

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!

Welcome to our living room again! I'm really beginning to think of you as a regular visitor, and I think next time I'll make some coffee and get the cookies out of the place where I hide them from David and set two places here on the table and do it right!

It's a perfect day, about the third in a row. The sun is pouring in through the living-room window, and I'm in the perfect mood to talk to you. Even the smog has taken a vacation, and the sky is as blue as turquoise!

MEMORY LANE

I think we'll call this episode "Down Memory Lane with David Cassidy." I was thinking earlier this morning about all the great things I've seen David go through, and I think I'll tell you a bunch of them, because I know he wishes you had been here when they happened, too. After all, you made them happen!

You know, David and I goof around a lot, and I get pretty silly with this writing trip sometimes, but there's one thing that is always taken seriously. David really loves you! You've given him memories that he'll have his entire life, and he never stops being grateful for them!

Let's see, I think I'll begin with the Big One, the day he got the "Partridge Family." If you could plate a day with bronze and hang it on a wall, that one would be hanging in David's room right now!

DAVE WAS SCARED

It was a Tuesday. David had been on a bunch of interviews for the show, and at the last one he had sung. He'd been terrified, and he was sure he'd blown it, and we had been sitting around for days pretending we didn't care, and the only thing we had on our minds was whether or not we could go to the beach! Of course, every time the phone rang David jumped about thirty feet, and he hadn't eaten a thing in about

two days, which is really unique for The Unfillable Cassidy, but we were both trying to be really cool.

Finally the telephone rang again. David looked at me (after he landed) and he said "Why don't you get it? It's probably for you." "No," I said, "you get it. My feet hurt." We did that kind of junk for about three rings and then we both leaped to the phone, and David got it first!

He said hello, then he listened for a minute, and then he began looking wildly around the room, as though the walls had just started sliding in or a gorilla had just walked through the door. "Right," he said. "I understand." Then he hung up and just stood there without moving a muscle.

GOT THE PART

"You could always get work in a department-store window," I said, and for the first time he looked at me. He

tried to say something, but he swallowed instead, then swallowed again, and at last this tiny little voice came out. "I got it," he said. "I actually got it."

The next fifteen minutes were a blur. We were yelling and jumping around and the next thing I remember we were in the kitchen and David was eating everything in the cupboard. He finished it all, and said "Let's go out and get something to eat!" We had about seven dollars, but I was a Coca-Cola freak at the time and the porch was knee-deep in bottles I'd never gotten around to returning, so we took them all down to the store and got five dollars and a dirty look from the clerk, and we blew every penny in a really good restaurant! Everything except the dirty look, that is—we were both grinning so hard that if we had tried to frown our faces would probably have exploded!

