

TV was someone who was *not* David!

Soon after that, I sat David down and had a long talk with him which led to the aforementioned singing and drama lessons. My words of admonition and persuasion to him were, "David, if you want it, you have got to work for it—you've got to learn your craft and you've got to learn it well." All of this was a short time before we left for California.

Well, the drama classes turned out to be *something else!* He just couldn't "make it" with the drama group. Though David yearned for an acting and singing career, though he longed to get up and perform before others—there was still something private and insulated about him. Somehow, he couldn't quite let go. I'm sure that part of it was the usual feelings of insecurity and fears of being rejected, but underneath it all there was another *deeper* current. More and more, I began to realize that my son David was a very complex person.

ON TO CALIFORNIA!

Along about this time, for numerous reasons (the main two being that there was more work for me in Hollywood than in New York at the time *and* I felt too that David should get to see his dad a little more often), I decided to move to Los Angeles. At that time, of course, Jack was married to Shirley Jones and they had started a lovely family that turned out to be David's three adorable step-brothers, Shaun, Patrick and Ryan. During the years Jack and I were divorced, David had seen his father at fairly regular intervals and he had even met Jack's wife Shirley several times. But, as David grew older, I felt that it was important for him to get to see his dad more often.

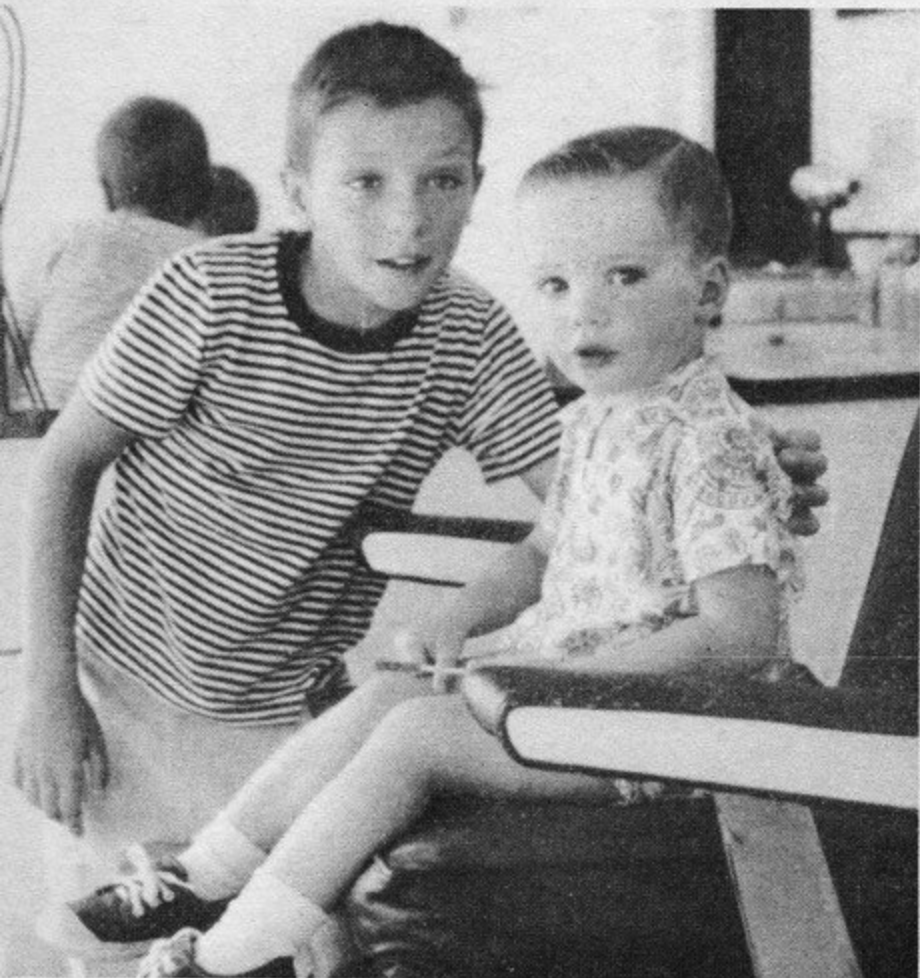
Uprooting David from West Orange was a difficult and heartbreaking job. He had to leave his favorite dog "Tips" behind, because "Tips" was just too old to be moved. And,

of course, he had to leave his numerous relatives, playmates and friends. When we arrived in Los Angeles, we lived in a small, rented, Spanish stucco house. We arrived in January, when David was ten years old, and the first months were difficult. David was enrolled in Fairburn Grammar School in the Westwood area of Los Angeles, and for awhile he really hated it. But, fortunately, as happens with young people, he soon found himself with two or three friends, then four or five friends—and soon the worst was over. In fact, in the spring—when we returned to West Orange for a visit—well, it was almost as if David was coming home as a "star"! All of his relatives and friends gathered around him to hear his tales about the exciting, sunny world of California, where oranges grow on trees and you had movie stars for neighbors!

Upon returning again to Los Angeles, David became incredibly active in the Boy Scouts *and* in Little League baseball. But as much as David loved the Scouts, he never earned very many badges. This seemed connected to that complex part of him that made him individualistic and somewhat of a "loner." Well, David might have been the oldest "tenderfoot" in the history of the Boy Scouts, but he was surely the happiest and the most devoted!

There was one particularly amusing event in David's Boy Scout history that stands out. The Scouts often went camping—really roughing it—in the Santa Monica mountains and occasionally they would have what was called "Father's Weekend". During those particular weekends, the various boys would invite their fathers to come along. David's dad was very much a "city slicker", so it took quite a bit of persuading to get him to go on one of those camp weekends.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



● At 11, David poses with his younger half-brother Shaun at Boystown Barber Shop in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles.



● Another shot of David (at 12) with Shaun. Like David, Shaun's hair turns lighter in the summer sun and gets darker during the winter months.