

in his 20 years, a parental divorce threatened.

And then, as if by a miracle, there was a reprieve. Jack Cassidy had moved out of the family home on a weekend and checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel, but overnight he had second thoughts. And by the time the weekend was over, he and Shirley were together again and he had moved back into the house. The separation had lasted one night.

Yet, the brief breakup had been widely publicized—and in any case, its impact cannot have been lost on David. Knowing Shirley better than ever, now that he was working with her daily on *The Partridge Family*, he had come to feel closer to her than ever before. On the set they were frequently deep in conversation together. He saw her much more frequently than

he saw either his own real parents. The thought of what might have happened to their relationship if the separation had become permanent cannot have been pleasant.

Three marriages . . . resulting in two divorces and a separation, however brief. That's the marital record that David Cassidy sees when he looks at his own parents. It's not an encouraging picture. Is it any wonder, then, that he shies away from love?

He knows that his parents loved each other deeply at one time . . . he saw how much his mother and Elliot loved one another . . . he's well aware of his father's love for Shirley, and hers for Jack. Yet two of these loves came to an unhappy end, and the third was threatened with the same fate.

Like most young men, David Cassidy wants very much to have a wife and family. He hopes, someday to find a wife who understands the demands of his career—and his heart's deepest needs. But because of what he has gone through, he realizes that a true and lasting love is rare, fragile and something to be cherished. For he knows how easily love can die.

How, then, can David dare to love one woman . . . commit his life to her . . . until he is sure in his own heart that he has found a way to beat the odds against lasting marital happiness? And can he ever be sure?

Until he knows the answer to that question, perhaps he will just have to wait—and hope—and live yet a while more without a woman's love.

—ROBERT ANDREWS

JAMES DALY

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research I had read a *TV Guide* story titled: "Nothing Personal—James Daly will talk about anything—except himself." Why?

The massive white oak front door swings open. Immediately, Jim Daly's richly tanned face projects a warm smile and my intuition tells me—"This man is no puzzle. I know I'm going to like him." Jim is wearing Levi's, and a blue pullover casual sweater. He seems some 20 years younger than when he's attired in his antiseptic whites as Chief of Staff on TV.

The hair is silver gray, which adds class to his athletic build (5' 10½" and a trim 170 pounds). He moves and speaks with stimulating vitality. He looks wonderfully healthy. He says he is healthy and keeps that way by swimming 50 laps daily in the backyard swimming pool. Jim is 52-years-old, but I dare say that he's so fit (not a trace of a pot belly) that even the under-30 set would have to admire him.

Antiques galore are all around the two-bedroom mini-mansion, and as Jim fixes us a cup of instant coffee in the kitchen he points out that the heavy wooden table is actually a 100-year-old-plus cobbler's bench. Antique collecting certainly is not the typical bachelor's fare. Jim, though, explains he loves old things, particularly those representing the historical accomplishments of our forefathers.

With the formalities of Jim's sincere hospitality over, we sit, settling back onto a newly unholstered rawhide leather couch in the multi-windowed living room. The rays of a setting sun spotlight with brilliance through the windows the freshly waxed hardwood floors.

For starters we talk about the world of Jim Daly, because he brings up the subject. Yes, he begins by telling me about his family, and right there and then I feel like canceling my subscription to *TV Guide*. He's being both friendly and "personal."

Of course, what most interviewers in recent years have tried to verbally spar out of him is Jim Daly's reaction to having a black son-in-law. Georg (without the e) Stanford Brown, an actor, is mar-

ried to Daly's second of three daughters, attractive Hollywood actress who uses Tyne Daly as her professional name.

What Jim usually replies to those who ask about his feelings towards his daughters interracial marriage is: "I hate being asked that." Rightfully so, because Jim Daly feels that a man is a man no matter what his race, creed or religion. "I'm proud of all my sons-in-law," he tells me.

Good-naturedly, Jim Daly chuckles: "I could start a little United Nations within my family. Georg is black; my youngest girl, Glynn, married a Jew, and the eldest, Pegeen, wed a Boston Bramin. I approve wholeheartedly of all the marriages."

Jim Daly is proud, too, of his four grandchildren, and a fifth was scheduled to join the lovable clan in February when Tyne and Georg expected their second. The first, Lizabeth, now 3, is really the apple of grandpa Jim's eyes. "I really hope Tyne has a boy this time," Jim says. "They swear it will be."

You see someday Jim wants to romp with a grandson. All four of his daughters' offspring are girls. Likewise, females dominated Jim's home of more than 20 years in the East. His youngest child, though, is a son, Tim, 14, who lives with his mother, the former Hope Newell, in Suffern, New York.

Hope and Jim are divorced. According to Jim, the parting in recent years was a friendly one.

A prodigious reader of quality books ranging from Shakespeare to Robert Frost, Jim believes in one modern day theory about why marriages of long-standing fail. "Mainly," he says, "because men and women are living longer. In the old days a man's life expectancy was 45 and even years younger than that in preceding generations. So today marriages are supposed to last a lifetime—which is 65 and upwards.

"Often problems increase the longer the marriage lasts. In my opinion, I don't see how two people can live happily together for 20, 25 years and longer. Of course, some people can, but not the majority. Perhaps someday, it will be possible for most marriages to survive for a lifetime, but not with our present day thinking. Someone will have to come up with the answer."

Just then, the door bell tolls, and Jim answers it. When he re-enters the room,

it's with a pretty blonde. "This is my decorator, Whitney Chase, who's making the place gorgeous," he explains. She's holding a brass antique flower pot and proudly places it near the fireplace. "The series better last 15 years so I can pay for all this," Jim quips.

"I must say the place is really shaping up, Jim," she tells him with a grin. He grins back, and my intuition again tells me that Jim Daly may prefer antiques but not two-legged ones. He's not what Hollywood classifies as a swinger. He does date, though, and Carrie Snodgrass is a favorite companion.

Actually, Tyne Daly Brown introduced them. Tyne and Georg live in nearby Westwood, only a few minutes away from Jim's house in the canyon. They see him regularly and Tyne, 24, is not only an admiring daughter but a good friend.

The Browns are popular with the serious-minded actors in the young Hollywood set, and her father is so young-at-heart and vital in mind that he has been warmly accepted by his youthful peers. Of course, there were times when Jim quietly left the group, including the Robert Foxworths, on the festive day to play with his granddaughter, Lizabeth, in the next room. She loves for Jim to cuddle her on his lap and read and act out fairy tales.

"Tyne and Georg are very happy," Jim says after Miss Chase excused herself to take some measurements in another room. "I see more of them than my other children, because the two other girls live in the East."

Pegeen, 28, is married to John Valentine. John is completing work for his master's degree and will join the faculty of Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts, this fall.

Jim's "baby" daughter, Glynn, 22, is the wife of rock musician Martin Fulmer of the New York Rock Ensemble. They have twin daughters, Megan and Sara, and the family lives in Brooklyn. "Marty was in town recently with his rock group at the Greek Theater," Jim says. "He stayed with me, and I went to the opening and the audience really jumped. I now appreciate rock."

Glynn and Marty eloped to tie the knot, but Jim was present to give daughters Pegeen and Tyne away at the altar. They were both married by their maternal grandfather, Methodist minister Pierce Newell.

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