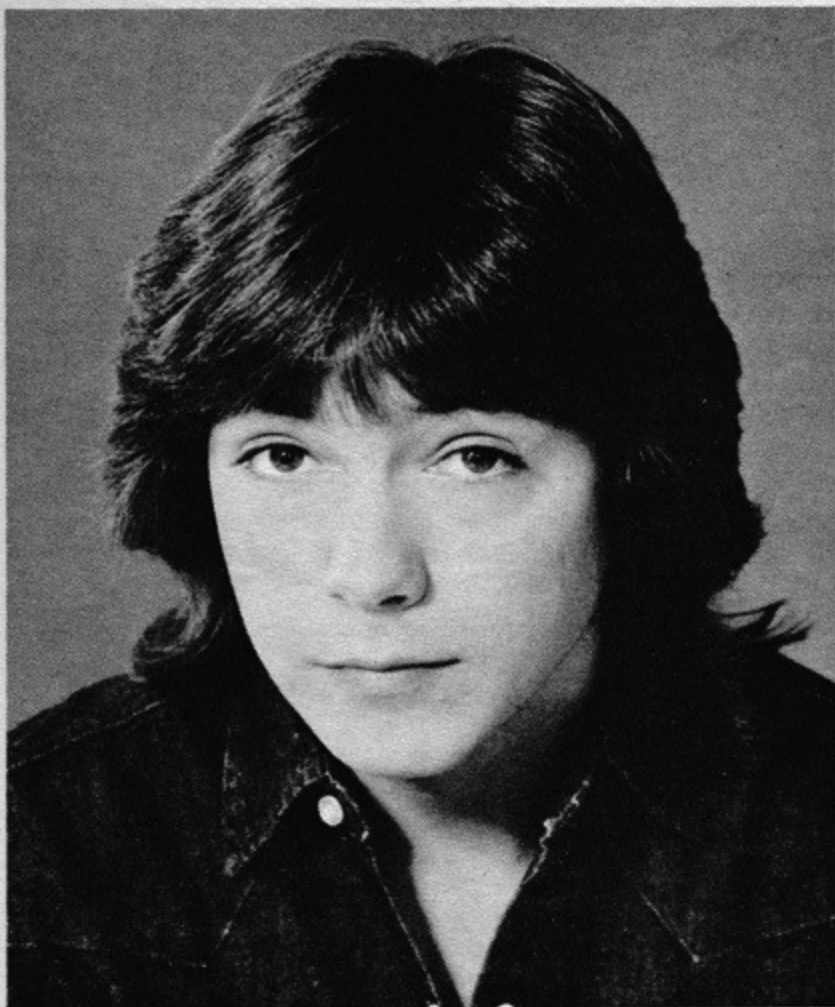


DAVID CASSIDY'S Life Story

CHAPTER SEVEN



SYNOPSIS: The first five chapters of David's life story were written by his mom, actress-singer Evelyn Ward. In them, she recounted David's life from the moment he was born until the time that he got the part of "Keith" in *The Partridge Family* series. But there were some things in David's life that his mom never knew about! In the July issue of 16 — in Chapter Six of David Cassidy's Life Story — David told you about the famous "hula hoop incident". Now join David in another flashback while he reveals the heretofore untold story of what happened to him when he was alone in New York City!!

DAVID'S MUSICAL DEBUT

Because David had grown up in a theatrical family and had — at a very early age — become aware of what the Broadway stage meant in the truly great musical and dramatic tradition, he harbored a secret desire to do a show on Broadway. Of course, as a youngster while growing up in New Jersey, these desires were much more subdued. Then he was much more interested in sports, girls and having fun. Later, when he and his mom moved to Los Angeles, David continued to groove on "just being a boy" — that is, until about his 17th birthday.

It was just after this that David got his first real taste of what it was like to be on the stage. David had been in high

school productions, but when his mom did the musical *And So To Bed* for a Los Angeles civic group, David really ached to get a part in the show. There was a small solo part for a young man to do what is called a "scene changer" — that is, a spot in which one of the members of the cast would perform while the curtains were drawn so the scenery could be changed and the other members of the cast could get into other costumes.

The upshot of David's audition was that he (*one*) got the part and (*two*) after he started to rehearse, his part was enlarged. The musical ran for a couple of weeks and David Bruce Cassidy turned out to be the show-stopper! Every time he did his special singing number, it brought the house down! In fact, it was David's performance in this show that was the clincher as far as David's mom was concerned. "I knew then for sure that my son was destined for a career in show business," she recalls.

When David finished high school at The Rexford School, he had no desire to continue his education — not in the formal sense, that is. "All I wanted to do," David remembers, "was to get to New York City as fast as I could. I had this idea that all my golden opportunities were in New York. I figured it all out — I'd get a job days, go to school nights and make the rounds on my lunch hour. And things worked out just like that — except that it was much, *much* harder than I ever dreamed it could be.

"After looking around for a couple of days, I got a job as a sort of messenger-mail boy for the office of a large textile company in a densely populated *business* area of New York City called "the garment center." The garment center is just a few blocks away from the area called Broadway — where all the big, live musical and dramatic productions are shown. The hustle and bustle of New York was very exciting and, on my lunch hour, I would rush up to 44th Street, walk west on it, then stand around in Shubert's Alley awhile, reading all the billboards about the famous stars — and then I'd go back to my job. I had enrolled for evening dramatic and musical courses, so actually I'd been a pretty busy boy."

"YOU'RE SOME SMART KID —"

"I remember one particular episode I never had the nerve to tell anybody. Maybe it was because it was so silly. Or maybe it was because it made *me* look so silly. Anyway, my boss at the textile place had this big, super-huge, ultra-modern, brand new Cadillac — and every morning he'd drive up in front of the building where the office was. I'd be waiting at the curb. He'd get out of the Cadillac — and I'd get in the Cadillac and drive it to his parking garage.

"One day I drove up to the parking garage and there were a couple of cars ahead of me, waiting in line to get in. I tooted the horn, just so they'd know I was there — but, alas, the cat who was handing out the tickets took it the wrong way. From two cars away, I could see this really *tall*, really *big*, really *strong*, really *sinister*-looking cat giving me — and the textile manufacturer's glossy, expensive car — a *very careful*, *ice cold once-over*! I thought, *He's trying to be tough with me. Like, I know what he's thinking. He thinks 'What's that cat doing in the great, big car?' Well, I'll fix him. I'll pretend it's my car! I'll show him I can be tough too!*"

As the other cars pulled away, it was David's turn to get a parking garage ticket and turn the keys over to — alas, the sinister-looking cat!

"I switched off the ignition, took the keys out, opened the door — and swung out of the car, trying to look as cool and nonchalant as possible. But, believe me, I couldn't out-cool this cat! *Very slowly*, he drew a ticket out of his pocket — man, almost like it was a switchblade knife! He put the ticket in my hand, took the keys from me *very slowly*, gave me a really evil, smirk-type smile and said, 'You're *some* smart kid, aren'tcha?' I just stuck my nose up in the air and walked away. I guess after being a nobody in New York for awhile, it was kind of nice to imagine that *somebody* thought I was a *somebody!*"

The one thing David had forgotten was — what was going to happen at the *end* of the day?! You see, another one of David's duties at the textile company office was to — at the end of each

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