



HOTLINE FROM HOLLYWOOD...

There it was, to brighten up a drizzly April morning – a postcard from Sunny Spain sitting on my doormat!

Well, I started to wake up a bit at that, because I hadn't heard from any of my friends that they were off on holiday and most of them seemed to be around. So I turned it over right away to see who it was from . . . "Luv Susan" was what it said and it suddenly hit me that it might be Susan Dey and that she'd finally made it to Europe as she'd planned! What it said was:

"It's just marvellous here. Endless sun and cute little villages with real live donkeys which are absolutely adorable. We are enjoying every minute of it and don't like the thought of moving, but I guess we'll have to soon because I want to see as much of Europe as I can and, of course, I'll have to be back home by mid-May. I'll call you some time while I'm over and tell you more. Luv Susan."

Talk about springing things on you by surprise! I was all curiosity to know more and, there I was – helpless, because Susan hadn't given me an address or phone number where I could contact her and I couldn't even be sure exactly where she was at that moment!

I thought about nothing else all day . . . Susan basking out there in the sunshine with ??? Who? She'd said "we", so I guessed Jane would probably be with her. I knew, of course, that Jane had moved back to Massachusetts to return to college there, but I reckoned that she must have taken some time off to share a vacation with Susan.

Well, as you'd guess, Susan's holiday was the big talking point at the office that day.

Susie had the bright idea of the week: that I should phone Shirley that night and catch up on all the news. We both knew that, if Susan had told anybody about her plans, Shirley would have been one of the very first people to be let in on the secret.

So that evening I dialled straight through to Shirley's home and – it was my lucky night – she picked up the phone herself!!

ME: Hello, is that Shirley?

SHIRLEY: Yes, hi there. Who's calling?

ME: It's Pat calling from London.

SHIRLEY: Pat! That's just great! How are you all going on over there? It sure is nice to hear your voice again after all this while. Mind, you've been in our thoughts every time a parcel from Britain has arrived for David. Seems like he doesn't talk about much else these times!

ME: Were you with him on his Birthday, Shirley? I hope he had a fantastic time . . . I'll bet he did! One thing I know for sure is that every one of his fans over here was thinking of him on the 12th.

SHIRLEY: No, I didn't see him till a few days ago, Pat, but I gather he had a great time. You see, he was



SHIRLEY TALKING

on the move for that spell around his Birthday. It just happened to coincide with his Easter Week concert schedule.

ME: (Puzzled because I thought Easter had been and gone a couple of weeks before David's Birthday happened). But wasn't Easter at the end of March this year? . . .

SHIRLEY: (Laughing) Yeah, you've got a good point there, Pat! I guess we've so gotten into the habit of calling it that, that we never thought about it! I guess it got the name because of taking place while the Easter vacation was still on. David's manager – you've met Jim haven't you? – reckoned it would be a good time for David to do a full week concert tour right across the mid-west. You see, with all the kids off from school, it meant that David could do two sessions each day without coming up against the difficulty of his fans playing hookey from school to go and see him!! And even late nights are O.K. by the moms and dads during vacation!