

MY SON—DAVID

by **EVELYN WARD**

CHAPTER TWO

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16 is proud and pleased to introduce you to a lovely woman and fine actress, Evelyn Ward, who also happens to be the mother of America's fastest rising singer-actor-teen-dream — David Cassidy! When Evelyn (Ward is her maiden name and she has used it in her professional and private life since she and Jack Cassidy — David's dad — were divorced some 15 years ago) first held her baby David in her arms on April 12, 1950, little did she dream that he would one day — with his singing and acting — capture the hearts of the teenagers of America. Of course, she is delighted with this turn of events. But the real story of David Cassidy began a little over 20 years ago, and nobody in the whole world — including David himself — knows it better and can tell it better than David's mom.



LAST MONTH, in Chapter One of *My Son—David* in the February issue of 16, I took you from the time of David's birth until he was about three and one half years old. It was when David was three and one half that he started singing himself to sleep (a habit which he clung to for many years). Well, that's not *all* the singing David did. He also used his beautiful young voice to wake people up—but that's getting ahead of my story! Let's take David's life one step at a time—and that includes the bad with the good.

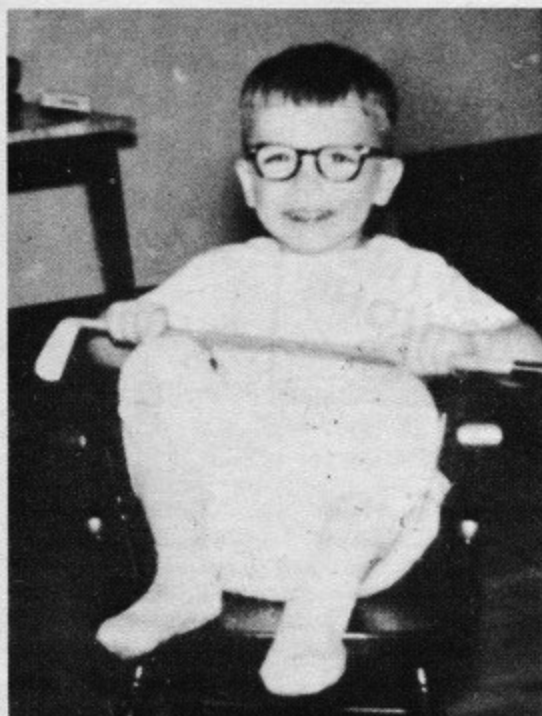
DAVID'S EYEGLASSES

Except for a case of the measles, when he was one year old (and the mumps later, when he was six), David didn't have any serious childhood illnesses. However, when David was three, I noticed that he seemed to have trouble focusing on certain things. I can't remember what specific incident

called my attention to this, but after observing David for a few days I decided to take him to an eye doctor—just in case. After a thorough eye examination and some tests, the doctor told me that David had certain weak eye muscles. He explained that this was a common childhood condition and that there were corrective lenses which would strengthen the weak muscles by keeping the strong muscles from doing all the work. The eye doctor gave me some eye exercises and a prescription, and David and I went to get his glasses.

From the first, David took to the idea of wearing glasses. Together, we picked out some tortoise shell frames—the shape and size that *he* liked. And after his glasses were made up, it didn't take long to get David into the habit of wearing them. (David wore these glasses on and off for two years. Just before he was five years old, he was able to discard them—and he doesn't wear glasses to this day.)

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At three and one half, David — wearing his "corrective" glasses—holds the infamous weapon of the "golf club incident".



David and his mom at Belmor Beach in New Jersey. David is wearing the St. Christopher's medal his grandmother had just given him.



Here's David with his pal and neighbor Hal—in happier days! Shortly after this, Hal accidentally "clobbered" David with the golf club!