

not far from Santa Monica. It's right near the ocean, and when you have an ocean-side table, you can look out at the Pacific, and watch the waves rising and ebbing. The sea is all around you, and with it comes a sense of peace and permanence.

Inside the Warehouse there's music and candlelight.

As they sat at their table listening to the playing of a harpist, Barry took out a ring—the design was a butterfly in diamonds—and he gave it to Sally. The ring said more clearly than words, "You are the one and only girl in my life. In my eyes you are as beautiful as any butterfly that God ever made."

And Sally, who had spent her early adolescence thinking she was ugly, knew as she looked at Barry that she would forever be beautiful in his eyes, for he saw not only her outer beauty (she's even prettier than she appears on TV), but he saw the inner beauty, too. Seeing the look of love in his eyes, Sally felt proud that she could attract a man who is so desirable in every way.

Barry went over to the harp player at the bar, and put a dollar in the fishbowl alongside the harp player. "Please play something appropriate for this moment," he said. And the harpist looked at Barry and she looked at Sally, and a smile came over her face. Maybe the song she chose didn't make any sense to anyone except Sally and Barry; maybe it won't make sense to you. But it carried a kind of secret message to Sally and Barry; maybe any song played by that harp player at that moment would have carried the same message. The song was "Blue Suede Shoes".

Laughter and tears mingled in Sally's

heart. She knew she had found the only right man in the world for her.

Barry isn't the type of man who'll send red or yellow roses to every girl he meets. As for the girl he loves—Sally—he'll always know what will make her happy, and what will make her sad, and he'll do his best to get her over that moodiness she has known most of her life—the highs and the lows alternating. Now with Barry, she'll know the valleys of peace and love, and the beauty of being understood by a man she understands.

"Do you know what we'll do about a wedding?" Sally told me. "We'll get married by a judge in Los Angeles, and it will be very private. I think it's the most private moment in your life anyhow. We love both our families, but we don't even want my family flying in from Portland to come here for a wedding or his family flying out from New York. But after we're married we'll go up to Portland and my family will give us a reception, and then we'll go to New York and his family can give us a reception."

No humbug. No pretence. No circusy stuff such as you see at so many Hollywood weddings, where the clothes the bride wears often turn out to be more important and to last longer than the marriage.

"Till recently," Sally told me, "I was afraid to get married because of my parents' unhappiness in their marriage, and also because of the industry I'm in. It's very difficult to have a good marriage and raise a family, which I want, and have a career, too. I've talked to Barry about this, and he understands that I am not walking away from everything I have striven so

hard to accomplish and that I've put my guts into. I told Barry, if Carol Burnett can do it, so can I. She has a wonderful family and home life, and is happy with her husband, who shares her show as her manager. On the phone one night I said to my mother, You hear only about the planes that crash, not the thousands that make it, and in the magazines you read only about the Hollywood marriages that are failures and not about the thousands of people in the industry that make a success of things.

"It took me a long time to be sure that Barry was the right person for me. He is the first man for whom I have ever felt a really intense love; I have loved many people who have come through my life in one way or another, but Barry is the first and only man I've loved so much I really feel I can be his wife and the mother of his children.

"It'll be nice to wake up every morning knowing he's going to be with me, and then if I have an exciting interview or come home at night and have something great to tell, there'll be somebody to hug and kiss me and say, 'It's great,' and if I'm sad somebody to hold me while I cry. I won't be alone any more. I've always hated being alone, and I've slept with a light on, because I was afraid of the dark. But after Barry and I are married, I won't have to be afraid any more."

Then she grinned, that happy, half-mischievous smile of hers. She said, shaking with laughter, "I'm not only marrying Barry, but I'm also getting a special bargain: his 180 pound St. Bernard dog, so I'm a very lucky girl."

—by Arthur Allen

## SHIRLEY JONES

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doctor gave him a shot of cortisone," she added, on a note of relief, and the cortisone had gone straight to work. But the waiting was interminable, nonetheless.

"That was the first attack," she'd pointed out, but "from then on, he would get the attack anywhere from every three weeks to once a month . . ." And no matter how many times Shirley waited, helplessly, as little Ryan fought for breath, each experience was as brand-new and frightening as it was the first time. Each moment could be the one that separated life from death.

That first attack was the beginning. Shirley began to live with the threat that will never go away, the pain of seeing her small son suffer through desperate recurring fights for his life.

