

with **DAVID**

By His Best Friend **SAM HYMAN**

I guess the first inkling we had that something was wrong was when David looked out the kitchen window and saw flames that would have demanded respect in a forest fire leaping from the barbecue!

Coals glow, they don't burn, so that left only one possibility—the meat. We went leaping out with bottles of water to rescue our gourmet meal, braved our way through thick, choking fumes of smoke, and doused the coals!

It wasn't completely successful. Instead of burned hamburgers, we had wet burned hamburgers. David was going to throw them in the dryer, but we were afraid it would make our clothes all greasy, so we ate them wet. At least it gave the buns an interesting texture—sort of like trying to open the newspaper after it's been rained on for a couple of hours!

I tried to comfort David by pointing out that we still had corn and potato salad, and I dished out the salad, trying not to call attention to the fact that it . . . well, it stuck . . . to the spoon I was using. After two bites we both put our forks down and looked at each other.

PATCH THE POOL

"Let's save it," David said. "We can use it to stick the house back together if there's another earthquake. Or we could patch the bottom of the pool with it. Or . . ."



AIRPLANES HAVE become a regular part of David's life! It would really be neat if he had a private plane!



ANOTHER GOLD LP for David for another million selling album! Too Much!



DAVID LOVES fans to send pictures along when they write to him! Write!

But I threw a spoonful at him, and he had to duck because it didn't come off the spoon—it took the spoon with it. I'm proud to say that my potato salad is probably the most lethal weapon for food-fighting ever devised by man!

By the time we'd scraped the salad off the table, the corn looked like something you'd use to hit a mule, so we gave it up and went to a drive-in! As David said, we should have done that in the first place! In the meantime, we're thinking of turning the barbecue into a planter for ivy and flowers.

ODD (and is it ever) we're getting an answering service! The phone was ringing at all hours of the night and day, and putting it in the refrigerator didn't work because a cold telephone can give you an earache!

David hates phones anyway. He thinks that you have to see the person

you're talking to, and I agree with him. So now we'll have the ideal phone—it never rings!

It just sits there, all black and quiet, until we pick it up and call the service to find out who's phoned us.

HATES PHONES

I'm not quite sure it's such a great idea, frankly, but it beats answering the phone at 4:30 AM every night . . . and it means that David can ignore calls from the studio if he's really tired! It's just another way for him to reduce the pressure a little, and that's always a good idea!

Those are about all the odds and ends for now. Both David and I are really grateful for all the nice letters you've sent in about this monthly peek into our madhouse, and we hope you'll keep 'em coming.

And besides (don't tell David) I get some of my best ideas as to what you want to hear about from those notes! So address them to me, huh?

Take care till next time! And lots of love from David and me!

Sam Hyman