

David Cassidy writes

personally to you

Can David cook? No, not really — but he can do a great comic turn in a kitchen if you give him a few ingredients and a free hand . . .



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Hello, luvs!

When I first started writing this column, someone sent me a list of questions that I might answer from time to time. You know, things that FAB's readers might be interested in. I've answered them all, except one. That one is, *can I cook?* The reason I haven't answered this is because I can't figure out how to write a whole column composed of the word *no*.

Let me tell you, *no* is putting it mildly. Oh, I take that back. I can open a can with the best of them, and wow, can I heat water! But I do remember one cooking experience (and the fact that I do remember it may have something to do with the fact that I gave up at that point) which I shall now lay on you in deadly detail.

It was a long time ago and a bunch of my friends and myself had to come up with a present for some guy we knew who was moving away. The problem was, we only had about sixty-seven cents between us (that's about 30p!), and that would really buy some great gift! Well, we decided we'd use natural resources instead, like something someone already had. That got us nowhere too, until one of the girls in the group had the great idea of cooking something as a present.

Candy was the guy's favorite food anyway, and since it sounded easy to make, we tramped over to the house of the girl who'd suggested it (her first mistake) and borrowed the kitchen. Her folks said it was okay, if we promised to clean up the mess afterwards.

Do I have to tell you that everything went wrong? There's an old saying that too many cooks spoil the broth—well you should have seen what they did to candy! We started off by putting in twice too much cocoa, and it was too late to take it back out so we had to put in twice as much of everything. Naturally, we forgot to do that half the time, so it turned out to be a pretty odd mixture.

But we finally finished, and believe me, the kitchen finished too! It looked like a hurricane had struck it. While the candy was in a pan on the table, getting cool so we could cut it into pieces we got busy and did the dishes.

This is where I come in for the finale. Up until now, my contribution to the endeavour had mostly been a lot of unnecessary comments, but I ended up with the job of cleaning the sink. When I was finished and standing there with the can of scouring powder in my hand, I looked around me at the sparkling kitchen and the pan of candy and smiled.

"Well!" I said happily, "That's over with!" And with that, I sat the can of scouring powder down on the table triumphantly. Triumphantly isn't the word. Nor did I exactly 'sit' the can down. I sort of banged it down, and when I did, a big spray of cleanser came whooshing out of the top of the can and landed right on the candy!

I just about died, partly of embarrassment and partly because everyone tried to kill me.

The candy was dry enough on top so that it didn't really absorb the cleanser, and we were able to shake most of it off. When that left a residue, we tried blowing the powder away (weren't we sanitary), but that didn't work entirely.

So we just decided the heck with it, and after we sampled the stuff and nobody died, we gave it to the guy after all. He said it looked kind of weird, but when he tried it he liked it!

Hey, that reminds me of the time in Laurel Canyon when some friends at my house made candied apples. Tried to, that is . . .

Here, I thought I didn't have anything to say about cooking, and I end up having to continue the subject in another column! I'll wait awhile though, until you've recovered from this one.

Love,

David Cassidy