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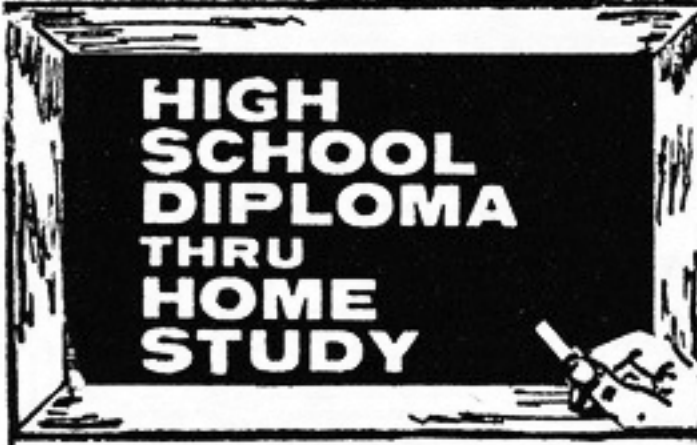
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I suddenly heard the pitter-patter of little feet, but as they drew closer, I began to realize that they weren't so little and that there were sixteen of them! Then from a room off the kitchen appeared four of the biggest dogs I've ever seen! They were all over everything and everyone. During the course of the interview, well, it was actually a friendly discussion, for I've known Sam and worked with him for some time, a girl, who I presumed was one of Sam's girlfriends, entered and sat on a chopping bench in the kitchen. The dogs apparently knew her and were all over her, Sam, and myself.

"Oh, don't mind them, I'm minding three of them for a friend. This one (pointing to a rather large black dog with salt and pepper fur) is Willy—he's mine. And by the way, this is Claudia (referring to the pretty blonde girl who had silently made herself at home).

"Actually, Tony, being aware of the problems that being David's roommate might cause prevented a lot of the hardships and grief I might have had, and I probably wouldn't have the business I have today. When David first started, I saw the advantages of being enterprising with his career and put a great deal of work and know-how into what has become a major business today. When his career first took off, we weren't protective until we realized that when you're a public celebrity and have a public image, you have to protect yourself from the public, believe it or not.

"It's a strain living with David. He's away in Europe, and a good deal of the pressure is off in his absence. I have to be extra careful not to give my phone number to just anyone. By living a secluded life, I am hindering my social life. I can't bring strangers home—like if I meet some really great people at a party or the studio. In Los Angeles, there are still a great many people who don't connect me with David and don't know I room with him. In those cases, I can bring someone home, but I have to be pretty sure, they won't go completely bananas if David should be home . . . and that's most of the time he's not working. I've been fortunate to have known the girls I date well enough before I brought them home and by chance let them meet David.

"I live with David, in a house for which I pay a share of the rent. I pay the same price a famous person would, but without the rewards of fame. I've had people, especially interviewers, become my friend just to get close to David. He and I are aware of this and try to handle the situation before it gets too far.

"I find the simplest question, like 'What do you do for a living Sam,' to which I answer, 'Oh, I merchandise David Cassidy's concert package,' leads to a half hour on David. I used to resent it, but now I respect his talent, and it doesn't bother me anymore.

"It's unfortunate for David because he can't enjoy the many articles written about him or appreciate the pictures taken of him. It's understandable because he'll do all his interviews in a two-week period, one every hour, say maybe ten a day and the same with pictures. He gets tired answering the same questions and posing for an endless amount of photos—so much so, that when it comes time to approve the

stories and pictures, he's bored with them and just wants to get the task over, so he can do something he really enjoys.

"This new house we live in is pretty great. David lives in the main house, and I, in what was a big guest house. It once was a garage that got converted, but it's got a kitchen and all the facilities of home. I now have my own private phone, so I can give out my number whenever and to whomever I wish. We have a house line that we share, and David has his own private line. If someone calls on the house line and I answer it, a call for David, I have to call him on his private line, from my private phone or else run all the way to the main house."

I could understand the situation completely as I recalled the day I had called to invite Sam to our Christmas party. I had thought David had left for Europe already, and I called on the house line. Sam wasn't home, and it took me a minute before I realized that it was David Cassidy on the other end of the line. I hadn't been prepared to talk with him and it caught me off guard. I naturally invited him to my party, but it kind of shook me up and Sam interjected that this story was a perfect example of what one of his problems is.

"Fortunately, too, we have never crossed into each other's dating territories. David and I don't really dig the Hollywood party scene, so we stay home a lot and have friends over.

"There are two incidents that come to mind immediately that illustrate how being David's roommate and close friend have been dangerous. In Los Angeles, I rarely get stopped for an autograph because I'm David's roommate, and I can move about as freely as I wish. But on the road, going to a town that has been hyped up on David Cassidy, I'm usually mobbed and easily spotted. In Cleveland, where he was doing a concert, I found myself cornered by about 400 people. I was leaning against a bannister, signing autographs, and I had signed so many, I began to break into a sweat. I had the crowd in front of me and a fifty-foot drop behind me—there was nowhere to go. I just couldn't sign anymore, and I started to try to clear a path out. Girls began pushing; then everyone began to push. I saw a policeman and yelled for help, but it took five of them to pull me out and get me to safety. I was shaken up, and horrified by the whole affair.

"I remember another time when I pulled up to a backstage entrance in a big black car, and as I got out, I was in the car by myself, a fan mistook me for Tom Jones and yelled, 'There's Tom Jones. The mob of hundreds of fans began to advance on me and for fifty seconds, I knew what it feels like to be a super star.

"There are a million funny stories of things that happen on the road. Once there was a period of time when David would have a towel around his neck and wipe the sweat from his brow. The fans always screamed for the towel, but David rarely listened to them. However, once, he decided to throw the towel into the audience, and the results were surprising. I was sitting in one of the back rows and when David threw the towel in, the mad grab began and one fan did manage to secure it. What David never thought of was that on