

# DAVID

*This is it!*

The only exclusive column written personally by David's best friend and roommate Sam Hyman. Here you'll read about the REAL David from one who knows him better than anyone else! Sam will be telling you intimate secrets about what it's like to live with David. So, be here every month for all his exciting stories!



ello again! I want you to know that this is the second time I've written this particular chapter of our continuing saga! And I'm barely making my deadline, because the first try got lost!

Now normally, David and I aren't the most organized people in the world. We have a way of kind of letting things go until there's no telling where anything is! Sooner or later there's something that one of us really needs, and that's when we clean house.

But I've been very good about the things I'm writing for you. I've got a folder where I keep every one of them, and all the things David and I think of to include in the next one, and I've never before lost so much as a page! And that's pretty good, considering that



**DAVID SHOWERS** every morning before going to the studio. He doesn't usually eat much breakfast.



**ABOUT THE FUTURE**, David is planning an English concert tour in late summer, a big fall TV special & more single recordings like "How Can I Be Sure."

I can't find my driver's license most of the time!

But this chapter got lost, and there's a good reason. David's getting the house together!

## MADMAN

He's been working like a madman, trying to use every available moment before he goes back to work filming **Partridge**. The hammering starts at like seven-thirty in the morning, and I haven't had a good night's sleep since he got back from Europe!

Even now, while I'm rewriting this, he's stalking around the living room with a hammer in his hand, a glint in his eye, and about sixty nails in his mouth. The clothes he's wearing are covered with paint, there's paint in his hair, and he's got bandages on both hands from hitting them with hammers, cutting them on glass, pinching them in doors, and so forth. He looks like a one-man wrecking crew. Every time I ask how I can help, he sort of wraps his mouth around the nails and says something that sounds like "Mpphthrz donchers!"

I have this terrible feeling that my first copy of this story is under the new carpet in the living room! The last time I saw it, it was sitting in the center of the floor, where I had been proofreading it (I don't just knock these things off in fifteen minutes, even

if they do sound like it) and the next time I came into the room, there was a beautiful new carpet covering the entire floor!

## STUBBORN MAN

David took a typically stubborn attitude when I told him he'd have to rip up all his carpeting so I could look for my pages. "The rug stays," he said, and he drove an extra nail into its edge to prove his point. I make it a point never to argue with a man who's holding a hammer, so here I am, typing again!

But he's really done a lot to the house. He's painted and carpeted and found a lot of great, funky furniture that looks pretty nice, but we still don't have to walk around on tiptoes to keep from marking any of it! Neither of us could stand to live in the kind of house where the living room is a museum that no one ever sits in—but on the other hand, the stuff we had was pretty awful. Probably neither of us would have ever given it a thought, but a guest said our living room looked like a veterinarian's waiting-room, and that did it!

So David's found a kind of compromise. The couch is something you can actually look at without getting an upset stomach—but it's also tough enough that you can sort of launch yourself at it from the center of the