

LIVING

This is it!

The only exclusive column written personally by David's best friend and roommate Sam Hyman. Here you'll read about the REAL David from one who knows him better than anyone else! Sam will be telling you intimate secrets about what it's like to live with David. So, be here every month for all his exciting stories!

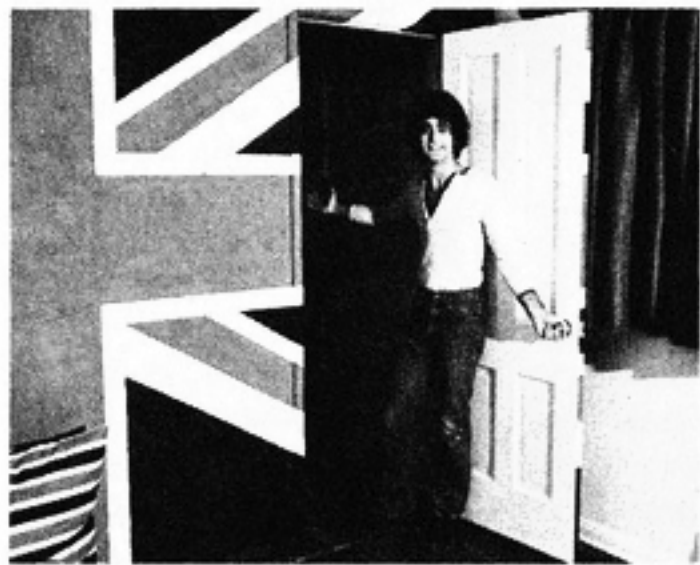
Hey, guess what—I've actually got some real *news* this time! We've moved!

It's fantastic—I'm writing this column at one end of our enormous dining room table, about six inches thick like in some *Knights and Ladies* movie, and I feel totally different—like a baron or something!

But I'll tell you all about the house and what it's like in a little bit. That's sort of getting ahead of the story.

First, we've really wanted to move for some time—about six months. David never really felt like the big house was completely right. It was like we always sort of felt like visitors! The walls didn't have enough color, and it was just too—well, modern I guess, and it just didn't really have our *personalities* in it! We always had the feeling, late at night, like we were going to have to get up and go home or something!

But there was another problem, too. We were located by some of David's fans the second day we were there. They just saw David driving and followed him home! That was okay, and we talked to them for a few minutes,



CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? This whole wall is done like a British flag! When the door is closed you can hardly tell it's there. Actually, it leads to the master bedroom—David's room.



HI! AND WELCOME TO OUR NEW HOME! David and I were so excited about moving in 'cause this new house has one great room after another. The Spanish design of the house is so great, we can't wait to furnish it!

but they told a bunch of their friends, and then those friends told *their* friends, and it just kept going until we felt like we were in a parade—only the parade stood still and the *spectators* drove by! It got so that the first thing we did when we woke up in the morning would be to wave out the window!

David loves his fans more than *anybody*, but he works about a twelve hour day, and he really needs to be able to rest when he gets home, without having to be waving at people all the time, and worrying about whether it will hurt their feelings if he doesn't come out and talk to them! Anyway, after a lot of discussion we decided that it was really time to move.

But then David got sick and that slowed us down some, and as soon as he got out of the hospital we started looking. We were lucky—we found this place almost immediately! The minute we saw it, we knew it was what we'd been looking for.

Our moving day was typical Cassidy-Hyman togetherness. For about a week ahead of time we'd sort of sit around looking at each other, and every once in a while one of us would say, "We'll be moving in a week. Better go get some boxes."

"Yup," the other one would say, and then we'd sit around for a while, or play music, or turn on the TV and laugh at the soap operas.

The day before we moved, we decided that it was *really* time to get some boxes. We actually got up and made it to the door, but something came up—I guess. At any rate, there we were, *the morning of the move*, tearing frantically all over the San Fernando Valley, raiding supermarket trash bins for boxes!



ONE GREAT THING the former owners left was this incredible huge oak dining room table. When we eat at the table, we feel like we're going back in time. It's a gas!