



THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY

PART 45

There are very few people who could say that *everything* goes right in their lives.

And David isn't one of them.

Of course, he's always the first to tell you about the many great moments he's had. But, even in the best and brightest spells, there's always been something that's happened to bring him down to earth with a bang.

It was the same when he'd moved into his superb new house in Hollywood Hills.

At that time he was just beginning to feel the full extent of his success as a TV star and recording artist. . . . He was really thrilled about that. And, on top of it all, he'd found a secluded dream house where he could hope for some degree of privacy.

PERSONALITIES

He and Sam had rented the place fully furnished, so they didn't have too much chance to stamp their own personalities on it. But that didn't matter, 'cos it seemed like the owner had simply got there first. Their new home had precisely the mixture of style and informality that David would have chosen if he'd designed it himself.

Along with the basic comfort and simplicity, there were quite a few beautiful and expensive 'extras'. But David felt that he was in a position to afford these now, so he didn't feel too extravagant about them:

"We'd made do with coke crates for long enough," he told me with a smile. "I reckon we were due for something with a little more style!"

The walls were lined with paintings . . . almost solidly in some of the rooms, but with enough space left free for the colour TV set!

David had bought that so he could watch The Partridge Family as it was made to be watched—in colour. And it gave him some very valuable relaxation when he was able to be at home evenings to watch some other programmes.

"It was like a real treat for me," David explained. "I got so little spare time that I hardly saw anyone else's work, so I'd kinda lose touch. And I used to really look forward to flopping in front of the TV now and again."

But evidently somebody decided that David didn't really need his TV after all. 'Cos, only a short while after he'd settled in, it was stolen!

The thieves were never traced, and David will never know if they were aware of whose house they were burgling, or if they just happened to pick on him by accident.

As it was, along with the TV, he lost several other things . . . small, semi-valuable things, some of which had been given to him as presents.

They even walked off with some of his clothes!

David reckoned that pointed to one of two possibilities. . . . Either the thieves did know who he was and were stealing his things for that reason. Or, as he put it himself, "It kinda looked like the men we were after must be pretty well my size; same shoe size, the lot! In fact, after I'd gotten over the shock, I used to wonder whether the guy stopped to try the things on, or if he'd just taken a chance they'd fit!"

At the time, however, David couldn't look at the matter so cheerfully. The whole episode depressed him, and strengthened his growing fears that he would never really find the privacy.