



Top: David gets it on! Even the German audience agree.
Below: David as he finishes "Cherish".



David's personal letter to you

COLUMBIA RANCH
HOLLYWOOD
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Hi there!

You know, in a way, it seems kind of sad to be back here, away from you all again after such a wonderful, wonderful time with you in Britain.

Everything still seems so close and so alive in my mind that it's sometimes hard to come to terms with the fact that it's all over now and I won't be seeing you again for a while. That really does make me feel sad . . . In spite of the lovely memories that I've brought back home with me. I sure hope you have kept some as well.

That way, I reckon that we can still stay close through our memories. And that's a good thought, don't you reckon?

I'm not really going to try to thank you for the happiness you have given me this trip . . . There are some feelings which are too deep for words and this is one of them.

I'm not that much good with words anyhow — unless they're set to music! I sometimes find it really hard to put my feelings across in words, specially if I've got to write them down. Because, when they look back up at me from the page, they look so hard and definite and inadequate somehow.

IMPORTANCE OF MUSIC

Maybe that's why music is so important to me. You see, when I'm singing, I suddenly feel that I can communicate even very deep, important things without getting tangled up inside myself. Music is my way of getting in touch with you . . . My way of thanking you. So I hope you understand. I know already how understanding you can be, and how sweet you are.

Times like when I landed in Britain and you didn't get to know the time or place till afterwards. You know, part of me felt awful about that, because I knew it was important to you to be there, and I wanted to see you. Straight out, there is nothing so tremendous as arriving at an airport and finding all of YOU there, waiting to welcome me.

But other folks pointed out to me that, although it was a great thing for me, it could possibly get a bit rough on you if things started hotting up.

Now I know — from plenty of experience — how terrifying it can be to be jam-packed in the middle of a seething, excited crowd and not be able to see your way out of it.

Of course, I've always got somebody there who's job it is to make sure I come out okay!!!

You haven't. You're on your own. And maybe if you got trampled on or fainted, there'd be nobody there to help you and protect you. I wouldn't be able to . . . I might not even know that there was anything wrong. And this way fans can get hurt . . . I've known cases in the States where some beautiful girls have gotten hurt real bad this way.

Now I know you'll understand why it's better to organise things like they were this trip. Because it meant that, when I did get a proper chance of meeting you, it could all be real nice, 'cos I was relaxed instead of being worried and under strain all the time. And you didn't get so upset either. It always tears me apart inside when I have to race off, leaving you crying, deserted and disappointed.

This time there were fewer tears, and that made the trip a brighter one for me. After all, I want to make you happy, not sad!

I was really knocked out, I can tell you, when I first set eyes on the beautiful house Ruth had arranged for me to put up in. It's always been my ambition to see more of your English countryside — and there I was, right in the middle of it with ponies and woodland more or less in the back yard, and the sea not far away either!

I creased up when I found out how you spent the place!

I'd been talking about 'Bewlee' to my friends ever since I learned where I'd be staying. Even if I had seen it written down before that, I'd never fallen in that it could have been the same place! Not written out 'Beaulieu' . . . Somebody told me that it was a French name — and that would go a long way to explaining my problems!