

the PARTRIDGE FAMILY

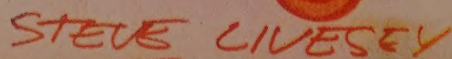


ANNUAL 1974

featuring
**DAVID
CASSIDY**



Authorised edition based on the popular Television Series





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Published in Great Britain by
World Distributors (Manchester) Limited,
P.O. Box 111, 12 Lever Street, Manchester M60 1TS.

Printed in Italy.

SBN 7235 0216 1

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Ever since it became law to have both a Christian and a surname many centuries ago, names have proved an interesting topic of conversation, and the Partridges were fascinated when they discovered all about *their* names.

PARTRIDGE

Partridge belongs to the group of names connected with a trade or a nature object. Early bearers of this name could be countrymen who often saw this bird in their everyday life and so chose it as their own name. They might also have worked on a large estate as a gamekeeper, and been known as John or James Partridge-keeper, which would eventually be shortened to Partridge.

SHIRLEY

Mom Partridge's name also originated from a family estate – "That was before we fell on hard times!" grins Keith – but it has an added meaning of 'gay and cheerful in adversity' and that Shirley Partridge certainly is!

LAURIE

Pretty Laurie Partridge's name is another form of Laura, which is a Greek word meaning a laurel. The laurel was the symbol of a pretty maiden. When Daphne, a beautiful nymph, was pursued by Apollo, she was turned into a laurel tree by her father who was a river god. Although she has never been turned into a tree, pretty Laurie is often pursued by young men who admire her beauty, charm and singing.

TRACY

Tracy is one of the many surnames which has been given as a Christian name as a compliment to the original bearer. It has the meaning 'sweet', which young Tracy Partridge certainly is, although like her younger brothers she can also get into lots of mischief at times!





KEITH

Handsome Keith, the heart-throb of the Partridge Family group, is certainly well-named, because *his* name is a form of Kenneth which means 'comely'. His hordes of admirers can testify to the truth of this, but his family make sure that his head is never turned by all this adulation – there's nothing like a happy family for cutting one down to size!



DANNY

Danny shared his name with that famous American Daniel Boone, who organised a hunters' riding troop during the American Civil War. The name means 'God the Judge'. The Biblical Daniel was a learned judge, and redheaded Danny is certainly a shrewd judge of money, and is very clever at managing his own financial affairs!



CHRISTOPHER

Chris shares his name with the gentle giant Offero, who one stormy night ferried the tiny Christ Child over a raging river. For this kind deed his name was changed to Christopher, 'the carrier of Christ'. Chris, like his namesake, is always willing to help anyone in any way he can, and Shirley knows that she can always rely on this young son of hers in any emergency.

REUBEN

Finally, Reuben, the name of the Partridge's grumpy old agent Mr. Kincaid, is an old Hebrew name meaning 'Behold a son'. When the Partridges told him about this, Reuben quickly insisted that he was a confirmed bachelor – but little Tracy told him that he really was a kind of honorary uncle to all of them! Reuben swiftly agreed, and pointed out that two honorary nieces and three nephews was a large enough family for anyone, without adding any sons of his own!

CURIOUS COLONIAL CURES

During their early days in the United States the colonial pioneers had only the most elementary forms of medicine, and sometimes they were without a doctor for days. As a result they were quick to discover their own

forms of relief such as herbal drinks, potions and ointments made from very curious materials. But, surprisingly, some of these curious cures worked remarkably well.

Here are some of the suggested cures.

EARS, NOSE AND THROAT

The fat from a roasted hedgehog was said to cure deafness, and anyone wearing a leather necklace would never have whooping cough, while a necklace made from sea-shells warded off croup or diphtheria. A roasted mouse would also cure the heaviest common cold, and amber beads shrank a goitre, while red beads stopped a nose-bleed.

TOOTH TALES

A necklace made from deer teeth helped a baby's milk teeth come through quite painlessly, and mare's milk was good for toothache. Another cure for toothache, particularly in the case of men, was to put a pig's tooth in their righthand trouser pocket . . . this is said to have worked in several cases!

HANDS AND FEET

Warts on the hands were cured by washing them with a *stolen* dishcloth or touching them with a snail, which was firmly believed to 'magic' them away! Anyone with rheumatic hands or feet was advised to wear buzzard feathers in his hatband and so gain instant relief.

After a hard day in the hunting field, hunters often returned home with blistered feet, and these were bathed in lotion made up from camphor, ammonia and ocean salt mixed with water.



A CURE FOR THE LOVELORN

This was a cure that always worked . . . possibly because the man or maid was forced to drink a brew made from bitter southernwood. The taste was so horrid that the drinker always insisted that he was cured, rather than have to drink the cure again!

One young man who was apparently losing his sweetheart's affections because his hair was falling out, was told to shave off his beard, as beardless men were never bald. The young man followed his amateur doctor's advice obediently, only to suddenly realise that the 'doctor' was both clean-shaven and bald!



Zany Zootime

As the sound of applause finally died away and the Partridges took their final bow, Reuben Kincaid, the most critical member of the audience, gave a sigh of relief.

"Gee, Shirley, that was great!" he exclaimed. "When the zoo manager called me to ask if you would open the new aviary here with a song . . ."

"A Partridge bird song, of course," quipped Danny. "Gee, sorry, Mr. Kincaid, I forgot that you don't always appreciate my sense of humour."

"As I was saying," continued Reuben, with a pained glance in Danny's direction, "I wasn't too happy about it. After all, you know how I feel about animals."

"Yes, even our dear Simone . . ." interrupted Tracy, but subsiding into silence as she caught her Mom's eye.

"Well, it all went off splendidly, Reuben, and now we are all free to enjoy ourselves," said Shirley, feeling that their agent might go on at great length about one of his favourite subjects, if he was not gently led away from it.

"Where shall we go first?" asked Chris eagerly. "I'd like to see the monkeys."

"That's no surprise considering you're such a young monkey yourself," grinned Keith.

"And you're my elder brother," retorted Chris promptly. "So what does that make you . . . a gorilla or a chimpanzee?"

"Now, boys, quit fightin'!" laughed Shirley. "Right, the monkey house it is. Come along, everyone . . . you too, Reuben, it should be great fun!"

"Gee, I thought that I'd just get back to the office and see about those new contracts," began Reuben hastily.

But before the others could protest at this suggestion, a rude voice shouted: "Silly old buffer! Silly old Reuben!"

"Which of you kids said that?" cried their agent, glaring at the three younger members of the Partridge family.

"Gee, Mr. Kincaid, we'd never be so rude," replied Danny, trying not to laugh. "There's the culprit over there!" And he pointed amongst the trees at a brightly-coloured parrot.

"Well, that's alright then," murmured Reuben, looking somewhat appeased. "But I do think that the aviary keeper might teach his birds to make charming remarks about people."

"The way Keith does when he chats up his birds," said Laurie, with an innocent look on her face.

"I think we'd better get going," said Shirley, "before open war breaks out."

The monkey house provided lots of entertainment, and as Shirley remarked: "You can almost see them as members of a human family."

"Yeah, that one eating the banana reminds me of Danny," remarked Reuben, with a sly glance in the direction of that red-headed Partridge.

"You're quite right, Mr. Kincaid," replied Danny quite calmly, to the great surprise of his family. Then he added with a wicked grin, "It certainly looks the most intelligent . . . just like me."

"Gee, you conceited young monkey . . ." began Keith but, as he realised the words he had used, he joined in the family's laughter.

"Ouch, what was that? Something hit me!" roared Reuben. "Stop it, you silly creature! Look, everybody, that monkey is throwing peanuts at me! Ouch, that hurt!"

"Perhaps it's a new game . . . feeding humans!" chuckled Shirley. "Come on, let's leave the danger zone and go and see the giraffes."

And so, with Reuben grumbling and bringing





up the rear, the Partridge family made their way over to the giraffe enclosure where these long-necked animals were cropping the leaves from the tops of tall trees.

"Hi, Lofty," called Tracy. "I bet your favourite tune is *Walk Tall!* Isn't he clever, Mom, the way he wraps his tongue round the leaves. Gosh, and

what a long tongue he has. It must be at least eighteen inches long!"

"Yes, that's because he needs it to tear the twigs and leaves from the trees," began Reuben, rather pompously. "The giraffe really is quite an interesting creature . . ."

The Partridges grinned at each other, obviously

A Partridge Song Puzzle

Take the ninth letter from
On The Road

Take the first letter from
All The Things

Take the seventh letter from
To Be Lovers

Take the second letter from
Singing My Song

Take the twentieth letter from
You Are Always On My Mind

Take the eighth letter from
Find Peace In Your Soul

Take the second letter from
Bandala

Take the first letter from
She'd Rather Have The Rain

Take the eleventh letter from
I'll Leave Myself A Little Time

Take the first letter from
I'll Meet You Halfway

Take the sixth letter from
A Brand New Me

And the fourth letter from
Only A Moment Ago.

Put all the letters together and you
will see

A 'Partridge' who is top of the pop
tree.

Check your answer on page 76



they were in for a natural history lesson from the agent.

But suddenly Lofty decided to take a hand . . . or rather a neck . . . for he suddenly swooped and picked Reuben's hat right off his head, and dropped it right on top of a tall tree.

"Gimme back my hat . . . I paid fifteen dollars for it only yesterday!" yelled Reuben, as the entire Partridge family tried to hide their grins.

But the giraffe merely gave Reuben a disdainful glance from beneath his long lashes, and went back to picking leaves from the tree.

By the time Keith had found a keeper to come to their rescue, Reuben was almost purple with rage, and the fact that his returned hat now had a large tear in the side did not improve his temper.

"Gee, Mr. Kincaid, don't take on so," pleaded Danny. "My shares are doing well, so I'll buy you a new hat."

"I always said you were a good boy, Danny," beamed Reuben, his good humour restored at the thought of a new free hat. "And perhaps your Mom can mend this one for me so that the tear won't show!"

"I can only try, Reuben," chuckled Shirley. "Gee, look, the keeper's taking that bucket of fish

to the seal pool. It must be feeding time. Let's go over and watch."

Luckily there was not too large a crowd around the pool, and so the Partridges were able to get quite close.

"Aren't they clever, Mom, the way they keep tossing those balls around on their noses!" laughed Tracy. "Please, Mr. Keeper, may I throw them a fish?"

"Surely, little lady," grinned the keeper handing her a large smooth fish.

"Well done, Tracy!" cried Keith as his young sister threw the fish straight at the seal and it caught it neatly in its mouth.

"Perhaps you'd all like to feed the seals?" suggested the Keeper kindly. "I'll leave you the buckets while I go over to the other pool. One of our hippopotami has the toothache and is very upset."

"Gee, the poor little thing!" cried tender-hearted Tracy. "I know how mine ached when the filling came out until the dentist stopped it again."

"Hardly a poor *little* thing, missie," chuckled the Keeper. "He weighs all of a ton, which is causing quite a problem. I'll just go and see if he is

feeling any better.”

As the Keeper strode off, the Partridges started to throw the fish to the seals, while Reuben stood gingerly by.

“Come on, Reuben, throw that seal a fish, he looks hungry!” urged Shirley.

Reuben looked as if he was about to refuse and then, picking up a fish with the tips of his fingers, he threw it quickly at a large seal which was balancing a bright red ball on its nose.

The seal caught the fish cleverly in its mouth and threw the ball back at Reuben who, completely taken by surprise, failed to catch it. It caught him right in the middle of his stomach . . . he staggered and fell into the pool with a large splash.

Fortunately, Reuben and one of the zoo keepers were about the same size and the agent was able to borrow a uniform to wear while his own clothes dried out . . . but what he said about it all was a matter over which it is best to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that he said that if hospital treatment was to be needed later, the bill would be paid by the fees of the Partridge’s next gig . . . after he had taken his usual ten per cent!

