

DAVID'S PERSONAL LETTER TO YOU

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I've just discovered why everybody goes so mad over weekends! Having had a few all to myself now, I sure am all in favour of that little tradition. Mind you, I guess the novelty of having 48 hours to spend as I choose will wear off pretty soon and I'll be wanting to get back on the road for more concert tours . . . Well, I reckon that's just human nature for you!

One thing I'm really pleased about . . . It's given me time to take up piano lessons again. And that's something I've been hankering after doing for going on a year now, but I simply never had time to fit the lessons in — let alone the practice! You see, I'm getting really into song-writing now and I reckon that being able to read and write music properly will prove an awful big help in that.

Of course, I did once learn to play piano (my grandmother taught me actually) and from all accounts I wasn't too bad at it either . . . when I was ten years old. But that sure does seem a long way back! Oh, boy! I never figured it was possible to forget so much . . . But it surely is — because I have!

In fact, if you want the biggest laugh of the year, come and sit in on one of my lessons. There's me — feeling like the dumbest six-year-old kid to ever creep into the world — with my eyes and nose glued to the sheet music and my fingers groping all around the keyboard in a crazy hunt for the right note.

It's not the most harmonious sound in the world, that's for sure! Sam keeps saying how lucky it is he moved out into the guest house just in time! Of course, I know he's only putting me on . . . But the fact remains that he's absolutely right!

So far, I've been the model pupil as far as doing my practice goes. Every day I snatch at least ten minutes in the music room — more if I've got the time. It wouldn't matter so much if there was a piano at the studio, because then I could fit in a few minutes here and there between takes. But there isn't. It seems crazy, doesn't it, to be without a piano on a music show sound stage?

But, as we pre-record all the music numbers, there isn't really any need for one. At least there never had been, until I started prowling around the place searching for some place to practise in!

Still, I can't really complain, because I've got the most marvellous music room at home. Have I ever told you about it? I don't remember ever mentioning it in one of my letters, but then I do tend to ramble on a bit, so I might just have forgotten. But never mind . . . maybe you've forgotten too!

Music Room

Well, I'm very proud of my music room. In fact, it was one of the big attractions for me when I viewed the house. It's wonderfully equipped with a beautiful grand piano . . . It's big and airy — and it's *very* British, so it reminds me of the happy times I've spent in Britain and of all my British fans, which is nice.

Now, you might be wondering to yourselves how on earth a room can be British (or any other nationality, come to that!). Good question.

But, you only have to walk into this room, turn around and look at the wall behind you — and there's your answer staring you

