

## By JEAN SANDERS

David Cassidy.

Just saying the name gives heart palpitations to teeny-boppers and flippy-skirted teenagers.

If their parents don't know who he is, they soon learn when they stumble over stacks of Cassidy and Partridge Family fan magazines avidly devoured by their daughter and friends clad in Cassidy T-shirts as David belts out "I Think I Love You" on the stereo.

And woe to the family with ideas of any other Friday night TV show when it's Partridge Family time. Never underestimate the screaming tantrums of a thwarted teenybopper. She'd rather shear her long straight hair to the scalp than give up an evening with Keith Partridge.

Two fifth graders from Orange County experienced the thrill of their young lives when they had an opportunity to visit the Burbank studio where The Partridge Family shoots its series.

After digesting all that has ever been written about David, Melanie Sanders and Linda Keasberry compiled more questions to ask him.

A strange new world unfolds on entering the Burbank studio. On a short, winding street the girls recognize the homey yellow and white Partridge home in a pleasant, but fake, neighborhood. Substantial enough from the front, the row of homes is braced by exposed 2x4s in the rear.

The street curves to reveal English three-story buildings, a small town set and a western set before ending at a huge windowless green sound stage housing Partridge Family interior sets.

Parked before a modest sign, "Private Parking — David Cassidy," is a white low-slung Corvette. Nearby is the wild geometrically painted Partridge Family bus. The

girls flip, and flip again when they spy a tan bungalow, dressing rooms for David, Shirley Jones and Dave Madden (the series' Reuben Kincaid), each with a partridge painted above the name.

Clustered nearby are trailers bearing names of other Partridges — Susan Dey, Danny Bonaduce, Brian Forster and Suzanne Crough.

It is lunch break on the set, and the two visitors are excited to recognize Danny, Suzanne and Brian playing and bicycling around the nearby western set. Fresh from the morning's shooting, Danny and Brian are in pajamas.

Gradually the stars, directors, cameramen and technicians drift back into the immense darkened sound stage.

We pull the heavy door and enter, too. Focusing attention on a brightly lighted set with towel racks, weighing scales and shag rug, the girls see David in the distance.

Suddenly they whisper in awe, mingled with terror, "Here he comes!"

David is wearing bedroom slippers and a blue terry robe over pajamas, his wardrobe for most of the day's scenes. He walks like a young man in a hurry, with long strides, his shoulders slightly crescented as though to get there faster.

His shag hair style almost hides naturally thick brows and accents steady hazel eyes.

He takes the girls by surprise with a quick "Hi there" and a handshake. Friendly, fast talking, he does a little interviewing himself.

"How old are you ladies?"

(Shyly) "Eleven."

"Where do you go to school? Killybrooke? Oh, in Costa Mesa, huh?"

David climbs onto Shirley Jones' tall director's chair rather than his own, which