Knowing that the worst that might happen to Reuben was a cold in the head, Shirley willingly agreed to this and, seeing how everyone was beginning to get fed up with Reuben’s moaning, she changed the subject by asking about the

progress of the hippopotamus with toothache.

“Gee, the vet’s still having trouble trying to give him a dope shot so he can take out the tooth,” said the keeper with a worried frown. “The animal is in such pain that he won’t let anyone near him. What he needs is someone to take his mind off his tooth.”

“Gee, I wish we could help,” said Keith. “But we don’t know much about animals, except our pet dog, Simone.”

“No, but you know plenty about music and old Horace likes music with a beat,” cried the keeper, his face brightening as he remembered this. “We found this out one day when a guy with a transistor stood near the pool. Horace swam quite near and you could tell he was really



listening. This gives me an idea. Will you all come down with me to the pool and if we can fix up your equipment, will you sing to poor old Horace while the vet gives him his shot? Mind you, it might not work, but it's worth a try. What do you say?"

"Sure, anything to help, although we've never played to an animal before," grinned Keith after looking around at his family, who were giving affirmative nods. "Lead the way, and we'll see what happens."

Poor Horace was making a great noise because of his troublesome tooth and the vet was standing helplessly on the edge of the pool.

But once the strains of *Just a Moment Ago* filled the pool area, Horace became noticeably quieter, and by the time the Partridges had played and sung *You Make My Day* and *Every Little Bit O' You* Horace had swum to the end of the pool and clambered out.

As he neared the group, eager to get nearer to the music, the vet sprang into action and shot the dope home.

"Gee, thanks, folks," cried the vet gratefully. "Now I can get on fine with the job. When poor old Horace wakes up, the troublesome tooth will be out and all his troubles will be over."

"Glad we were able to help," grinned Keith. "I think it's time we headed for home now, Mom, don't you?"

"Yeah, my stomach's sending out hunger signals!" cried Danny. "Gee, hello, Mr. Kincaid, I see your clothes are dry now. Sorry you've had such a bad day!"

"Nonsense, Danny, I've had a great day!" replied their agent, to the Partridges' great surprise. "Why, at least six photographers have taken a picture of the group playing to that sick hippo! Think of the great publicity! I can see the headlines now 'Six Partridges Comfort One Hippo!'"

"Or 'The Partridges in a Pop Pool!'" suggested Laurie with a grin. "Gee, I'm glad you don't feel too bad about this zoo visit, because we think it's been real groovy!"

"Yeah, we've promised to come back and sing to Horace when he's better," added Tracy.

"Good, don't forget to tell me when you're coming . . . so that I can be quite sure that I'm out of town!" replied Reuben.



THE MOCKINGBIRD

The family name of the mockingbird is Mimidae, and this is very appropriate as this bird is a wonderful singer as well as an excellent mimic. The mockingbird is the state bird of five Southern states: Texas, Tennessee, Florida, Arkansas and Mississippi.

THE WILLOW PTARMIGAN

The willow ptarmigan whose feathers turn to snowy white during the arctic winter is the symbol of the American state of Alaska. The ptarmigan has specially adapted feathered toes which help it to walk on the soft snow.

The Partridges' favourite bird is . . . the partridge, of course! But many of the American states have their own special bird mascots.

a bevy of BIRDS



THE AMERICAN ROBIN

The American species of this well-known cheery little songster is the state bird of Connecticut, Michigan and Wisconsin. Once it only nested in sparse woodlands and forest edges, but now, like its European cousin, it can be seen in city suburbs.

THE CARDINAL

The cardinal is a member of the finch family. He has a stocky body and a strong stout bill, and he is a fine singer. The male cardinal is usually a bright red hue, similar to a cardinal's robes. He is the state bird of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia and West Virginia.



Shirley's Campfire Weekend

"I say, Mom, we've got great news for you!" cried Danny, as he and Chris burst in from school one afternoon. "There's to be a 'Father-Son Campfire Weekend' tomorrow in the Mountain Laurel National Park . . ."

"And because there's only you, Teach says that you can come along, too," burst in Chris, his eyes bright with excitement. "He said any Moms could come along in a one-parent family, but nobody else thought that his Mom would want to come."

"But we just knew that you would love it, so we put your name on the list!" added Danny. "We start at daybreak tomorrow. The bus will pick us up outside school. I know it's a rush, Mom, but we'll make it, won't we?"

Shirley, who had been listening to this conversation with growing consternation, hastily raised a weak smile as her two younger sons eyed her anxiously.

"Gee, boys, I don't know . . ." she began.

"Of course you must go, Mom," cried Laurie,



winking at Keith. "We've no gig on for the next few days, so you will be able to go quite easily, if we all help with the packing. And I can cope with Keith and Tracy for the weekend."

"Gee, but don't you think that it might be better if I asked Reuben to go along with the boys?" asked Shirley, clinging desperately to her last faint hopes. "I'm sure that he would just love a campfire weekend."

"But he's not a *parent*, Mom," explained Danny patiently. "And, gee, it really isn't Mr. Kincaid's scene, is it?"

"It isn't my scene either," murmured Shirley under her breath. "O.K., kids, you win . . . but I have a feeling that this is going to be the longest weekend of my life!"

Shirley's doubts were in no way dispelled when she and the boys arrived at school early next morning. She was the only Mom there and, although suitably dressed for the occasion, she felt dwarfed by the husky fathers armed with fishing rods, baseball bats and the like, although they all welcomed her warmly.

"Come along and meet everyone, Mom!" cried Danny. "I've told everyone just how much you are looking forward to camp."

"I hope not!" murmured Shirley. "Shirley, my girl, you must be a better actress than you thought!"

"Glad to have you with us, Mrs. Partridge, ma'am," cried one six-foot giant of a father, enveloping Shirley's hand in his own. "I'm sure we'll all get along fine. Shall I put your name down for the canoe race? You look to me as if you could handle a boat."

Shirley opened her mouth to protest, but the man was already writing her name down in his book, so she merely shepherded her sons into the bus, making a mental note not to shake hands with *anyone* else . . . or her hand wouldn't be able to hold a pen, never mind a paddle!

Once at the camp, Shirley had several offers to help pitch her tent, and she would have gladly accepted these, but Chris and Danny were very indignant.

"Mom and us can do it ourselves," insisted Danny, as he seized a tent peg. "Come on, Mom, let's show them that we're no rookies!"

With a sigh, Shirley seized the tent pole and set to work. Surprisingly, the tent was quickly erected, and Shirley crawled inside to see how big it was . . . only to have the whole thing collapse on top of her a moment later.

"You really should be more careful, Mom," said Danny, as her head emerged from the folds of the tent. "This equipment is very expensive."

"Trust Danny to think of the financial aspect of the collapse," murmured Shirley to herself as, leaving the ruined tent to take care of itself, they went off for the beans and bacon supper the camp cook had prepared.

"I shall certainly have to go on a diet when I get back," said Shirley, as Jake spooned more and more beans onto her plate. "But this fresh air certainly gives you an appetite."

"We knew you'd be glad that you came," cried Chris. "And you needn't bother about the tent, Mom. Teach and some other guys have fixed it up!"

"Gee, that was swell of them," replied Shirley gratefully. "Come on, boys, time for bed. We've got a busy day ahead of us tomorrow."

But perhaps it was just as well for Shirley's peace of mind that she didn't know just how busy . . . or she wouldn't have slept quite so well.

Breakfast was beans and bacon again and then Shirley found herself taking part in a cross-country race.

"Keep you in trim this, Mrs. Partridge," cried Jake, as she trailed in, two hours after the last



father. "Never mind, you completed the course, and I'm sure you're ready for your lunch?"

"My mouth is the only part of my body that doesn't ache," cried Shirley. "I suppose my sons are back?"

"They were among the first five to return to camp," replied Jake. "You must be proud of them, Mrs. Partridge."

"I am," replied Shirley. "Oh, beans and bacon again, Jake? Well, they're nourishing, I suppose, and I'm in a canoe race this afternoon."

"But you've the archery contest before then, Mom, we've put your name down," cried Chris, running up. "Hurry and finish your beans! Danny's waiting with your bow."

"Lead on, Robin Hood!" groaned Shirley. "Oh, dear, how I wish the weekend was over!"

Seeing the neat arrows already in some of the targets did not give Shirley any more confidence and, when she had sent three arrows speeding through the air so that everyone scattered, Teach said gently: "Perhaps you'll have better luck in the canoe, ma'am," as he deftly took the bow from her.

"Somehow I don't think so," said Shirley as she climbed into the canoe. "I've a feeling that this afternoon I shall discover exactly how good a swimmer I am!"

"Gee, Mom, you do say some strange things sometimes," said Danny, looking at Shirley in bewilderment.

"You'll see," replied Shirley, as she seized the paddle and rowed swiftly to the starting line.

But, for once, Shirley's fears seemed unjustified, as with great skill she guided her canoe through the swift-flowing river.

"Come on, Mom, come on, Mom! You're leading!" shouted Danny. "Gee, Mom, you're goin' to win!"

"Gee, do you think so?" murmured Shirley, turning her head towards the bank.

"Gee, Mom, look out!" groaned Chris as, her attention diverted for an important second, Shirley's boat cut right across the front of her nearest competitor and with a splash, both canoes overturned.

Wet and extremely bedraggled, Shirley swam towards the shore. "This is the end!" she murmured, through chattering teeth. "I quit!"

"Gee, Mom, are you alright?" chorused Danny and Chris anxiously.

"Do I look alright?" snapped Shirley. Then, seeing the boys' crestfallen faces, she added with a wry smile, "I guess I'll live, I suppose. But this really is it, boys. I'll just get dry and then I'll

book myself in at a hotel for the rest of the time. I'm sure that Jake will look after you, won't you, Jake?"

"Well, I'd sure like to, Mrs. Partridge, but I'm hired as the cook here," began Jake. Then, suddenly, he laughed aloud. "Why didn't I think about it before? Mrs. Partridge, I'll take over your sporting activities, if you'll take over the cooking. I make the best beans and bacon for miles around here, but I can see from some folks' faces that they think it is time for a change of diet!"

"Gee, Jake, that's a wonderful idea!" gasped Shirley. "Let me just change my clothes, and I'll see you in the cookhouse. How does southern fried chicken and strawberry pancakes sound?"

"Just wonderful, Mom!" cried Danny. "I'll put your name down for pitcher in the baseball team, Jake. I think you'll throw a ball better than Mom."

"Sure, but I bet she can toss a pancake better," grinned Jake. "Come along then, boys, and we'll go and tell Teach the new arrangement."

The news of the new arrangement spread through the camp, and more than Shirley and the boys heaved a sigh of relief.

"Nice woman though Mrs. Partridge certainly is, I hate to think what she would have been like wielding a baseball bat!" said the father who had been swept into the water in the canoe race.

"You can say that again," replied Teach feelingly. "I haven't much hair on my head now, but if Mrs. Partridge had shot any more arrows it would have turned white. She *must* be a better cook than an archer! And those beans were getting a bit monotonous. I was beginning to feel like a beanpole."

So while Danny and Chris took part in the 'Father-Son' baseball game with Jake, Shirley worked away happily in the cookhouse.

When the boys came back with the news that their team had won, they were greeted by a very appetising smell. "Hamburgers, fried chicken, sausages, pancakes, strawberry shortcake . . . come and get it!" carolled Shirley to everyone.

Fathers and sons rushed to answer the call eagerly and later, pleasantly full, they all listened to Shirley singing softly around the campfire.

"Gee, Mrs. Partridge, this has been the best campfire weekend ever," said a small boy as he helped her wash up afterwards. "And it's all due to you and your cooking," he added with a burst of honesty.