"He's been in the hospital six times since he was born. He has asthma. He's asthmatic." There have been dozens of less dramatic attacks, but six times "they were really bad—when we weren't sure he was going to pull through . . ." Six times he had to be confined to an oxygen tent, to be fed pure oxygen in the hope of easing the painful struggle that threatens the life of an asthmatic child. Each time, the dreaded diagnosis: "He had pneumonia."

When you've gone through traumatic experiences like that, you can't escape a cautious approach toward any activity that might bring on another. No wonder Shirley says, "My youngest child has been my problem child—at least physically . . ." Because, unlike the others, "Ryan is highly allergic!"

To Shirley—and to Ryan, too—it means constantly guarding against recurrence of those almost-fatal attacks. It's heart-breaking for her to deny her baby the simple pleasures all kids enjoy, but often she must. To forbid so innocent a pastime as tumbling in the grass seems cruel, but she must be stern for his welfare. She knows that little Ryan will pay far too high a

price for his pleasures.

A cherub of a child, Ryan is now five. He resembles both his handsome father, Jack Cassidy, and his pretty mother. Luckily, his two older brothers (Shaun, 13 and Patrick, 9) have escaped the problem Ryan faces—but his step-brother, David Cassidy, can certainly sympathize! David had to curtail his activities drastically at one point in his life. Not permanently, as Ryan may have to do, but for a long, three-month siege, when he suffered mononucleosis. David was confined to his bed and had to give up school, friends and classes, at an important period in his life, his Junior year in high school.

David, who co-stars with Shirley in the Partridge Family series, is close to all of his three step-brothers, but he has a special love for Ryan. He can see the longing in Ryan's eyes, the hunger to join his brothers in their tussle on the lawn—their pillow fights and games forbidden him. And he remembers those touch-and-go times when he almost lost his littlest brother.

■ Shirley knows Ryan will forego lots of the pleasures other kids take for granted because of those allergies of his. Ryan knows, too, sadly enough. There has been improvement, but, "He can't, even now, go out like most of his brothers and roll in the grass!"

No tree-climbing? No rolling down grassy hills? No leap-frog through weedy vacant lots? Grass-stained trousers, patched levis, tumbling through new-mown grass are all a part of boyhood—but not for Ryan.

"We discovered he is allergic to most of the grasses, most of the trees," Shirley says, and only her eyes reveal how tragic that can be to a little boy. A Mom like Shirley can't always say 'No.'

"I have to suggest," she sighs, "but he's very understanding about it. He knows himself, now, you know . . ." And like his mother, he is brave and courageous about it. He knows what he has to do, what he has to give up—and he hasn't forgotten

those frightening hours in an oxygen tent, nor the terror that preceded them.

"We have a Slip-and-Slide, which my two older boys love," Shirley told me. "It's a plastic thing which you put a hose in. They slide on it, in their bathing suits. When Ryan does it, after being out there for—oh, just a minute or two—he comes in just wheezing like crazy. He'll come in, now, when he starts to wheeze," she added.

"We call him the Wheezles and the Sneezles, like Christopher Robin, in Winnie the Pooh," she explained with a whimsical smile. She did a little-boy imitation of Ryan: "Mama, I've got the wheezles and the sneezles . . ." She drew down the corners of her mouth in a charmingly over-drawn caricature.

Identifying with a story-book character helps Ryan to smile at his problems, even when they seem bigger than he is. He has had so many burdens to bear.

"I must say, he's an awfully good child about it," praises his mother. Her own optimism serves as a perfect guideline. She's refreshingly candid, remarkably courageous—and she finds the bright side of everything, even the probing and prodding and testing that were necessary to determine the nature of Ryan's allergies.

"When I look at Ryan," she says thoughtfully, "I think I must have had the same thing. I have a funny feeling that as a child, I had something comparable to it. As a child, I used to wheeze and cough, and I couldn't get my breath. Then, they called it croup. Now, they call it asthma.

"My mother used to dose me with mustard plasters and all that," she remembered, "but I don't have it now!" Which could mean one outgrows it.

Yesterday's mothers remember it vividly: that never-to-be-forgotten sound. A 'croupy cough' they called it, and it signalled hours and hours of cradling an ailing child in their arms, far past midnight. Besides the mustard plasters, there were all sorts of home remedies mothers tried hopefully—while the plaintive almost-unrecognizable-as-their-own-child's cries