



living with David



by his friend **SAM HYMAN**



WANT TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO DAVID—EVEN THE PERSONAL, INTIMATE THINGS? HIS FRIEND AND ROOMMATE SAM HYMAN KNOWS ALL & TELLS ALL EVERY MONTH!

Debbie Zuckerman, look out. We don't know where you live, we don't know how old you are, we don't know how you got our address. But wherever you are, we owe you one.

I suppose you meant to do us a favor. I suppose you thought it was a nice idea, sending us that letter. Well, if you're reading this, allow me to correct that impression. That letter has brought on the greatest series of catastrophes since Noah noticed it was cloudy.

It all began on what seemed like a bright, innocent, sunny Southern California Saturday morning. David had the day off, and he had planned a thrill-packed schedule of events that included such cliff-hangers as going down to get the mail, sitting on the couch, turning over a record from time to time, eating whatever was small enough to put in his mouth without having to waste any strength breaking it... just a typical David Cassidy rest and relaxation day.

Unfortunately, the schedule never progressed any further than Step Number One, which, for those of you who weren't paying attention during the last paragraph, was the new Olympic event called Getting The Mail.

CHECKING THE SKY

Now usually I get the mail because David's off slaving in the Dream Factory, but on his off-days I let him do it because it's the most excitement, and—except for an occasional sneeze—the most exercise he gets all day.

He can make a great production out of it, too, what with a little incidental bird-watching on the way down, check-



DEBBIE ZUCKERMAN, are you one of these girls? This may just be a picture of some girls at a concert, but right now David and I are looking for one girl in particular! Chain letters! They're a terrible thing to send to anybody! **YIKES!** We'll get even with her one of these days—(ha ha ha!).

ing the sky for rain, counting dandelions in the lawn, stepping on an occasional sticker-bush, and so forth.

Except for thinking about breakfast, it's the thing he likes to do best.

But on this particular Saturday, he was back up to the house in record time, with a white, torn envelope in his hand and a dismayed expression on his face. In his other hand was a letter which he waved at me as though it was his pet flag and it had died.

I said the first thing that leapt into my mind: "You've been drafted." He sank down on the couch and handed me the letter. "It's all right," I said, "the girls will probably think you're cute in a uniform. Of course, the hair

will have to go and the whole world will know you've only got one ear, but that won't hurt anything. Look at Vincent Van Gogh, he was a hit."

"Read it," David said. I did, and this is what it said.

"Congratulations.

This letter will bring good luck to those who take care to pass it on. It has been around the world thirty times, leaving thousands of people better off. If you do not break the chain, great good fortune will come to you within a month."

It went on for another two semi-grammatical paragraphs, to the general effect that what we were supposed to do was mail the letter to twenty friends