

David—death threat! who's after him?!



THE FIRST LETTER was addressed to David Cassidy in care of *16 Magazine*. It wasn't really a letter—it was made of letters and words cut out of magazines and newspapers and pasted on a plain piece of white paper. The address on the envelope was made of cut-out words and letters too, spelling out David Cassidy's name and address—plus the words **URGENT—OPEN IMMEDIATELY**. The postmark was Chicago, Illinois—the second largest city in America. Because of the special marking—**URGENT—OPEN IMMEDIATELY** the letter was opened at once, instead of being sent along to David, as his mail usually is. And the simple, stark and frightening letter said:

DAVID—BEWARE! I AM GOING TO GET YOU, SO YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT!!

At first glance, the letter seemed almost silly. Certainly, it was a crank letter. And then, at second glance, it seemed possible that it was a very *clever* fan letter—for, after all, what girl in America *doesn't* want to "get" David Cassidy?

A couple of weeks later, a second letter arrived. It stood out from the thousands of letters David regularly gets at *16* simply because, once again, the envelope was addressed with cut-out words and letters and the postmark, once again, was Chicago. This letter, however, couldn't be taken lightly. It was very explicit. It said:

DAVID, WATCH OUT! I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND AND I AM COMING AFTER YOU! IT MAY PROVE FATAL!!

This second letter was "signed" (in cut-outs again) **SATANIS!**

By chance, the first letter had been put aside—and now this letter was clipped to it. All who read it decided that it would be best, for the time being, to send neither of these letters to David. After all, why should he be upset by such letters—when they were probably just some nitwit trying to get attention?!

When yet a third—identically addressed—letter arrived, the situation got more ominous, for this letter, which was much longer, said:

DAVID, IT'S ME AGAIN! IF YOU CARE WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE, YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE HOLLYWOOD—BECAUSE I AM ON MY WAY THERE. WHEN WE MEET, YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY I HAVE CHOSEN YOU FOR MY VICTIM. BE CAREFUL.

SATANIS

The postmark was carefully examined. It still read Chicago. The only other thing it revealed was that the letter had been mailed in the evening—and of course the date it had been mailed. The paper was plain white ordinary typewriter paper and the envelope was plain dime-store-white—the kind of stationery that could be purchased in a million-and-one stores anywhere in America. There were absolutely no *distinctive* clues on the envelope or paper anywhere. Even the cut-out letters weren't readily identifiable. None had been cut from *16* or *SPEC*, and none were the kind of letters used in any of the popu-

lar magazines. This third letter was added to the previous letters—to make what had now come to be called the "David Death Threat" collection. The letters were put in an unmarked folder—and there was nothing to do but wait and see what came next.

A couple of months went by before the next letter arrived. It was addressed just as the others had been, with the usual **URGENT—OPEN IMMEDIATELY** pasted on the outside of the envelope. The letter was opened quickly. This one was even longer than the ones before. It said:

I WENT AFTER YOU, BUT I HAD TROUBLE FINDING YOU! I WENT TO THE STUDIO AND I WENT TO THE PLACE WHERE YOU MAKE RECORDS. I MIGHT HAVE MISSED YOU THIS TIME, DAVID, BUT DON'T WORRY—BECAUSE I AM COMING BACK SOON AND I WILL GET YOU NEXT TIME. I AM GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE YOU LIVE, AND WHEN I DO—IT WILL BE THE END FOR YOU!!

SATANIS

This letter—also bearing the Chicago postmark—caused plenty of shudders up the spine and more thoughtful consideration of *what should be done?* Finally, the decision was made to call a private detective agency.

Within a couple of days, a detective was examining the letters. After a careful perusal of each and every one of them—envelope, content, etc.—he could only say, "There's not a chance in a million—ten million—that you could ever find out who wrote this. The only way you'll ever know who wrote this letter is if that person *wants* you to find out who she or he is." He looked thoughtfully again at the letters. "We see stuff like this a lot. Not all the time, but a lot—and, frankly, this one doesn't seem to be too serious." Again the detective paused. "But," he continued, "you never know."

Ultimately it was decided to hold onto the folder, keep looking for more letters and—if and when some came—to call the detective agency again. Not a very rewarding interview, but at least an attempt had been made to try to solve the "David Death Threat" enigma.

It was three months before the next—and final, as it turned out—letter threatening David's life arrived. The paper and envelope were the same, but this letter—envelope and all—looked as though it had been folded over once. The envelope was slightly soiled, indicating that the letter had been carried around in a purse or a pocket for at least several weeks. **SATANIS'** final letter to David said:

THIS IS IT, DAVID. IT'S ALL OVER. IT'S ALL OVER FOR YOU AND ME. I TRIED EVERYTHING I COULD TO FIND YOU. I WAS DETERMINED TO MEET YOU AND MAKE YOU LOVE ME—AND IF I COULDN'T HAVE YOU, I WAS DETERMINED THAT NO OTHER GIRL IN THE WORLD COULD HAVE YOU. BUT I HAVE GIVEN UP. DON'T THINK I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, BECAUSE I HAVEN'T. AND I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP PERMANENTLY. I KNOW THAT SOME DAY, SOME WAY, WE WILL MEET AND WHEN WE DO, IT WILL BE THE TWO OF US TOGETHER FOREVER—OR THERE WILL BE NO YOU.

**YOURS ETERNALLY,
SATANIS**

The final letter, with its slightly battered envelope, was a sad, almost tragic, note on which to close the "David Death Threat" file. Here the writer was—all her sad and sorry secrets—suddenly revealed in this impetuous, deranged and possessive plea for eternal love of a young man who had become an obsession with her.

When the agent from the private detective agency saw this last letter, he sighed knowingly and said, "Yep, we can close this case, all right. It's a kid—or maybe it's a grown-up—out there all alone somewhere, wanting to love and be loved—maybe just an ordinary person." The agent looked at the letter and both sides of the envelope, and then looked up and said, "But then, you never know—maybe she's some kind of maniac." He paused and added, "I don't think we'll ever know."