

# Ali MacGraw's beauty and health routine.



Soap and water every day. Plenty of sleep every night. Lots of exercise in between.

And most important of all—a thorough health checkup once a year.

Ali knows many cancers are curable if diagnosed and treated early enough.

Ali takes care of her looks by taking care of her life.

**We want to wipe out cancer in your lifetime.**

**Give to the American Cancer Society.**

This space contributed by the publisher.

DAVID CASSIDY

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a relationship, he is the one to end it but this time it was different. According to *TV Time and Channel* magazine, "David Cassidy has been repeating over and over again, lately, that he's not romantically interested in the twelve and thirteen year old teenyboppers who follow him around constantly."

There's a reason. They have nothing to offer; they are just beginners in the game of love. David has passed beyond the kindergarten stage; he has graduated, you might say. The youngsters are emotional dead-ends as far as he is concerned.

Only the older women matter, and particularly one, so special, so real and warm and good, so much of what he wanted, needed.

"This was the only meaningful relationship I've ever shared with a woman," he claimed recently.

Then what about the others? Were those relationships meaning-less? Were they so unimportant that he could forget them totally and think only of this one, this *only* meaning-ful relationship?

Her name?

Only David can answer that. Nobody else knows. She was and is a mystery woman, living on the fringes of his life, there when he wanted, away when he didn't, but for his eyes only, their meetings secret-shrouded, in very special places, isolated places, places where the two of them could be alone, no eyes peering in at them, no cameras snapping, no reporters with pads and pencils poised like weapons.

And she understood his life, she understood him, she understood what existed between them—at first.

"Cassidy. . . has just split with an 'older woman' he's been dating," *TV Time and Channel* reported.

Why? What happened? How *could* it if the relationship had been so real and good and all that each and both wanted?

David's other "mistress," his career, was too demanding.

It's another driving force in his life. Another all-consuming affair. It provides him with so much of what he desires.

"It turns out that David. . . was out on the road so much of the time that his girl friend got tired of waiting," the magazine added.

In Atlantic City, Philadelphia, elsewhere. All over. For weeks at a time. Time they *should* have had together, but didn't.

She waited as patiently as possible. She thought of him, called him, wrote to him. But that wasn't enough. She needed *him*—not his handwriting on a sheet of paper or his voice over the phone or telegrams. She needed David personally, in the flesh, so to speak, needed him desperately—a fact he didn't seem to understand or else it had come to a decision: her or his career. He took the career and left her.

But David has every reason to be mixed up, his priorities disassembled, his outlook clouded.

According to columnist Robin Adams

Sloan, "His mother, Evelyn, is delighted (about David's success). She is basking in reflected glory after years of being overshadowed by ex-husband Jack's glittering marriage to Shirley Jones. Shirley is equally delighted with the wild success of her stepson. She works with him as his TV mother. . . and is crazy about him. Another 'near-member-of-the-family' is manager Ruth Aarons, who has handled Jack's and Shirley's careers for ages. Ruth finds herself simply swamped these days, with David uppermost in her careerwise mind. The only unhappy person seems to be his father, actor Jack Cassidy, who is basking in reflected, teeth-gritting envy. His ex-wife is reaping the glory of being David's onscreen mother, and his own recent play effort died. They say if you want to make friends with Jack nowadays, don't say anything about David."

Animosity. Envy. Rivalry. It all has been going on for some time now. A divorced wife. A man whose ego has been devastated. And a son caught in the middle.

At one time, Jack and David *were* close, at least Shirley and Jack and David were.

"We've a great deal of love for one another," Shirley remarked. "If we have problems, we know how to work these out."

Once, yes. Once there was love; once the problems were worked out, but no more. There is envy. Each has gone a separate way.

For David, there may be other, older women. For David, there may be no one. (And we could conjecture for thousands of words as to why he seems to prefer the older one—i.e. older women have been prominent in his life for so long: his mother and his stepmother.)

And at Convention Hall in Atlantic City, someone saw him pause for a second or two before going out to entertain 5000 fans who clamored for him, clapping and shouting and stomping.

And as he went out to meet them—the older woman gone, the family split again, the drugs spent and useless—it was almost as though he had spoken, not with words, for none were heard, but his mind shouting: *Oh, God, what about me?* □

## ATTENTION

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