

predictable personality. He is, in the same moment, gentle, strong and reliable—but also charmingly zany. Suddenly Dave strides across the make-up area, reaches over in your direction and—as you, with a somewhat startled expression, start to extend your hand to shake his—nearly leans over, lifts you bodily up off your chair and starts to spin you around! “Good morning, good morning, good morning, young lady!” he exclaims. “I’m Dave Madden and I play ‘Reuben Kincaid,’ the harassed manager on the famous *Partridge Family* show!”

At that moment, he swoops you down, parks you—dizzy and panting—back on your chair, leans over you with those big eyes riveted right into yours, and says in a deep *basso profundo* voice, “And who are *you* and what do *you* do?”

David C. slumps down in his chair and pretends to shield himself from this imposing “monster”. “Oh, dear,” he mumbles, “*here* he is—the mad monster—striking again!”

But you’ve already caught on to the joke of it, so you sit pertly up on your chair and brightly answer Dave’s questions. “Good girl,” he says, drawing back in mock astonishment, “and *intelligent* too—I’ll probably become your manager, young lady. See David,” he turns to the cringing figure in the make-up chair, “there’s *new* talent around here, so you’d better watch your step, kid!”

“Oh, my— oh, my—oh, my”, David mumbles, pretending despair. And—as quickly as he appeared—Dave Madden disappears.

“DAVID CASSIDY WATCHING”

At this point, Mel finishes putting my make-up on and it’s David’s turn. He brushes his hair back, tucks the make-up towel around the neck of his pullover, leans back and closes his eyes. Both you and I sit fascinated, watching every single move that Mel makes as he applies David’s make-up. It’s a groovy scene, because in a sense we have David “captured”. I mean—there he is, unable to open his eyes, so we can look at him all we want to without him even knowing it! I notice that you are biting your bottom lip a bit as you study each and every one of the features of

David’s handsome young face. Though David is like a buddy-brother to me—and I have certainly *never ever* even had a crush on him, I understand *exactly* what you are going through now—and I quietly look away, start to brush my hair and leave you alone in your private heaven for awhile.

Just as Mel finishes brushing the last small traces of vaseline in David’s eyebrows (to remove the dusty film left by the TV make-up), Dante Daniel Bonaduce comes upon the scene!

“Hi, Susan—hi, David!” our adorable carrot-topped “Danny Partridge” shouts as he rushes in. “Guess what? Guess what? You’ll *never* guess what happened!” And before any of us can guess what, guess what—Danny goes right on, “Our house caught on fire this morning! It was *incredible!*”

“Your *what* did *what?*” David exclaims, leaning forward with genuine concern. “Your house caught fire and you’re standing here happily squealing about it—*like you just got a new mini-bike!*”

Wide-eyed and forthright—as usual—Danny turns to David and says, “But it *was* exciting, David! I can’t help it! It *was* exciting!”

“Come on,” David says, reaching out and taking your hand. “Let’s you and I get away from here for a moment or two. How’dya like to come for a cup of tea with me?”

And the last thing I see—for the moment, anyway—is *you* and David walking off into the huge, dim vastness of the sound stage as he gently leads you in the direction of the studio canteen.

Wow—we’re already out of space and our day on The Partridge Family set is just beginning! Well, never fear, there’s more, much more, to come and it’ll all be right here in the very next issue of 16 Magazine—that’s the August issue of 16, which goes on sale June 22! Don’t forget you’ve got a date with David, Danny and the rest of the PF gang right here next month—and I, Susan Dey, your pal and “girl guide,” will be waiting to meet you then!!

“But it was exciting, David! I can’t help it—it was exciting!”



“Who are you and what do you do?”

