

# The David Cassidy I Know!

By Richard Levinson

**EXCLUSIVE IN FaVE! Here is the first part of a series of stories about David as told by his very best friend at Hamilton High School! This month Richard talks about meeting David, what it was like being his best buddy, and how the people who knew David felt about him!**

From the first minute I met Dave I knew I liked him right away, and during the whole time I've known him I can honestly say he never had a single enemy! It might make for a more exciting story if I could tell you that there was somebody, somewhere, who thought he was a creep, but it just isn't true!

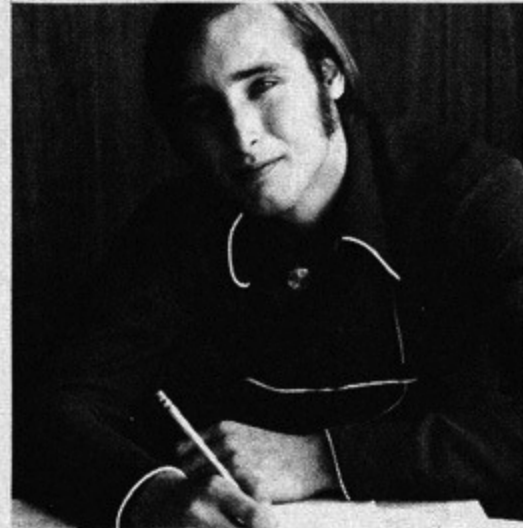
When I think of it now, writing about the Dave Cassidy I know, it's hard to get it together with David Cassidy-Star. He was, and is, just a great guy who doesn't think he's any better than anybody else.

I suppose you could say that even in high school Dave had lots of things he could have been conceited about. He came from a well-known show business family, lived in a beautiful house and knew famous people that most of us just saw in movies and on TV. If he had wanted to, he could have come on like a real big deal with a fancy car and the whole bit, but he never did!

## CRAZY SENSE OF HUMOR

Dave was always Dave—a regular guy with the same crazy sense of humor I had, which is probably why we were best friends! He always looked very casual because he hardly ever wore anything but corduroy pants, tennis shoes and a t-shirt like the rest of us. He never talked about his family at all. He wanted to be known as Dave Cassidy, and he was.

I met Dave for the first time at a meeting of our club, The Chaparrels. Another guy brought him in as a prospective member. Dave had just transferred from University High School to Hamilton, so he didn't really know many people. He wasn't what I would call shy—he was kind of quiet but very friendly. (Actually Dave was much less quiet with girls, but more about that later!) Anyway we



all liked him, and he became a Chaparrel member.

The club was a social thing, but we were pretty well organized. We paid dues and had meetings every Tuesday night. Every so often we'd get together with some of the girls' clubs at school and give parties. We wore special jackets and the whole bit—it was really fun!

It wasn't long before Dave knew lots of people, and when he'd been a member for awhile he gave one of our parties at his house. We'd sort of trade off where the parties would be, and everybody took turns.

## WE CALLED HIM "HOPPY"

All of Dave's friends had a nickname for him, too. We called him "Hoppy" because of the old Hopalong Cassidy movies that used to run on TV. He was popular with everybody, and he could have been an officer in the Chaparrels, but he never wanted to be.

As I said, we became good friends right off, and pretty soon Dave and I were doing everything together. If I was planning to do anything, I'd call Dave, and vice versa. We ran around an awful lot, going to people's houses to goof off, double-dating, doing whatever came into our heads at the time. We were interested in the same things, like girls, cars, and just generally having a great time.

I remember one time we decided on a minute's notice to go to Palm Springs. It was one of those weekends during Easter Week, and all our friends were there already. Dave had this junky old Oldsmobile that got us around, so we hopped in and took off. When we got there, we went into Sambo's restaurant where everybody hangs out, stayed 45 minutes, and then we drove back home!

We used to have contests all the time, too. One summer we wanted to see who could get the tannest. When we got into a thing, believe me we worked on it! Day after day we spent *hours* lying around at the beach or by Dave's pool, covered with oil.