



One of the first things David said to me when I met him, soon after his arrival in London on 5th February was: “Your English girls are so pretty.”

He was feeling quite tired after all his travelling that day and the turmoil at London Airport when he had been bodily lifted into his waiting car by the police! But, as he said, “However tired and busy you feel, I guess a guy can’t help noticing that all the girls round here are just beautiful . . . I can’t get over it. Wow! As you’re driving along the streets looking out of the window – there they all are: real pretty! I can tell you, Pat, it’s not like this at all in the States. . . Yeah, the girls there are nice enough but they’re kind of ordinary with it – you know? Give me this way any time!!”

Well, that made me *doubly* certain that David was just about the nicest guy I’d ever come across . . . Who says that flattery gets you nowhere?

SMUGGLED OUT

As we sat together on the settee in his first-floor Dorchester suite, David told me how disappointed he was about the way things had turned out at the airport:

“I was amazed that the police even thought it was worth taking any security precautions over me here in London . . . Of course, I’ve learned to live with it in the States now and I play ball with the guards there because there’s no go in resisting really – people just get hurt that way. But, man! when I knew that there were crowds of my British fans waiting to welcome me off the flight I could feel the tears coming up to my eyes – I was so moved by it.”

You know, coming off that plane, I wasn’t really sure what was happening – Jim had to explain things to me! (*That’s Jim Flood, David’s manager, who had already been a couple of days in England before David landed.*) It was supposed to go like this: I was to come off the plane like anybody else,

David and manager Jim Flood
pictured arriving at London
Airport