

LIZ BAUR

(Continued from page 52)

most everyday and prepared myself for what I thought was my destiny. I discussed my plans with priests, nuns, and, of course, my parents.

"Without a doubt I to this day believe a nun lives a beautiful life. I am an only child, but my parents never tried to talk me out of my serious plans to join a convent.

"What eventually changed my mind had only to do with me as a person. Though the discipline is strict and the sacrifices great I observed a nun's life falls into an expected pattern eventually. I want to do things freely—not be expected to do them.

"Responsibilities I do not mind . . . obligations I don't like. Therefore, I came to the conclusion that I would not make a good nun and rather than make what I am certain now would have been a mistake, I decided against it."

Liz did think about becoming a school-teacher and for a time majored in educa-

tion at Valley College. But she was never really serious about teaching and she switched majors to theater arts.

Although her parents never tried to talk their Los Angeles-born daughter into any future career, her father most strongly opposed Liz having anything to do with acting. For a very personal reason, too. Jack Baur is a well-known figure in the movie industry, and for some years has been the head of casting at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.

"Finally, my dad became so dead set against my acting that he wouldn't allow me to see him on the lot. Richard Zanuck, the former studio head, saw me help an actor do a scene for a test.

"Mr. Zanuck then ordered dad to allow me to become a member of the studio's talent school."

Father and daughter one night decided the issue once and for all in the living room of the family home.

"My dad suddenly turned to me," Liz recalls, "and said, 'If you can prove to me that you can be a good actress—not an average one—I'll even pay for your drama lessons.'"

"He asked me to audition for him right

then and there. I did and he sat back on the sofa ready to tear me apart if I even so much as lifted my finger in the wrong direction."

Not only was Jack Baur impressed by the audition, he arranged the next day for her to study with the famous drama coach, Estelle Harmon. While at college Liz was chosen to launch her show biz career in "good appetite." She did a breakfast cereal commercial with Jimmy Durante.

Later, with her father's wholehearted approval, Liz was signed for roles in *Batman* (ironically she played a miniskirted policewoman), a movie, *The Boston Strangler*, (she was not a victim), and for two years co-starred as Teresa O'Brien in the *Lancer* TV series.

Elizabeth eventually figured out why her father was so strongly opposed to her acting. "He was protecting me," she says proudly. "Not from Hollywood itself. He loves the town and his work.

"But he didn't want me to get hurt if I failed. He has seen so many actresses with only fairly average talent tearfully fail. He wanted to make sure that I have what it takes to make the grade."

—GARY DENTON

DAVID CASSIDY

(Continued from page 65)

fine," Jack said, obviously exhausted. "He's still drugged up and can't really make a lot of sense."

Standing by Jack's side, Shirley volunteered no comment of her own. When I asked if she wasn't glad the long night was over, she said only: "I'm glad that David's well. He's very young to have such a major problem."

As the two got into their white Rolls-Royce for a quick journey back to their Beverly Hills home—just long enough to freshen up, change clothes and return to Mt. Sinai—I asked Jack how long they intended to remain at his son's bedside. "As long as he's here," Jack replied. "David's a big boy, but it's comforting to know that *family* is close by."

Surgery had come at the end of a painfully long period for David. The gall-bladder infection must have been troubling him for many weeks, a close friend explained, but everyone concerned had thought it was an ulcer.

As one of the *Partridge Family* crew told TV RADIO MIRROR: "About six weeks ago, when we were doing the second or third show of the season, David suddenly seemed to have a terrible cramp in the stomach area while he was speaking his lines. He couldn't catch his breath, so the studio nurse and doctor rushed in and had him taken to his dressing room. He was doubled over—almost in a fetal position.

"He didn't make a sound, but everyone knew he felt lousy. He lay in there for the rest of the day. You know, David is usually so humorous and such a nice young kid, we all wished we could have taken the pain for him."

After a visit to his own doctor, the pain subsided enough to allow David to work again without discomfort. But his has always been a grueling schedule. He was shooting *Partridge* from Monday until Friday, then weekends found him traveling around the country on concert tours.

Backed up by a musical group, he had been booked solid for concerts until the end of summer.

During the filming of the show's sixth segment, David became ill again. As his discomfort grew, he was away from the set for two days in a row, too ill to work. Scripts had to be rewritten, so they could "shoot around" him, but what they all were most concerned about was the young man's health.

"David had a remarkable way of keeping his pain to himself," the crew member continued. "When he felt an attack coming on, he would go into his dressing room and call for Shirley, but he wouldn't let the rest of us see it. He even apologized to us for holding things up!"

The worst attack yet came over the long Fourth of July weekend. During a barbecue at Jack's and Shirley's, he was stricken again and put to bed. The doctor ordered total rest and prepared to do further tests on him.

So—David reported back to work the following Tuesday, with plans to see the doctor later that day. He was thoroughly X-rayed, and the results were known only hours later: He had a small gallstone—not the ulcer they had suspected. And because it was infecting the gall bladder, the stone would have to be removed.

The operation was delayed a few days so David could complete a concert date he'd looked forward to in Wildwood, New Jersey. But flying back to Hollywood on Sunday night, he suffered another attack which his family describes as "the worse he ever had."

He was reluctant to enter the hospital that night, so he stayed with Shirley and Jack. But the next morning, when the pain became intolerable, Jack phoned the doctor. At the latter's direction, Jack and Shirley took David in their own car to Mt. Sinai, which is only ten minutes from their Oakhurst Drive home.

Because David would have to remain in bed at home for some weeks, even after leaving the hospital, the production of *Partridge Family* had to be shut down. "We couldn't shoot around him anymore,"

a crew member explained. "He was almost the whole show. The crew got their notice on Monday that we'd be laid off from four to six weeks. The staff got their notice Tuesday, when the hospital confirmed the severity of the case."

According to Doug Dutzman, publicity director for the show, "David's had this problem not weeks but years. It would come and go." When I went to Sinai to get the facts, a nurse told me: "It's one of the roughest gall-bladder cases I've ever seen. Because he's only 21, he's really going through murder!"

"He's resting and not complaining about the pain," a spokesman for David said. "They've done lab work on him again this morning [July 14], which is difficult for a very sick patient but *imperative*."

Throughout the crisis, David was watched over by Shirley, Jack and Evelyn. They sat outside his room on Sinai's fifth floor, only leaving his side to have coffee or a sandwich in the hospital's cafeteria.

In those hours, Shirley wasn't the "big movie star"; she was too concerned about her stepson to even freshen her makeup. In a pink pant-suit—and often touching her husband's hand to comfort him—she went virtually unnoticed by other visitors and patients.

She and Evelyn conversed often; it was a rare meeting for Jack's two wives, who've kept their distance in times past. But David's illness took down the barriers; they cared only about his health and getting him well again.

Though David has his own apartment, a family friend told me he'd be convalescing at Jack's and Shirley's house until well enough to begin work on the ninth segment of his series. Meanwhile, he's had plenty of time to reflect that he's a very lucky young man!

If doctors hadn't found the real source of his problem, if the bladder infection had festered without check, it would have been fatal. If his true illness hadn't been discovered when it was—if it had been allowed to continue even another week or so—the result would have been tragic indeed.

—LARRY KING