

tion and do the same!

So you'd think David must've been feeling just about on top of the world at that time, wouldn't you?

But it wasn't quite as simple as that.

Naturally, he was thrilled with everything about the show. He'd enjoyed working on it tremendously; and now it was topping the ratings, and looking certain to be picked up again next season.

More than that . . . David knew he'd made a tremendous personal hit as Keith Partridge. At last he had his chance to make his mark as an actor and singer, and not just as a pretty face in teen magazines!

But the fall of 1970 held problems for David, too.

Even the night of that very first Partridge Family Show was soured for him by a chance act of Fate.

David takes up the story from there:

"I'd been dating Judy"—that's Judy Strangis, of course—"For a month or so, I guess. Not that we saw each other that often, 'cos one or other of us was sure to be busy most nights, and we hardly ever seemed to get the same evenings free. But we'd maybe go for a drive, or to a movie out of town, or just stay at home, talking, listening to music or watching TV.

"Well, come the day *The Partridge Family Show* was premiering, Judy also had a show that night. Now it seemed kinda crazy to me that Judy would be sitting home watching that show, and I'd be sitting home watching precisely the same show, when we could both be sitting some place watching together. . . .

"The only problem," he continued, "was that I'd gotten a longstanding arrangement to go see the Partridge Show at Shirley's that night. So it left me with a fairly tight schedule. Shirley's for 8:30 till 9, then straight over to Judy's for 10, as I recall.

## HEART BEAT

"Well, what I didn't know was that Shirley had fixed it to be something of a small celebration with a few close friends round to watch the show and then drinks afterwards. I guess she thought it might stop things getting to be too much like a post mortem!

"It did that all right!" David smiled. "But it made life kinda difficult for me. Any other time I'd have felt I could just vanish without too many explanations. But you can't do that when folks

you know have come around specially to see you on TV!"

So David hung around for a while after the show had finished, and rapped with his friends there. He was delighted that they'd obviously enjoyed it so much and hadn't seemed to notice the slips he'd made! In fact, they were full of compliments about the way he came across on the screen—which made it even harder for him simply to turn his back and disappear!

He decided to 'phone Judy, explain what had happened and ask if he could call round to see her later in any case.

But something was wrong. He couldn't get through. It was crazy. He'd 'phoned Judy dozens of times and this had never happened before.

He tried the operator, who finally informed him that the line must be out of order and she'd report it for checking.

It was nearly quarter past eleven when his Mustang screeched to a halt outside Judy's home. David remembers his heart pounding inside him as he waited for Judy to open the door. He figured she'd have to be either angry or upset—probably both—and he didn't blame her.

He just wanted to take her in his arms and explain how the whole mess-up had happened.

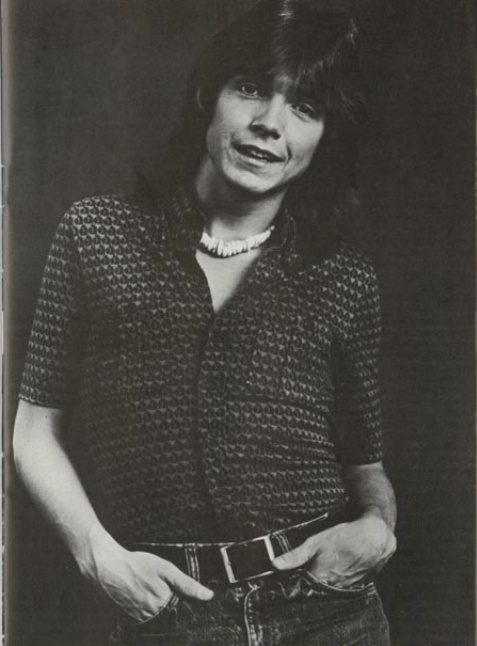
But it wasn't Judy who opened the door. It was her Mom. "I kinda blurted the whole load out to her," David smiled ruefully, "but it must've sounded a pretty mangled kind of story. . . . Anyhow she said she'd go see if Judy was still awake."

When Judy's mother returned, she said she was sorry, but Judy was asleep and she was so tired. Maybe David could call next morning?

David admits now that he felt dreadfully sorry for himself that night, and kind of forgot that Judy had a right to feel sorry for herself too.

He didn't know—how could he?—that Judy really was asleep when he'd called. . . . That she'd cried herself to sleep some minutes before he'd arrived.

DON'T MISS PART 45  
OF THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY  
WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE  
JULY ISSUE OF  
THE DAVID CASSIDY MAGAZINE



*By the middle of that first season (when this pic was taken), David was beginning to feel right at home before any kind of camera.*