"Glad you liked it," grinned Shirley. "I must admit, now I'm the cook I've really enjoyed it too."

"Gee, I am glad you've said that, Mom," chuckled Danny, "'cos I've put your name down again for next year!"



BE A BOOKWORM!

There are many famous books written by Americans which give an interesting picture of life on that continent from early times up to the present day. If you have read some of these books do you know:

1. Who first wrote about Brer Rabbit?
2. Who was the little girl who 'just grew'?
3. The March family, like the Partridges, were a very happy family. Can you give the names of the four March sisters?
4. Who were Chingachgook and Uncas?
5. A very successful musical was made from a book by Jean Webster about an orphan girl who was sent to college by an unknown benefactor. What was the name of the book?
6. What was the name of the boy whose adventures on the Mississippi river were told by Mark Twain?
7. What was the name of the poem by Longfellow which told of the exploits of a mythical North American Indian?
8. Who wrote *Tanglewood Tales*?

Check your answers on page 76



OPERATION LANDMARK

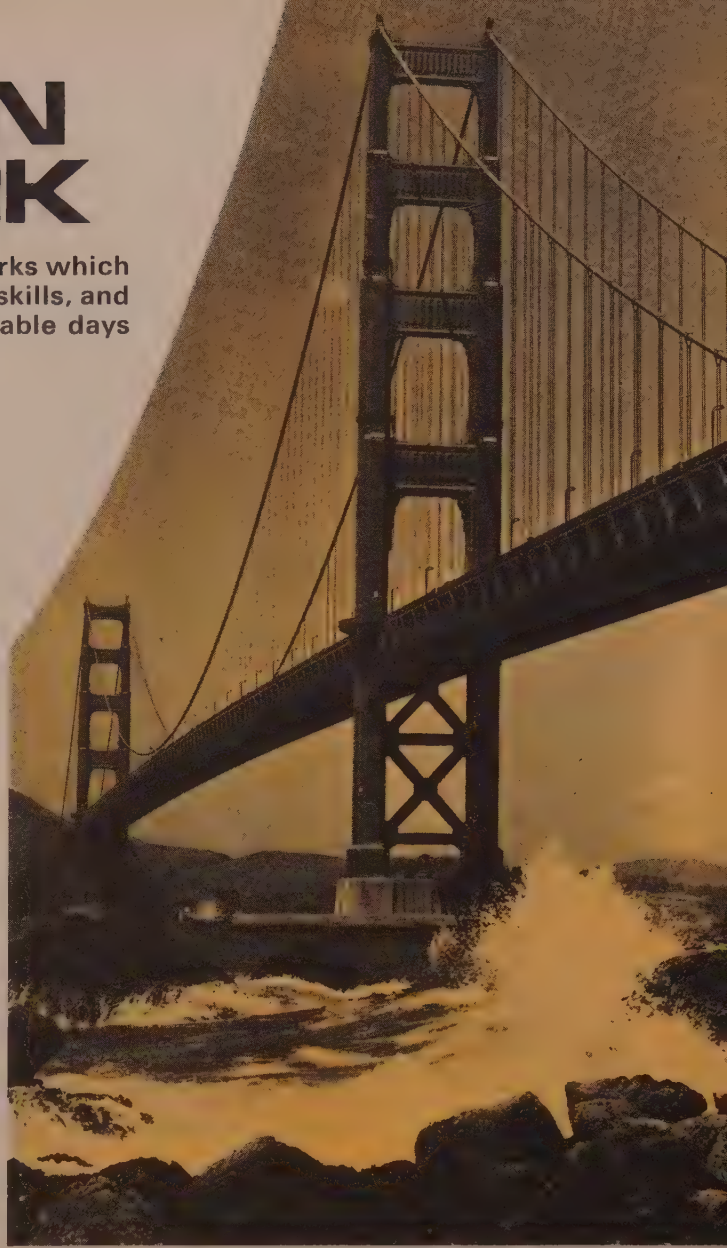
Throughout America there are famous landmarks which are wonderful examples of twentieth century skills, and magnificent monuments which recall memorable days in America's early history.

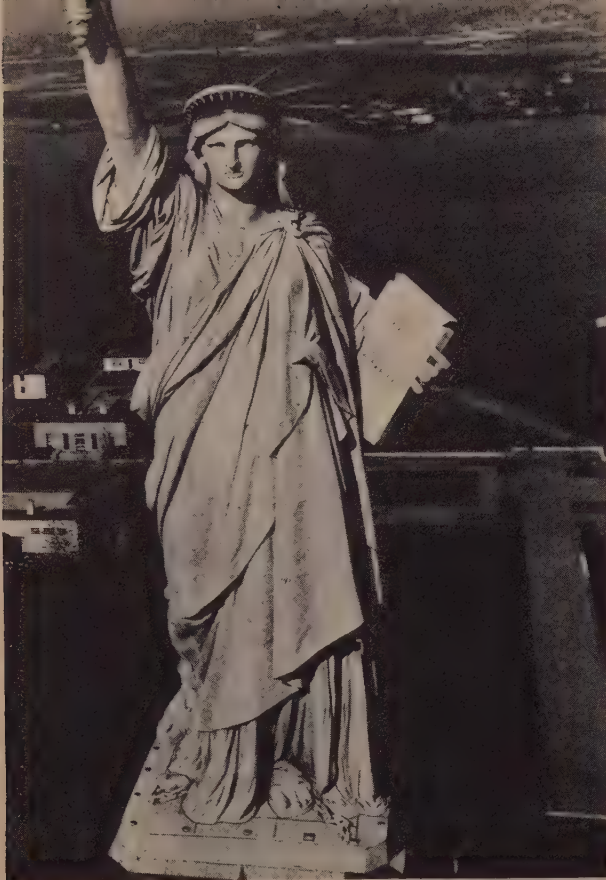
THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

The Golden Gate Bridge was designed by Joseph B. Strauss, and it was completed in May 1937, at a cost of more than thirty-two million dollars. It is 8,500 feet long, and some 220 feet above the water. It is 90 feet wide and it has a six-lane road and footpaths made of concrete.

THE WHITE HOUSE

The White House is in Washington, D.C. and has been occupied as the official residence of the President of the United States since November 1800. President John Adams and his wife Abigail were its first occupants, and the house was built using the winning design of a nationwide competition; the architect was a certain James Hoban of Dublin. The White House, which is on Pennsylvania Avenue, stands in a park of some seventy-five acres of ground.





THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

This world-famous landmark welcomes sea and air travellers to the harbour of New York. It towers some three hundred and five feet over Liberty Island, and was the gift of the people of France.



THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

The Empire State Building, which stands on 5th Avenue in New York, is the tallest building in the world. It stands 102 storeys high and is topped by a 222 foot television tower, giving it an overall height of 1,694 feet. About 25,000 people work in the building, and four beacons called the 'Freedom Lights' shine out from the top of the building, and these can be seen for miles around.



THE MOUNT RUSHMORE NATIONAL MEMORIAL

Here a repairman is inspecting cracks in the face of Abraham Lincoln at the Mount Rushmore National Memorial in South Dakota. Gutzon Borglum improved on nature to immortalise, on Mount Rushmore, four American Presidents: Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF
THE UNITED STATES TRAVEL SERVICE

SONGS with a story

The Partridges have delighted their fans with lots of lovely ballads and pop tunes. There are many other songs, written long ago, which are still sung and played today. Many of these songs have interesting stories behind them.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

One night during America's fight for Independence a young lawyer named Francis Key and his friend attempted to rescue an eminent doctor who was held on board a British ship as a prisoner-of-war.

They successfully negotiated for the doctor's release, but the Admiral of the ship refused to allow the three men to return to shore until the ship had forced the American fort of McHenry to surrender. Somewhat mockingly, the Admiral told the young lawyer that their stay on board his ship would not be a long one.

But, next morning, despite the heavy enemy attack, Francis Key saw that the flag still flew over the fort.

Dirty, ragged and torn, this symbol filled

Key with immense pride for his country, and he penned the words which were to become famous throughout the land:

*"O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so
gallantly streaming,
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there."*

And yet, surprisingly, the tune of this famous song started life on the streets of London!

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Another song which has a place in American history, and which was also a firm favourite in recent years with Sir Winston Churchill, was the stirring song *John Brown's Body*, which recalls the Civil War in which the North fought the South for the freedom of slaves.

None fought more gallantly than John Brown, who had championed this cause as a small boy after seeing a slave beaten. Time after time he was tried for helping slaves to find freedom, but he always either managed to escape or he swayed the judge with eloquent pleas in his own defence.

But at last John Brown's luck ran out. With his sons he tried to rescue a group of slaves at Harper's Ferry in Virginia. He fought a losing battle with the military, and was captured. He was condemned as a traitor and later hanged.

But his indomitable spirit seemed to reach out from the grave, calling to others to carry on his work: "*John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, But his soul goes marching on.*"

THE GREY-COATED HUNTSMAN

A happier tale is told in song from the English county of Cumberland, where the hunters wear grey rather than the usual hunting pink in honour of the clever young hunter who wooed and wed the squire's daughter.

John Peel had incurred the squire's anger by appearing in a grey hunting coat because he was too poor to buy the correct hunting attire. He fell in love with Mary, but knowing her father would forbid the match the young couple eloped to Gretna Green.

The squire arrived too late to stop the marriage and refused to call "that nobody, John Peel" his son-in-law.

This disparaging remark angered two of Peel's friends, and they resolved to turn the 'nobody' into a person of some note in the county. They did this by writing a song about the prowess of the huntsman.

The opening lines of the song are:

*"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?"*



Soon the song was being sung throughout Cumberland, and although in time the breach was healed between the squire and the young couple, it is as John Peel's father-in-law that the squire is now remembered!

HANDSOME ROBIN ADAIR

Another romance which started with parental disapproval but also ended happily is recalled in the old air, *Robin Adair*.

As a result of being of service to a rich gentlewoman when her coach overturned, a young Irish doctor was introduced into London society.



Here he met at a ball the beautiful young daughter of an Earl, and the two young people fell instantly in love.

Although her parents sent the Lady Caroline abroad, hoping that she would forget the penniless young doctor, the girl remained true to her love. She even wrote a song which said:

*"What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not here.
He whom I wish to see,
Wish so to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Which made life a heaven on earth?
It has all fled with thee, Robin Adair."*

When Caroline became ill, her parents were forced to admit that this was no passing fancy, and reluctantly they allowed Caroline to wed her Robin.

But now fate seemed to smile on the young doctor. He received a military appointment and later became a Surgeon-General, treating soldiers and officers alike with his wonderful skill.

Although Caroline died while she was still young, her husband never married again, choosing to live with memories of the sweet-heart who wrote such a lovely song about him.



POP GOES THE EASEL

"Gee, Keith, whatever have you got there?" asked Danny in astonishment as his elder brother staggered in with one very large parcel and several smaller ones.

For one moment Keith looked rather non-plussed as he felt Danny's eyes upon him, and he seemed to hesitate before replying. Then, as if deciding that the Partridge family might as well know his intentions, he said rather self-consciously, "I felt I needed a relaxing hobby. So I've decided to take up painting."

"Gee, that's a fine idea!" cried Shirley, with a warning glance at the rest of her brood. "I think we all need to get away from music for a while sometimes."

"Yeah, down to the art shop where that pretty girl serves in the store," quipped the irrepressible Danny.

"So that's why you were coming out of the art gallery yesterday," added Laurie with a wicked grin. "I thought you'd made a mistake. I didn't realise we had a budding Van Gogh in the family."

"There's lots of pretty students in the art gallery too," said Tracy innocently. "Particularly that very pretty girl with the blonde hair caught back in a bandeau."

"Yeah, she's got a smashing pair of legs too," said Keith, then blushed furiously as his family roared with laughter.

