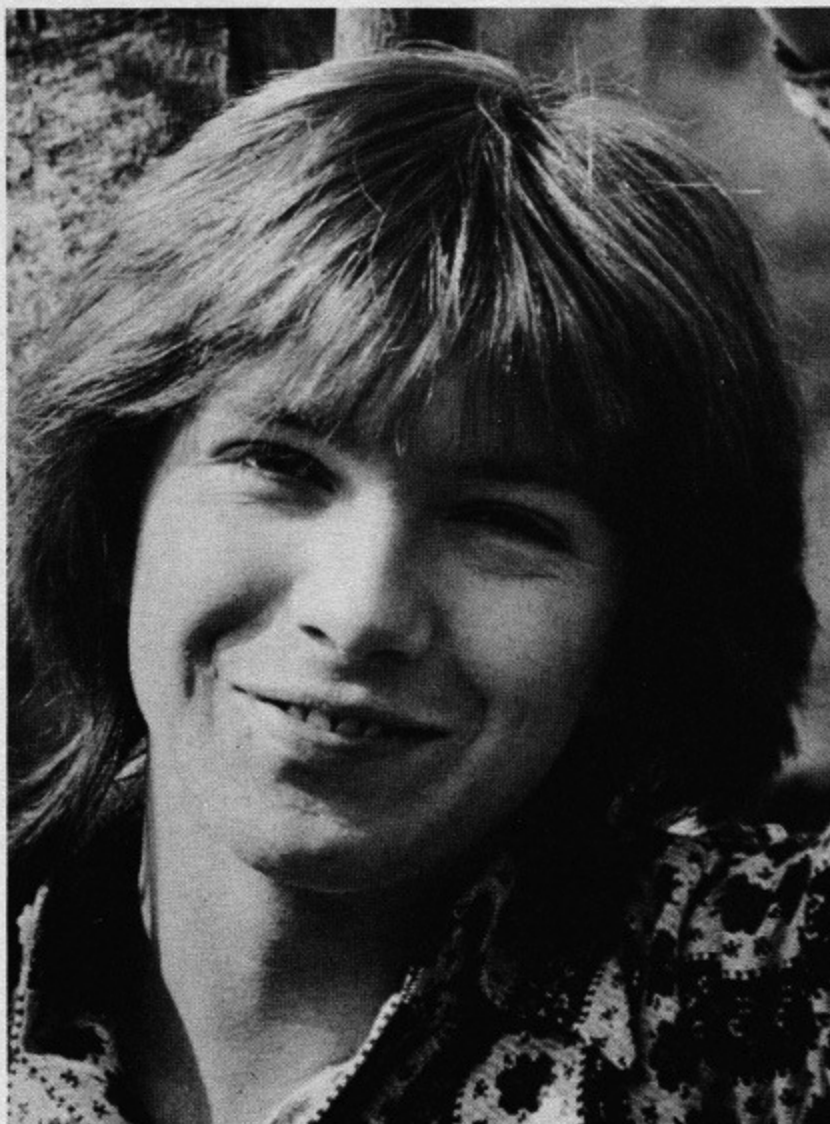


DAVID CASSIDY'S Life Story

CHAPTER SIX



SYNOPSIS: The previous 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 are some things in the story of David's life that his mom doesn't know about! Now—from David's point of view—let's look back and see what his "life story" was like by letting him tell some of his most unforgettable memories!

"THE WHITE CROSS"

When David was about eight years old, hula hoops were the absolute rage. Every kid in America—and some adults too!—had a hula hoop and stood around rotating their mid-sections madly while their gaily-colored hoop swirled about them. But there was one little kid—in West Orange, New Jersey—who, for some reason, did *not* have a hula hoop.

"It's so funny," David says, looking back now, "but I just *had* to get myself a hula hoop! I actually cannot remember why my mom didn't get me one, because she usually gave me the things that I really wanted badly—especially if it was something inexpensive and something *everybody* had.

"Well, anyway, my mom wasn't at home and I was sitting around sulking, trying to figure out *how* to get a hula hoop. I had saved some money in a penny bank, but it wasn't nearly enough to get what I wanted. As I sat around trying to figure out what to do, I suddenly had this bright idea. I had seen little Red Cross donation 'banks' on drug store counters and places like that. So I decided I would start my own 'charity' organization!"

The upshot of it was that David went into his mom's kitchen, rifled through the cupboard and finally found an empty jar. He took the lid off, rinsed the jar out, put the lid back on, took a knife and a hammer, and carefully made a "coin slit" in the top of the jar!

"Then I got two pieces of white paper—or maybe it was adhesive tape—and I pasted them in the shape of a cross on the front of the jar. There it was—my very own White Cross charity! However, I couldn't think of what to do to make people put money in the jar. Then I suddenly remembered a movie I had seen in which this guy pretended he was down and out with a lame leg in order to evoke pity when he went begging in the day. *Ah, ha!* I thought—*his scheme worked for him—I think I'll try it out!*"

So down the street went David Bruce Cassidy, limping and carrying his jar. Of course, there really wasn't anywhere David could go, for in the West Orange community he lived in, *everybody* knew *everybody* else. But David was a nervy kid and when he wanted something—well (as his mom said before), "*Nothing could stop David!*"

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS

"I don't know what possessed me," David laughingly recalls, "for I went right up on the porch of a lady three or four doors away who couldn't help but know who I was. I knocked on her door. She peeked out and, before she could say something like, 'Hi, David—what do you want?' I now, get this—*disguised* my voice, trying to sound like some grubby old man, and said, 'Good afternoon, Miss. Would you like to contribute to the White Cross?'"

"The lady looked me up and down, absolutely stunned—no, *aghast* would be more like it. Finally she said, 'David Cassidy, what's wrong with you'—and before I could answer, she slammed the door in my face! *Oh, shoot,* I thought. But, undiscouraged, I trampled—or should I say limped?—on, shaking my White Cross jar and trying to look as pitiful as possible."

By the time David had finished his "rounds," he had collected a big fat seven cents! He went home, emptied his jar, combined his ill-gotten income with his savings, and came up with something very close to 36 cents. David's banking "work" was interrupted by the phone. He hurried to answer its ring, and found that his mom was calling from the city to say that she was on her way home and did the household need anything? Visions of a hula hoop went dancing through David's head. He blinked his eyes a couple of times and said, "Yep, Mom—there *is* something we need out here."

"What's that?" David's mother asked.

"Er—ah, well—we need a *hula hoop!* Could you bring a hula hoop, Mom?"

"You need a *what?*"

"A *hula hoop,* Mom!" David suddenly heard himself shouting. "We need a *hula hoop!*"

Suddenly peals of soft laughter greeted David from the other end of the phone. "Oh, David—I think I understand what you mean," his mom said. "Yes, I think it's very clear."

That night, when David's mom arrived home, she did *indeed* bring him a hula hoop. But she never found out what David had done that afternoon, for David was too embarrassed and ashamed to tell her about his solicitations for the White Cross! David just dropped his savings and the extra seven cents into his savings bank, got rid of his White Cross charity jar and never mentioned the episode. That is, not until he decided to tell *you!*

There is another interval in David's life he has never told anyone about. Be sure to get the August issue of 16 Magazine—on sale June 22—and find out, in Chapter Seven of David Cassidy's Life Story, what happened to David when he was alone in New York City!!