

# DAVID CASSIDY CAUGHT IN MIDDLE OF BLOODBATH!

By GARY PETERSON

It was quiet on the set of *The Partridge Family*, except for the sound of a woman's high-heeled shoes, clicking off five or six paces, then turning round and returning along the same route. Back and forth, like the ticking of a clock, the metal heels kept reminding everyone to glance at his watch and wait, silently, patiently for David to arrive.

Suddenly, Shirley Jones stopped pacing. She took out a cigarette and lit it. "Where is he?" she asked for the fifth time in as many minutes. Shooting was set for ten, and it was already past ten-thirty. David Cassidy, who is scrupulously punctual, had never been late before, certainly not without calling.

"I hope nothing's happened to him," said Shirley, David's mom on the show and step-mom in

## THE TRAGEDY THAT ENDED IN THE DEATH OF HIS BEST FRIEND

real life. She was in for a shock.

When eleven o'clock arrived, so did David. Shirley could hear his car pulling into the driveway, and she ran out to meet him. "Maybe now we can get some work done," said the director. But as he spoke, a shrill scream could be heard emanating from outside the studio. All eyes turned to the door. Shirley re-entered, pale as a ghost. Behind her walked David. In the shadowy light of the off-stage corridor, he looked as though his hands and face were covered with mud—as though he'd spent the morning making mud pies or doing a job on his latest sports car.

But as David walked into the light, (Continued on page 58)

