



PARTRIDGE AHOY!

Just imagine how wonderful it would be if you'd booked yourself a long, leisurely, sunshine cruise on a luxury liner—no expense spared, of course!

You're lying there, soaking up the sun in your trendiest bikini, sipping the iced drink a waiter has just brought you . . .

Maybe you're reading a book or your favourite mag. But you'll look up occasionally . . . at the deep blue of the sky; at the ocean stretching as far as the eye can see; at all the other people on deck; at the gorgeous guy over by the pool who draws your eyes like a magnet . . .

Hey! Wait a minute . . . Could it be? Yes! Isn't that guy David Cassidy? Usually, that's the sort of moment when your alarm bell rings, I know.

But, if you'd been a passenger on the S.S. Fairsea a couple of months back, it could all really have happened—to you!

You could have swum in the same pool as David, rapped with him in the bar, and even appeared with him in a segment of *The Partridge Family!*

How come?

Well, you see, one of the stories in the last series set the entire action on board ship. The Partridges had been booked to entertain the passengers on a luxury cruiser. And, right from the start, it had been agreed that the stars and the whole production team would be going on location for this one.

Sure, the Partridge stage at Columbia is pretty versatile, but it doesn't provide very authentic shots of the Pacific Ocean! Everybody was thrilled at the idea of filming afloat—including me! Because I was lucky enough to be invited along to share in all the fun!

Of course, it had all taken an awful lot of organisation: arranging things with the shipping company, booking flights down to join the Fairsea, and fixing that all the cameras and other equipment would get there safely.

But all that had happened before David, Shirley, Susan, Danny, Brian, Suzanne—and I—came into the story. From the moment we boarded that plane at L.A., everything went smoothly, like it was all as simple as pumpkin pie.

HAPPY

Everybody seemed specially happy and every face you looked at was smiling or laughing most all the time. Of course, I kept my eyes on David as much as possible! And there could be no doubt at all that he was enjoying himself and looking forward to having a good time all week.

"It's great to have a complete change like this," he told me while we were up in the clouds. "By this stage in the season we're all getting to be a bit frayed around the edges because of the pressures of work. So a change of scene really does help some."

"This season more than most, I guess. Because we've been going hard at it right

from the start to make up for the time we lost during the writers' strike. So we'll all be treating this segment something like a week's vacation.

"Sure, it's a working vacation, but it'll be fun too. And, if nothing else, it cuts out the hassle of getting to and from the studios each day!"

That was before David—or any of us—had seen the Fairsea. Of course, we knew roughly what to expect. Or, to be more accurate, we knew quite a few facts and figures about the ship . . .

She was a 25,000 tonner with three swimming-pools (David had packed his swimming shorts and sun tan lotion as short as he'd heard that!). In fact, by all accounts, the Fairsea sounded more like an ocean-going city than a ship!

But, even so, we caught our breath at our first glimpse of her.

There she was, waiting for us, offshore at Acapulco . . . "Oh, she's beautiful," David breathed. "This is going to be a beautiful week . . ."

I could understand the way he felt because the ship looked so majestic as she rode the water . . . and yet somehow friendly with it. And this was to be our home for the next five days!

Naturally, we were all pretty excited about it. But Danny, Brian and Suzanne showed it most. As soon as we set foot on board, they wanted to set off exploring, and their tutor had a tough job persuading them to go see their cabins first!

With a very early start sche-