

A beautiful coat this. Just right for sight-seeing on a cold day in March. Fits me like a glove. . .

. . . until you see it full-length. The only way I walk in it is like a Scotsman in a kilt. Get the thing swinging from side to side, then step out!



SHORT TALE OF A LONG COAT

Guy Webster and I went out to shoot some 'mood' pictures in the old town of Lubeck, me wearing just jeans and a T-shirt. It got so cold that finally I had to borrow Guy's overcoat. He's a big fella and it hung on me like an Army tent.

Then Guy got the shivers. I wasn't going to give him his coat back so he borrowed the one our driver was wearing. The nerve of the man! Lubeck was pretty much knocked about in the war, but they've done a great job of rebuilding the old houses just as they were before the bombings.

Back in Hamburg we strolled round the cafes, playing the one-arm bandits and sampling the local beer.

Then Guy said: "Let's eat", so we made for a famous restaurant someone had told us to go to. This is where Cassidy made his big mistake. I had the crab special while Guy got himself a mountain of sausage, sauerkraut, and onions. I should have stayed with the crab, but you know how curiosity takes you. I ordered what Guy was having as a follow-up. Fatal! No sleep for little David that night. Lucky I wasn't doing a concert. Next morning I looked at myself in the mirror and said: "Get this straight, Cassidy. You and sauerkraut should go your separate ways, never to meet again. Leave these things to the locals in future!"