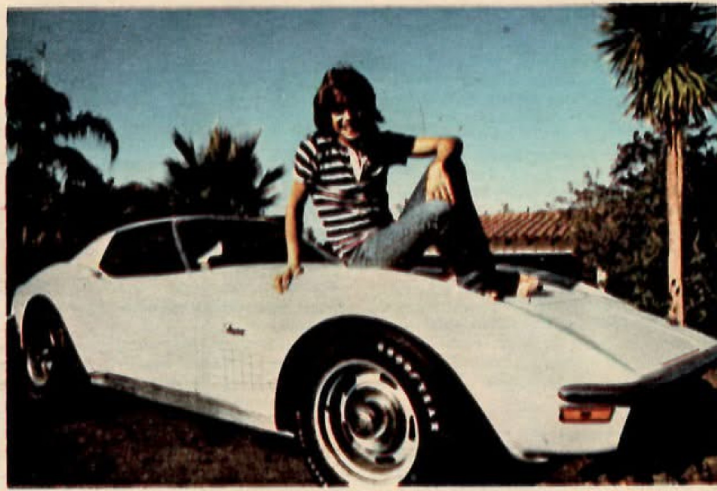


# THE SECRETS OF DAVID'S BEDROOM!



Irish setter Bullseye. And indeed it was the roan-coloured Bullseye who followed us around on the tour, nuzzling David and myself alternately as if he was showing us the way. It's obvious that master and dog are great friends.

In the back of the bedroom David has his private bathroom, the only real trace of luxury in the house: it is all done out in black tiles and there is a shower and plunge bath at one end, and a wash basin at the other, with lots of pink and green bars of soap at the ready. In the hot Californian

climate you often need a shower just to cool off.

Once David had showed me his bedroom and bathroom, we went outside into the heat across the old brick yard which links both sides of the single storey house. A huge Canadian maple tree shelters the whole roof and guess what is intertwined in the tree? . . . Mistletoe. What an excuse for anyone visiting David to know that there's always mistletoe hanging over the house!

David now took me across to the guest house, which is where Sam

Hyman, his close friend since school-days, lives. There is a lovely workroom besides the bedroom, and apart from being a guest house, most people would be glad to make their permanent home there. I hadn't met Sam since he'd been in Britain on an earlier visit with David, it was good to see him again.

Then David and Sam and I sat on the fence which backs on to the swimming pool. Everyone in California seems to have a swimming pool, but David said he didn't use his very much.

There was an outdoor bar and changing room beside it. David and Sam sat on the fence drinking beer from cans, which is an American custom. And in hot weather what better than an ice cold beer to cool you down?

"Now you know why I'm not so keen to tour," David told me, looking around us, and with Bullseye at his feet and one of his many black cats stretched out in the shade a few yards away I could understand his wish to spend more and more time at home. He reminisced about his last British tour and said how much he'd enjoyed the fans.

"Those girls are really wonderful, in fact they make it all worthwhile—because the strain of it all is a lot to face, especially when you're sitting out here."

With one leap down from the fence, David suggested that we continue our tour. Yet again he was to show me another private side of himself. This time it was his small vegetable garden hidden away behind the guest house.

"Do you like gardening?" he asked, and when I said I was an enthusiast he willingly led me through a gate and proudly showed me a group of tomato plants and corn he had lovingly grown.

"It's very hard to grow anything here because of the heat but we water them heavily at night and they seem to do very well. I like growing my own vegetables, they taste so much better, and I've always liked corn on the cob."

Sam said he'd worked out all sorts of ways that they could be self-sufficient—apart from growing their own food—and would have no need to go out at all.

"You could even have a system to heat the house by storing up the sun's rays," he said. "I'm sure that with the earth's resources gradually being worked out people will have to turn to ideas like these."

David returned through the gate to sit on the fence once again—it's obviously a very favourite place! "I'd like to do one more big concert in America," he said. "I'd like it to be for 100,000 people and for charity. I'm looking forward to seeing Australia particularly, but most of all I'm looking forward to my British tour so that I can see some of the places we didn't go to before. Last time we were only in Manchester and London and I was very disappointed."

"After that? I think I'll deserve a rest! Well, look around you, wouldn't you rather remain here?"

I couldn't help agreeing!

More Next Week.



It was a situation most people only dream about: there I was, actually spending an afternoon at home with David Cassidy in his lovely home! The low, one-storeyed house is set in a valley outside Los Angeles in California, and that day the temperature was over one hundred degrees. However, inside it was cool.

We'd been sitting talking in David's spacious living room when David got up from his favourite rocking armchair and said: "Why don't I give you a guided tour of the house?"

Of course, it was just what I was hoping he'd say! And off we went: first of all, he took me into the spare bedroom, which was being used by his mother temporarily while she was getting her own house fixed.

"I did one or two things, like repainting the ceiling," David said, reminding me that he was quite a handyman in what spare time he had. The room's ceiling arched up into a point and there were beams crisscrossing the roof. It was a very homely room like the rest of David's house, which had a good 'lived-in' feel about it. Not at all the sort of house you'd imagine a star lives in.

We came back out of the spare bedroom, through the living room and into the flag-stone floored kitchen which had every modern aid in it for Jane, David's housekeeper: "I don't do any cooking myself usually", he explained, "Jane's very good at all that sort of thing." In the kitchen were plenty of cookbooks and large tins with labels like Tea and Sugar on them. We walked left out of the kitchen through a little corridor into David's music room. One wall was completely painted as a Union Jack. David explained that this was the only thing he'd allowed to remain when he bought the house from its previous owner, rock singer Chad Stewart, who was British.

"I like it, don't you?" he asked. "And it seems to work, so I left it there." The rest of the small music room was dominated by a piano and there were plenty of electrical wires linked through to a small sound studio David has next door.

"I like to work out songs I'm going to do in here, we get quite a good sound and it's pleasant to work at home. To tell you the truth it takes a lot to drag me away from here these days. I'm really just enjoying relaxing and putting my own music together for the first time in my life."

Next door to the music room—through a door in the Union Jack—is David's bedroom, dominated by a large bed covered with a patchwork quilt cover. There are books on a shelf over the bedhead and there were racing magazines and other papers on the bedside table. The room is not very large which only makes the bed seem bigger. There is a small television at the bottom of the bed, as in most American homes. Like most people over there David likes an evening in bed watching television, or just being able to tune into an old movie or a chat show in the early hours of the morning.

On the right hand wall in pride of place is the framed pedigree of his