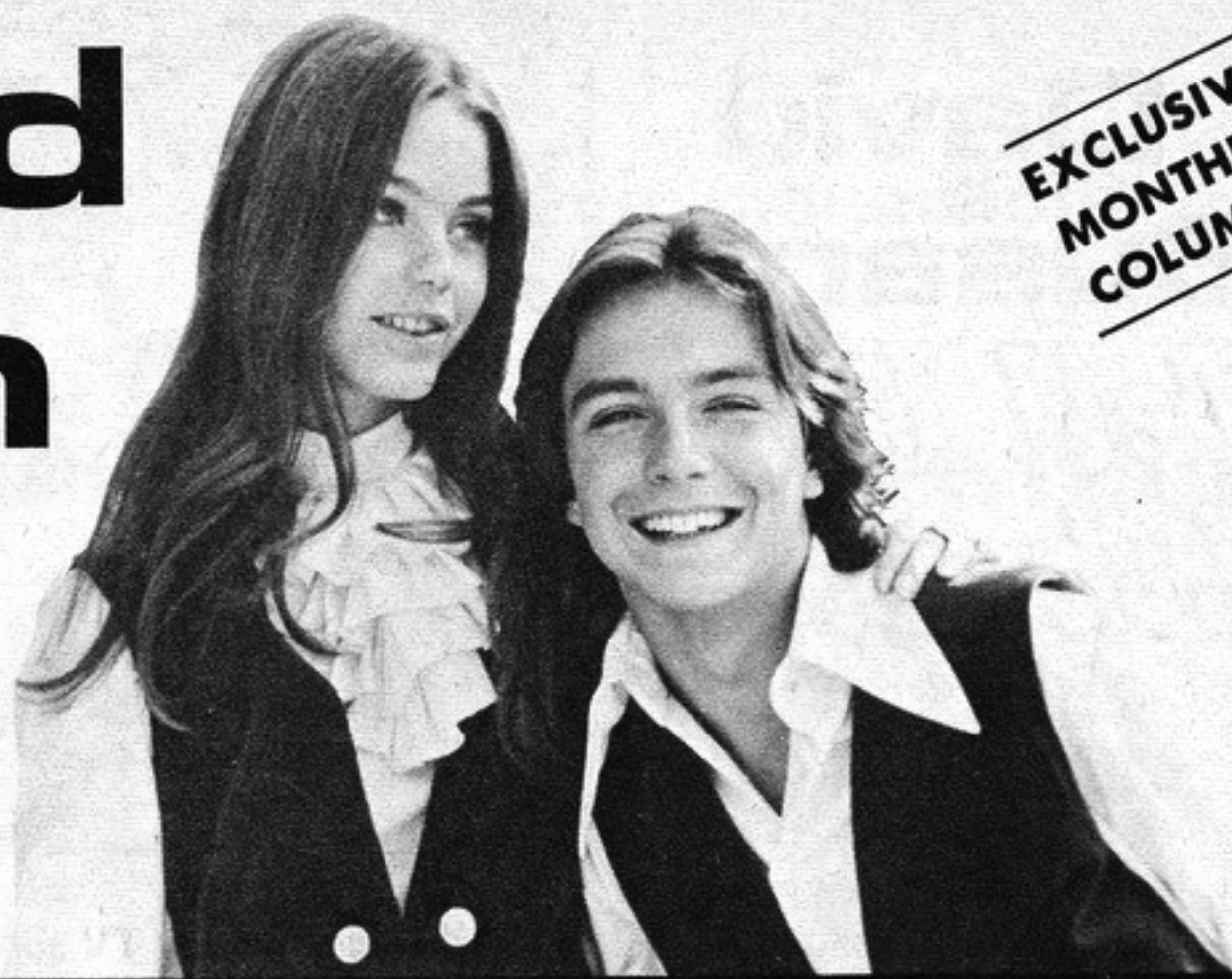
Tell It Like It IS!

The whole truth and nothing but the truth on all the questions you've been asking!

Hi! David Cassidy here to tell you that for the first time, here is a super exclusive column written especially for YOU by me and my good friend Susan Dey. We'll be right here each month in Tiger Beat to answer your most personal questions on everything — The Partridge Family, me, Susan, and even advice on love and beauty! So, if you have a question, don't waste a minute — send a letter right now and then look for our answers right here every month! Send your question to:

Tell It Like It Is
c/o Tiger Beat Magazine
1800 N. Highland Ave.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Dear David,

Wow! I couldn't believe how fantabulous you and your TV family were when I saw the show for the first time tonight! One thing I've been wondering since I first read about you in Tiger Beat is if David Cassidy is your real name?

Edda McMarchi
Victoria, B.C.
Canada

Dear Edda,

It's so nice to hear that you've flipped for my "family!" We have so much fun working together, that it's nice to know that our hard work is appreciated. Anyway, to answer your question, my full real name is David Bruce Cassidy.

Dear Susan,

I read in Tiger Beat that you were a top model in New York and that you've appeared in many magazine advertisements. When I first saw you on "The Partridge Family," you somehow looked familiar — so can you tell me what some of the ads are?

Joanne Callas
Port Arthur, Tex.

Dear Edda,

I modeled for a little over two years for an agency in New York and in that time I did many commercials and magazine layouts. Ones you may have seen recently are Pssssst, Noxema, Tampax and Cover Girl cosmetics. Thanks for writing!

Dear David,

Can you tell me how you got the small scar over your eye?

Janet Cooper
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Dear Janet,

I sure can. I was around 5 years old and I was on vacation with my parents. I was playing with a little boy I had met at the resort and he was busy swinging one of his father's golf clubs. Before I could stop it, he took one too-hard swing and the club gashed me across the top of my left eye. Of course, I went bawling to

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