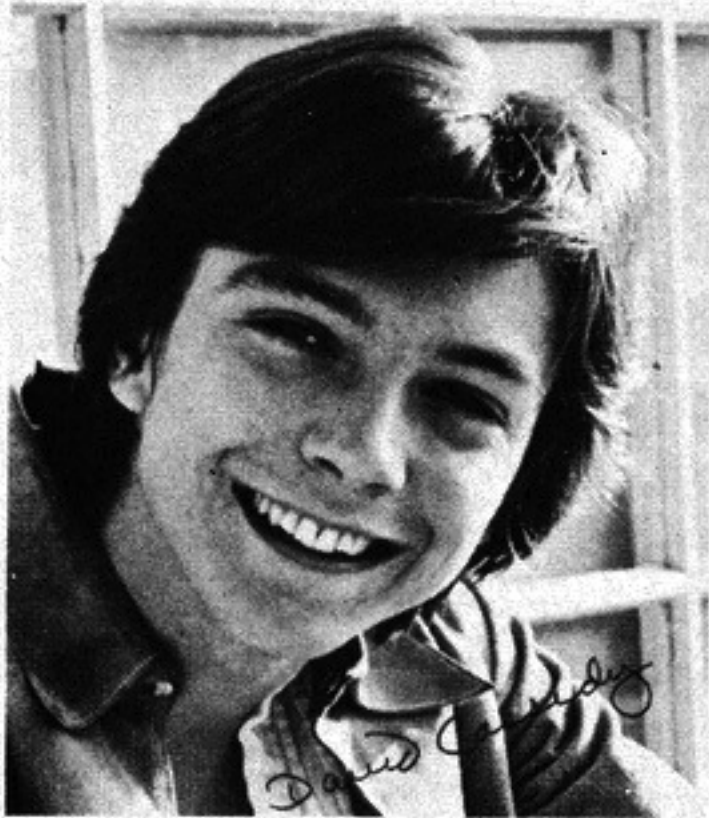


# PICK YOUR PIC OF DAVID!



NUMBER ONE



NUMBER TWO



NUMBER THREE



NUMBER FOUR

NOW YOU CAN HAVE  
YOUR CHOICE OF  
FOUR GORGEOUS  
AUTOGRAPHED 8 x 10  
GLOSSY PHOTOS  
OF DAVID CASSIDY  
OR ORDER ALL  
OF THEM!

**YES, IT'S TRUE! YOU CAN HAVE  
DAVID'S AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO FOR  
YOUR WALL AT HOME OR YOUR  
LOCKER AT SCHOOL.  
THESE PHOTOS ARE AVAILABLE  
ONLY THROUGH TIGER BEAT!  
SUPPLY IS LIMITED.  
SEND AWAY TODAY.**

Great! Yes, I want David's autographed photo for me. I have checked the photos I want and have enclosed \$1.00 for each photo I ordered. (Add 25¢ for rush handling.)

TB-7-71

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

- No. ONE
- No. TWO
- No. THREE
- No. FOUR

Send to:  
DAVID PIC  
Suite 600  
1800 N. Highland Avenue  
Hollywood, California 90028

# DAVID'S BRUSH with DEATH!

Continued from page 31



were approaching a dark, dim shape of enormous size that I could barely make out. I swam toward them at top speed, and the thing became clearer and clearer—and I couldn't believe my eyes! It was old and rusted and every inch of it was crowded with things trying to grow there, but there was no mistaking it: it was a submarine!

## SUNKEN SUBMARINE

I learned later that it was an old sub the Navy had sunk for training purposes, but at the time I thought it *had* to be the first one ever made, and it had lain there at the bottom of the sea for decades, just waiting for us to swim up to it. Neil and David were struggling with the hatch as I came up to them, and then it opened, with a giant burst of silver air bubbles, rushing and racing one another for the surface, more than 100 feet away. I watched them go, and it was like seeing something fall *up!*

David was all for swimming right in through the hatch, but Neil shook his head and gestured to indicate that there was no way of knowing what might be *in* there! I immediately flashed on what it would be like to be trapped in that dark, flooded submarine with some shapeless monster that knew its way around inside about six times as well as I did, and I was only too glad not to go in, but David shined a light inside and then swam in about twelve feet and came back out. He looked scared, but proud too!

Leaving the sub behind, we swam lazily toward some waving kelp, when suddenly it parted like grass and a

silvery school of long, slender, sharp-toothed barracuda glided out! A barracuda is the ugliest fish I've ever seen—it's a biting machine, just a way to get the scariest teeth in the world all around the bottom of the ocean. Neil had a stick and he swung it around and poked with it as the fish approached, and the school split and swam around him, and half of them crowded around David! I swam like a madman to get to him, but by the time I reached him, they had glided past without trying to bite him.

I saw a scared expression on David's face and I started to laugh, because I thought the fish had frightened him, but then I saw real panic in his eyes and I got scared too, especially when I realized that he hadn't let out any air bubbles the whole time I had been watching him! I took his arm, but he shook me loose and twisted away, and I could see that he was really terrified!

## FOUGHT TO THE TOP

Neil was only about ten yards away, but his back was to us and I couldn't very well shout for his attention, so all I could do was follow David as he fought toward the surface. There still hadn't been any bubbles from his mask, and I don't mind saying that I was really scared!

As we approached the surface I grabbed David to remind him that we couldn't go up that fast because the change in pressure could kill us if we didn't take a moment to adjust to it! David stayed, but there was agony on his face, and he twisted and turned like a man in pain. From below I