



DAVID VOWS:

Old songs usually bring back memories from the past, but for David Cassidy, they bring images of his future!

David calls to Sam and waits for his dog to appear. The room is cool and dark except for the light from one lamp hanging in the corner. Its light reflects on its gold chain as it silently sways a little from side to side. David props his feet up on the table in front of him, and the plate and silverware laying there look almost ghostly—white objects resting on nothing!

Through the window the city at night—thousands of lights, some gaudy and glaring—bring a sigh of contentment from him. After a long day at the studio, beginning with an 8:30 a.m. make-up call, he's glad to be home. His home . . . his own quiet shelter apart from the rest of the world!

TIME HE LOVES

David feels his body beginning to relax from the tension and work of the day. He is happy because the taping today went very well. They had even recorded some songs tonight! And now at 11:00 he's home, and alone. Sam's cold nose pushes gently at his arm and he reaches down to pet him. David loves moments like this—a time when he can be by himself and not have to worry about anything!

Smiling, he rubs Sam behind the ears while the dog cuddles closer for more attention. David is an extremely sensitive person and knows that a few minutes like this are very important to him. His friends all know this, too, and always understand when David feels a need to be alone with his thoughts.

Because he is a guy who gives so much of himself all the time—to his work, to his friends—it isn't surprising to find him somewhere thinking

about his life or the people who surround him!

David has been described by his friends as being so friendly and genuinely nice that he can very easily get caught up and involved! He digs people and wants to really share with them, but when he goes off by himself, it's because he likes to go over, in his mind, what happened to him in the past; what's happening now; and what's going to happen!

OLD AND NEW

Sam's even breathing tells David he has fallen asleep. So David carefully rises from the couch and stands to look at his dog—affectionately giving him one final stroke on the silky head. A strand of his own hair falls over his eyes and pushing it back, he walks over to the stereo.

Although records are lying all over the floor . . . David finds a clear area to sit in almost in the middle of the collection. He picks up one record