

DAVID CASSIDY'S LIFE STORY

(As told to Gloria Stavers)

David's real-life mom reveals the adventures—and misadventures—of his boyhood that helped to form the exciting new young star you see each Friday night on ABC-TV's The Partridge Family!

EVELYN CASSIDY
in association with
JACK CASSIDY
presents
DAVID BRUCE
A new spring production

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| Scenery by: | Costumes by: |
| FLOWER FIFTH HOSPITAL | LANE BRYANT |
| Sound Effects: | Production Asst. |
| EVELYN WARD | JACK CASSIDY |

Directed by:
DR. A. KINSEY
Production under supervision of
DR. LOIZEAUX *J.A.*
Adapted from an original idea by
ADAM

WORLD PREMIER -- APRIL 12, 1950
OPENING NIGHT SCALE -- 7.15

A star is born—Evelyn and Jack Cassidy announce the birth of their son, David Bruce Cassidy.

DAVID BRUCE CASSIDY was born on April 12, 1950, at exactly 10 A.M. in the Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital in the Manhattan section of New York City. David was the first and only child of Jack Cassidy and his "then" wife actress Evelyn Ward. At that time, David and his mom and dad called a small apartment in the East 20s in Manhattan their home—but when David was three weeks old, the family moved to Rutherford, New Jersey.

"When David was born he had beautiful red hair," his mother recalls, "and it actually stayed very, very blondish until he was 14 or 15 years old."

When David was three months old, he got his first tooth—which was pretty good going, considering that most babies start to teethe at six months. The first word David ever spoke was "Mommy"—and *that* his very happy mom recalls to this day. "David always spoke beautifully," she remembers. "I mean his voice—well, it was almost like music. From the very, very beginning, any sound he made was extremely pleasant to listen to."

HIS FIRST BIG ADVENTURE

David's first big adventure came when he was four and one half years old. The family had resettled in West Orange, New Jersey, and it was time for his mom to enroll him in the Eagle Rock School kindergarten

class. David held his mom's hand for the entire ten blocks they walked to Eagle Rock. Evelyn had gone to the school herself and so had all of her relatives, so she felt quite at home bringing her son David there. However, David did *not* feel the same way. He was fine until his mom opened the door and David looked into the room and saw "all the other kids". He pushed the door shut, screamed "No"—and ran down the street. Evelyn took off after him, running as fast as she could—but though David was small, he was quick and nimble, and it took her a block and a half before she caught him! All the way back to Eagle Rock, David kicked and screamed, "No, no, I'm not going in there!" Finally, his mom got him to the school and inside the room. She quickly left and closed the door after her. The last thing she saw as she looked over her shoulder was David's face pressed against the glass of the door, tears running down his cheeks.

SANG HIS MOM TO SLEEP

Very early, Evelyn discovered that David *hated* to take naps. If she made him take one, he simply *couldn't* fall asleep that night until three or four o'clock the next morning! "He would crawl into bed with me, wake me up, and then sing me to sleep," his mom recalls. "It didn't bother me at all, because he sang so beautifully." (Even then, Evelyn secretly wondered if some day her son would grow up to be a singing star!)

When he was very small, David's favorite toy was a great big panda bear. The panda bear was almost five feet tall, and at the age of three David would drag his huge panda with him everywhere he went. His panda remained his "best friend" all the way through grammar school, and the only other toy his mom could get him to love was a pegboard. It was a toy with holes in it, with pegs that fit into the holes, and with a hammer to knock the pegs into the holes. Sometimes, when David couldn't sleep and didn't feel like singing, he would stay up till 6 A.M.—hammering the pegs into the holes.

"Everytime he knocked one in, he would squeal with delight," Evelyn says, wincing a bit. "Since the pegboard had about 12 holes and pegs—well, there was quite a bit of squealing going on some nights in the Cassidy residence!"

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Though David's best friend, until he was eight or