

through the huge old church until it didn't really even sound like *us* any more!

Of course, it wasn't *all* fun! I've always been a little accident-prone, and when I was a little kid I was *constantly* narrowly escaping getting totally *thrashed* in some way or another. For example, when I was three, my mother tells me I was very curious—you know, always into everything. One day I was watching my mom wash clothes in her old washing machine (the kind with the wringers on top) and it was churning away at my normal three-year-old-boy's accumulation of filthy clothes. I climbed up onto the machine to watch the soapsuds—and the next thing I knew, I fell head first into the churning, soapy water! I didn't even have a chance to scream because my mother instantly grabbed me and pulled me free, before the wringer had a chance to do much damage! I was the most *miserable* little kid you ever saw, with ugly bruises and bumps, but I was alive and safe thanks to my mom's quick action!

HOW I GOT MY SCAR

Still another installment in the hit parade of David Cassidy's injuries happened about a year later. I was on vacation with my parents, just messing around with some friends, and we were playing with these little kid's golf clubs—you know, short little clubs with heads made out of solid lead or something like that. I was all lined up to knock an imaginary ball about thirteen trillion yards down an imaginary fairway when somebody behind me called out "Fore!!" I wasn't exactly a golf pro, and I turned around, asking "What?" The next thing I remember was lying on my back, looking straight up into the eyes of a doctor! I was only looking with *one* eye, though, because the other one was swollen completely shut! One of my little friends had accidentally clubbed me! The doctor said it was a miracle that I wasn't either dead or completely blind, and he told my mom that she should be thankful that I had such a hard head! I had to have several stitches and because it later became infected, it took three months to heal, and I still have a little scar from it over my left eye.

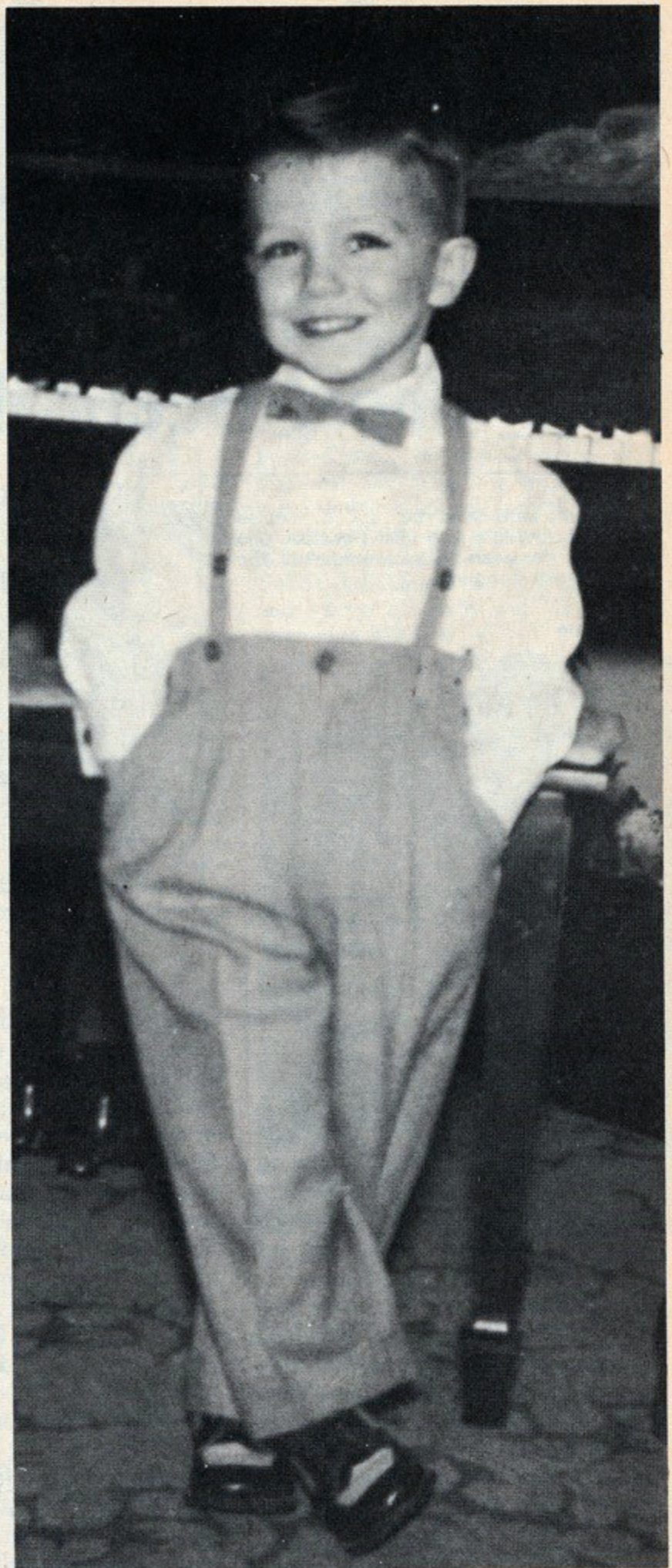
As you can probably guess, golf wasn't really my game, but believe it or not, I played football and baseball practically nonstop! I was one of those scuffy kids you can always find in the middle of the street with holes in his pants and a bat or a ball in his dirty little hand. The kids in New York and New Jersey know how to play rough, and some of the games got a little hairy from time to time! All in all, I had my share of bruises and the usual assortment of injuries from which almost every kid miraculously survives!

MEETING MY FIRST LOVE

But not *all* my life was made up of injuries, sports, and church! There were also two things which were to become very important to me—music and girls! Whenever I had a quiet moment, from about the age of four on—I would either play music on the record-player or phonograph, or I'd go into my room alone and sing. My mom even says that I used to sing myself to sleep sometimes!

As for girls, there was a young lady named Judy whom I met when I was four years old (but learning fast!) and she was probably my first love. I've got to say that I honestly don't remember much about our love affair, but my mom showed me a picture recently, and we were both in it! She was very pretty, too—I guess I developed good taste in girls pretty early in my life!

I guess, all in all, that I was a pretty normal, happy little kid! Like all kids, I thought that things would never change, that my mom and dad and I would just go on forever, laughing and having our special kind of fun! Although my dad was gone on the road a lot, I never worried about whether or not he'd be coming home again—I *knew* that he'd hurry back just as soon as he could!



I LOOKED DAPPER AS CAN BE and happy too when dad recorded this on film. I was 4 years old!

I really had no idea that any of this could change, and so I was completely unable to understand it when some of the older kids on the block began to ask me where my father was all the time. In fact, I never really believed anything was wrong until one single word from my father's lips broke my whole world into pieces! But that's what I'm going to tell you about next month. See you then!