

IS HE ON THE WANE?

He was always at the "in" places seen with the "right" people. They all thought he'd have his name in lights before very long and be known by millions.

And here he was laughing that same laugh, smiling that same smile that used to cause people to stop and stare. But where was the star now? Where was his success? What had happened to him? Sometime during that lunch David's friend began to talk. He

IT WASN'T A JOKE

talked of the way success had escaped and eluded him.

He tried to make a joke of it but David knew it was all an act. He still had his talent but somehow that magic ingredient that had pointed him towards stardom and the good life had gone. The glow had faded. And as they said goodbye to each other David tried very hard to laugh too at his friend's jokes of starting all over again—at the bottom.

But inside they both knew the laughter was hollow. It wasn't a joke. It wasn't a joke at all.

Now David looked into the mirror and stared hard at his face. It was his face. David Cassidy's. It was also Keith Partridge's face. It was the face that belonged to a young man people called a superstar. It was the face that should have been wearing a bright, happy smile. But David couldn't smile. He kept remembering the other face he'd seen at lunch time—the almost successful face. The guy that had kept on smiling when he knew he wasn't going to make the big time. What guarantee did David have that his magic glow wouldn't fade just like his poor friend's?

There was none and this was why David couldn't smile. Was it true that this happiness he knew now wasn't going to last forever? Would success slip through his fingers just as it had escaped his friend entirely?

As David was pondering on these sad thoughts there was a knock on the door. He glanced at the clock. He still had ten minutes before he

was due back on the set. He pushed back his chair and walked to the door.

"David," the stage manager smiled, "There are some pretty girls here who would like to meet you very much." And as he stepped down from

ONLY ONE CHANCE!

his trailer and walked to meet his new friends, David knew he had no right to be sad. It was true that there was no guarantee that he would always be successful. But then there was no guarantee for anything. One had one chance in life, to be happy and to live!

David felt the smile returning to his face for the first time since lunch as he came closer to the girls. He remembered an old childhood rhyme "... make new friends, but keep the old; one is silver and the other gold."

He had the "silver" and he had the "gold". Even if his magic did fade and his luck did run out David would still be lucky. He had all the special riches a person could want from his one chance—his life. He knew of a very special love—the love of his fans.



Do you think David is on the wane? Do you think his magic could ever be lost and gone forever? Is it possible it will stay with him forever? Why not write and tell Sue what you think. Nothing could ever change how we feel or have felt about David, but is it possible he might let his success slip through his fingers and let somebody else take his place?

Write and tell us what you think.

Send your letters to: Sue,
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