

DAVID

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!

Lights . . . camera . . . ACTION!

Welcome to chapter 1,997,956 of the most insane soap opera in history! This time around there actually IS some action, as opposed to my usual kind of chapter, which David calls "the best sleeping pill in the world!"

Everybody seems to think that just because David's a star we lead fascinating, exciting lives. I guess we do, some of the time—but a lot of our days are about as interesting as a geography lesson! What am I supposed to do on those days—make stuff up? Well, I believe in being honest, so don't blame me if I'm not the most exciting writer in the world all the time!

Even though I'm not exactly William Shakespeare, still a lot of you have written and said that you really like to read this, and I want you to know that that makes me really grateful.

In fact, if I get a hundred more letters that say something nice about this column, David's going to eat my words—the words in the column month before last! He said it was as fascinating as the back of a cereal box, and I was foolish enough to bet that a lot of people would like it! So keep those cards and letters coming, OK?

We just got back from a whirlwind 10-day tour that I'll be dreaming about for weeks! Everything happened, good things, bad things, in-between things, and David says he feels like we ran the whole way—from Hollywood to Boston, Montreal, Scranton (Pennsylvania), Madison (Wisconsin), Milwaukee, and Oklahoma City!

ALL FOGGED IN

It started when we were supposed to change planes in Chicago. We hadn't played anywhere yet, and you always have this feeling that nothing can go wrong when a tour is just starting! Well, Chicago was fogged in and there was no airline plane going out—so we had to hire our own plane!

It was a 737, which seats about 95 people (which meant there was lots of room to run around and yell and do all the things you can't do on a regular flight) and we had our own stewardess and everything.

We called it the "Cassidy Special" and we had a ball! Our road manager got tickets on our plane to the other passengers who had to get to Pennsylvania, and they sort of sat glued to their seats all the way, thinking they were trapped in this plane with a bunch of maniacs!



The Cassidy Special hit some rough weather, skipping along like a stone across the ocean, and we all sat down and held on tight!

We were bouncing around, and guitars were sliding up and down the aisles, and David really looked scared! In fact, I was sitting there, thinking how scared he looked and all of a sudden he looked at me and started laughing! "Boy, do you look scared," he said.

I don't think anybody actually thought we'd land ever, but we did—and we found out our troubles were just beginning! We walked into the dressing-room and found that all of David's costumes had been stolen!

NEW CLOTHES

There was glass all over the floor from the broken window and the closet was standing empty. All of David's costumes were gone—and that night he went on in some clothes he threw together—Levis and a shirt someone loaned him—and he liked it so much that he's going to dress that way from now on. He thinks it's "more real" and I think he's right!

So anyway, the "New Look" for David happened because his clothes were stolen. As David said, "Something good comes out of almost everything!" (We'll have sketches of those new costumes in this column pretty quick—maybe next month.)

There were no more major disasters, but we all got pretty worn out and I caught the worst cold in the history of the world, which is still with me. David was shouting "here comes sickness" every time I walked into a room, and all the others were running away from me, because singers can't catch cold on tour without wrecking everything.

As usual, despite all the problems, the tour was fantastic. The people everywhere were so super that it always gave David a new burst of steam, no matter how tired he was. He's getting better and better, and I don't think I ever saw him be as good as he was on this tour!

In fact, on the way back we were in a 747, you know that gigantic two-story plane with the piano and the everything else? Gradually we all found our way to the piano, and David sat down and played, and we all sang and messed around.