

"Cherish David Cassidy!" commands the hand-painted billboard above a store on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. "Madison Square Garden. March 11." Then, in capital letters, trailing off at an angle near the smiling portrait of a slight, callow, shaggy-haired youth in a \$500, all-white (for purity), beaded and betas-seled suit, it adds triumphantly, "SOLD OUT."

Some 3000 miles to the east the real David Cassidy acts out a bizarre drama centerstage in America's most noted sports arena. Joe Frazier beat Muhammed Ali here. Cassidy also displays a devastating punch. His weaponry consists of a guitar, a fair-to-middling singing voice and a sappily sentimental set of lyrics. Some 20,000 squealing teenyboppers with their mothers, who have paid \$5.50 to \$7.50 for their seats, clutch David Cassidy "love kits" to their chests and strain forward to receive the message:

*Cherish is the word
I use to describe
All the feelings I have
Hiding deep inside . . .*

Pandemonium! Outside the stage entrance motors idle on a pair of black limousines. On one

a headlight is missing, sacrificed to the ardor of a 13-year-old. On the other someone has scratched "David I Love You" in the paint with a bobbypin. But these vehicles are merely decoys. David will be whisked away under cover—hidden in the back of a Volks-

Ed Justin with some of his Partridge products.



IT'S PRACTICALLY A BRANCH OF THE U.S. MINT

How the Partridge Family Money Machine cranks out the green stuff

By Dwight Whitney