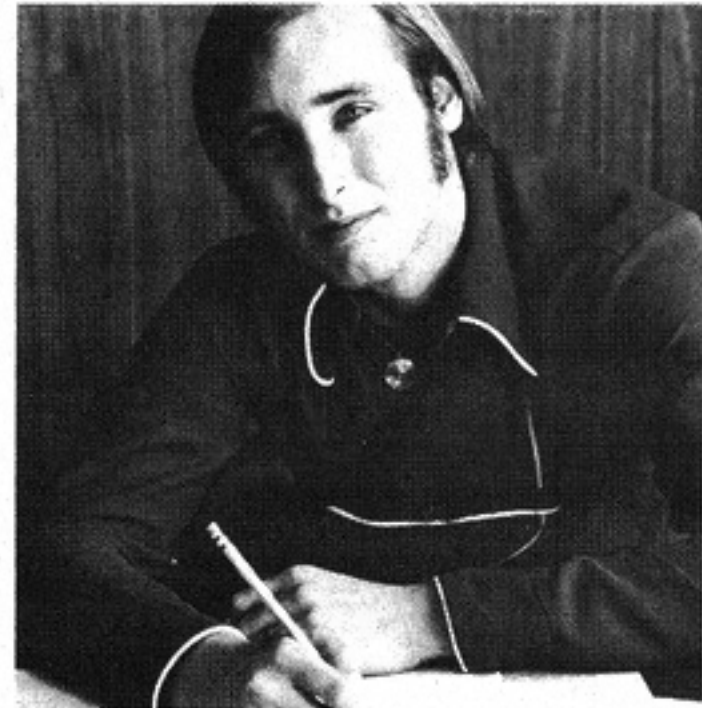


# The David Cassidy I Know!

By Richard Levinson

## Part II



**EXCLUSIVE IN FaVE! Here is the second part of a series of stories about David as told by his very best friend at Hamilton High School! This month Richard talks about David's home life, his interest in cars, motorcycles and, most important, GIRLS!**

The whole time Dave and I were buddies in high school it seemed that we had one purpose in life—to have as much fun as we could! And a good part of having fun was *girls!* We devoted almost all of our time to pursuing them, meeting them, dating them, and talking about them!

When he was with the guys, Dave was quiet, but he was the exact opposite when girls were around! He was much more outspoken, and they liked him for it, because he was easy to get to know. He never went with one particular girl over a long period of time—there were always lots of different ones!

### HE LIKED SWEET GIRLS

Dave always went for a sweet-looking girl. He didn't care if she was a raving beauty or not, but one thing she couldn't be was a phony. Once in a while he might take out a girl like that, but when he found out that she was all hung up on herself, he just never called her again!

He was popular with girls, too. They were always saying, "That David is so cute!" But he never let it go to his head at all. Dave was always really down to earth, and he liked the girls he went with to be the same way!

We never had any trouble about both liking the same girl. There was one girl I saw more often than any other and Dave liked her, but as a friend.

Most of the time, the two of us would double when we had dates. We'd take Dave's ancient Oldsmobile and go to a party, or the beach or a drive-in.

Then there were other times we'd just cruise around and try to meet girls that way.

As I said before, the club we both belonged to used to give parties and dances with the girls' clubs at school, and usually we'd have dates for these. Dave never was much of a dancer, but the girls didn't care about that—they liked him anyway.

### HIS MOTORCYCLE

If there was one other big thing with Dave at this time, it was his interest in cars and his motorcycle. We used to ride around on the bike all the time. It was a black Honda-160, but faster than most of them. He'd fixed it up with lots of chrome, and he loved to race it. We'd take the bike to meetings and stuff, and afterwards take off on it—fast! It went like a bomb!

Dave used to talk about getting a really hot car someday, like a Ferarri or something. But he never asked his folks for one—he had the Olds and it got him there and back. At that time, having transportation was enough. It was as if he knew the whole time that someday it would happen—he'd be able to buy his own—so getting one didn't bother him.

Having the car did get us into trouble now and then. I can remember one time when we skipped school and then stayed out all night, driving from one place to another. I called my house and said I was staying with Dave, and he told his mom the same thing. The next day, we skipped school AGAIN and they called both our houses so our folks found us out!

We knew we had been caught, and I remember we sat in his car for an hour, saying "Boy, we're really going to get it!" and not wanting to go home. It was pouring rain, and we didn't want to move from where we were! Finally we did go home, and I guess the punishment wasn't too severe, because I can't remember what it was, even! But we sure didn't try it again!