



Living With David

By His Best Friend Sam Hyman

What's happening with David and

Sam?" I'll bet you're asking yourself as you turn to this page. "I wonder what interesting and unusual things have been happening to THEM lately. I'll bet good old Sam has lots of fascinating anecdotes about life in exciting old Hollywood!"

Nope.

In answer to the first question, "what's happening, etc?" I need only one word. Nothing.

Nothing is happening. It's raining, and that's the biggest excitement we've had this week. David is taking a short break from filming, and he's spent most of it on his bed, looking up at the ceiling and moving his lips as though he's talking—but he's not saying a word.

A WEARY GLANCE

I asked him what he was doing, and he looked at me with an infinitely weary glance, as if I'd asked him to carry a bag of cement up onto the roof, and he said "I'm reciting lines."

"What lines?" I asked, "you're not even shooting this week."

He looked at me as if I was stupid. "Last week's lines, of course," he said.

"Oh," I said. I knew it would be no good to ask him why he was reciting last week's lines, and besides, I already knew. When David gets bored, he goes stark, staring crazy.

He didn't use to be this way (is that right? It sounds right when you say it, but it sure looks weird) but in the past year, there's been a slow, but amazing change.

Once upon a time, David Cassidy was one of the five great time-killers of the Western World. He could kill an afternoon, or a whole week for that matter, with no more effort than he devoted to growing his hair.

One of the great cloud-picture recognizers of all time, one of the finest four-leaf clover searchers in modern



HERE'S DAVID SPENDING A LITTLE time with the newest addition to our family, Bull's Eye! He's an Irish Setter and even though David got him when he was just several weeks old—he's a monster now! We all love him!

history, one of the few Olympic-quality thumb-twiddlers I've ever known... David was a championship loafer! He could move slower than a vegetable!

SOME TIME OFF

All I heard during the first year of "Partridge" and all the other madness was "Wait until I get some time off. I'm going to sleep for a week... or go to Big Sur and stare at stars... or go surfing (choose one) skiing, driving, hiking, or whatever." And when a break finally did come around, he would take off and be just as good at wasting time as he was in high-school!

But for two years, sometimes eighteen hours a day, he's been working—acting, performing, recording, rehearsing, touring, writing, posing for photos, being interviewed, improving his guitar-work... and he's gradually gotten used to the pace!

Now he doesn't collapse like a house of cards the minute he comes in the door—he sits down and picks up his

guitar to do some work—either writing a song or learning a new picking style. He even does two things at once, now, and I can remember when he couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time without either falling down or biting his tongue! But he plays his new chord progressions on the guitar while he learns his lines!

He sits there on the living room couch, with his script in front of him, held open on a music-stand, and memorizes it while he strums away! In fact, that's the best he ever plays—although he gets upset when I say so!

DREAM COME TRUE

A couple of months ago, as you probably know by now, David made a long-term dream of his come true by buying a house in Hawaii. It was going to be his hideaway, a place where he could go whenever he had some time off, to wander on the beaches and climb through the rain forest, just feeling relaxed and a part of nature. It's really