



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

PART 16 ★

Was it all worth it? That was a question that kept forcing itself into David's mind during those hard, depressing months in New York. After all, he had given up a lot for this bid to make it on the Broadway stage . . . He'd left the security of all his friends in California and his dating schedule had virtually ground to a halt! It was getting to be a very rare occasion when he could fit a single date into his crowded routine of work, auditions and classes.

But sometimes the odd free evening would suddenly materialise out of the blue and David used to grasp the opportunity to take out one of the girls he'd met in New York. She would usually be someone he'd met at one of his classes and taken a particular liking to, or occasionally Jack and Shirley would have introduced him to a nice, attractive girl.

That was always fine till the time came for David to kiss her goodnight at the end of the evening and break it to her that he might not be able to take her out again for a month or so!

BUSY BOY

"That was usually the end of a beautiful relationship," he recalls ruefully . . . "And I never blamed the girls . . . After all, it's not much fun dating a guy who puts you number nineteen on his list of priorities!"

Of course, if David had somehow fallen in with the girl of his dreams in those days, things might have taken a different turn . . . But he didn't.

"Not surprising really," is his comment, "seeing that I had absolutely made up my mind that I was not going to! I guess that, even if I'd bumped right up against her on the

sidewalk, I'd have tried my best to shut my eyes to the fact!"

David had decided that he was going to stick it out for a while longer. And he was not going to slip back into half measures . . . He either carried on working single-mindedly towards his goal of Broadway success, or he'd chuck the whole thing in and decide on some other career (. . . like suicide!!)

He just was not the type of person to give up. In fact, with a certain single-mindedness, it seemed as though the more failures he met with, the more determined he grew to grind on and prove them all wrong in the end.

BIG CHANCE

So, it was on with the same old routine: Enter David Cassidy . . . Speak approximately three words . . . "Thank you, Mr. Cassidy. We'll call you . . ."

But, of course, they never did. Then came the day when the formula changed. David almost refused to believe his ears! He thought they'd said:

"Thank you, Mr. Cassidy . . . Can you come again tomorrow, same time?"

He didn't even dare reply — in case he had got it wrong and the voice in the darkness of the auditorium hadn't said that at all! So he just forced a smile and nodded (hoping that that combination would cover any situation adequately!) and left stage.

Up to that moment, there had been nothing to distinguish this audition from the hundreds he had attended:

There had been the same huge crowd of people when he'd come into the theatre earlier to register his name on the list . . . the same group of 'regulars' he knew sitting