

## HOW DID MAHALO CON HAPPEN?

So how did Mahalo Con come to be, anyway?

Having heard of a remark made by Jim MacArthur wishing that the cast and crew of the show could get together again sometime, a seed was planted in my fertile brain <it's all your fault, MacArthur!>, . Not having the sense to know when something is truly impossible, I began to investigate just what the logistics and realities were of such an event taking place. The Five-O fans were definitely enthusiastic. After three or four months, it seemed that there was interest and it could be done. So we (Rita and co-conspirators Karen Rhodes and Luis Reyes [who initially thought up the idea of having the con in two cities!]), started putting together the bare bones for a very small gathering, hoping to attract maybe *one* actor from the series if we were lucky. Well, as you all know, it took on a life of its own, literally.

I won't bore you by rehashing the whole epic. I do however, want to thank many of the people who have stood by me and encouraged me in this interesting vision; the various members of the acting and production community who showed interest and enthusiasm; and the unbelievable group of Hawai'ian *kane* (and ladies, too!) who started out being friendly and helpful and who have ended up becoming near angels to me. I've heard of the Hawai'ian *Aloha* spirit, but these people really made it come to life for me.

First, to DOUG MOSSMAN who became my first contact and was so very helpful and encouraging. Little did either of us know that he would become such a pivotal part in the evolution of our little gathering. Without his help and friendship, I truly believe it would not have happened. I'm so sorry he couldn't join us here, but we will catch up to him in Honolulu.

To KAM FONG and ZULU, who started out as lofty icons whom I timidly approached with this odd idea, and who likewise turned out to be incredible human beings.

To COLLEEN CHUN and SANCHIA ROBERTS who have been so helpful all along in this endeavor and who have both, at the eleventh hour, come through with some wonderful surprises and additions for our gathering. *Mahalo nui loa*, ladies.

To my co-conspirators Karen Rhodes and Luis Reyes: Karen for being my conscience and a stabilizing factor for when I was about to spin out control and for her own love and dedication to the Five-O *ohana*; Luis for his assistance and support all this time.

To Sylvia Clay Stoddard, who appeared out of nowhere (at the twelfth hour!) and has been so instrumental in helping me get and keep this on track at the very end, when it seemed everything (and every little *menehune*) around was conspiring to thwart it. That this program book is in your hands at all is due to her efforts.

To Karen Lesser and Gayel Miller of the Burbank Airport Hilton for helping us in so many ways. Truly without the faith of these ladies, this event would not have taken place.



To Brand Farrar for letting me stay over for many hours working on the masters for all of this and learning so many new computer enhancements without which much of the graphics would not have been possible.

To Staples Office Supply and Christine who were so very helpful in getting all the copies done on time and on our idea of a budget!

As a closing, the following poem seems to express our feelings and commitment regarding this gathering. (Mahalo, Ann Landers.)

### **The Time Is Now**

If you are ever going to love me,  
Love me now, while I can know  
The sweet and tender feelings  
Which from true affection flow.  
Love me now  
While I am living,  
Do not wait until I'm gone  
And then have it chiseled in marble,  
Sweet words on ice-cold stone.  
If you have tender thoughts of me,  
Please tell me now.  
If you wait until I am sleeping,  
Never to awaken,  
There will be death between us,  
And I won't hear you then.  
So, if you love me, even a little bit,  
Let me know it while I am living  
So I can treasure it...

Gentlemen, please be assured — you are treasured.