

David's Personal Letter to You — continued

I used to feel tempted to go up and knock on the doors of folks I didn't know at all — just to introduce myself, say "Hi!" and wish them a happy Christmas!

In fact, I didn't. But I did find time to go call on a few folks I *did* know and who I rarely get time to visit with during my normal schedule, which was nice.

And Sam and I threw a party, which brought them all back to see us — which was even nicer! It was only a quiet, little party really with a couple of dozen close friends. But I guess you've come to realise that Sam and I just aren't party fiends at all, so this was quite an event.

It went very well, too. In fact, so well that we both kind of missed out on the following day altogether . . . because that was when we crashed and started to catch up on some sleep.

MUCKY PUPS

Oh, boy, that's when you really do know it's good to have a housekeeper — after a party! Because we woke up, and everything was back to normal and tidy!!

It seemed hard to believe that we didn't have to start dragging round the place emptying ash-trays and collecting glasses to start the horrible chore of washing up. And that, of course, set us on a wave of nostalgia while we sat about recalling the parties we'd had way back in the Ridgmont Drive era.

Not that we ever had to worry about washing up glasses then, either, come to think of it. But that was only because in those days we didn't *have* any glasses to speak of! Folks who came to see us then had the alternative of a drink out of a can — or no drink!!! But they were great times all the same.

Well, here I am back again! I broke off there to go answer the 'phone and, with one thing leading to another, it's been about half a day before I've finally gotten back to you.

Actually, I leaped up in mid-sentence and I've been puzzling for quite a while over what I could have been in the middle of saying. But I simply can't get back onto that track, so I've decided to make a fresh start and tell you a bit about the offending 'phone call instead . . .

You see, it was from Shirley and Jack who

are out East right now. Shirley and I both had this yearning for a traditional white Christmas — with only one difference: she set about organising how to have one, while I just kept on yearning!!

Anyway they all sound as if they are having a great time together, and that really does make me happy. Because only a few months ago it looked as though their marriage was heading for the rocks. At least that was the way it seemed, but I guess I'm always a bit quick at jumping to conclusions like that, simply because I've got this big subconscious fear of that kind of thing happening to the people I love.

In fact, they did separate for a short while. But it wasn't long before they were back together again and now they seem so ideally happy together as a family that I'm pretty sure that things are going to be okay long term, which is just wonderful.

So do check out any rumours that might drift across the Atlantic before you start getting worried about *Shirley and Jack*. I know how powerful rumours can be — and how damaging sometimes. And now that *Jack and Shirley are back together I'd just hate for anything like that to spoil things.*

MAD RUMOURS

Some of the rumours that get spread about me, for instance, are almost funny — they are so crazy. Like the number of times I've been married, engaged or otherwise amorously involved!

I guess I'd only have to stand next to a girl in a bus depot and, as far as some folks were concerned, I'd be heading for wedding bells!

At first when this started to happen I used to get really worried about the whole business. And I used to write earnest denials to fans who wrote letters asking me if it was true! But now, if I ever have time to write back at all, I usually just ask if they can organise how to get me introduced to my wife — and maybe break the news to her as well! See what I mean about the trouble rumours can cause . . . They can even have you wed without you knowing anything about it!!!

Anyhow, I guess I'd better stop writing now. I'll be seeing you soon, so stay beautiful . . .

