

DAVID's sitting cross-legged opposite you, leaning against the rail of the balcony of his house. His hazel eyes are serious and intense as he talks about his life and the things that mean the most to him. Now and then, though, he smiles a great big smile as he remembers some funny moment or joke he just has to share with you.

And as you ask your questions and listen to his answers, you find yourself hearing some things you never expected. As much as you thought you knew David, you're in for some real surprises. There are some big secrets he's been keeping. And now that he's finally letting you in on them, you almost can't believe your ears!

HIS SHOW BUSINESS START

Obviously, David's a very talented and dedicated young man, so you'd expect to find that he's been interested in music and acting for some time. This is especially so since David's father is actor and singer Jack Cassidy, and both his mother, Evelyn Ward, and his step-mother, Shirley Jones, are actresses. But it's quite a surprise to learn that David's known he wanted to be an entertainer ever since he was three years old!

"It was a long, long time ago," David says. "I saw my father on stage and picked up on it. I used to go around the house all the time singing. I'd even sing my way through highs and lows."

From the very beginning music was something special to David. "I used to sing myself to sleep at night, which is rather a strange thing," he says. "People can't really understand that."

DAVID'S LULLABY

Does David remember the song he used to sing to put himself to sleep?

"Very well," he smiles. "It was a solo I sang at a pageant at church. It was 'Silent Night' in a falsetto voice." He smiles and adds, "I was the one they always used to choose as the soloist. It was a real ego-builder."

HIS BIGGEST FAULT

He has some ego-deflators, too, in the form of personal faults—or things, at least, he seems to think are faults. You might be surprised to hear that David says, for example, "I'm messy," when David's house actually seems fairly neat for a place filled with so many things.

But David himself doesn't think so. He runs his finger over a spec of dust on his record player and makes a face. "I'm so sorry the place is such a mess," he says. "I just never get any time to clean it these days."

DAVID'S FEAR

There's almost nothing David's really afraid of, but there is one little thing. Sometimes he's kind-of afraid of heights. That doesn't mean he minds being up in a tall building or won't climb a mountain—far from it. What it does mean is that when David is on a high place, for instance, the balcony of his own porch, which has just a weak wooden fence or railing around it, he isn't about to do any of those show-offy acrobatics some boys like to do. David knows that no matter how good someone thinks he is at things like that, there's a danger of getting hurt. And showing off isn't worth that risk.

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