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Town.....State.....Zip Code.....

Age.....Amount I Want to Borrow \$.....

someone like Jane. She has completed my world. She has given my life special meaning."

One thing is clear—this is one Hollywood marriage that's going to make it. The Brolins have worked too hard at

their marriage to let it slip through their fingers now . . . and Jane's few gripes cannot match her zealous enthusiasm for her husband and their life together! ●

See Jim on ABC's *Marcus Welby, M.D.*

## DAVID CASSIDY

(Continued from page 31)

successfully treated, and David happily left the spotlessly white hospital room for his own home in the Hollywood hills, grateful to the doctors who had cured him—and the friends and fans who had been rooting for him.

But David's post-operative days were far from pain-free. First, bed rest was imperative; second, part of David's concert tour had to be postponed until the very end of the summer, to give David extra time to recuperate. Third, his life style was in for a radical change. "My doctor tells me I have to be careful of what I eat," David stated. "For instance, I must go on a fat-free diet." Then, because he needed time to recuperate, *The Partridge Family* went on a three-week hiatus, a bit longer than was previously expected. "I expected to be in better shape than ever in a few months from now," David said at the time, and from the reports of his sell-out concert tour, there's no doubt he was right! Today, six months after the removal of gall stones, David has resumed his full-time life, and even caught up with his sports activities. "I'm very grateful it's all behind me now, and I'm sure giving prayers of thanks."

Yes, today David is better than ever. But his hospital stay did more than cure a gall bladder condition. While laying on the hospital bed, David had much time for idle reflection of his past . . . and he soon realized that his recent brush with death was not the first health tragedy that had occurred in his short life. In fact, just one year back, he recalled, there had been another serious incident that could have proven fatal—had he not been able to kick a habit that, he admits today, had hooked him.

"I admit I was hooked," he says, referring to his old cigarette smoking days. "I can remember back to junior high school when I was already smoking consistently. When a reformed smoker would say proudly, 'I Quit,' it really used to bug me."

David's smoking days were, psychiatrists might say, a natural stage that most teen-agers pass through. In their desire to be accepted, to be part of the crowd, they often go along with strange or dangerous past-times—ones that years later, as adults, they either regret or laugh at. In David's case, there is no regret. A new student in the California school system, he had only recently arrived in Hollywood with his mother. Jack Cassidy had just wedded Shirley Jones, and David was having a difficult time adjusting to the abrupt change in his life that Jack and Evelyn's divorce had brought. In addition,

he had few friends in Los Angeles, having been brought up in New York City. So it was only natural that David, eager to please potential buddies, would go along with the passing fad.

"While I was in school, smoking was merely something that everyone did," David confirms. "It was really 'in' in the crowd I ran with, a sign of maturity, of being hip. I think that very few of us knew that quitting would be very difficult by then. Besides, we had just started. We had all the time in the world ahead to give it up without being seriously or permanently affected by it."

It wasn't until much later, when David's days at University High School were over, and he had begun to consider career possibilities in music, that the full impact of cigarette smoking hit him—hard. It was at this time that David firmly realized he was hooked. "As with most musicians or actors, there were hours of sitting around a rehearsal hall or studio, wondering if we would be good, or great, or suddenly freeze with stage fright. By the end of the day," he remembers bitterly, "the room would be a cloud of smoke, to which I had certainly contributed my share."

"By this time, I had begun to get really involved in ecology and health food. I started every morning with my 'David Cassidy Special,' a concoction of protein, vitamins, and minerals. I could almost feel the benefits of this breakfast by the time I lit my first cigarette of the day. I didn't see anything hypocritical in this because I didn't want to. But one morning I was feeling especially tired from a long session the night before. I literally had to drag myself to the kitchen.

"As I walked through my living room, I glanced out to the view of the city which had been the prime reason for my moving to this hilltop house. But, instead of a sparkling panorama of Los Angeles below, I saw only a dead brown sea of smog. Everything in sight was wearing a pall of listlessness, including me. After my breakfast, I sat back and waited for a surge of energy, and reached for a cigarette.

"As I inhaled the first puff," David vividly recalls, "a strange feeling came over me. I actually felt like I was inhaling a giant gulp of that brown poison hanging over the city. I was filling my lungs with smog! The smell and taste of smoke suddenly made me feel sick to my stomach and, from nowhere, I had a headache. I was the worst polluter of all," he suddenly realized, "polluting my own body! And I couldn't blame this on disinterested industry or inept politicians. I could only blame myself. I took the just-opened pack of cigarettes into the kitchen and ground them up, one by one, in the garbage disposal—I was crafty enough to know that if I merely threw them into a wastebasket, I could take them out if I changed my mind! I said to myself, my kitchen sink, and no one else in particular: 'I quit!' I wish I could say that it was all