



## DAVID CASSIDY:

# no Sad Songs for me!

**What is the true meaning of real happiness? That question has been puzzling philosophers for years, but one young star who's been walking around with a genuine smile of happiness on his lips seems to have found it! Who?—David Cassidy!**

There was a burst of laughter in the "Partridge Family living room" crowded into the three-walled set on the big sound stage. Jammed onto the couch and some extra chairs, most of the cast and crew of "Partridge" were finishing lunch. The set was the only bright spot on the dark, enormous stage.

More laughter and a couple of chords—very out-of-tune—on the guitar. David was entertaining everyone with stories of one disastrous night on tour—a night when everything went wrong.

"I had tuned the guitar three times," David was saying, "and I

went onstage and picked it up and sang, 'Cherish is the word . . .' and struck a chord—and it sounded like a hand grenade landing in the center of an orchestra!" David hit the terrible chord again, and everybody laughed.

"What did you do?" one of the stagehands asked with a grin.

### CHERISH

"I'll show you," David said, leaping to his feet. He stepped up onto a table, struck the nonexistent chord again, and began to sing "Cherish" the best he could against all the wrong music. It sounded so terrible that everybody was hysterical, and

one or two people ran over to the prop trunk, grabbed instruments, and joined in for a long, completely shattering finish before they all dissolved laughing.

David wiped his streaming eyes and sat down again, fiddling with the guitar. "After the show," he said, "I found out that the mayor of the town's three-year-old kid had completely untuned the guitar in my dressing-room when his father brought him by to say hello." David smiled again at some new recollection of that disastrous night, but just as he began the story the di-

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