

home in nearby Cheviot Hills—and moving into our new home had brought much joy to David's young life.

When David was 15 and out of junior high, a bunch of neighborhood boys started a club called The Chaparrals. David was ecstatic when he was asked to join. The group really didn't have much of a purpose, except to "have fun", and since they seemed harmless enough, I was pleased that David was joining. The afternoon he told his buddies he was joining the Chaparrals, he came home aglow.

"They said it's O.K., Mom," he told me enthusiastically. Then he paused, "Er, ah—"

"What is it, David?" I asked, expecting *something*—but I didn't know exactly what.

"Well, there's like this initiation, you see—and they told me that I wouldn't be hearing from them until my initiation started and—well, they said that from this moment on, I should be prepared for anything."

"Anything?" I asked.

David looked down and said almost apologetically, "Yep, anything!"

Well, I thought to myself, *what harm can a handful of young boys do? They certainly would not do too much damage.* But I didn't count on getting scared half to death!

THE RAID!

That night—in the middle of the night—I was sound asleep when I was awakened by a sort of scratching sound. For some odd reason, I wasn't frightened. I propped myself on my elbow and saw by the shaft of moonlight that came through the window and hit the clock that it was 4 A.M. Suddenly, the door to my room burst open and in "flew" about four of the most terrifying "*spectacles*" I had ever seen!! I was too dumbfounded to even scream! I just clutched the covers to me and stared with disbelief!

There in front of me pranced, romped, chanted and screeched four incredible ghosts—flapping about in great

white sheets and wearing terrifying masks and "heads"! I switched on the light and saw dirty little hands and feet sticking out the ends of the sheets! The Chaparrals had come for David—and they had gotten into the *wrong room!*

Of course, the minute the light went on—the goblins turned tail and ran! My first instinct was to go charging down the hall after them, but I suddenly remembered David's "*initiation*"—and I knew that if I interrupted in any way—well, he might not get initiated. I switched off the light and went back to bed, half laughing. Within seconds, I heard a shriek from the other end of the hall. Yes, The Chaparrals had found David—and they were kidnapping him! I had left my room door open, so I opened my eyelids for just a peek as they dragged David down the hall and out into the night. He was carrying on like a *banshee*, but I could see it was all an act. David was completely happy—for *now* he was a Chaparral!

That fall, David entered the tenth grade at University High—near Westwood—commonly called "Uni." Though we lived in Cheviot Hills and he wasn't entitled to go to Uni, we got special permission, for—as David put it ". . . all my friends from Emerson will be going there."

Two strange things happened at Uni. Actually, the first wasn't really strange. It was simply that David discovered girls—and he became totally girl-crazy!! The other was that—once again—the complex areas of David's personality began to emerge. After a few weeks at Uni, he became incredibly unhappy about the school. He didn't come right out and say it, but it was written all over him—and I couldn't figure it out for the life of me. What was making my son David so *miserable*?

Don't miss the exciting fifth chapter of Evelyn Ward's story about her only child, David Bruce Cassidy! The next installment of *My Son—David* will be in the June issue of 16, which goes on sale April 22! Reserve your copy now!!



● David's school picture for the Emerson Junior High yearbook. He was 13 when this was taken and he'd finally let his lovely hair grow out — nice and long!



● David and his mom in the living room of their Spanish-type home in Cheviot Hills. The house is now rented to Juliet "Nanny" Mills.