



David's personal letter to you

Hi there!

It seems a bit crazy to be writing this at all, because — as far as I can see — I'll be able to talk to you before you ever get to read this.

Still, as it's gotten to be something of a monthly habit, reckon I might as well scribble a couple of pages of the usual. It was all I could do to *find* a couple of pages — not to mention a pen — in the chaos here right now.

You see, I am not the world's most organised guy, so when it comes to the crunch of packing my bags for a concert tour . . . well, I go kind of berserk.

Naturally, being me, I leave everything to the last second as far as the hard grind of getting ready goes. Now, rehearsing the show is a different bunch of grapes altogether! I've been working with the band all out, more or less ever since I came back from Italy, and we've none of us looked on that as a chore. Not even when we've gone on jamming till one or two in the morning.

We reckon that's really worthwhile, 'cos you're going to see the results and we don't like to put anything out that's less than A1. But packing!

The only point we can see in that is that it gives you something to keep you busy at the other end . . . *Unpacking!*

DAVID'S PROBLEM

My problem is that while I'm still here in the house, it's kind of hard to concentrate on the business of sorting out clothes and deciding which ones are going to be vital on the trip. I seem to be surrounded by a series of distractions . . . And it's only when I'm standing there, in some strange bedroom thousands of miles away, that all those really vital things suddenly make themselves known to me. But that doesn't

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help too much when they are still nestled in my closet back home!

So, you see, I was really grateful to you when I recalled that I had to write you my monthly letter. What do you know? A real, genuine excuse for putting off that chore of packing for another half hour or so!

That's when I started ferreting around among all the pants, shoes, socks and shirts draped over the furniture on a pen-and-paper hunt!

And now I've found them I want to say how moved I was by all those beautiful Valentines you sent me this year. Man, by rights I should have a head as big as a space module! You make a guy feel really good with all the lovely things you say, do you know that?

GIFTED FANS

Some of you sure did knock me out with your artistic talent, too . . . How long does it take you to make these fantastic personal cards? I know I could spend a couple of months and I could never come up with anything that looked that good or with such beautiful poetry as some of you write!

So, thank you, thank you, thank you . . . I guess that sounds a bit tame after the way some of you hit on the words to express your feelings so well. But, I can tell you that I'm sending you a heart full of feelings with those little words and I just hope that the full message gets across.

Talking of Valentines . . . Do you know that, as a kid, I always thought that Valentine's Day was a special American festival?

Of course, I knew that things like Christmas and Easter were celebrated all over the world, but I sort of imagined that St. Valentine belonged to us . . . Same way as Independence Day, I guess. I don't know why . . . Just one of those crazy notions