



"Far out," he said. "You're keeping a journal. Are you going to call it Famous Stars I Have Known, or something like that?" He wandered off toward the bathroom for his morning marathon shower. "Gee," he called back, "when the anthropologists dig L.A. up in ten or twenty thousand years, they'll probably find your journal. Think what a weird picture they'll have of everything."

He was gone, and I caught up, word for word, as I heard the water go on and his wavery singing (he may be a star, but in the shower he sounds like everybody else) floated down the hall. Proud of myself as a conscientious and organized reporter, I closed the book and carefully put it away.

That was three weeks ago. Since then, I've put exactly three entries into those blank, waiting pages. Here they are, in their pure, unexpurgated glory.

TUESDAY. David is grumpy this morning. When he's grumpy I don't have to write so much, but when he feels good he talks fast, and I can't



FINALLY DAVID had a chance to do some sightseeing this trip there!

keep up. I'll have to try a kind of shorthand. I'll do it next time he really gets talkative.

WDNSDY MRNING. David came in early, bright and smiling. "Wht do you thnk abt gng fr a wlk out in th cnyon?" he said. "I fel lke beng out-drrs fr at 1st th frst hlf of th dy. We cld tke sme food and hve a pcnc on th grss and I cld pretice my guitr and wrk on a cple of sngs."

That's the second entry. Do you spot a problem in my method? If you can read my shorthand you're a lot better at codes than I am. And besides, it took me longer to figure out how to



ON STAGE ENGLAND! David wore a white suit with purple, blue, red!



GOLD AND SILVER records were given to him! He was very proud!

make the words shorter than it would have taken me to write them out! So I abandoned that technique, and tried another. Here's the third and last entry.

EYES GET HEAVY

SAT. David came in—what doing today? he asked. —Let's go beach, I say. He laugh, pick up banjo, strum chord. —Beach it is, he say. What car? —Yours, I say. Mine no gas. —Cool, he say, but you drive. I plan to get headache. —What? I ask, why you plan to get headache? —Just to do something different, he say. I bored with being healthy.

This exchange goes on for a page or so, but I've read more exciting conversation in a Tarzan novel, and I don't feel it quite gives all the subtle nuances of our quiet, sunny California charm. And besides, when I type it out for you to read I feel my eyes start to get heavy and I begin to have little glimmerings of dreams, and if it can't keep the writer awake, I don't know how excited I can expect a reader to get.

And so, next month, it's back to the old memory. I'm glad I gave this method a try, though. It improved my handwriting quite a bit, and I found a pen I really like, the first one since David used my Parker fountain pen for a dart and hit the bullseye with it.

And as for the book, David's appropriated it, and he sits in his chair on the set all day long and writes lyrics in it. He's only lost the words to approximately eighteen thousand, nine hundred and fifty-three songs, so it's probably a good thing that he's now got a way to keep all his ideas together. Until he loses the entire book, that is.

Keep yourself together till next time, and love from David and me.

Sam 51