"Gee, you certainly fell for that one, Keith," chuckled Chris. "But I think painting is a great idea. Can I have a try?"

"I don't see why we all shouldn't have a go," said Shirley, anxious to spare Keith any further teasing. "We did quite well out of our last two gigs – even Reuben admits that – so I'll buy water colours and oils for everyone and we'll all paint."

"Gee, Mom, that's great!" cried the younger Partridges enthusiastically, although Laurie looked rather doubtful.

"Gee, Mom, that gives me an idea," said Keith. "Mr. Carter, the curator of the art gallery, is always willing to give gallery space to worthwhile paintings. If our paintings weren't too bad we could give a Partridge Family Exhibition, and if we sold any paintings we could give the money to that children's orphanage that Mr. Kincaid said needed funds badly."

"Gee, so we could," cried Shirley in agreement. "Right, everyone, let's leave Keith to find his own inspiration while we go down to collect our own materials."

Left alone, Keith set up his easel and got to work. His first attempt did not please him at all and Simone, who had been standing watching him, did not help matters by making sounds which sounded to Keith's sensitive ears just like little shrieks of laughter.

Keith put the painting down on the floor while he put a new canvas on the easel. Suddenly the doorbell rang. "That'll be the family back with all their gear," he grinned to himself as he went to open the door.

"Gee, is there anything left in the store?" he chuckled as he helped them to carry in all they

had bought. "I've just finished my first effort. Come and tell me what you think of it."

"Gee, Simone doesn't think much of it. Look, she walked all over it and made a pattern with her paws," shouted Danny.

"Gee, Simone, thanks for that vote of confidence," said Keith, gazing down at his ruined picture.

"I don't know," said Shirley picking up the picture and regarding it critically. "Simone has completely ruined *your* picture, Keith. But, look, she's made one of her own. Her pawprints look just like a music score. Let's call it "Simone's Symphony" and send it to the exhibition just for fun!"





"Gee, you do get some mad ideas sometimes," laughed Laurie. "But it would be a giggle, wouldn't it?"

"Well, here's our first painting for the exhibition," said Shirley. "By the way, Keith, I called in at the gallery and saw Mr. Carter. I told him that we would each produce one picture for our exhibition in a week's time."

"Gee, Mom, that's quick!" said Keith in dismay. "I haven't thought up any subjects yet."

"We've thought of them for you," grinned Danny. "On the way home Mom suggested that we each painted a picture of our favourite Partridge song."

"But I thought that might be a little too hard for me because I get such low grades in art at school, so I'm going to paint our psychedelic bus," chuckled Tracy. "It'll be the best picture of a bus that you've ever seen."

"I'm sure it will, honey," said Shirley, smiling down at her little daughter. "Now let's all have supper and then we can get down to the serious business of painting."

"Sure, and let's keep our paintings a secret from each other until they're finished," said Laurie, who had been having doubts about the painting exhibition.

"Cheer up, honey, I'm sure that yours will be swell," said Keith, with an understanding smile at his pretty sister.

And although Laurie did not really believe Keith, she found that once she had started her painting her brush flowed smoothly and she got quite excited about her subject.

"I do hope that nobody else has chosen this song," murmured Laurie to herself as she surveyed her finished painting. "But, gee, keeping it secret is half the fun. Even little Tracy won't let anyone see her bus until the great unveiling tomorrow night."

The next night all the Partridges met each other with their paintings all carefully hidden in wrappings.

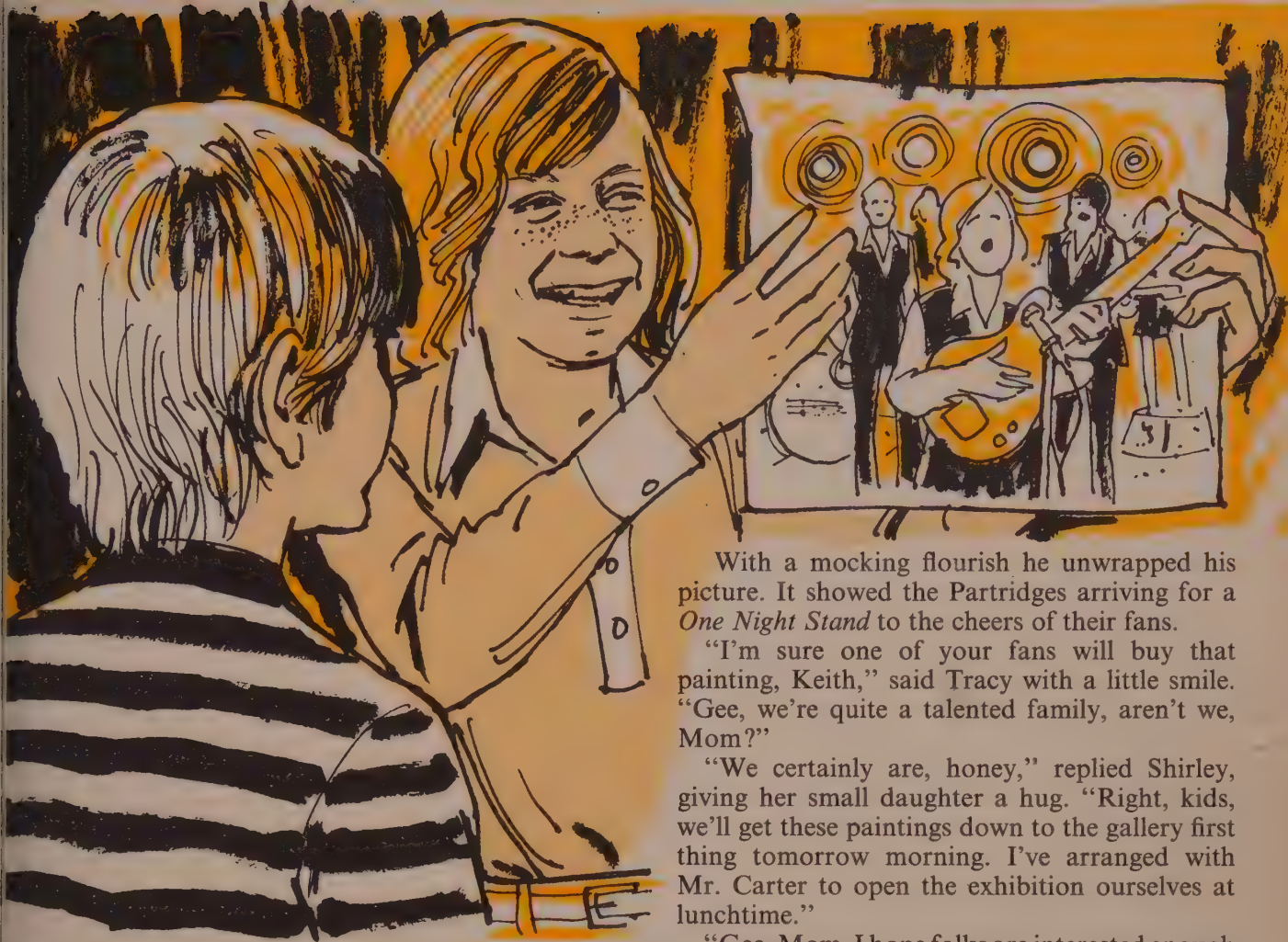
"Gee, let's have a look at them all," cried Tracy. "Here's my bus. Is it alright?"

The others looked at the colourful bus so familiar to them, and laughed at the caricatures of themselves peering from the windows.

"Well done, Tracy!" cried Laurie. "I only hope you all think that my painting is half as good."

Rather diffidently she unwrapped it for the others to see. It showed an old man with a large umbrella walking along quite happily in the rain.

"Gee, that's our *Umbrella Man* song," cried



Danny. "It's good, Laurie. Guess mine now, everybody."

Danny's painting was of his family, with himself in front of the mike, and as the others looked rather puzzled, Danny sang softly, "Singing man with a six-piece band answer to my dreams."

"That's *Every song is you!*" cried Chris. Then, anxious that they should have no difficulty with his picture, Chris said, "All the people boarding that plane represent . . ."

"*I'm on my way back home!*" chorused his family.

"Gee, you've all done really well," said Shirley. "My effort isn't half as great."

"Gee, Mom, quit kiddin'! I bet it's the greatest!" cried Keith teasingly. "Come on, show all."

With a little embarrassed laugh, Shirley held up her painting. It showed a lovely summer scene, with a footpath leading to a house, and a hillside beyond, up which a boy and a girl climbed.

"Gee, Mom, you've caught the atmosphere of our *Summer Days* song perfectly!" cried Keith. "I almost chose that for my painting, but at the last moment I changed my mind and decided on this!"

With a mocking flourish he unwrapped his picture. It showed the Partridges arriving for a *One Night Stand* to the cheers of their fans.

"I'm sure one of your fans will buy that painting, Keith," said Tracy with a little smile. "Gee, we're quite a talented family, aren't we, Mom?"

"We certainly are, honey," replied Shirley, giving her small daughter a hug. "Right, kids, we'll get these paintings down to the gallery first thing tomorrow morning. I've arranged with Mr. Carter to open the exhibition ourselves at lunchtime."

"Gee, Mom, I hope folks are interested enough to come and see it," said Laurie. "And think how wonderful it will be if we sell even one of the paintings."

"Yeah, the orphanage kids would be pleased too," said Danny. "Don't worry, Laurie, I'm sure our fans will come along."

"Well, there are large notices up about our exhibition in the gallery, and Reuben has made sure the press know about it," Shirley assured her family. "I'm sure lots of folk will come along."

And Shirley proved to be right on the ball, as usual. There was a large crowd at the Gallery to hear the Partridges open their exhibition with a song. Everybody, even the hardened art critics, were generous in their praise of the paintings, and to the kids' delight every one of the paintings was sold.

A dog lover even bought *Simone's Symphony* because she said Simone must be a real clever little dog.

"A real bundle of mischief, she must mean," whispered Tracy to Danny.

But that young financial wizard was too busy adding up the grand total towards the orphanage funds to hear!

One evening as Shirley watched her eldest son brushing his hair before setting out on his date with a pretty girl, she said teasingly, "Don't forget your courting stick, Keith!"

"Gee, Mom, what do you mean?" asked Keith, looking very puzzled.

Shirley laughed. "A courting stick was very important in the early pioneer days," she chuckled. "No young couple was allowed out alone. Instead, they had to sit on opposite sides of the fireplace and converse in whispers through a long narrow courting stick."

"Gee, that must have cramped their style a bit," laughed Laurie. "What else was considered correct behaviour in those days, Mom?"

"Well, no young man had to stay later than ten o'clock in the evening, and his visit had not to last longer than two hours."

"Fancing timing a date!" snorted Keith in disgust.

"Yes, but that was not all," went on Shirley with a grin. "If they had been out to a party or dance, although the young man had to see her safely home, he had *not* to cross the doorstep . . . even if the couple were actually engaged. And a male relative always waited up for the girl. To have her own door key was something completely unheard of!"

"Gee, it makes you wonder how they ever dated in the first place!" cried Keith.

"Oh, young folk will always find ways," laughed Shirley. "A young beau would start by carrying his sweetheart's books home from school . . . that was one custom which was allowed."

"And that continues today," said Laurie, with a faraway look in her eyes.

DATING, LONG AGO





"Didn't they ever go out alone, Mom?" asked Keith, as he picked up a large box of chocolates.

"Sometimes," admitted Shirley. "Some parents allowed them to go for a buggy ride in the country, provided the two families knew each other really well. But often the girl's father insisted on paying for the hire of the buggy."

"Now that's an idea!" grinned Keith. "I wonder if Mary-Lou's pa will pay for my petrol?"

