

David's Hawaiian Diary

Since I talked to you last, I've been practically halfway around the world and back! I've been playing concerts all over, and I even managed to squeeze in four days for a real, genuine vacation! Honest! I went to Hawaii, and had a wonderful time, but all the time I was thinking about you! In fact, I even made notes as I went along so I could be sure to tell you all about it without forgetting anything!

I was spending a lot of time on the beach, both in and out of the water, so a notebook was a little awkward—and so I made notes on anything handy—the back of next week's P.F. script, paper bags, old seaweed—anything I could find. As a result, my organization leaves a little to be desired, but I've finally managed to make sense out of it all, so here goes!

Monday

I did a concert on Sunday in Charleston, W. Va., and it was super. After the concert I talked to some kids for a while and then sprinted for the plane to carry me back to good old L.A. I managed to catch a few winks on the plane (lately I seem to do *all* my sleeping in planes) and when I landed in Los Angeles, Sam and Al had come to see me. We sat around and rapped for about an hour and I left a little baggage with them, and then climbed right aboard the big plane that was going to take me to Hawaii!

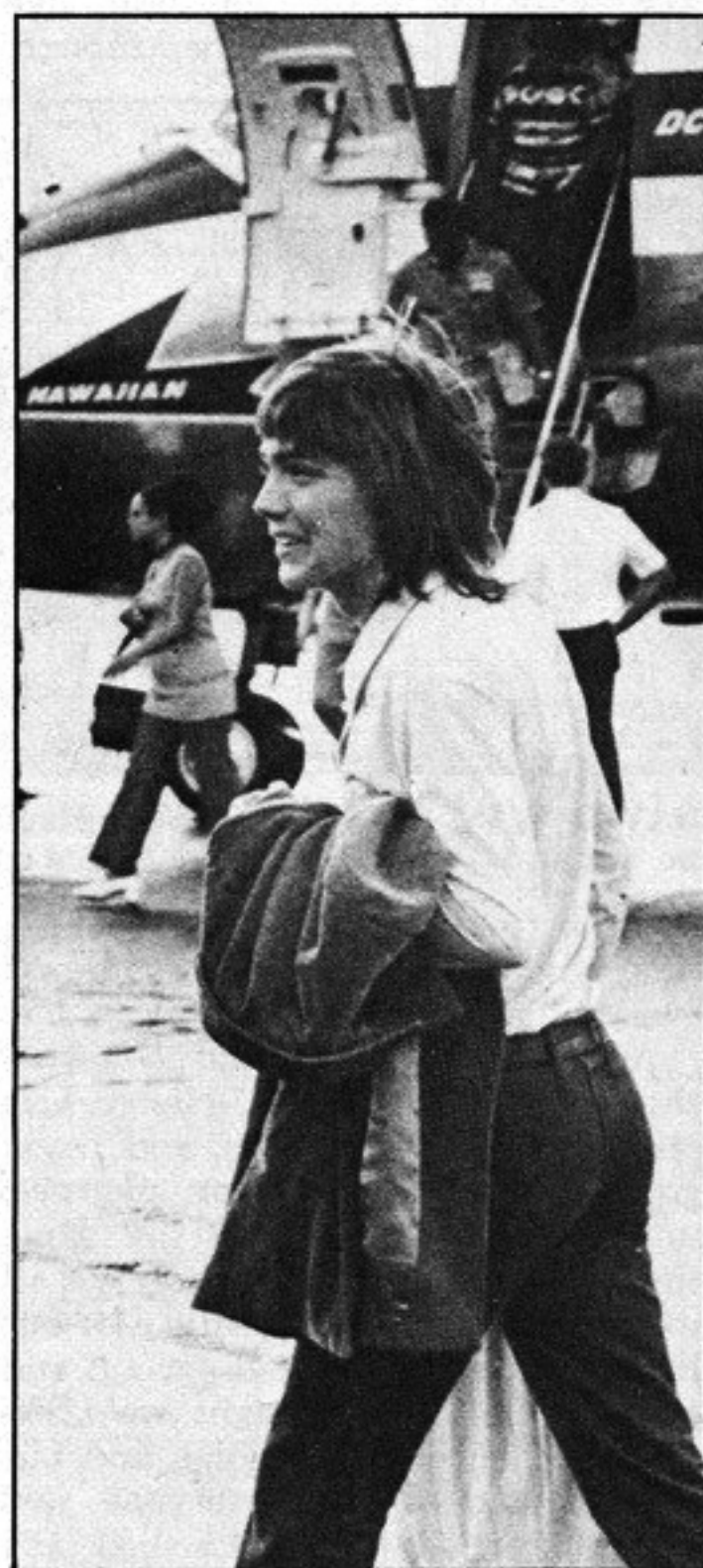
What with the time changes and all, I had been losing time ever since

I left Charleston, and so when I landed in Hawaii, it was only about nine. However, since my day had started in Charleston, it was about three a.m. *my* time, and when Henry Diltz (a super photographer who I met a few months ago when he began taking photos for TIGER BEAT) and Cyrus Faryar (a folk-singer and really a great guy) met me at the airport, I was practically too tired to talk! I think I snoozed off on the way to the house in the car, and when I arrived, I was too tired to unpack, and I just sort of crashed out on the bed without even getting undressed!

Tuesday

I got up and unpacked and then went down to the beach with one of my new friends to take some pictures of him surfing. I had my camera and a tripod and a 500-millimeter lens that's like a little telescope, and it was all I could do to walk! Naturally, the place I chose to take pictures was at the end of a lava flow, and I had to walk out there. Also naturally, I was barefoot! It was a real surprise to me to find that lava is about as sharp as a week-old razor blade, but I tiptoed out, set up my equipment, and took about twenty really neat pictures—when suddenly a raindrop about the size of a pigeon's egg hit me on the back of the neck. It was still sunny, but it was raining like mad, so I grabbed my equipment and sprinted across the sharp lava until I could get under shelter!

Later that day I was down on the beach again, and I saw a little dog that looked so much like Sam that I couldn't believe my eyes! He came up to me, so friendly, with his tail wagging, and I just couldn't imagine that it was really happening. We



WHEN HIS PLANE touched down on the isle of Oahu, David couldn't have been more excited. He flew straight from a concert date to the islands.

made friends immediately and he tagged along with me for the rest of my stay!

That night we made a fire and cooked fish and sang songs and everything, and it was really out of sight, the most relaxing time I've had in months! Henry and Cyrus were joined by their friend Chip, who used to be in a group with them, a great group called the Modern Folk Quintet. I was playing the ukelele!

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