

THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY

PART 8

David never let music slip into the background of his life—no matter how busy he might be with new hobbies, new sports and new friends.

He can't remember a time when he wasn't playing some instrument or another—"I guess my cooking pans qualify as his very first instrument" is his Mom's comment on that!

She would have wanted David to have some basic grounding in music, even if he hadn't been particularly talented. . . . Simply because music had played such an important part in her own life. So she arranged violin lessons for him while they were living in New Jersey. And David had taken up a "second instrument" by pestering his grandma till she introduced him to the piano.

Enthusiastic Pupil

You see, she actually taught the piano professionally so she was very well qualified to put David through his paces . . . and it wasn't very often that she came across such an enthusiastic pupil.

David continued to study classical music in Los Angeles, but, by that time, something had happened which gave him a taste for another kind of music, and set him on the rather different track which his music career would eventually follow. . . .

A friend of Evelyn's gave David a drum-kit and David promptly retreated into his room for the first of a long, long series of practice sessions. Evelyn may have thought the violin was a bit of an anti-social instrument in her son's hands, but she now discovered that it had nothing on the drums!

Still, it always pleased her when David found something he really wanted to persevere with, and she soon began to realise that he was not just pounding those skins mechanically but was putting a lot of self-expression into his music-making.

David dabbled with the guitar during his school days, too, but it was to be a long time before he finally selected it as his "special instrument". In fact, when he and some pals formed a group when they were in the ninth grade, it was David who was on the drums . . . at that point, his guitar-playing was still very elementary!

But that's jumping way ahead and bypassing one of the Very Important Events in David's life: his first proper date!!!

Now David had had girlfriends virtually from the cradle, and, more recently, he had often walked girls home from class and even, maybe, carried their books if he was feeling particularly chivalrous. But he had never before actually screwed up the nerve to ask a girl out on a "date".

The grand occasion that finally forced him to take the plunge was the end-of-term school dance. And he still reckons that the main reason he brought it off then was that it took more courage to turn up at the dance without a partner than it did to ask a girl to go with him!

He just couldn't believe that any girl would say "Yes"!!!!

Well, he'd had his eye on one particular girl in school for weeks, and he'd been intending to ask her out to a movie

A rare picture of David in his early teens, taken when his hair was a little shorter!