"And when the young folk wanted to marry, the girl's father had to provide a dowry," went on Shirley. "Sometimes this was actually money, but more often sows or

horses or the offer to plough a field."

"What happened if the family were too poor to pay a dowry?" asked practical-minded Danny.

"The couple usually eloped," chuckled Shirley. "Now off you go, Keith, and enjoy yourself."

"Yes, and don't forget to be back by ten o'clock, Cinderella!" teased Laurie.

"This is the *nineteen* seventies, not the eighteen seventies," retorted Keith. "And this is one young man who's taking his girl out *alone!*"

DEFINITELY DAN

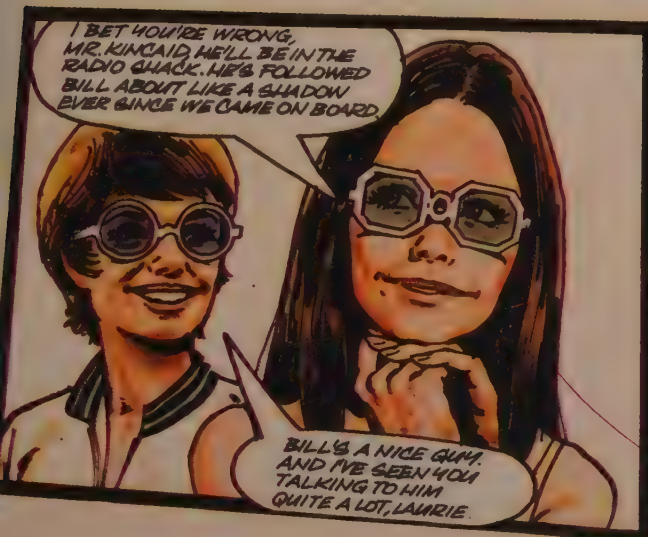
You all know the Part-
ridge family DAN . . . red-
headed Danny, of course!
But do you know:

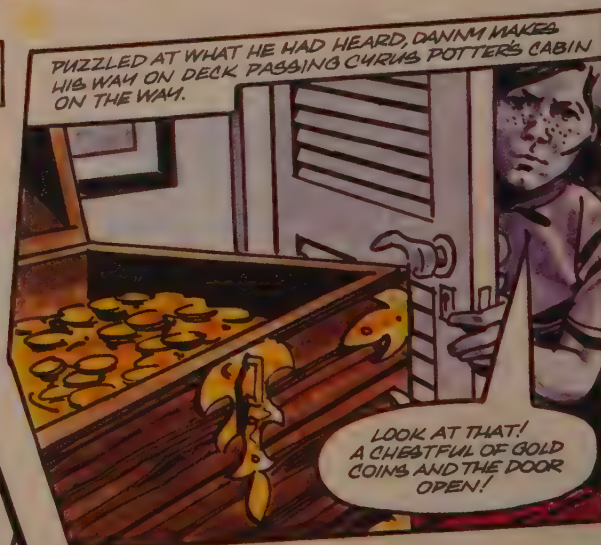
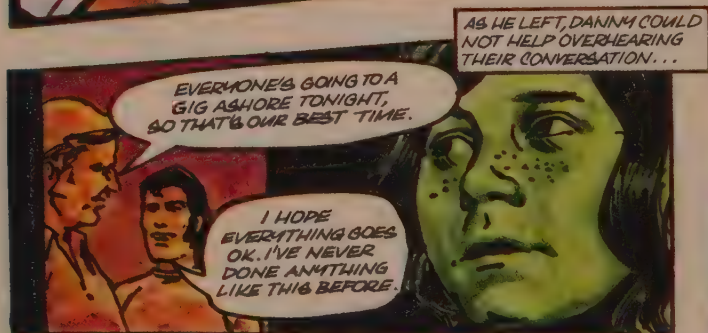
1. A rhythmic DAN?
2. A perilous DAN?
3. A smart DAN?
4. A flower DAN?
5. A damp DAN?
6. An indignant DAN?
7. A language DAN?
8. A DAN that sways to and fro?
9. A DAN that is a breed of dog?
10. A scurfy DAN?



DANNY'S DILEMMA

CHRIS P. POTTER, A WEALTHY CANDY MANUFACTURER, HAD INVITED THE PARTRIDGES AND THEIR AGENT TO SPEND A HOLIDAY ON HIS MOTOR YACHT.





DANNY WAITED IN HIS CABIN UNTIL CHRIS AND HIS FAMILY HAD GONE ASHORE.

HAVE A GOODTIME,
EVERYONE,
SING A SONG FOR ME!

I'LL SING
BROWN EYES,
JUST FOR YOU, BILL.

HOW ABOUT
SUMMER DAYS?

WHEN ALL WAS QUIET,
DANNY CREEPT OUT, AND WAS
JUST IN TIME TO SEE HIS
FRIENDS DISAPPEAR INTO
THE TYCOON'S CABIN.

I'LL GIVE
YOU A HAND,
BILL.

THEY'VE ALL
GONE, REUBEN.
WE'D BETTER GET
STARTED.

AND TO DANNY'S HORROR
THEY REAPPEARED,
CARRYING THE MONEY
CHEST, AND STARTED TO
CLIMB ON DECK.

IT'S MUCH
HEAVIER THAN
I THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE!

SURE, THERE'S
SOME GOLD NUGGET
BARS AMONG THE
COINS, REMEMBER.

DANNY WAS UNABLE TO BELIEVE
HIS EYES AS HE WATCHED
THEM TIE A ROPE AROUND THE
CHEST AND LOWER IT INTO
THE WATER.

WE'VE STILL
PLENTY OF TIME
BEFORE THE
OTHERS RETURN.

LOWER AWAY,
REUBEN,
YOU'RE DOING FINE.

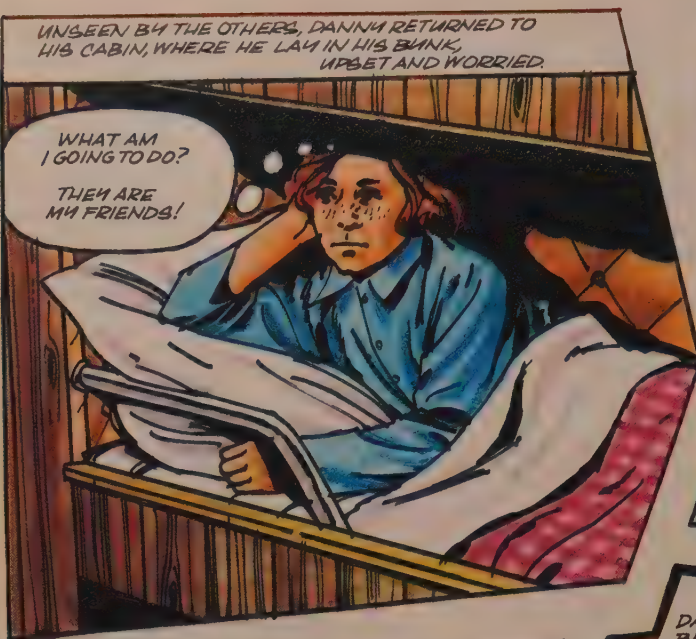
THIS WILL
SHOW US WHERE
THE CHEST IS.

AS THE CHEST HIT THE
WATER, BILL THREW
DOWN A BUOY TO ACT
AS A MARKER.

UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, DANNY RETURNED TO HIS CABIN, WHERE HE LAY IN HIS BUNK, UPSET AND WORRIED.

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

THEY ARE MY FRIENDS!



AT LAST HE FELL ASLEEP BEFORE CHRIS RETURNED. BUT DURING THE NIGHT...

DANNY! DANNY! WAKE UP YOU'RE HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

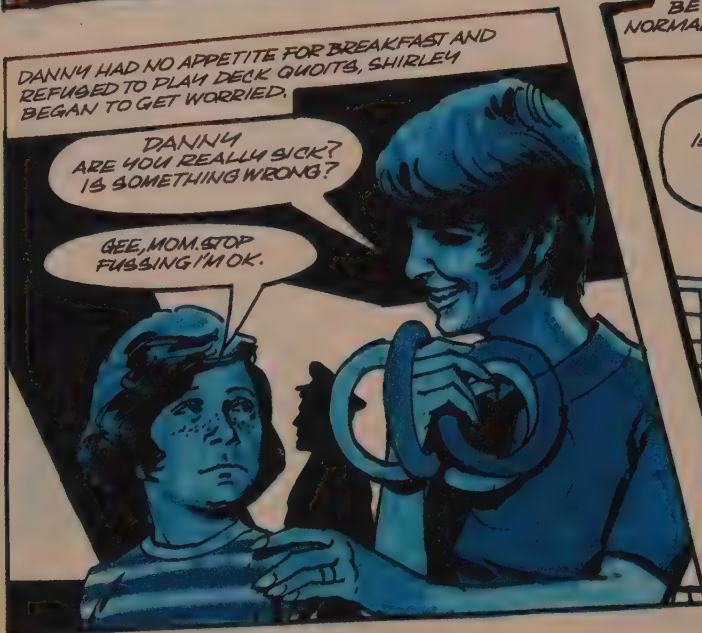
DON'T DO IT, PLEASE! GIVE IT BACK!



DANNY HAD NO APPETITE FOR BREAKFAST AND REFUSED TO PLAY DECK GUILDS, SHIRLEY BEGAN TO GET WORRIED.

DANNY ARE YOU REALLY SICK? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

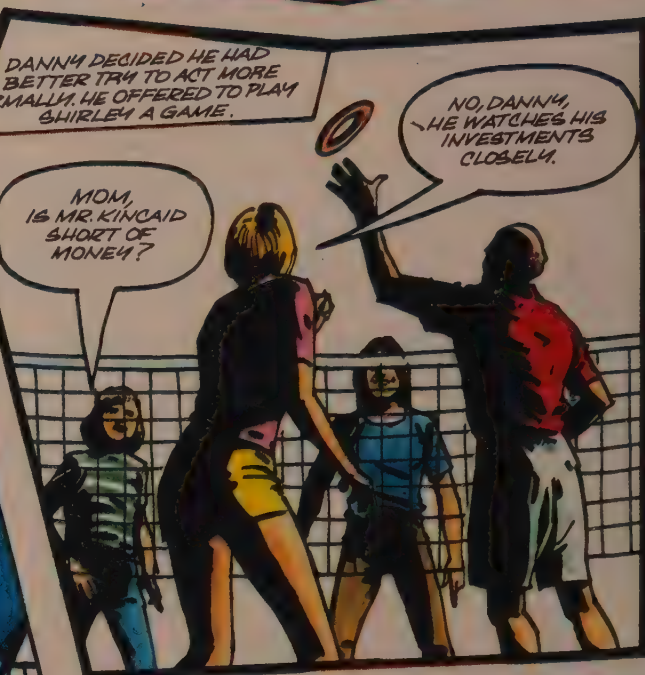
GEE, MOM, STOP FUSING I'M OK.



DANNY DECIDED HE HAD BETTER TRY TO ACT MORE NORMALLY. HE OFFERED TO PLAY SHIRLEY A GAME.

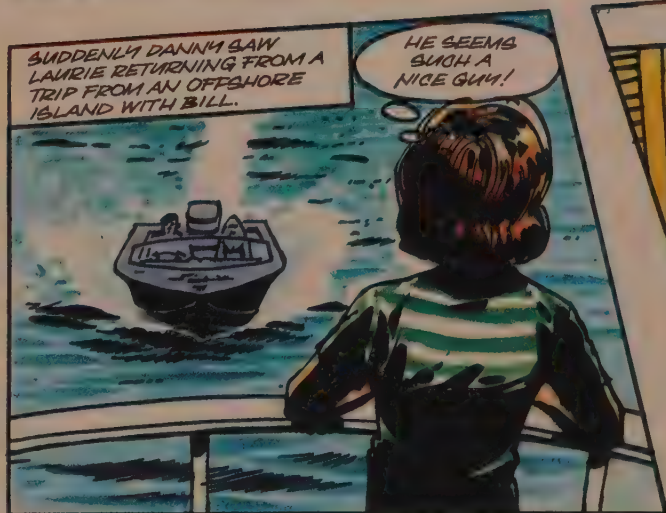
MOM, IS MR. KINCAID SHORT OF MONEY?

