

DAVID talks to Pat during his flying visit to London



go through customs like anybody else, and walk out of the airport – like anybody else! I didn't want any V.I.P. lounge treatment to mark me off. But, as you know, that's not the way it turned out!

“Apparently the airport authorities were worried that the escalator would get jammed if all the girls saw me coming on it . . . so I was smuggled out of a side entrance – like I was the Crown jewels or something! Please, Pat, try and explain how it was to all those gorgeous girls, and tell them I promise I'll make it up to them on my next visit.”

Well, any mention about a next visit and I was ready to promise anything at all! But I thought the very best thing I could do was just to print what David said to me so you could read it for yourselves!

A bit later on, David got on to the subject of his holiday:

“Hey, let's see, I must have been on vacation for upwards of a month now, but it doesn't seem that way, because I find it awful easy to lose track of time, specially if I'm enjoying myself – which I have been. I've had this itch to travel Europe since I was quite a kid, so now I guess I ought to be satisfied, 'cos I went through Italy, Switzerland and France and started to feel so at home in some places that I grew sort of reluctant to move on . . . That was always the little places though – I'm not so gone on big cities. But some of those little villages dotted round Italy are a real dream. Well, I stayed put in one of them for two weeks skiing . . . but that was mainly because I met up with someone I knew there.”

“A girl friend of my room-mate actually” was the reply that came in answer to my curious look.

“We had a great time,” David went on,

“And that, I guess, was when I really discovered that skiing was for me!”

It puzzled me a little the way David seemed to have been able to stop off wherever and whenever he fancied, so I asked him how he'd gone about organising his holiday:

“Organise!” he laughed. “Huh, the nearest I got to organisation was hiring a Volkswagen bus and getting into the driving seat! From then I just played it as it came and stopped off when I was tired or liked the look of some place. Do you realise how cheap you can live that way, Pat? There were these really groovy little inns with fantastic food, and comfortable with it, and I was staying there for 3 dollars a day!!”

I asked David if he'd ever felt just a little bit lonesome in the times when he was on his own and he smiled.

“Well, for a start, I was hardly ever on my own . . . I made an awful lot of friends at places I stopped off and by giving folks lifts on the way. There's this time I remember specially well, when I was a bit worried the bus might crack up, there were so many of us crammed into it – plus 22 skis and 11 pairs of ski boots, not to mention all the other gear hanging out of the windows!”

I left quite early that night, because David decided he needed an early-ish night as he had to be up more or less at dawn next morning to get to the BBC studios for Junior Choice. He was really looking forward to meeting Ed Stewart and reading out some of your requests on the programme; and then he'd got a visit to a friend just outside London lined up for later in the day.

So we said au revoir, and I went away looking forward to talking to David a lot more and for a lot longer, the next time!