





Davidat home Continued...

painstaking, back-breaking hours that went into producing them.

Naturally, he can't take any credit for the orange crop, as the trees were already well established before he moved 22

able to stroll outside and pick a ripe orange when they're fruiting.

His orange grove is the scene for another big demand on his free time - playing with Bullseve and Sheesh. In fact, in, but he still enjoys being David reckons they keep him

so well exercised that he'd be perfectly fit if he never took any other exercise at all! If he's got the time, David's been known to spend hours on end just throwing ball after ball for the does to go fetch. The thing

anything is that he normally ends up much more exhausted than either of the dogs - and he only gets to throw the balls! Mind you. Bullseve seems to figure that it does his master no harm to have a good run that puzzles him more than evey now and again. So, once



Chrissie Wood points out one of they were driving through London. It's the same security man but Billie Francis has grown a beard by the time this shot was taken

he's retrieved the ball, he sometime makes David play a game of tag to get it back again!

After a couple of hours at that game, David points out that tennis feels like relayation! He ought to know . . . he plays enough of it. In fact, this year he's played tennis almost every day he's been in L.A. How come he's so enthusiastic and you've not heard of it before? Well, he's only really taken up tennis seriously this year, 'cos till last year he hadn't learned to play properly. Since then he's been making up for lost time . . .



A favourite daily programme runs something like this: morning and early afternoon spent on the beach, maybe swimming or surfing, or alternatively sitting by the pool reading through some scripts or working on a new idea for a song. Then, come late afternoon, it's on with his whites for tennis, and that usually means a drive round to a friend's house in Beverly Hills, as

