

DAVID'S PERSONAL LETTER TO YOU

COLUMBIA RANCH
HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA

WHEN they said there was going to be a new magazine in Britain about me – well, first of all, I reckoned they were kidding. You know, to see if I could still take a joke.

When I found out it wasn't a joke at all, it was for real. I wanted to hug every single one of you who'd done your bit to make it possible.

So, that makes me doubly grateful: first of all to you, like I say, for making it possible in the first place, and then to the people who are putting my own mag. together for me.

I guess I'm like everybody else – I just dig getting letters. Not any old letters, I don't mean; but special letters from people I'm fond of. And, when I do receive a letter from a close friend like that, for me, it's not simply a question of reading a lot of squiggles on a bit of paper. That sheet of paper tucked inside its envelope somehow brings that friend with it in spirit, so that in my imagination I can see him or her sitting there looking so familiar, and I even seem to hear that voice I love speaking those words to me.

LETTER FROM YOU

I always like to have an image in my mind like that when I'm reading a letter... That's why I'm so pleased when I get a letter from YOU and you tell me something about yourself – like how tall you are, what colour your hair is and where you are sitting as you write to me.

As I don't know you personally at the moment, that's the only way I can build up a picture of you in my mind. And then I

start to feel as though I know you a bit better already. That's nice.

So I reckon I ought to act on this idea myself and tell you something about where I am and what I'm doing right now, as I write to you. Well, you know what I look like, so I don't need to go into that! Ummmmm... Let's see...

I'm at Columbia Ranch at the moment, sitting in my dressing-room trailer. But, maybe 'sitting' is the wrong word for what I'm doing! You see, all along one wall of the room there's a sofa, and my fave way of perching on this is to have one foot up on the seat with the other leg kind of dangling over the edge, if you can follow that!

UPPER LEG

Anyway, that's how I am now, with my pad propped up on the 'upper leg'! I guess I've always had this way of lounging around, but I'm sure I've gotten even more into the habit since I had this dressing-room.

Do you want to know why? Well, the wall facing the sofa is covered with three, full-length mirrors! That's great when I want to check up on how I look before dashing across the sound-stage to get on set. But it's not so hot when I'm sitting writing a letter to my friends... Every time I look up while I'm thinking what I want to say next – there I am staring at myself! Boy! It would drive me mad if I didn't turn myself round like this!

Hey, you know something else that's kinda funny. Whenever Mom (that's Shirley Jones who, as I guess you already

