

*The Baroness Wooton Report, 1969*

With millions of Americans and Britons continuing to use grass, and none reported to be in lunatic asylums, it was time for another study. The Baroness Wooton Report cited Great Britain's most eminent drug authorities. *The report revealed marijuana to be a relatively harmless drug that did not lead to crime, dependency, or anti-social behavior.*<sup>21</sup> The U.S. Government response: silence. Don't confuse us with facts. Our minds are made up.

*"Tell me what you are doing to me!"*

One evening, I stopped at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel for a beer, and an attractive blonde lady sitting next to me caught my eye. She was superbly dressed in black dress, high heels, pearls, and fine jewelry – unusual for relaxed Hawaii. We started chatting and I learned that she was a professor at the University of Hawaii, and her name was Brenda. She had already had a couple of drinks; she was feeling them, and ready to play. I phoned the nanny and asked her to put the children to bed at their regular time.

Almost without my realizing it, it was 10:30. We decided to go to a hotel for the night. She was such an elegant lady that I wanted to take her somewhere very special. I recalled Mrs. Paterson, a friendly lady from Scotland who owned and rented out luxurious cottages on the ocean at the foot of Diamond Head. Mrs. Paterson and I had swum together in front of her superb property many times. Her spectacular oceanfront cottages were frequently booked by heads of state. I realized it was late, but decided to phone her to see if she might rent us a cottage. "Come on over, Mr. Ford." She was almost whispering. "Just please be very quiet. My guests have all retired for the night. I'll leave the key under the mat of bungalow number 5."

We drove quietly down her long, steep driveway to bungalow 5, retrieved the key, and literally tip-toed in. The king-sized bed was turned down, there was an orchid on the table and the sweet aroma of a gardenia on the pillow. Even a bottle of wine by the bed – sweet old Mrs. Paterson! Brenda turned on some soft music. It was now midnight. Soon, we were in bed.

“Dave, please tell me what you are doing to me.”

“I’m making love to you, Brenda.”

“No, Dave. Tell me what you are truly doing to me”.

“I’m *truly* making love to you, Brenda.”

“No, you’re not. *Tell* me what you are *doing* to me!”

I began to wish we had only smoked grass and left the liquor alone. Bewildered, I was trying to think of something more creative when Brenda screamed out in the loudest shriek I ever heard, “*You’re FUCKING me! Say it David!*” She repeated it, this time even louder, as she was having an orgasm, “OH, GOD, I’m C -O- M- I- N- G... ARE YOU EVER FUCKING ME! I LOVE IT! OOOOHHHH, AAHHHH!”

I wasn’t surprised when seconds later there was a violent pounding on the door. I grabbed my pants and gingerly opened the door to find an outraged, shaking Mrs. Paterson in her nightgown. “Mr. Ford. This has never happened before. Would you kindly be out of here in 10 minutes?”

“Of course, Mrs. Paterson. I’m terribly sorry. Please send the bill to my home.”

Not speaking, I drove Brenda back to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. I climbed out of the car and opened her door. As she got out of the car, she said, “Here’s my card with my phone number on it. When can I see you again?”

“Never. Good night, Brenda,” I sputtered as firmly as my embarrassment and anger would allow. I went home, kissed the youngsters who were sound asleep, and retired to a blessedly silent bedroom.

### *It seemed like a good idea to climb out of a window!*

The following week while I was bodysurfing I noticed a pleasing redhead catching the same wave, just a few feet away. We ended up on the beach, chatting. She recognized me from television, and that was a help in breaking the ice. “I’ve only been over here for a year. As you can no doubt tell, I’m German. I would enjoy cooking you a good German meal. Would you like that?” I nodded. She gave me her address, and set the time for noon on Friday. She was only 22.

On Friday at noon I was at her apartment with a bouquet of anthuriums and a bottle of wine. She welcomed me and pointed to the table. Two places were set, candles were already lit, and an enticing aroma wafted from the little kitchen. I don’t recall the German dishes that Helga served, but they were delicious.

After lunch, Helga excused herself. In a few minutes she returned in a white negligee. She gave me a big hug and a juicy kiss. What's a guy to do? I picked her up and carried her over to her bed. We were soon making uncivilized love.

Later, as we were relaxing, I glanced out the window and saw a car with an obviously military paint job parked across the street, with a man sitting behind the wheel. I didn't think much about it until we were about to begin making love again, and I noticed that the guy was looking directly toward Helga's apartment. "Helga, is it my imagination, or is there a man watching your apartment?"