NO, DANNY, HE WATCHES HIS INVESTMENTS CLOSELY.



SUDDENLY DANNY SAW LAURIE RETURNING FROM A TRIP FROM AN OFFSHORE ISLAND WITH BILL.

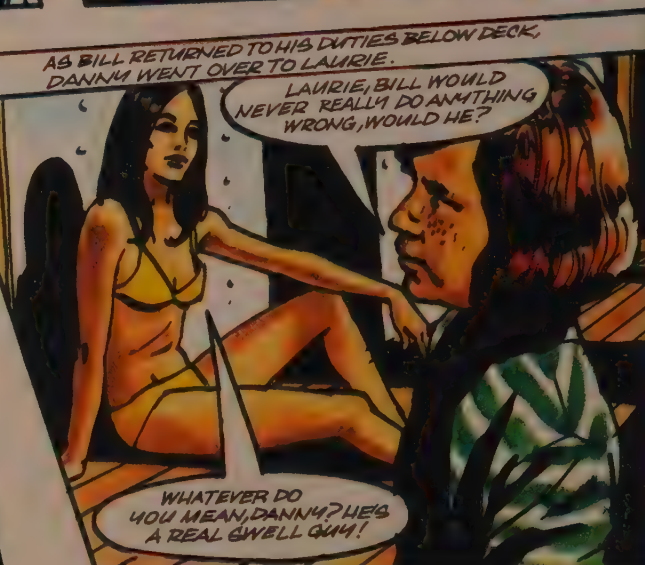
HE SEEMS SUCH A NICE GUY!



AS BILL RETURNED TO HIS DUTIES BELOW DECK, DANNY WENT OVER TO LAURIE.

LAURIE, BILL WOULD NEVER REALLY DO ANYTHING WRONG, WOULD HE?

WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN, DANNY? HE'S A REAL SWELL GUY!



JUST THEN
REUBEN AND
CYRUS
APPEARED,
LAUGHING
TOGETHER.

MR. POTTER
DOESN'T SEEM
WORRIED ABOUT
LOSING HIS CHEST!
BUT PERHAPS HE'S
JUST WAITING TO
SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!

THINK NOTHING OF IT,
GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP!

WILL YOU ASK
BILL TO SEND THIS
MESSAGE FOR ME?

TO DANNY'S DISMAY,
AS REUBEN WENT
BELOW DANNY SAW
A POLICE LAUNCH
SPEEDING TOWARDS
THEM.

MY FRIENDS THE
POLICE. RIGHT ON
CUE AS USUAL.

I MUST
WARN REUBEN
AND BILL.

POLICE 20

BUT TO HIS AMAZEMENT, BILL AND
REUBEN BURST OUT LAUGHING.

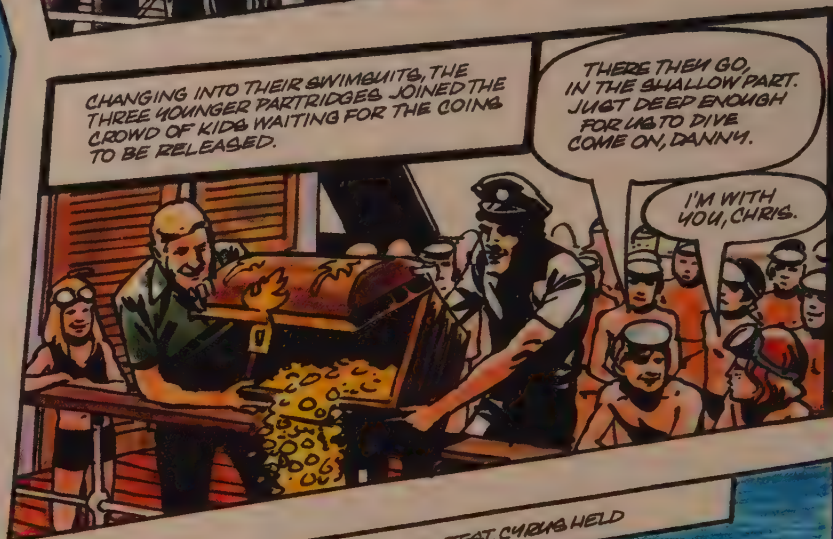
IT'S YOU WHO DON'T
UNDERSTAND, DANNY. WE
WERE HIDING THE CHEST FROM
YOU AND LOTS OF OTHER
KIDS. COME ON DECK AND
LET CYRUS EXPLAIN.

DANNY RAN DOWNSTAIRS AND
BURST INTO THE RADIO SHACK.

QUICK!
YOU MUST
GO! THE
POLICE
ARE HERE!

THERE'S NO NEED TO GET
EXCITED, DANNY! IT'S
ONLY THEIR ROUTINE
CALL ON ALL THE BOATS
HERE.

BUT YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND. I SAW
WHAT YOU DID WITH
THE TREASURE CHEST!





Throughout the year all the American states hold lots of carnivals and shows, and there are hundreds of places to visit which are fun for all the family. Take a magic carpet ride and have a look at what America has to offer.

It's great fun pretending to be a cowboy for a short while. Here visitors to a western dude ranch enjoy a singsong around the campfire before going off for a chuckwagon dinner.

Fun around **AMERICA**

All the children here are racing to finish their cherry pies during a pie-eating contest, one of the many events held during the Traverse City Cherry Festival which is held annually in Michigan.





A pirate stands on the bow of a boat in front of the Corpus Christi, Texas skyline. During Buccaneer Days each May the city is turned over to 'pirates'.

Tourists climb aboard the miniature railroad at the St. Louis Zoo to enjoy a ride.

Eating is always fun, and this youngster is certainly enjoying his pizza and hamburger at an outdoor stand in Ocean City, Maryland.





Hundreds of clowns come to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for the Circus Parade which is held there each Fourth of July. The event is organised by the Circus World Museum in Baraboo, Wisconsin.

'Big Tex' grins down at the crowd at the entrance to the Texas State Fair. Held at Dallas, this is the largest of the State Fairs held in the United States.

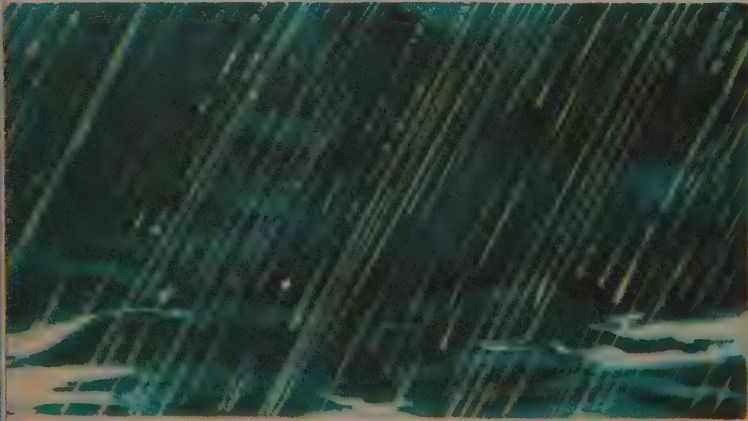


PARTRIDGE PICTURE SONGS

Complete these six Partridge song titles by putting one of the pictures in the blank space.



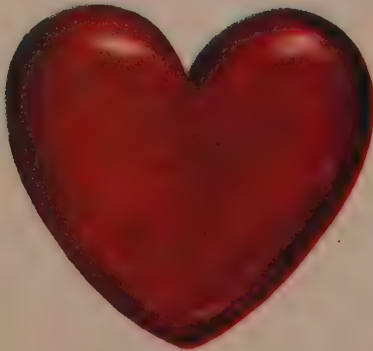
1. _____, you make my day.



2. _____ man.



3. I can feel your _____ beat.



4. Brown _____.

6. She'd rather have the _____.



5. Echo _____.



Answers on page 76.

THE MYSTERIOUS T.V. STAR



"Danny, there's the 'phone. Answer it for me, honey!" called Shirley Partridge from the kitchen, where she was busy cooking the family's supper.

Her young redheaded son heaved a sigh of resignation as he put aside the notebook in which he was conscientiously working out the current amount of his own personal fortune, and went to do as she asked.

"The Partridge residence . . . nest in a tree," he quipped, as he picked up the receiver. "Oh, hello, Mr. Kincaid. Yes . . . it's me, Danny. How did you guess? Because of the corny joke, sorry I asked. What can we do for you? Mom's busy in the kitchen right now . . . can I do anything? A TV show, you say? That's just great! What? Say, that's funny! O.K. I'll tell Mom you'll be right over. See you."

"Supper's ready, Danny!" called Shirley and, with a rather puzzled look on his face, Danny joined the rest of his family at the supper table.

"That was Mr. Kincaid, Mom," he explained. "He says he's coming right over to discuss a job he's landed for one of us on TV."

"Which one?" chorused Chris and Tracy together eagerly.

"He didn't say," replied Danny, perplexed. "Probably Keith or Laurie, or it might even be Mom . . . there's no accounting for some sponsors' taste!" he added with a grin.

"Gee, thanks for those few kind words," laughed Shirley. "It's great to think that I'm still in demand at my old age!"

Danny had the grace to blush, but when he saw that Shirley was laughing, he started to chuckle too. "I guess we'll just have to wait until Mr. Kincaid arrives to find out who is to be the mystery TV star."

But when Reuben arrived they were none the wiser.

"Some dotty secretary has forgotten to put the name," he cried. "You'll just all have to turn up at the studio tomorrow to make sure that the right one is present. I've tried ringing the television studio but I can't get an answer!"

Suddenly Simone, the Partridge family pet, rushed in, carrying a large piece of meat.

"Simone, you naughty dog! That was meant for *our* supper!" cried Shirley. "Oh, why did I leave it on the table, knowing that you were around somewhere?"

"That dog wants . . ." began Reuben grumpily. Then seeing Tracy's accusing eyes upon him, ended lamely, "something to eat."

Then, as Tracy and the younger Partridges still glared at him, their agent said, hoping to make amends, "Since Simone's eaten your supper, I'll take you out to dine."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Kincaid, can I have a hamburger with ketchup, chips, chocolate icecream, and a coke?" cried Tracy, coming over and hugging him hard.

Although Reuben's stomach revolted at such a mixture, he nodded weakly and, leaving Simone to enjoy her ill-gotten gains, they all trooped out to eat.

Next morning Shirley was very amused at the behaviour of all her family, especially as she knew that they all thought that they were fooling her.

"Mom, I thought I'd just pop down and look round the stores this morning," said Laurie. "My clothes are getting rather shabby, you know. I don't seem to have had anything new for simply ages."

"Funny you should say that," added Keith innocently. "I'd like a couple of new shirts and maybe a new pair of flairs . . ."

"We need shirts too, Mom," cried Danny and Chris. "Can we go along with Laurie and Keith?"

Thinking of the wardrobes already bulging





with clothes bought only a few weeks ago, Shirley smiled somewhat ruefully to herself, but nodded her head. She had realised that secretly each member of her family had pictured themselves as the star of the TV film and wanted to be suitably dressed for the occasion!

"Do you want to go shopping, Tracy?" Shirley asked her little strawberry blonde daughter.

"No, Mom, I've got plenty of dresses," came the surprising reply. Then Tracy astonished her family by adding casually, "But I think it is time for my dental checkup. Can you fix it for this morning, Mom?"

