



# THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY

## PART 24

It didn't take David and Sam long to get their new home looking . . . well, 'colourful'. But, after his first few experiments in the interior decorating line, David soon decided that it was very lucky that he'd got other ambitions in life. Because, as he figured it, he certainly wasn't cut out for the painting and wall-papering role!

"I could disguise a wall pretty well," he laughs. "You'd never recognise it for the same room once I'd been let loose in it! But you could hardly call it 'painting'. Now Sam was a different case altogether . . . He'd really gotten a talent for that sort of thing and his room ended up looking as though he'd paid a bomb for a professional to do it. "The only thing mine had in common was that it looked like a bomb had hit it!"

David could never really work out how you avoided splodges, drips and brush marks. But he looked at the whole matter philosophically . . . After all, they made his room look a bit different — and he could always hang a picture or something over the worst splodges!

Furniture was altogether a much bigger problem. It wasn't so much a question of hiding it as stretching it enough to make it look as though they'd got any at all! The few bits and pieces that had looked such a lot when they'd been crammed into the back of the car looked frighteningly sparse when they came to be spread around!

So David and Sam set themselves to lay hands on more furniture. And in no time at all they'd cheered the place up with several chairs and a couple of coffee tables.

Admittedly, the chairs were empty

orange crates and the coffee tables had once seen the world as coke boxes! But what did Sam, David and their friends care about that? At least it was a whole lot better than having a house full of fresh air and empty spaces. Pride of place was given to their 'table' made out of a massive spool; that was the focal point in their living room!

Still, it was home, and they were happy. In fact, after living in the comfort of their parents' homes till now, they rather enjoyed this tone of hippie improvisation:

"It seemed to *prove* to us that we were really independent," David remembers, "and I'll bet that we wouldn't have felt half so good if we'd both been earning pay cheques big enough to furnish a mansion!"

## LOOKING BACK

Sam agrees with David that those early times are great to look back on. But they both reckon that they were certainly ready for the break to come when it did:

"It's okay living from day to day for a while when you're young," is David's opinion, "but there gets to be a point when it's nice to *know* that you're gonna be able to pay next month's rent, that there'll be no problems about eating next day and that you can take a chick to the movies without it breaking you for the rest of the week!"

Food certainly posed a challenge in their Ridgemoor Drive pad . . . You see, neither David nor Sam had ever really needed to cook before, so neither of them had the first clue about it! They never actually went without food, but the menu was evidently severely limited!

"We had an oven and hotplates," David recalls, "but it was only ever used