

He has been, since he was 18, living alone, or at least without parental interference. It can be assumed that for someone not yet old enough to vote, David has earned a remarkable amount of money. "I like money," he says, "but only because when I have enough, I can work when my mind is stimulated. I can be free to create."

He doesn't intend to stay in television all his life. His real love is music, writing both tunes and lyrics, the words coming after the melody is written.

David's not particularly hung up on Los Angeles, either. "It's a good place because of the people here, the business—and sort of nice . . . when you can see the city through the smog. But I like to split. I've just been up at Yosemite and Lake Mead and at the Grand Canyon. Fantastic! I've been renting this house nine months, but I might get a house in Beverly Glen Canyon where I can have a place sort of like a New York town-house and can entertain if I have to." By way of apology, he explains, "I have to, sometimes."

Flopped on the bed, a boxspring and mattress, he patted it fondly. "I just recently got this bed. I used to sleep on just a mattress." He also has a television set as a new possession; it is an entertainment medium he seldom watches, except for his own work. "A lot of actors tend to be hypercritical of their own work. But I like to watch mine because I'm objective when I do it. I really dig seeing my shows. Before I bought this TV set I had to borrow one so I could see my work. And I watched everything I did." The bed and TV may possibly be the last

large purchases David makes for a long time. "I'm not going to buy any furniture because I don't plan to buy a house just yet. I'll be free in January when *The Partridge Family* finishes shooting and I don't know where I'll end up. I dig a lot of places in the Midwest and I love western Canada—British Columbia. With music as my work—which, incidentally, I don't consider work—I can go anywhere. I want to go to Europe."

He just may get stuck in Los Angeles, at least periodically, because he has a recording contract there with Bell Records and is getting a group together, seven behind him, to do concerts.

David's dogs, a brace of indefinable mutts, trotted into the room and jumped on the bed, and he introduced us. The male is Sam, the female called Sheesh. "I guess that's the way you spell it. It was her name when I got her, but I'm starting to call her Faye because she looks like Faye Dunaway" (true—something about the eyes and the color of hair). Sam and Sheesh, alias Faye, have contributed in their own fashion to the population explosion, having produced a litter of five that had midwife Cassidy a bit out of his skull when the pups were born in his bedroom. In due time they were given to a lady in faroff Orange County, but in the interim they too contributed to the environment. "I'm sorry about the dog hair," David said, picking a batch from the blanket and looking sorrowfully at the Oriental rug under his bed—the sole note of elegance in his pad.

The phone rang and he talked for the few minutes prescribed by courtesy, both to the

caller and us. Hanging up, he grinned. "Wow!" he said. "I haven't seen *her* in three years!" You got the feeling he was going to renew the acquaintance.

Girls, according to David, are a marvelous invention, and he regrets he gets to meet so few because of the milieu in which he works. Because of the enveloping folds of show business, his dates are "mostly older." But they're beginning to come out of the woodwork of his past, those girls he knew in high school and in college. You don't get the feeling that he's a philanderer when he says, "I've always stuck with the policy that a free man is a good man," but you do collect the impression that he's delighted when former dates contact him.

"They all grew up and flipped out. That's the type I like, I guess. I look for happy, sort of positive girls, the kooky kind. The girls who aren't a stamp of every other girl, who don't come on to me the same way everybody else does. There's something refreshing about the girls I like—one I dated split for a kibbutz in Israel."

The girls who appeal to him are definitely of his own generation—unchained to the old mold—yet he feels his is no different from any other generation, "except maybe they are more honest. If they feel a certain way they'll lay you on to the fact." And he defends his peers with a fervor that brings an adolescent crack to his voice. "Sure, we're stuck with the world, but 10 years ago people were stuck with it, too, and they shunted off any responsibility."

He doesn't know exactly how he's going to contribute, but it will probably be through

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