

'promising' they were supposed to be!

David's auditions revealed a whole lot of technical weaknesses, but at the same time something special came through — something which, as Jim knew only too well, could never be taught . . . not in a million years! It was that tiny spark of star quality which came through in David's performances that convinced Jim Gregory that Evelyn Ward's son had real potential and could go places if he was handled right.

So Jim made a start that summer. David took lessons from him throughout the vacation, and — when he wasn't over at Jim's studio — he was most likely at home practising the exercises he'd been taught. To some, this would have seemed more like hard work than a vacation! But David thrived on it. For once, he could see some point in the work he was doing, and he was happy to go at it till he dropped.

But all good things have to come to an end . . . and so did that glorious vacation. The time came for Evelyn and David to head back to Los Angeles and for David to start at yet another new school. ★

★ ★ TRANSFER

The transfer to Rexford had been Evelyn's idea. She badly wanted David to graduate from High School, and things were still not too good on the academic side at Hamilton. It wasn't that David had been in any particular trouble . . . It was just that his grades were below average, he was still complaining of chronic boredom and he'd just opted out. He wasn't really trying for high grades any more.

Evelyn realised that, if he was going to develop any interest in school subjects at this late stage, he needed a school that would positively set out to stimulate that kind of interest.

She heard about Rexford from friends who were also in show business and whose kids were already going there. It sounded exactly the sort of thing she had in mind: a small private school with classes averaging five or six students, where the teachers tried out bright, new

approaches and treated the students as though they were people with minds and ideas of their own.

It all sounded ideal, and had the added advantage of meaning that David would be among other kids from show biz families like his own, so they'd have a lot in common. Even David agreed that it sounded pretty good.

There was just one hitch . . . You couldn't get into the school simply by paying the fees; you also had to pass an entrance exam. Well, that appealed to David's sense of humour!

Him? Pass an exam? That was the best joke in months!

But an even better joke was David's face when he found out that he actually *had* passed the exam! He reckons that it took a good part of the first term before he got over the shock of being there at all!

Looking back on the early days at Rexford, David recalls:

"I didn't like it that much at first. I'd gotten into such a habit of thinking my own thoughts during classes that it hit me with a kind of jolt when I had to keep coming back out of my daydreams! You see, before, there'd been so many of us to a class that the teachers had had enough trouble getting through to the ones who *wanted* to learn! All they had asked of the rest of us was that we didn't make a nuisance of ourselves . . . So long as we stayed quiet, it was all one to them whether we got any learning or not."

"But at Rexford it was mighty different! With only four or five guys in a class, you'd be hard put to con the teacher — even if you wanted to!"

The big surprise came, though, when David suddenly realised that he didn't *want* to play up any more.

"I'd gone along with it in a half-hearted sort of way. But it had never fallen that classes could actually be interesting!"

DON'T MISS PART 11 OF THE
DAVID CASSIDY STORY WHICH WILL
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ABOVE: David orders a nice long cool drink by the pool — wouldn't you like to join him!!!

BELOW: Susan and David have a quick check on the next scene before the cameras start to roll.