Danny and Chris stared at Tracy as if she had suddenly grown two heads.

"Fancy asking to go to the dentist!" cried Chris in awe. "Why, even Keith isn't too keen, and he's grown up!"

"Everyone should go to the dentist," replied Keith, coming over the heavy elder brother all at once. "And the reason I didn't want to go to the dentist was . . ."

"Because you didn't want your lips to be swollen when you dated that pretty blonde," teased Laurie, easily dodging the playful blow Keith aimed at her with the skill of long practice.

"Well, we'll certainly make an appointment for you," Shirley said, reaching for the 'phone, but secretly as puzzled as the others at Tracy's request. But a glance at a magazine near the phone solved the mystery. In it was an article about the importance of a smile in films! Tracy was thinking about the TV part too!

Shirley was able to take Tracy along to the dentist and, as she had imagined, there was no need to fix Tracy's teeth at all! In fact, the dentist complimented her on her lovely smile, and Tracy walked home in a cloud of happiness, smiling at everyone she met.

But when they arrived home, Shirley met with a mixed reception. Danny and Chris were proudly parading around in their new frilly shirts, but her two elder children wore expressions of great woe.

"Whatever's wrong?" asked Shirley anxiously.

"I decided to have my hair done, and they ruined it!" wailed Laurie. "I've had to wash it all out, and it may not be dry again for tonight."

"Gee, sure it will," comforted Shirley. "Did you get anything nice?"

"Yes, a real dream of a dress," cried Laurie, rushing into her bedroom to get it. "Do you like it, Mom?"

"I think it is one of the prettiest I have seen," smiled Shirley. "But what's wrong with Keith?"

"He thinks he's lost his voice . . . he spent so much time chatting to the girl in the boutique where Laurie bought her dress," grinned Danny. "He's bought up the entire drugstore's supply of throat lozenges. Gee, don't they smell strong?"

"You just wait until I get my voice back!" cried Keith. Then, scarcely believing his own good luck, he added, "Gee, it has come back . . . I'm cured! Now I'll be able to sing in the show!"

"If you're asked!" retorted Laurie sweetly.

"Now come along, everyone, there's just time for a meal before we have to get to the studio," interrupted Shirley quickly. "Tracy and Laurie can lend me a hand while the boys stow the gear in our old bus. And I think we'd better take Simone with us this time. She really does need a baby sitter these days when we're out, the way she gets into mischief."

So, as a result of Shirley's words, Simone was a member of the Partridge family outing to the studio.

As they unloaded themselves from the bus, Reuben rushed up to them. "Is Simone with you?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, but I promise that she won't be any trouble . . ." began Shirley.

"Of course she won't!" cried Reuben, bending down to pat the little dog. "Simone is the star of the film!"

"What!" chorused the Partridge children in amazement, and Shirley began to laugh.

"It's a dog food advert" explained Reuben. "Apparently the sponsor saw Simone when she interrupted your show some time ago. He liked her spirit, and he has decided that she is just the dog for him."

"All our work for nothing," wailed Tracy, almost on the point of tears.

"Well, not exactly," grinned Reuben. "In order to make Simone feel at home in front of the cameras, they want you all to play and sing, just as if you were at home!"

"Fancy, the backing group for a dog!" cried Keith.

"Will we get paid?" asked Danny.

"Certainly, and Simone too," cried Reuben. "Less my ten per cent, of course!"

"Lead on, Reuben," laughed Shirley. "For once, where Simone goes, the Partridges will follow!"



WESTERN FACTS & FANCIES



The Partridges have often enjoyed holidays way out west, where they learned something of the expressions used in early pioneering days, some of which are still used in America today.

A DUDE RANCH

Long ago true cowboys dubbed folks from back east who came out in their fancy clothes to see the west 'city dudes', and laughed at them when they fled back east at the first sign of danger. They were also known as 'Go-backs'.

Today there are special dude ranches in the western states of America, where inexperienced riders can try out all the thrills of 'riding the range'.

TO THROW IN MY BEDROLL

When a cowboy was offered work on a long cattle drive, if he accepted, he would throw into the chuck waggon the tarpaulin containing his sleeping blanket and possessions, indicating his acceptance of the job and as a sign of his loyalty now to his new employer. Today the expression means a person is totally committed to a cause, no matter what the consequences.



THE PAUL JONES

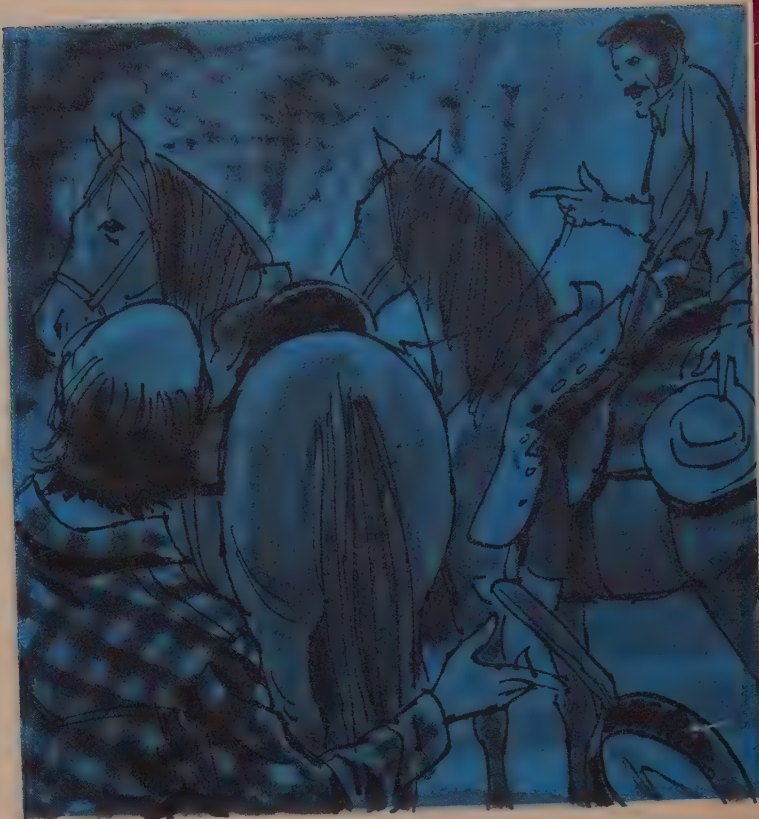
A Paul Jones dance is still a popular way of changing partners at some dances today. The girls move in a circle in one direction, while the men move in a similar circle in the opposite direction. When the music stops the circles also stop, and the couples facing each other become partners for the next dance.

The Paul Jones was originally a 'set' in the western barn dances which were held regularly among the early settlers. The name is said to be a compliment to the naval hero John Paul Jones.



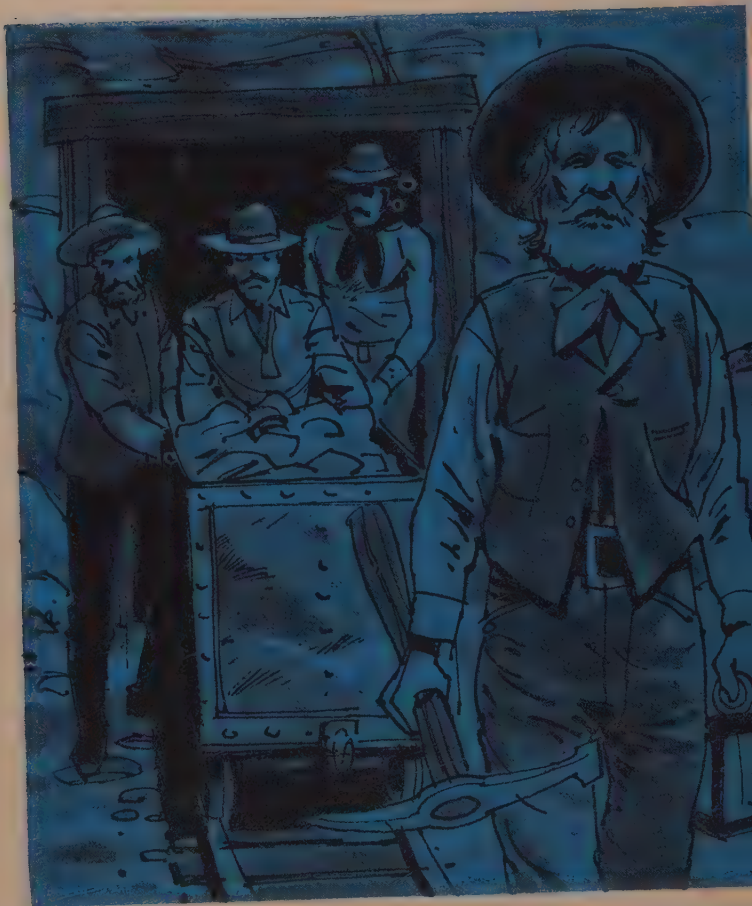
ALL HANDS AND THE COOK

This is an expression still used out west to mean a state of emergency when everyone must help as best they can. It recalls the days when all hands, including the ranch cook who was, of course, not used to handling horses, were called out to get restless cattle under control.



DOWN TO BEDROCK

This was a slang term, still used today, and formerly used by miners when they had no money. Bedrock is the hard basis rock which is all that is left when the mine is completely worked out.



I'LL MEET YOU HALFWAY

BACK ON STAGE ONCE MORE THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY HAVE AGREED TO DO A WEEK—
LONG GIG IN INDIANA.

Steve Livesey



AND THE CROWD ARE LOVING IT...



...ESPECIALLY ONE GIRL ON THE FRONT ROW.



LOOK, SHE'S THERE AGAIN.
SHE'S BEEN HERE EVERY NIGHT.

YEAH, SHE JUST SITS THERE
AND STARES AT THE STAGE.
I GUESS SHE'S JUST KEEN
ON KEITH, LIKE EVERY
OTHER GIRL IN THE HALL.

LATER THAT EVENING

HEY,
THERE'S THAT GIRL AGAIN
THE ONE FROM THE FRONT ROW.

LET'S OFFER HER A LIFT
HOME. SHE DESERVES IT FOR
SITTING THROUGH THREE
OF OUR CONCERTS.



HI! WE SAW YOU AT THE CONCERT TONIGHT,
DIDN'T WE? CAN WE OFFER YOU A LIFT?

ER, IS THAT KEITH PARTRIDGE?
NO, IT CAN'T BE. NO-NO THANKS,
I DON'T WANT A LIFT.

KEITH WAS A LITTLE PUZZLED.

