

products, for which it runs dozens of seductive house ads. For \$2, for instance, a true-blue Cassidy fan can come by a "David Cassidy Love Kit" which consists of "a life-size, full-length portrait, an autographed maxi-poster three times life-size, a complete biography & childhood photo album, 40 wallet-size photos, a secret love message from David, and a lovers' card with his name & yours."

"It's the super-biggest thing we've ever had," enthuses Gloria Staver, the editor. "I ought to know. I created it."

Likewise Chuck Laufer, a high school English teacher before he started grinding out teen pulps in 1955, doesn't miss a trick. His *Tiger Beat* has featured at least one picture of Cassidy on the cover every month for two years. "When the Monkees came along in 1966, I began to see the direct connection between magazines and TV," he says. "I worked out a deal with Screen Gems. We began to sell a lot of books and photographs and posters. We were also licensed to handle the Fan Club [currently 200,000 members at \$2 a year] and the fan mail, from which we get our mailing lists. It works out very well."

Laufer, then prospering off Bobby Sherman, says he first spotted Cassidy on a *Marcus Welby* two years ago. "He had a look," he explains. "I knew we were onto something." When he proved right, he began publishing a separate *Partridge Family* magazine (for which he is also licensed), tirelessly chronicling the life styles of its principal actors, including the somewhat nonplussed adults, Shirley Jones and Dave Madden.

How much does he pay for all this? "A lot," grimaces Laufer. "The magazine sells for 50 cents and we move about 400,000 monthly. Screen Gems takes 5 per cent. Same with the Fan Club." Laufer claims it's not as plush a deal as it looks—the manpower needed to maintain his "services" is

staggering. "We need 30 people to keep things moving, including freelancers and four full-time photographers. It all adds up."

Then there are the hit records. Screen Gems directly controls profits in this area by the simple expedient of controlling Bell Records, also a subsidiary of Columbia Pictures. And those profits are considerable. In a single day last fall, reports the *Los Angeles Times*, the four PF record albums then on the market sold a total of 200,000 copies at \$4.98 each. Six singles by David Cassidy have gone a million or better, with "I Think I Love You" topping the list at 3,500,000. Normally the "artist" gets up to 9 per cent of the sale price of the record.

So it becomes clear that the money machine is cranking out substantial profits. But who gets what and exactly how much is a well-kept corporate secret. Certainly not the lesser actors. Danny Bonaduce's mother says Danny did get a merchandising check once for "a couple of hundred dollars" but otherwise is still waiting. Dave Madden "hasn't seen a nickel. Merchandising is a tricky business," his way of suggesting that no journeyman actor can afford to jeopardize his job by making an issue of it.

Cassidy, a teenybopper superstar, can't afford it either, but for different reasons. David is the only one of the cast (his stepmother, Shirley Jones, excepted) who actually sings. He has his own money machine at work. It is called concerts. Last year he played 35 of them on weekends—in his spare time as it were—and grossed just over \$1,000,000. David's personal gross from all his activities, says his business manager, Lee Bush, was somewhere upwards of \$250,000. Of this the concerts accounted for "from 60 to 70 per cent," the records "from 20 to 30 per cent," TV salary "10 per cent." The merchandising? "Less than 1 per cent,"