



# My Kinda Gear

The story started when I managed to wangle myself an invitation to a reception David was going to . . . Sure enough, there he was — in the most beautiful velvet suit! Well, I did a double-take to convince myself, in the first place, that David really was wearing a suit, because that was something new on me . . . I get so used to seeing him around in jeans and a T-shirt all the time!

Of course, when I thought about it, I realised that he would naturally wear something that bit smarter and more conventional for a 'do' of that sort. But, as for the suit he had on, well that really did knock me back! It was gorgeous and I was dying to catch his attention, so I could tell him how much I liked it.

I never did get a chance that evening, so I lay in wait on the set next day, hoping he'd have a bit of time to spare for a chat then. I was in luck, because he came straight over to me, with his usual smile:

"Hi there, Linda. I saw you at the party last night . . . You looked really great! How did you enjoy yourself?"

That stopped me in my tracks for a moment, because David had come out with more or less the same words I'd been about to say to him! Talk about taking words out of other folk's mouths!! Still, I soon veered the conversation round to the subject of that fabulous suit.

"Yeah, I'm not gone on suits in general," David admitted. "But this one's different. It really feels good. Hey, you'll never guess where I bought it!"

## ENGLISH CLOTHES

I tried one or two of the places I thought David went for his clothes, but got a shake of the head in response as he said, "Uh, uh . . . Try a bit further afield . . . Don't you recognise the superb cut of an English tailor? I got that suit and some others, too, while I was last over in Britain. Sam and I got real hooked on the velvets there, so we decided to go mad!"

"So you'll be switching to the suit style from now on, will you?" I asked.

"Gee, no — not for ordinary wear! Can you see me walking the streets in a suit? In California?!!!"

I laughingly agreed that it wouldn't be quite David, and he carried on:

"I guess I'll wear some of the jackets I bought over there now and again — Well, you saw the one I wore on the flight home, didn't you, Linda? The blue one. Sam's got an identical one, so we each have to tell the other when we plan to wear it — in case we should bump into each other looking like twins!"

When David told me the prices he'd paid for some of the clothes he'd bought over in Britain, I could see why he'd been tempted to go a bit mad once he got inside "Village Gate". I've been in the States for so long now that I've almost stopped mentally comparing the prices here with the ones back home. Anyway, there wouldn't be much point, as I've completely lost track of British money values now!

But velvet is really expensive here in America, and the quality is rather poor, too, compared to the beautiful material you get in Britain.

As David didn't seem in a hurry to go away, I thought I'd ask him a bit more about the clothes he liked because I reckoned you might like to

