

Anyway, the audience sat on and on, till I guess the ushers and so on were starting to wonder if we planned on spending the night! So we finally quit. And the response from that crowd was terrific. Well, I just can't begin to tell you how we felt; you'd have had to be there. I only hope something as magic as that happens while I'm over with you, so YOU can be part of it too.

## COLLAPSE

Other major events of the tour so far have been yours truly spraining a ligament, and the stage collapsing. . . . Why didn't anyone tell me I'd gained too much weight?

Actually, though, it could have been far from a joke. 'Cos there were 12,000 people in that stadium, and some of them might well have been killed. And you know what caused it? Apparently, it was the sheer pressure of the folks pressing up against the stage from out front!

I must say, sometimes I'm awful glad that I'm not down there when I look at the audience and see girls being crushed right up at the front. Somehow they seem to survive it. . . . Goodness knows how!

As for the ligament, that's a very different story. . . . Mind you, I never realised how important a ligament could be. They sound kinda little, unimportant things—things you could just as well get on without.

So I've sure learned one thing this tour. And that's that the only ligament I want to do without is one that's hurting! It all started when I decided to give in to temptation (without a struggle) and go water-skiing. That's maybe one reason why I've felt so at home in Australia—even more than New Zealand, I guess. . . . Because they feel the same way about water sports as I do. In fact, it was almost like coming from home to home, switching from California to Australia. Of course, it helped a lot to be able to speak the language. You didn't know I was pretty fluent in Australian, did you? But, seriously, I dig their accent. There's something really grass-roots and homey about it, and it's so open and friendly.

So I guess that, next after Britain, it's Australia high on my list of 'happy' countries in future. And, by that, I mean the countries where

I know I'll be happy when I visit.

Still, I've gotten Singapore, Hong Kong and Japan to go yet before I head for Europe again. So I reckon I'd best keep an open mind!

Look after yourselves till I get there, won't you. I don't need to tell you how much I'm looking forward to it, 'cos I guess you know me well enough to realise by now.

It's crazy, but I'm specially thrilled to be coming to Britain in May time. Because that's a time of year I've always somehow associated with Britain—England especially. Over in the States, we hear so much about your traditions and so forth. And, the way I see it, May seems to figure pretty strongly.

Just as a sideline, I'm hoping that the sun'll be out then as well! Sounds from that like I'm something of a sun-worshipper—big surprise! You know, I think I am at heart. I figure that, if anyone wanted to torture me, they'd only have to take away my piano and guitar and then lock me up away from the sunshine. They wouldn't need electric shocks, or any of these more refined methods for me—that'd be plenty. So all potential torturers, please note!

Well, I just hope this letter makes some sort of sense. As you've most likely gathered by now, I've been writing it in a fit of stops and starts, whenever I've had a spare moment. That goes some way to explain its rather 'hiccupping' style! For the rest, you'll just have to put it down to my grasshopper mind!

## LOST!

One thing that really bugged me was that I'd written two whole pages in Sydney and somehow they got lost in transit; I must've left them in the lounge or some place. As I'm not the world's greatest letter writer at any time, that did nothing at all to cheer me up!

Ever since, I've done everything—short of handcuffing my scrawl to me—to keep these raggedy pages safe. So I guess I'd best post them off now, before I have to declare them at Customs!

Don't forget. . . . Keep a place warm for me in your hearts till I can get there to fill it.

Till then,

Love,

David



Here's David with the Muscular Dystrophy Group's winner, Nicole Mutch. That's a gift the girls brought to David in the centre.