



BECAUSE DIVING WAS still a little bit new to us, we checked our equipment carefully before making each dive. Diving is a fabulous hobby!



I KNOW DAVID wished he could have sent a personal postcard to YOU, but since he couldn't, he just made sure that you shared his vacation!

shop is called "Skin Diving Hawaii," and it's located in Lahaina, which is Maui's biggest city, and probably the nicest city I've ever been in—all green and sparkling clean, nothing like a city on the mainland.

The man who went with us to dive was named Neil, a nice, huge, sun-browned guy from California who decided that Hawaii was the life for him, and actually did something about it! He helped us choose our gear, and then

we packed up about fourteen sandwiches, climbed into a boat, and took off. Neil uses the boat for catching turtles, which the hotels serve to their guests as a delicacy, but David and I had decided that we wouldn't have anything to do with that end of it. We were skin-diving as sight-seers only, and we aren't into killing anything. In fact, we didn't even carry spears for self-protection.

About an hour out from land, Neil stopped the boat, and we strapped on our aqualungs, masks and flippers, put our weight belts around our waists, and went over the side! It was so strange! The weight belt kept dragging at me as I swam around on the surface, becoming used to the fins and mask and breathing equipment, and I remember thinking that it was too heavy. Finally, Neil led the way down.

We glided into a green, silent world of shifting light and flowing shapes. It was like flying—we hung suspended over a fairy-tale landscape, breathing freely and effortlessly like a couple of giant birds. Of course we couldn't talk, but I could see by David's face that he was completely flipped out, and I was, too! We went down and down, until we reached bottom—about fifty feet deep.

The first thing Neil did was catch a giant turtle with his hands and let David and me take turns riding it. It's fantastic! You hold on for dear life to their shells and they just streak through the water while your hair flows out behind like seaweed. I've never felt anything like it. We made Neil let that turtle go, and then we went back up. We had been down more than twenty minutes, but it hadn't felt like any more than five.

SOME UNDERWATER PHOTOS

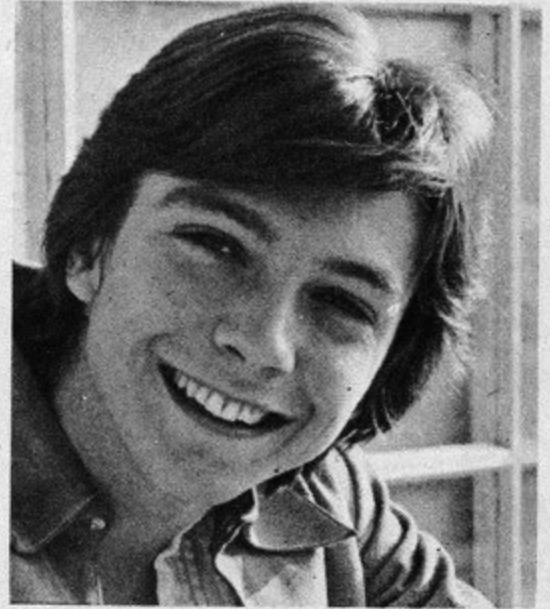
Back in the boat, we laughed and shouted about all we had seen and done, pretty much ignoring Neil's advice that we should rest quietly for a while. All we wanted to do was go back down! Finally Neil gave in, and we got all strapped in again, and I grabbed an underwater camera. I was going to take pictures to show everybody I knew, because I knew I couldn't describe the things I'd seen.

Over the side, I remember thinking once again that the weight-belt was too heavy, but I was so eager to get down that I ignored it. Once again, David and I glided into that magic world, but we were doing separate things now—he was looking for a turtle to ride, and I was snapping pictures like a madman, so we weren't really watching one an-

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Great! Yes, I want David's autographed photo for me. I have checked the photos I want and have enclosed one dollar for each photo I ordered. (Add \$.25 for rush handling.)

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