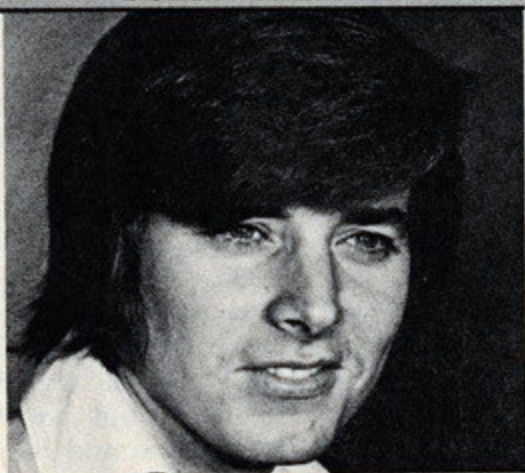


# My Favorite Summer Memories!

CONTINUED

**BOBBY SHERMAN**



I've had lots of wonderful summers but I can't say that I've enjoyed a summer more than the one that's happening right now! Believe me, meeting all my fans—really friends—is the grooviest thing that's ever crossed my path. I love going to a small town where I've never been before and walking down the main street and maybe going in to a drug store to buy a magazine and having someone come up and introduce themselves! I like talking to all my friends and finding out what they do for hobbies or entertainment or in school. You just wouldn't believe how the U.S.A. differs from one end of the country to the other! Then too, I've discovered that my friends all have several great qualities in common. Everyone wants peace and love—and that's outasite! This is really my grooviest summer yet!

**DAVID CASSIDY**



My best summer memory? I'd have to say last year. That's when I moved into Laurel Canyon and met the truly beautiful people that are my friends now. You've heard about the Canyon in a lot of songs, I know, but you probably can't imagine what's so beautiful about it. It's not the nicest place you've ever been—it's the attitude of

the people who are there! Before, I'd worried a lot about material things and making an impression on people. Now I live in a small house, a Canyon place. I've got a mattress on the floor, covered with an Indian bedspread, and it serves as my couch too. I don't have a lot of things but I've got my friends, my dog, and my Canyon. I don't think I need anything more. Summer in the Canyon is the most beautiful time. I want to save up my Canyon memories to last me the rest of my life.

**JACK WILD**



Just imagine living in places where the highest temperature is 75 degrees on a hot day! Now you can see why I positively flipped out last summer when I arrived in sunny Southern California. Believe me, the swimming pool-barbecue life was always something I'd read about and never thought really happened—and suddenly, there I was, living night and day in a swim suit, eating hamburgers, hot dogs and barbecued chicken from the Krofts' big grill. I remember the first time someone told me to try a hot dog—I think it was Marty Kroft. Anyhow, I thought everyone was practically crazy. I kept asking, "What's in a hot dog?" and everyone would just shrug their shoulders and say, "Just eat it, you'll like it!" Well, the whole idea of a long, skinny bit of pork or beef sounded kind of strange, especially when I was told to slap it into a funny looking roll and splash mustard on it. Despite my misgivings, I tried your crazy hot dogs—and now I love them! And I love the memory of my first California summer!

**MARK LINDSAY**

Cassius the Cat was cute and cozy and a big cad. He was a huge, furry black cat that Terry Melcher and I owned (or did Cassius own us?) one summer when we lived in the house where later the awful Sharon Tate murders took place. I don't think about that, however. I just think about how I spent that summer sitting around in cut off Levis, no shirt and sang and wrote songs with Terry. I'd get up in the morning and sit down to a colossal breakfast fixed by Leslie, our house-



keeper, and I'd walk into the living room and there would be Terry and Cassius—both of them sitting at the piano, composing a song. Now a cat doesn't usually consider himself a musical star... except Cassius! He'd keep just one step ahead of Terry's fingers, running up and down the little ledge just above the keyboard. If he heard something he didn't like, he'd jump off the ledge and onto the keys, making the sound he thought sounded best. Cassius became father to about a hundred kittens that summer, at least it seemed so, and it must have been too much for him. He left about September! Maybe to make it on his own as a solo act?

**LEN WHITING**

I'd never been a popular person with people my age until one summer when I was 13. I was feeling kind of awkward that year. It seems like my arms and legs would grow, but not the rest of me, then my body would pull a switch and it would be the other way around. I must have tripped over every couch owned by my parents' friends—I was so clumsy with growing! But that summer I went to the sea shore a lot by myself—and one day, sitting on the sand, I saw a girl. Her name was Barbara and she had long brown hair and exciting green eyes. I watched her every day for ages and finally I got up the nerve to say "hello." I thought she'd laugh at me but she didn't. I became braver and braver with her and towards the end of the summer we were going steady. I used to worry a lot about who I was and what I was and Barbara taught me two things: first, she taught me the meaning of love, for she was my first love. And secondly, when I would worry outloud about one person or another not liking me, she'd say, "Len, just be yourself. They'll like you." I've never seen her after that, but she taught me the meaning of being true to myself. It was a glorious summer!

