



DAVID CASSIDY:  
THIS PARTRIDGE  
HAS SPREAD  
HIS  
WINGS

By Jane Wilkie

**W**e could have gotten the bends going up to see David Cassidy. The No. 1 son on ABC-TV's *The Partridge Family* lives in a place that forces a clean life; if he smoked pot or drank, he'd never make it home even in broad daylight.

From the floor of the San Fernando Valley we wound our way up the Santa Monica mountains, ears popping as we maneuvered pretzel turns on roads narrower than London's alleys, scraping the car's undercarriage as clean as the day it was born in Detroit. At the top, one expected an eagle's nest at the very least. But instead of an aerie, there was a nondescript house on the side of the mountain, its parking space listing like the deck of the *Titanic*.

The sort-of-Spanish door was opened by a barefoot boy with a disarming grin, who immediately apologized because he had no furniture.

"I don't like furniture," said David Cassidy, leading us into a bedroom that proved his point. There was a bed. And

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