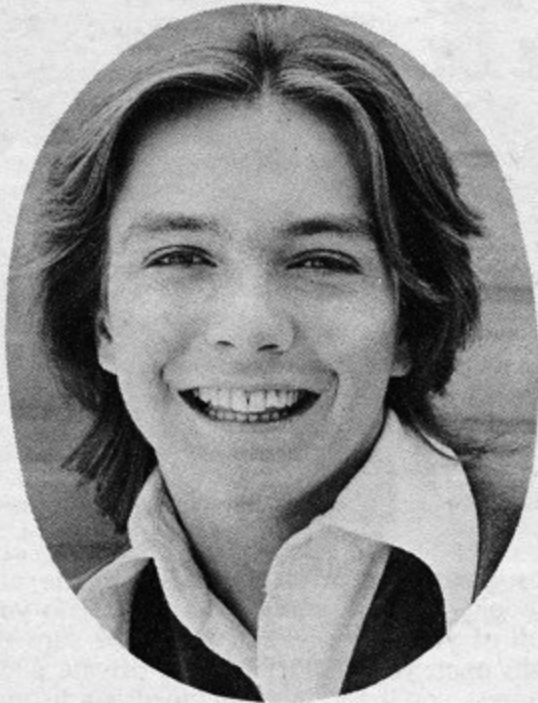


David Cassidy



PRESENTS

“MY SECRET DIARY”

BET YA’ DIDN’T KNOW that boys keep diaries too — didya?! Well, actually, we *don’t* — or at least, *I* don’t. By that, I mean I don’t sit down every night and write in a little notebook what happened that day — but I *do* keep track of each day, and occa-

sionally I sit down, sort things out and kind of get what I call “David Cassidy’s Secret Diary” all straight in my head. So, up till now — as I said — I haven’t written my “diary”. But here goes — and right here in *16* Magazine!

As I told you in the December issue of *16* — in the first part of *My Secret Diary* — you are going to share a day in my life with me. By the time I ran out of room last ish, it was two o’clock in the afternoon — and time to go back on the set.

MY “HOTTEST” KISS!

The afternoon we were shooting the outdoor parts of the “My Son The Feminist” segment of *The Partridge Family* series was one of the hottest days I can remember in the history of California! The thermometer registered something like 96 degrees, but it seemed closer to 110 — and, of course, that was the day we had to put on those heavy velvet “Partridge Family” performance costumes and get up on an outdoor stage, so that they could shoot us performing at a high school “woman’s liberation” meeting!

Jane Actman, the girl who was playing my “love interest” on that segment, was wearing a dressy outfit and a huge, wide, floppy-brimmed hat. At one point in one of our scenes together, we’re having an argument on the small stage the high school kids have set up for the woman’s lib meeting — and at a certain moment, I grab Jane and give her a kiss. Well, when you see it on the TV show, I hope it looks cool — because actually, I can assure you that kiss was anything *but* cool!

One second — before you get me wrong, let me clue you in to what was *really* happening! Both Jane and I — in our many layers of TV costume clothing — were burning up alive! I mean, being in that velvet outfit on a hot day like that was like being in an oven — *only more so!* For some reason, none of us could get anything right that day, so

Jane and I break up during the rehearsal of our “kiss”.



We had to keep shooting the same scene over and over.

