

LIVING

Hello again from Hollywood! That's a pretty corny opening, but I did it on purpose, because I have a kind of point to make. I know that when some of you, especially those who don't live on the West Coast, think about Hollywood, you think about Hollywood Boulevard and Grauman's Chinese Theatre and movie studios and stars walking down the street saying "hello" to everybody and every other car has Elizabeth Taylor in it, right? I know that whenever I've been anywhere else—like when I was in the army—whenever I'd say I was from Hollywood, everybody'd start asking "do you know Elvis?" and things like that. Well, let me clear this up right now. It isn't anything like that!

In fact, the life that David and I lived was probably quite a bit similar to the life *you're* living right now! School took up as much of our time as we'd let it, and we were busy with a club and, of course, there were always girls—but I'll tell you all about girls in another chapter, so I don't want to blow all my stories now! There *are* quite a few of them, though, (as you probably guessed) so I won't be able to keep away from the subject altogether!

SURFING DAYS OVER

Well, when I left you last, David and I were in high school. Our big surfing days were behind us, mostly because it got to be such an "in"

thing, and David's never been able to stand the idea that he might look like he's trying to be somebody he's not! With the surfing, it finally got to be such a big deal—you had to go every day, you have to have a tan in February (I knew guys who used sun lamps and lemon juice in their hair all year long) and finally David just got fed up! Anyway, by then he had his own car and that was a whole different bag.

OUR FIRST CARS

We were both 16 when we got our first cars. Neither of them was a very big status-symbol hot-rod (which upset me and pleased David) but they both got us around okay! David's was this gigantic '59 Oldsmobile, a convertible, and he put slicks on it and stuff like that and I knocked holes in the muffler of mine to make it sound loud. Then, after knocking the poor cars practically to pieces to make them look far out, we spent most of our time sneaking around corners and trying to look invisible to stay away from the cops!

And, of course, they broke down all the time. Both our cars were our parents' rejects (well, they sure weren't about to buy us *new* ones!) and naturally, we left a little trail of parts behind us everywhere we went. One thing that *is* different about living in L.A. is that everything is so far away! Like if you live in the San Fernando Valley and you're going to a movie in Hollywood, you've got a thirty or forty-mile round trip in front of you. That makes it hard on your car, and also makes it *impossible* to live without one! I mean, you've got to take the girls in *something!*

MANY DIFFERENT MODELS

So, naturally, David went through cars about as fast as he went through girl friends! He had that giant '59 Olds, and then a '53 VW (which was a great car) and a '61 MGA, which was the best of all. I'd come home in the afternoon, and there'd be a strange car out front, and it'd turn out to be David's!

Along about the time David got the VW, he transferred high schools, and we stopped seeing each other all the time. Actually, we'd been seeing less

