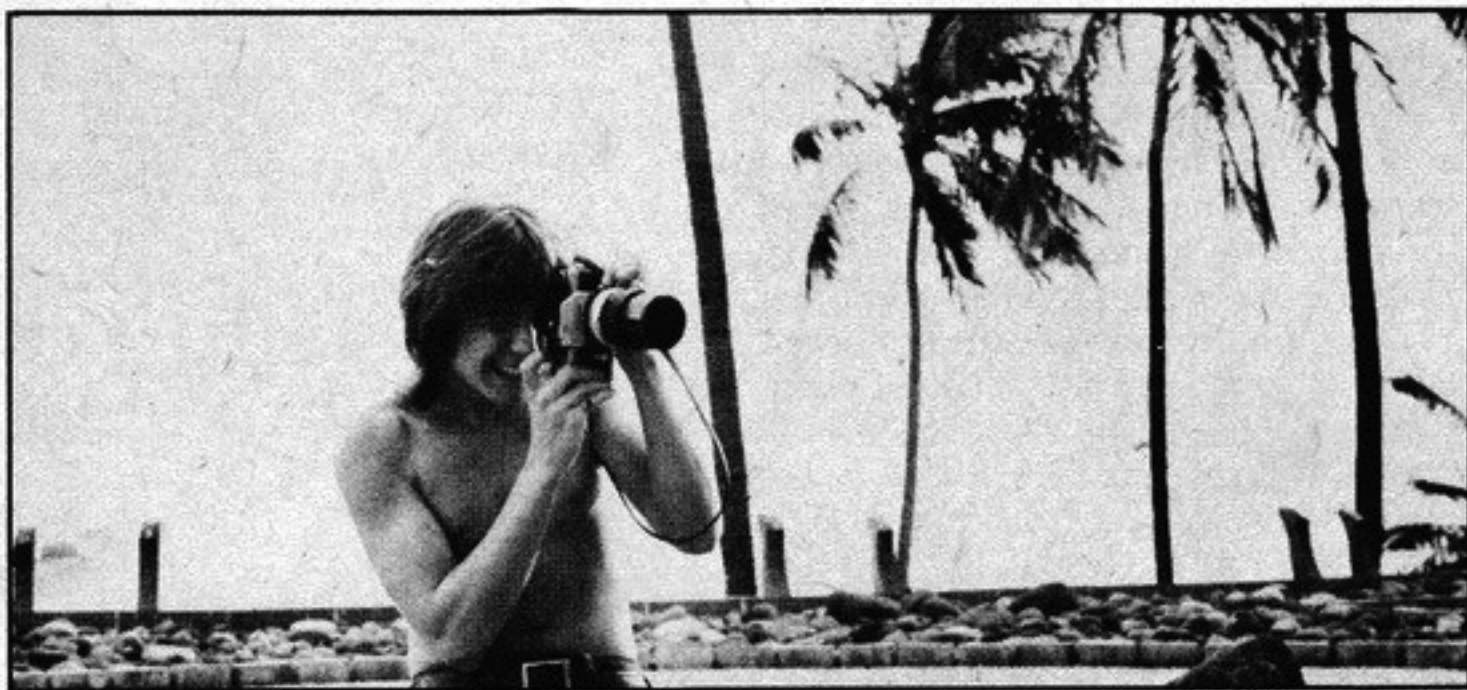


Wednesday

Wednesday was really super. Cyrus and Henry and I went down to the beach and played music most of the day. Henry was playing the flute and Cyrus had a "zink" which is a lot like a trumpet but it's made of wood—if you can picture that! It's got this really funky sound. I was sort of switching off between guitar and my new favorite, the uke, and we did all sorts of corny old songs like "Lady of Spain" and stuff like that. It sounded just fine, though,



DAVID WAS ABLE TO really practice his new hobby, photography, while he was in Hawaii. He loves shooting scenery, but most of all people.

with the waves coming in right on time, and the sun shining down and everything. Really fine!

After that we just sorta goofed on the beach for a while. Henry was searching for beach glass, and I was going crazy taking color pictures, until we all realized at the same time that we were famished. We all went down to this really far-out little restaurant and had shrimp and teriyaki until we thought we'd explode! Then we went home and put some music on and everyone just sort of partied until I crashed. It's funny, but I was always the first to crash, and usually the last to get up. I guess relaxing wears me out!

Thursday

It was another beach day. Henry and I decided to go down to a really lonely beach, and we wound up getting lost! We didn't know where we were, or where we'd come from, but with the ocean in front of you, there's only really one direction you can go in, so we found our way back. I guess we hit about six beaches that day, and most of the time that little

dog who looked so much like Sam was with me, just tagging along like Sam used to do! I even talked to him like I talked to Sam, with the same weird tone of voice and all, and he really seemed to understand!

