

huge bowls of fruit salads, vegetable and deli plates, sandwiches, and champagne — a veritable feast compared with the humble cup of tea I always requested prior to my guitar-society recitals!

Shortly thereafter, Gordon offered me the chance to participate in his U.S. summer tour. As my experiences in Minneapolis and at Maple Leaf Gardens had been so positive, I was eager for more. Meeting up with the balladeer and his band at Innotech Aviation, a Toronto private-aircraft terminal, I clambered into the Lear jet for the flight to our first "gig" in Colorado. Gordon had neglected to warn me that there was only one small toilet, which had been stuffed full of guitars and baggage, rendering it inaccessible during the flight. After four long hours, we arrived in Denver, where it started to pour with rain, which certainly did not help my predicament. Our plane was kept sitting on the tarmac for half an hour while obnoxious immigration officials fired questions at us about U.S. work permits. Gordon became more and more impatient, as we were already late for our sound check, and I was increasingly desperate to release the three or four soft drinks I had blithely consumed on the trip down.

Finally, we were ordered to get off the plane and unload all our equipment for inspection, but I made a beeline for the ladies' room. After the immigration formalities were over, we sloshed through puddles into waiting limousines. Remembering Eleanor's predictions, I smiled to myself. "Your concert at the Red Rocks Amphitheater has been washed out and relocated to the Denver Coliseum," an anxious-looking promoter informed us. "Don't worry. We have provided buses to transport the crowd over to the new venue. The Lippizaner stallions were there last night, but everything has been cleared up for your show." We were ushered into the cavernous stadium, which retained a distinctly horsey aroma, dumped our baggage in the locker rooms, and hurried onto the huge, hastily erected wooden stage. It already was six-thirty and the show was due to start at eight, so time was in short supply. Just as we began to test our microphones, the stadium doors gave way and thousands of screaming kids flooded into the arena, determined to lay claim to the front seats. Gordon had