

David's

personal letter to you

Hi there!

You'll never guess where I'm writing this from — unless somebody's already let you in on the secret. Not that it's really a secret, I guess — at least, not from *you*.

Well, in case you're still wondering: I'm lying, propped up on one elbow, half buried in sand — in Hawaii!

I figured that L.A. had gotten a bit dead, and that I'd best not stay there for fear of making it any deader! So I packed up and emigrated! Up to now it's been something of a short-term emigration, because I've only been spending four or five days out of every week here. I've had to take myself back every now and again to do some interviews and photo sessions.

DISAPPEARING ACT

But, for the most part, I've been able to cut myself completely adrift from all those worries, and just disappear into the sun-drenched blue and gold of Hawaii. I know Ruth sometimes gets a bit mad with me over it . . . You see, I'm sometimes in such a hurry to get off that I forget to tell her where I'm going and when I'll be back. I remember one time when she was going crazy, thinking that I might forget a big interview I'd got scheduled.

Of course, I *hadn't* forgotten — but how was she to know? It was quite something when I turned up! I kind of strolled in, feeling fantastically relaxed and ready to talk till my tongue dropped off. And I couldn't figure out why Ruth looked so tense and tight-lipped as I walked in across the lobby. I was half-wondering about what had bitten her all through that interview . . .

I didn't have to wonder too long after it had ended! She told me how she felt in no

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uncertain terms, and it made me realise how easy it is to be a bother to other people without meaning to be. To tell you straight, it had never occurred to me that she'd be worrying about a thing like that.

But, since then, I try to think ahead and see things from other folks' points of view. Specially Ruth's, because she is one of the people in the world who I'd most hate to let down any way.

So, this trip, she knows I'm here. And now you do, too. So I guess nobody can accuse me of playing the Mystery Man right now!

You know, I'm just sorry that Hawaii is so much farther away from you than it is from me. Maybe some of you have made it over here for a vacation, even so. If you have, you'll know why I wish every one of my friends in Britain could share the fantastic things Hawaii has to give.

Sure, I know you've got some outasight places in Europe . . . Well, I've fallen in love with enough of them to know!

HAWAIIAN HOME

But Hawaii is Hawaii is Hawaii . . . There's no doubt about that! And — if you're still reading this — you might have guessed by now that it's a hardened Hawaii addict holding the pen at this end!

One thing you might *not* know is that I've gotten my own place here now, so I'll be able to come and go whenever I want, without all the hassle of checking into hotels and eating out in restaurants. It means that, if I see a few clear days ahead of me any time, I can just make up my mind one evening and be out here the same night!

Did I say I'd gotten my own place? Well, it might be truer to say that I was *growing* my own place! You see, a while back I

