

DAVID CASSIDY'S ROMANCE WITH BLACK SWEETHEART ENDED WHEN SHE SAID "I'D SHOOT YOU!"

By James Gregory

It was a time of assassinations, that American spring of 1968. And they would touch him personally. But for a while yet, for 18-year-old David Cassidy, it was a time of discovery and romance.

Had he known how short a time his happiness would last, he might have treasured it all the more—might even have fought harder to hold on to it. For, looking back later, he realized that the end of that spring-time romance was at least partially his fault.

But we cannot read the future, and perhaps that is better for our happiness. It might be the only way we can bear to exist.

At any rate, David Cassidy was

happy as that crucial spring began, not knowing that it would leave him changed, older—and a little sadder. He was happy, for he had found a girl, and he thought she was wonderful.

Since he had always been free of racial prejudice, the fact that the girl was black made no difference to David. He couldn't know that later it *would* make a difference—to *her*.

And yet, if Robert Kennedy had not died—and especially if Martin Luther King had not died—things might have been very different for David and the girl. If those two men of good will had not been shot by assassins, this might have been a far better world for *many* people.

Still, David has his memories of the

girl and of the few short months they spent together. Only recently did he agree to share his memories with me, memories that tell much about the kind of America we have lived in these past few years, and the kind of America we might have had—if things had turned out differently.

"I met her at Rexford School during my senior year . . ." David recalled, as we sat on a grassy lawn at the Screen Gems ranch between takes on his ABC-TV series, *The Partridge Family*. The multicolored *Partridge Family* bus was nearby, with the family's musical instruments on top of it for a scene. The technicians were busily setting up another shot. But David didn't notice them. His voice / please turn to page 87