"Ja, he's my husband. He's with the military police at Hickam. He's jealous, and wants to catch a man who will admit he has been in bed with me. He says it would be thrilling and sexual for him. To me, it is very exciting. He doesn't do that much for me, but it turns me on to be able to sneak men in and out of here. Oh, do it to me again, now! This time put it anywhere!"

Instead, I leaped out of bed. This time I put it in my pants. I don't think it took more than 30 seconds to get my clothes on. A cop! A *military* cop! Hell, I thought, that guy has a loaded weapon, and could easily kill me!

Helga said, "Go out the front door. I'll tell him you were a vacuum salesman." But I'd spotted a rear window and it was there that I made my ungraceful exit. Helga looked disappointed as I almost dove through the open window after noting it was five feet to the ground. I peeked around the corner of the building. Her husband was still in his car, chewing gum rapidly. I would have felt far safer had he been smoking a joint – almost a guarantee of a person not being hostile. My car was between him and the apartment, so I decided on a flanking maneuver. I walked around the block and headed straight for my car, not looking at their apartment or his car. With shaking legs, I drove jerkily away.

### *Hawaii, the land of Aloha and loving ladies*

My next romantic adventure was more sedate. June worked for one of my former sponsors. She was Japanese, and enchanting. Her soft coal-black hair flowed to her smooth hips. After my recent dramas, I made it a point to tell her that I had recently divorced, and was not interested in a romantic commitment; I just wanted to have fun for a time. "Thank you for being so forthright, Dave. Let's have some fun, shall we?"

We went to dinner on the lanai of the Halekalanani Hotel, located on the ocean in Waikiki. Tiki torches surrounded us. The moon was full. The stars shone like large uncut diamonds, while live Hawaiian music serenaded us. I asked June what she would like for dessert.

“Close your eyes, Dave. I have already ordered a special dessert.” June took my hand and placed something in it. “Open your eyes now, my new friend.” It was a key. She smiled and said, “I don’t have to be at work until 9 a.m. The key is to my apartment. Could you drop by now and then around seven?”

I used that privilege a number of times. The freedom for me of being divorced felt like being a teen-ager again. June had many special qualities. One in particular heightened our play: she loved grass. She used pot for PMS, relaxing, and eliminating job stress. June said, “I used to get so uptight on the job I’d have a drink or two to relax, but I didn’t like the space it put me into – I’d get melancholy. A couple of puffs of pot and the stress would dissolve, and I’d be all smiles. I especially adore it while making love.”

After several times using that magic key, June said, “Dave, I don’t think of anything other than you when I’ve had a few puffs and I’m in your arms. I used to have a speck of a drinking problem until I switched from alcohol to a couple of joints a week. I also tried everything to quit smoking cigarettes. That’s the worst task I ever had. With grass I was able to quit smoking those nasty things. Now I’m happier than I’ve ever been. With pot, who needs cigarettes or hangovers? Not us, Davie!”

We got into the habit of surprising each other with choice foods, and we had some fine picnics in bed. A delicious lunch, a short nap, and more lovemaking while Frank Sinatra sang for us from the stereo.

One night I awoke alone at home, around midnight. For some reason a feeling of jealousy hit me. I realized I was being immature. June and I didn’t have an exclusive relationship – but telling myself that didn’t stop me from being jealous. The nanny was asleep in her room; the children were safe. I dressed rapidly and headed straight for June’s apartment in Waikiki.

Her lights were on. When I reached her front door, I put my ear against it – and heard a man’s voice. I carefully opened her door with my key and slipped silently into her little kitchen. Pot smoke was heavy in the air. I recognized the man’s voice. It was our mutual friend, Fred, who had his own orchestra. They were just smoking, rapping, and giggling.

Then Fred said, “It was nice visiting with you, June. Sorry Dave wasn’t here. Just thought I’d take a chance that you guys would be here, and drop by with some Chinese food. I’d best get home or my wife will be upset.”

I couldn’t leave now without being detected! There was a louvered bi-fold door near me next to the kitchen – a closet. I opened it slowly, slipped inside, and closed the doors. Through the louvers I could see Fred approaching with a dish of food in his hand. I froze like a store-window mannequin.

Fred opened the louvered doors. As he took his jacket off a hanger he looked right into my face. I couldn’t believe what he did next. Totally nonchalant, he said, “Would you like some beef egg foo yong?” I took the plate. Fred shook his head, closed the closet doors, and left without saying a word to June.

As soon as June was in bed, I slipped out of her apartment. The next morning, Fred phoned. “Dave, please tell me you were in June’s closet last night.” I told him the story and begged him not to ever tell June. He said, “I promise. Damn, I feel better. Halfway home I was thinking about it, and I almost decided to quit smoking grass!”