

also helped me to overcome my shyness so that I was able to share especially good times with both guys and girls.

Now I hope that I can do that very same thing for you! What I mean very simply is, please consider me something like your big sis, your pal and your "girl guide". Each month meet me here in 16 and trust yourself entirely to me—and I will take you into David's world, where you will come to realize exactly what it's like to meet David, get to know him, spend time with him, actually touch him and share his life and his love! And, what's more—you are going to do the same thing not only with myself, but with adorable Danny Bonaduce, sweet and lovely Shirley Jones, sunny Suzanne Crough and jumpin' Jeremy Gelbwaks. So, hop aboard my magic airplane, fasten your seatbelt—and that's no joke, cos your plane is just getting ready to land at the Los Angeles airport—and join me as we share one of the most beautiful, fascinating and exciting adventures ever!

### YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY!

The airport at Los Angeles is rather quiet when you arrive, for it's quite early in the morning. In fact, it's 6 A.M.! But you are not a bit tired, for you are about to embark on a magic journey with me into the land of *The Partridge Family*. Actually, you've been wide awake since you learned that you were coming to live with me and the Partridge gang and share our lives and our many adventures. Mothers just don't seem to understand how excitement can keep a girl from wanting to go to sleep for days, and your mom was no different from the rest—telling you to be sure to catch up on your sleep during the flight as she put you aboard the plane that brought you to the Los Angeles airport. After assuring her that ". . . I really don't need any sleep, Mom"—you hop aboard your jet, strap yourself into your sumptuous first-class seat, and marvel at the multitude of bright lights scattered across the terrain all the way from your town to southern California. The sun comes up just before you are due to land and, as if your forthcoming visit isn't enough excitement already, you have the chance to see one of these glorious California sunrises! Wide awake and happy, but a bit light-headed, I see you walking in my direction in the airport before you see me.

"Hello, I'm Susan Dey!" I offer my hand and you warmly accept it.

Without any boring preliminaries, we're soon in my little car, zinging along the road to the Columbia-Screen Gems ranch—where soon another day in the magic world of *The Partridge Family* will begin. When we get to the guard sta-

tion at the ranch—which is at Oak Street and Hollywood Way in Burbank—I wave to Jim, a long-time favorite C-SG guard, who often regales me with stories of the days of the "Monkee madness" when he was stage guard for them. I tell him that you will be my "permanent guest" from now on.

"Sure thing, Susan," Jim says cheerfully. "You just tell that young lady she can come and go as she pleases and we'll treat her just like a member of *The Partridge Family*. O.K.?"

"Gosh, that's wonderful, Jim!" I say—and wave to him as we drive away.

### SPEED LIMIT—10 MPH

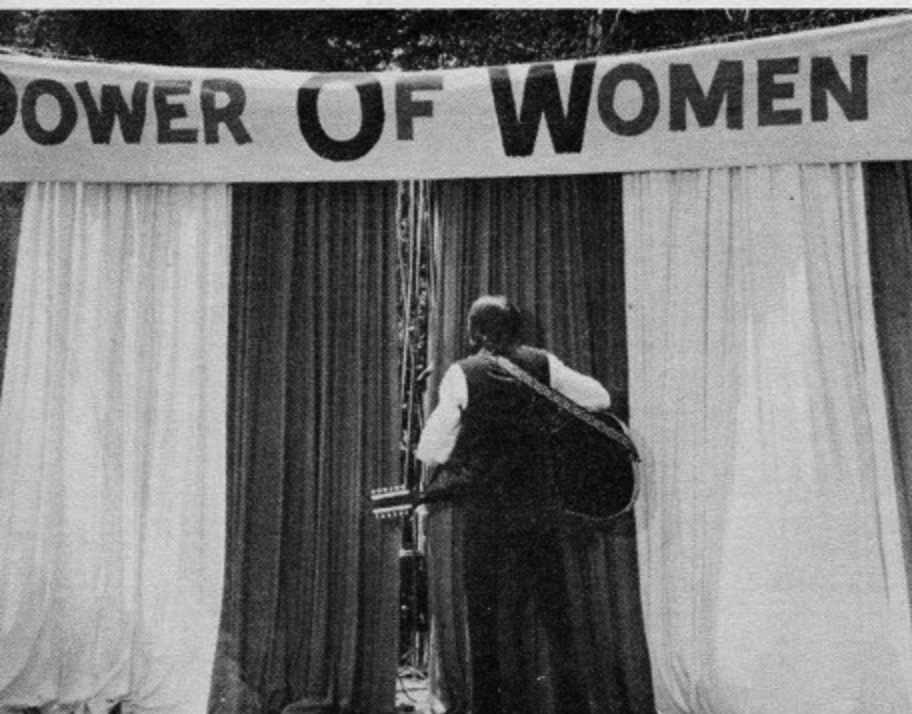
Your first impression of the ranch is quite surprising. Since the "speed limit" there is ten miles per hour, you get a very interesting and slow drive from the guard house to Stage 29—a distance equal to about ten city blocks. On your left as we come in, you see a sweeping mall of green grass and elm and oak trees. It looks just like a typical park mall in a typical small American town. For a fleeting second, you think, *I have seen it somewhere before*. And indeed you have! For that is where many of our outdoor scenes for *The Partridge Family* are shot. I now recall one in particular—do you remember the segment David did about "women's lib" when a little bandstand was put up there and the *Partridge Family* performed for what was a high school student-parent group?

A little farther down to the left you can see white houses that look just like houses on any street in any American town. There's even a grey-stone courthouse. Up ahead, you see what might be a small New England or mid-west street with a drugstore, grocery store and all that. The next moment we pass out of our little town and are suddenly in the "roaring 20s." There are old movie theatres, old cars and architecture that belonged to that decade. The next turn shows you a complete western town, with the local saloon, sheriff's office, hitching posts and all! And over to the right is a vast expanse of endless, endless blue sky with puffy, white clouds on a huge backdrop that is used for large outdoor scenes.

As you turn and look back over your shoulder, you giggle, for all these towns and scenes are nothing but "flats". They have front doors and windows indeed, but the doors and windows lead to *nowhere*. Each building is just a piece of scenery!

We make a final right turn and suddenly you see Stage 29 loom up ahead of us. Since it's early morning, there's very little activity. I park my car in the place marked "Susan Dey," which is just two slots down from a place marked "David Cassidy". But David's car slot is empty now, as he hasn't arrived on the set yet. The grips, stagehands and other helpers are already taking equipment in and out of

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Our "Women's Lib" bandstand "on the mall"—and that's David with his back to you.



David's dark blue Mustang—sitting in its private parking slot at the Columbia-Screen Gems ranch.