

THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY

PART 22

Evelyn had been very upset when she heard that David's first Broadway show had folded . . . Upset for his sake.

She knew, from her own show biz experience, that things like that happen in every actor's career. In fact, for many, it's the hard times that they look back on with most pleasure later in life!

So you can imagine how thrilled she was when she learned that David was actually coming back home! Especially as he wouldn't be returning with his tail between his legs, depressed by failure . . . But rather, full of hope for the future which had suddenly opened out brighter for him once again.

"It was really wonderful to have him about the place," she recalls. But she had to recognise that his time in New York had changed him quite a bit:

STRONG SON

"He'd grown up while he'd been away," she remembers. "I'd seen him off on that plane as my 'boy', but he came back as a mature young man and I realised that I had no more need to worry. My son was strong, he had grit and he could be completely independent. . . In fact, for the short time he moved back in with me, he sort of took on the role of looking after me rather than it being the other way around!"

For David it seemed great to be back on the West coast . . . to look up his old high school friends, to tuck into his favourite home-cooked dishes, to go down for days to the beach and soak up the sun.

But, although David was blissfully happy in his den at home, he too could feel that something had changed inside him since going out East:

"I guess it was just my age," he smiled. "You know the restless feeling everybody gets some time or another . . . With some guys it comes early, round sixteen . . . With others, it may lie dormant till they're twenty or so. I'd

gotten shot of my first bout by moving out to try Broadway.

"But I'd still never actually shackled up on my own property. I'm not saying it wasn't nice to have a home made for me! . . . Sure, I knew I'd never have it so good as far as comfort went if I moved into my own place.

"But remember, I'd been living among lots of folks in the City who'd got their own places, maybe sharing with friends, and I couldn't help thinking sometimes that it would be nice to have a place like that myself."

David didn't have any dreams that it would all be lovely and luxurious —

"Gee, no! The money I was earning at that time, I knew it'd be rough. But I still had this hankering to try it out . . ."

Maybe it would have remained just a hankering for a lot longer if his old friend, Sam Hyman, hadn't been feeling exactly the same way at the time. While David had been trying for stardom (or, at any rate, success!) on Broadway, Sam had been, in his own words, "going nowhere in particular".

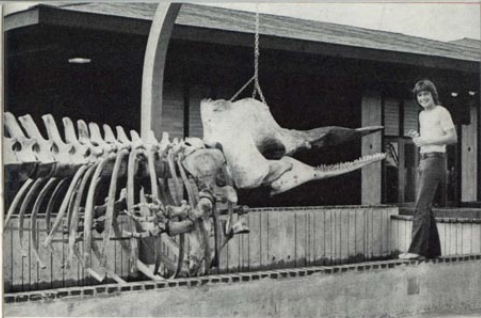
Now, that wasn't precisely true, because he'd been earmarked to go somewhere only too particular every weekend! Sam had been called up for service with the Reserves. His comment on his luck — "Ughh!"

David had never been in danger of being called up in the same way . . . It's all the luck of the draw, you could say. And in this case it really was! David explained to me how the army reserve call-up system works:

"You see, we have a lottery system and, in each year, every one born on the same day is given a number by lottery. Then, in our case, the first 200 were on call. I was okay, because I drew number 341. But Sam wasn't so lucky . . . He wasn't even a border-line case! He came in good and sure at number 31."

So, while David had been wandering among the bright lights and harsh disappointments of Broadway, Sam had been learning how to shoot a rifle, and how to kid the authorities that he was keeping his hair trimmed short!

His carefully preserved secret was a 'week-



Above: David chats with an old fan!

Below: A picture of David and a lucky fan.

