

chanting spell that lies over us both. Then we each snuggle into our sleeping bags, stretched out under the heavens, and dream of the perfect day that was.

In the morning we are awakened by the smell of hot coffee and bacon and eggs sizzling over the fire. Frank grins, and brings us each a glass of orange juice while we're still in our sleeping bags. We smile at each other, and I know that we'll both think of this magic moment whenever we smell the delicious scent of frying bacon.

Soon it's time to break camp and head back for the ranch. We ride slowly, enjoying the feeling of being together, of the great outdoors. Without speaking, I seem to know your thoughts and you seem to know mine. Lunch and a swim under the cottonwood tree again, and by the late afternoon we are back in the hurly-burly of the ranch. We say goodbye to our horses while Frank smiles at us, but we don't care. They were part of our magic time together, too, and they deserve some thanks.

It seems that before we know it we're back in Las Vegas, surrounded by neon signs and huge hotels and rumbling traffic. Our dream vacation seems so long ago and far away—even though it was just today.

Fortunately, you can stay to watch us perform tonight! You've got a ringside table, so that I can see you perfectly from the stage, and I'll sing every song just to you, just like I did last night when we sat alone together under the stars.

When we finish the show, you've got just enough time to catch the last plane from Las Vegas. We drive to the airport together, our hands lightly touching on the seat of the car. They're announcing the departure of your flight now. It seems as though we've been together forever, not just for two days. You give me one of the gay daisies I picked for you, so that I'll have something to remind me of you forever. Something that we shared together.

And now it's time for you to leave. You've made my dream vacation come true and I'll never forget you. Don't ever forget me, either!

SECRETS ABOUT DAVID ONLY SHIRLEY KNOWS

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That was the time he came to Los Angeles to live with his mother, Evelyn Ward. "The school I went to was so big, I guess it freaked me out. And I hated myself for it and felt guilty." What he did was to cut class and just goof off. "I know you can be in-

fluenced," he went on soberly. "I was. And I'd like to tell kids everywhere, not to let that happen to them." He even started smoking cigarettes—and hiding the fact from his family.

"The really wild thing about it—I was very depressed. I guess I was scared. But if I'd levelled with them—my mother or Shirley and Dad, they would have helped me out of it." He had gone to a much smaller school in the east where he had lived before with his mother, and he knew everyone there. "But when you go to a school with 2,500 students, you get lost. And, boy, did I get lost?"

But that's all in the past now and he's glad. Eventually he left the school and his parents were really at their wits end about it. "But my stepfather gave me the money to attend a private school in Beverly Hills and things were better after that."

David began to find himself and to discover some basic facts—that smoking cigarettes doesn't make a man of you. And he realized that by cutting classes, he was hurting himself most.

He went to New York for awhile and lived with his dad, but Jack Cassidy was so busy with his career, they sort of just saw each other coming and going. His father told him though how important it was to go after what you really wanted. And what David wanted was a career as an actor and a singer. Jack said, "Don't talk about it. Do it!"

"It was hard for me to admit I didn't know all the answers at first, but I finally did—and everything changed after that." He got a job in a Broadway show, a co-starring role in **The Fig Leaves Are Falling** and everything came into focus for David. It has been so ever since.

But when he heard about **The Partridge Family**, it really appealed to him. He knew that all he had to do was go to Shirley, who had been cast in the lead, and tell her how very much he wanted the role of Keith. But he chose not to do it that way. "I would never have been sure I got it on my own merit that way," he said. Instead he applied for the job, failing to tell the people at Screen Gems that he was Jack Cassidy's son and Shirley Jones' stepson.

And when he got it Shirley was thrilled. "I couldn't believe it!" was her reaction. She had always wanted to be closer to David, to be his friend rather than his stepmother. "I guess what I really wanted was a chance to prove I could be both," she said.

"We talk things over—like how we want to do a show. She always listens to me, to my ideas," he said smiling. "I

told you! She's the greatest."

David knows that many kids have two sets of families, and to some it is very confusing. "But you really are lucky, you know. You have that many more people caring about you, pulling for you. The trouble with a lot of kids in a situation like this is—they don't give their parents a chance to be their friends. Stepmothers are witches in fiction only. Most of them want to be friend with you, to help you out, to understand you. At least, that's the way it is with Shirley. She doesn't treat me like a kid who doesn't know anything. She treats me like an adult and she's always willing to listen to what I have to say." He dimpled. "She's very intelligent, you know. And very warm. I'm lucky to have her for my real-life stepmother and for my series mother in **The Partridge Family**."

But he can't emphasize it enough—how he thinks kids should talk it over with their parents when they hit a bad spot, such as he did in school. "Most parents would understand how you felt and give you advise and help you out of the bind. I know mine would. But instead of telling them, I just rebelled and built up the guilt by missing school and goofing off. I did it all the wrong way."

His career is soaring what with his records selling like crazy, his personal appearance tours which he loves. "I like talking to my fans. I relate to them."

He turned to go, to join his stepmother, Shirley, who smiling, was waiting for him. "It would have been super if she'd won one of these too," he said, indicating the award. Then he took her arm and they started out. And they looked so very, very right together as a stepmother and a son should!

JIMMY ANGEL

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Ted Eddy's prediction turned out to be right. When Jimmy appeared on the stage, the girls in the audience freaked out totally, as in the early days of Elvis and the Beatles.

June 28, 1971, was declared Jimmy Angel Day at the huge Palisades Amusement Park in New Jersey. On that day, hundreds of Jimmy's fans turned out, drawn by the fantastic magnetism he generates. Police and park guards had all they could do to keep the audience from getting carried away by the great enthusiasm, but the response was tremendous.

At a recent concert in Westbury, New York, he met with the same great