At about the fifth beach we went to, we saw this little old lady down the road selling papayas, and we went to get some. Then we went to the store and got some bananas and guava juice and some other stuff and went back to the house to make what Henry called "smoothies." You just sort of mix the stuff in a blender until it's really thick and smooth, and then you drink it. It's so good that I'll never laugh at Sam Hyman again when he mixes up one of those

blender breakfasts I used to tease him about!

I spent the rest of the day taking pictures: pictures of waves, pictures of rocks, pictures of trees—and, most of all, pictures of my friends. I haven't seen the results yet, but if they're good I'll share them with you! I even took some pictures of my friend the dog!

An absolutely *huge* Chinese dinner finished the day off. I ate so much that I wasn't even hungry an hour later. In fact, it was all I could do to make it to bed while everyone else stayed up and played music till all hours. By now they were all calling me "possum!"

Friday

This was my last day, so I wanted to get an early start. I ate some pineapple and then Henry went down to the beach with me to show me some photography hints. After he split I sat on the beach and worked on a song for about two hours until they all came looking for me to find out if I was still alive! My little dog-friend had been sitting with me, and

I decided that I just couldn't leave him, so I went over to the house where he lived and asked the guy if I could have him. I explained all about Sam, and I think the guy would have given him to me, but I could see in his face that he really loved the dog and didn't want to lose him, so I figured I'd better not press it. Anyway, he's probably happier where he is than he'd be in Hollywood!

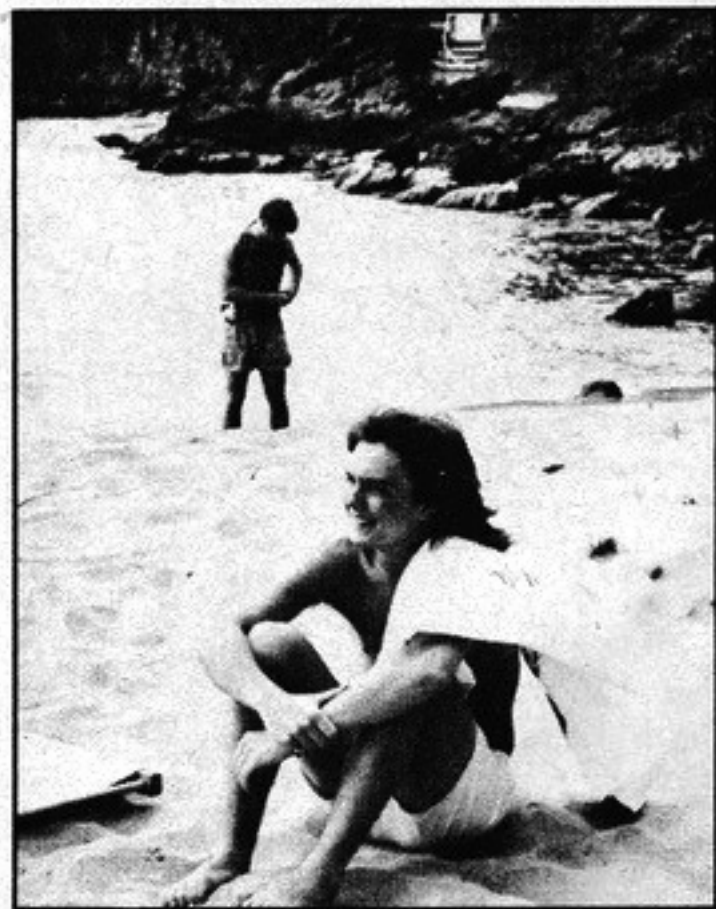
Then I went to a new beach and experimented with the camera, taking these weird time-exposure pictures of myself. I'd set the shutter to be open for about thirty seconds and then I'd run in and jump around, stuff like that. When I was finished I said goodbye to the beach and got myself together to leave—but I must have subconsciously wanted to stay, because I wound up rushing like a madman, and made my plane by about thirty seconds!

Everybody waved and shouted goodbye as I ran onto the plane, and about three minutes later I looked out of my window as the Islands got smaller and smaller, like emeralds thrown into the blue of the sea.

It was right back into the swing of things. I landed at Los Angeles Airport and jumped right onto a plane for Chicago to do a concert there. That night, as I got ready to go on, I could hardly believe that I'd been in Hawaii seven hours earlier!

Oh well, I've got my memories—and my pictures! I'll be talking to you real soon. Take care... for me.

David



GETTING LOTS OF SUN on the beach was what David did most. He decided not to scuba dive this trip, because he just wanted to rest on shore!