



Dave Madden

Keep Those Cards and Letters Coming, Folks

HOLLYWOOD—If you would like to do a big favor for Dave Madden, a nice guy who had had lots of problems in his life mainly because he doesn't drink (more of that later), sit down and write him a letter.

It doesn't have to be long or profound. Just a "Hi, Dave" postcard will do really. His address is: Screen Gems, Columbia Ranch, Hollywood Way Burbank, Calif. 91505.

Why should you write him? Listen to his plaintive rose, as he tells of his role in *The Partridge Family*, a new ABC-TV series which has David Cassidy in the cast. David has done several guest appearances this past season and he was discovered by the teeny-boppers. You can't pick up a teen-age magazine without seeing a story about David.

"It's liek *Playboy*," Dave says. "You open the center fold and out pops David. The Girls are hanging around the studio gates to see him and he's getting mail already. If—" and it's here the throb enters Dave's voice and his tale turns tragic—"If the *Partridge Family* lasts five years, I may get one pornographic letter from the mother of one of the kids in the cast."

Doesn't it make you want to take pen in hand and write this former *Laugh-In*er to let him know you care?

Dave's good life is approximately eight years old, with his really good life even younger than that. (Between the end of his stint on *Laugh-In* and the start of *The Partridge Family*, he did a tour with Rowan and Martin, three weeks in Las Vegas, a guest shot on *Bewitched* and several panel shows.)

But prior to 1962, "I worked in the godawful dives of the world. Saloons is what they were."

That's where Dave's abstention from alcohol started causing problems. "Drunks ask you to come to their table after the show and if you say, 'no thanks, I don't drink,' they don't hear that. What they hear is, 'I don't want to drink with you.' A guy could get punched in the mouth that way. So I developed an elaborate, tear-jerking story about being a reformed alcoholic. This they could understand.

"Of course, I also had to develop a story for club owners. Some were not understanding. They always wanted me to sit and drink with the customers. One owner told me to order a Screwdriver and he would instruct the waitress to make it plain orange juice. Of course, the customer would be charged for the alcohol that wasn't in it.