

THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY

PART 52

Towards the end of 1971, which had been a perfect combination of good and bad, two things happened, very close together, which more or less summed up the year for David.

The loneliness of David's first years in Hollywood, imposed on him by the long hours that were needed for shooting *The Partridge Family*, hadn't been especially pleasant for him.

True, he was working steadily, and he certainly made more money than he'd ever dreamed of before. But even so, David was missing the companionship that he had had for so long. He missed seeing Sam each night, he missed being able to go out and see his mother when he felt like it, and he missed all his friends as well.

ONE FRIEND

There was only one friend that David could really count on—his dog Sam.

Regardless of how late he worked, David could count on seeing the canine Sam greeting him as he came in the door.

Tail wagging, mouth open, and tongue hanging out, Sam would bound up to David and give him an affectionate and much appreciated "Hello", as only favourite pets can do.

And you can bet it was welcome.

The autumn of 1971 changed all that. Sam died the end of September.

It was a big shock for David. He had come to count on that cheerful, happy dog more than he had realised. And now, he was gone.

It would have been bad enough if Sam had shown some signs of illness, then been ill, and died as a result of something that couldn't have been prevented.

But sadly enough, Sam died from wounds

which he received in a dog fight.

At first, it hadn't looked serious. After all, dogs get into fights all the time. Even though stitches are something that require a bit more attention than the normal scrapes that dogs are likely to get into, it's still not unusual for a dog to come into some fairly serious mischief in their early years.

Some dogs are prepared for it, but not Sam. Sam was, well, I guess you would have to explain it by simply saying that Sam was David's dog.

Sam was innocent, gentle, and not at all prepared for the kind of fight he might find on the streets of Los Angeles.

I know that I don't need to tell you that there are some people who own dogs and treat them very badly. As a result, the dogs often end up afraid, and sometimes they are even vicious.

It was just such a dog that Sam stumbled into. Even though David rushed Sam to the vet, and it appeared that Sam was going to be alright, David found Sam dead in the living room of his house.

The sadness and guilt he felt were overwhelming. Even though David was absolutely not responsible for Sam's death in any way, he still tortured himself with guilt.

He couldn't help wondering if, some how, some way, he couldn't have stopped Sam's tragic death. Even though death was inevitable, David wondered if it wouldn't have been possible to prevent some of the suffering that Sam must have gone through in his last days on earth. Still, all things must pass. Eventually, David began to realise that there was no use crying over spilt milk. What was done was done, and no one could undo it.

That's when one of David's great loves began to appear in his life.

David made his first visit to Hawaii in the autumn of 1971. He was entitled to two free

