



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THE DAVID CASSIDY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ STORY ★ ★ ★

PART 14 ★ ★ ★

Going on a job hunt was a rather puzzling phenomenon for David. Most guys want to know something about the sort of work they'll be doing, the prospects for promotion and the people they'll be working with; but these weren't the considerations that bothered David at that time.

You see, he had no intention of any job lasting for very long... It was just a stop-gap arrangement till he could get a break on Broadway. So the sort of questions he asked himself about any possible job went along the lines of: Is it near enough to Broadway for me to make lunch-break auditions? Does it finish early enough for me to get to classes on time? Can I stay on top of the job without needing to concentrate too much?

David knew right from the start that his mind would always be on the results of yesterday's audition and the challenge of today's! So he wouldn't have much time going spare to worry about the demands of his work!

Hard Times

Money wasn't terribly important to him either... which was lucky! His earnings amounted to the grand sum of \$50 a week — "And that was the grand, total, final sum!" David will tell you with a grin. "After all the deductions I think my pay check used to be made out for \$38-80... and, unless you can lay hold of some elastic dollar bills, that amount of money doesn't stretch very far in New York!"

Of course, David didn't have to worry about paying rent, as he was living with Jack and Shirley. But, even so, he can remember plenty of times when he had

quite a struggle to cover all his expenses. There were his subway fares to and from work; his daily diet of hamburgers and 7-up at lunch-time (at any rate on the days when he had enough time to eat lunch); and he used to like to keep some money back so he could sometimes take Shirley a surprise gift or maybe buy a box of candies or a new toy for the kids back home. And all the time, he was also trying to save up money for acting class fees.

Passport to Happiness

So David was hardly among New York's big spenders in those days! Not that he is now either, come to that. But he never regrets those times when buying a new shirt was the event of the month, because he reckons that his memories of the hard times have helped him to keep money in perspective: "I've known what it's like not to know where the next month's rent was coming from and how it feels to live on coffee for a couple of days, simply because there was no food in the place and no money to go buy some!

"Boy! To think how it felt the first time I got a hundred dollar fee!" he recalls. "Right then that hundred bucks seemed like the passport to happiness... I must have spent it twenty times over in my mind. It never occurred to me that it was only the same as a two week stint in the mailroom! It sounded so much more than I wrung from that freaky joint."

Looking back on that first job in New York, David can laugh about it now:

"I was a 'gofor,'" he'll tell you, "which is the word we use in the States for a kind of general runabout... You know, you gofor this, gofor that, gofor this guy's