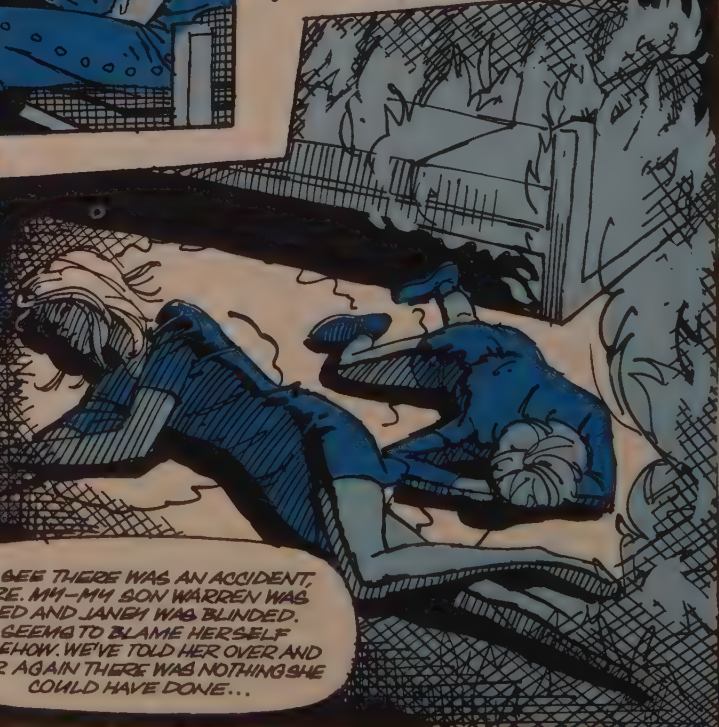
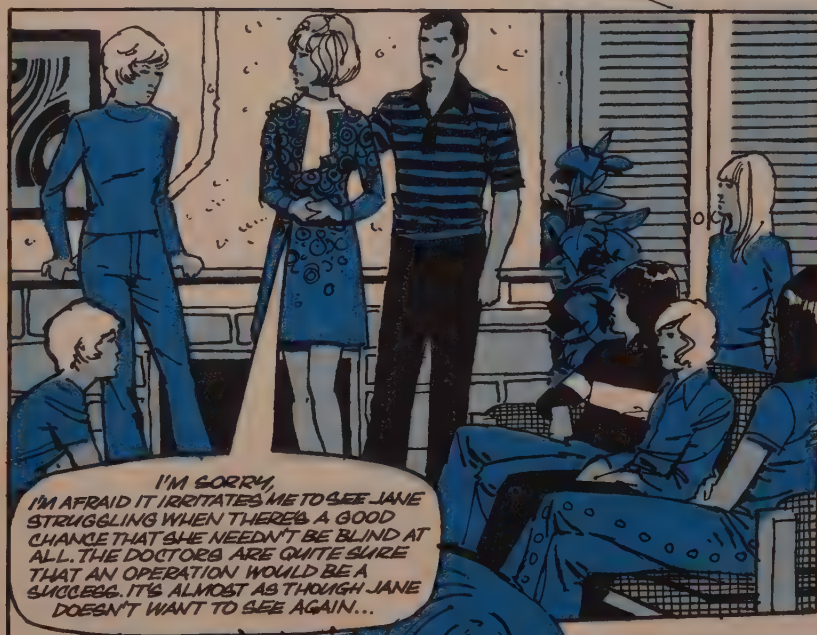
WELL, IF I'M NOT
KEITH PARTRIDGE,
WHO AM I?

IT'S O.K.
I'M GURLEY,
KEITH'S MOM

I'M SORRY, THANKS I'D
LIKE A LIFT. YOU SEE I'VE ONLY HEARD
YOU SINGING, I COULDN'T BE ABSOLUTELY
SURE ABOUT YOUR SPEAKING VOICE.
I-I'M BLIND, YOU SEE...

WELL... IT'S
A LITTLE LATE
BUT IF YOU'RE SURE
YOUR PARENTS
WON'T MIND, WE'D
LOVE SOME.

THANKS.
FANCY GETTING A LIFT
FROM THE PARTRIDGE
FAMILY... YOU
WOULDN'T LIKE TO
COME IN FOR SOME
COFFEE, WOULD YOU?
MY MOM AND DAD
WOULD LOVE TO
MEET YOU.



KEITH TOSSED AND TURNED ALL NIGHT, THINKING ABOUT JANE. NEXT MORNING HE COULD STAND IT NO LONGER...

I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE A GO AT GETTING JANE TO CHANGE HER MIND ABOUT THE OPERATION.

COULD IT BE FOREVER OR IS MY MIND JUST A RAMBLIN' ON OH I TOUCHED YOU ONCE AND I KISSED YOU ONCE. AND NOW I FEEL LIKE YOU'RE MINE...

SHE'S SURE IN THE DEN. GO ON IN.



HEY, WAS THAT YOU SINGING? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU HAD A GROOVY VOICE?

ER, OH, YOU WEREN'T MEANT TO HEAR. I'M SORRY ABOUT RUINING ONE OF YOUR SONGS.



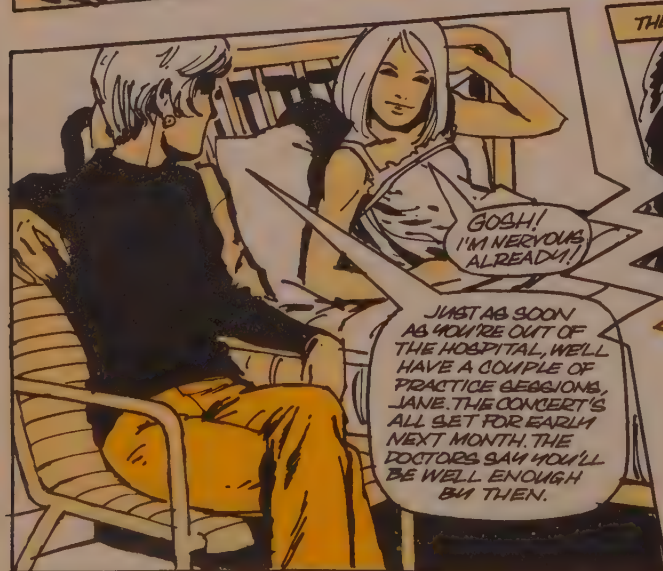
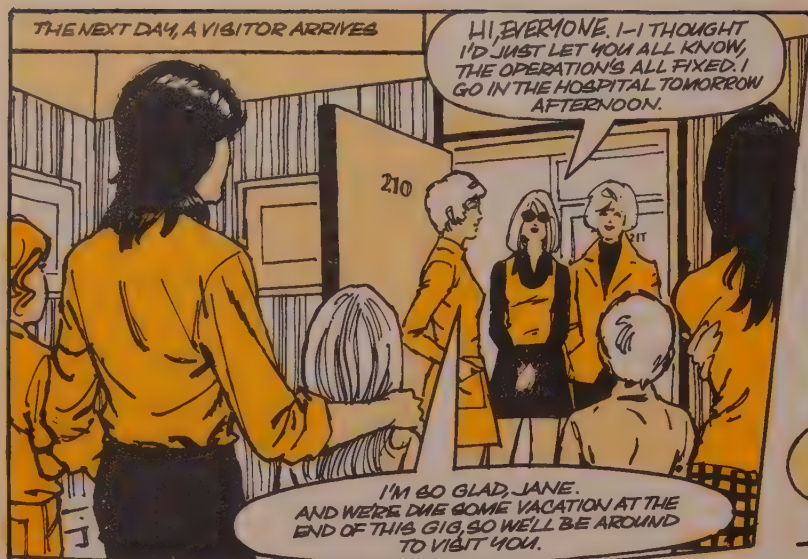
THAT'S SETTLED THEN. YOU HAVE THE OPERATION AND AS SOON AS YOU'RE BETTER WE'LL HAVE A GREAT CONCERT SO THAT EVERYONE CAN HEAR THAT FABULOUS VOICE...

BACK AT THE HOTEL, KEITH EXPLAINS TO THE OTHERS.

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, KEITH.

YEAH, SUPER!

OH KEITH! I'M PROUD OF YOU AND JUST WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING A LITTLE BIG-HEADED, TOO!



FINALLY, THE NIGHT OF THE CONCERT ARRIVES.

GEE, I'M SO NERVOUS. I DON'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO SING A NOTE!

DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE GREAT, JUST AS SOON AS YOU GET ON STAGE.

THE AUDIENCE LOVED IT.

IT'S ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS WHEN YOU TURN OUT THE LIGHTS AND YOU SIT IN THE DARK AND SAY TO YOURSELF "I MISS HER"...

THE AUDIENCE ALSO THOUGHT JANE'S VOICE WAS GROOVY.

THANK YOU, THANKS...

THEN KEITH INTRODUCED JANE.

I'M SURE YOU'VE ALL SPOTTED AN EXTRA PERSON IN OUR LINE-UP TONIGHT. THIS IS JANE, SHE'S GOT A GROOVY VOICE, I'D LIKE YOU TO LISTEN TO IT.

WOW! SHE'S TERRIFIC.

MORE, LET'S HAVE MORE

GOSH! THAT WAS GREAT.

JANE HAD ANOTHER SURPRISE IN STORE, OFF STAGE...

EXCUSE ME, MISS. I'M FROM KEYTONE RECORDS. MRS. PARTRIDGE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN SIGNING A CONTRACT WITH US....

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU ALL. NOT JUST FOR THE CHANCE OF SINGING, BUT FOR MY SIGHT... I MUST HAVE BEEN MAD NOT TO WANT IT BACK.

WE DON'T WANT ANY THANKS, JANE. WE'D DO ANYTHING TO KEEP A FAITHFUL FAN! BUT JOKING APART, DON'T EVER COME ON THE SAME BILL AS US, I DON'T KNOW IF WE COULD STAND THE COMPETITION...

Keith's Sales Sortie



"Gee, Mom, I wish you'd asked me first!" cried Laurie, her face a mirror of dismay as she listened to her mother speaking.

"Gee, honey, I never thought you'd not want to play," said Shirley, in some bewilderment. "I know how you like to help out at church affairs, and when the pastor asked me if you would play the organ at his church tonight to raise money for a new church hall, I never doubted for a moment that you would want to play."

"I'd love to play, Mom," said Laurie, "but I'd planned to go and stand in line all night outside Jackson's store."

"Gee, you must be nuts!" cried Danny. "Whatever do you want to do that for?"

"Because their sale starts tomorrow, stupid!" explained Laurie patiently. "And they've got a real dream of a dress knocked down to just five dollars. It's a muslin print with lace collar and cuffs . . . so old-fashioned it's real cute."

"You girls have my head in a whirl the way you keep changing your fashions," grinned Keith. "Gee, I can see that the dress is a real bargain, Laurie, but I guess the pastor will be real disappointed."

"Gee, I know," agreed Laurie, her pretty face taking on a worried look. "I hate letting him down."

Suddenly Tracy said with an innocent smile, "Keith, couldn't you stand in line for Laurie and get the dress, and then Laurie could go off and play the organ?"

"Me?" gasped Keith. "Gee . . ."

"Oh, please, Keith, would you?" pleaded Laurie. "I have been invited to stay the night in Brookfield, as the organ recital might end late."

"Because Laurie will get so many encores," teased Chris.

"But suppose somebody recognises me?" grumbled Keith.

"I haven't noticed you complaining before about being in the middle of a crowd of girls," chuckled Shirley. "But wear your dark glasses, and I'm sure you'll be all right. The girls will be too busy talking about the sale to notice you."

"Gee, I hope you're right," murmured Keith. "Well, I'll do it *this* time, Laurie, but only because of not disappointing the pastor."

"You're the best brother in the world!" cried Laurie, throwing her arms around Keith and hugging him hard. "Here's the five dollars, honey, and the dress is right in the middle of the window. You can't miss it."

"And nor will everyone else," murmured Shirley softly to herself. Aloud, she said, "I'll pack you some sandwiches and a flask, Keith. It could turn chilly tonight. And take your umbrella, it looks like rain."

"Well, that's a charming thought!" cried Keith wryly, and as he went off to get ready, the others laughed, because Keith was unconsciously humming *One Night Stand* to himself!

When Keith arrived outside the store, he found only one girl waiting there already. "Have you come for that dress in the middle?" asked Keith anxiously.

"No, I want those pants and embroidered top," grinned the girl. "You'll look a picture in the dress . . . I can see it's just you."

"Hey, quit foolin', I want the dress for my sister," protested Keith blushing.

"Gee, you must be one in a million . . . my brother wouldn't do that for me! Your sister's very lucky, almost as lucky as the Partridge sisters."

Keith gave a start, and was just about to say something when he realised that the girl was not actually talking to, but rather about him.

"I think the whole family is great, but Keith is just the greatest!" babbled the girl. "Why is it I never meet such great guys? Gee, but then, I'd never find them in a line-up outside a store, would I?"

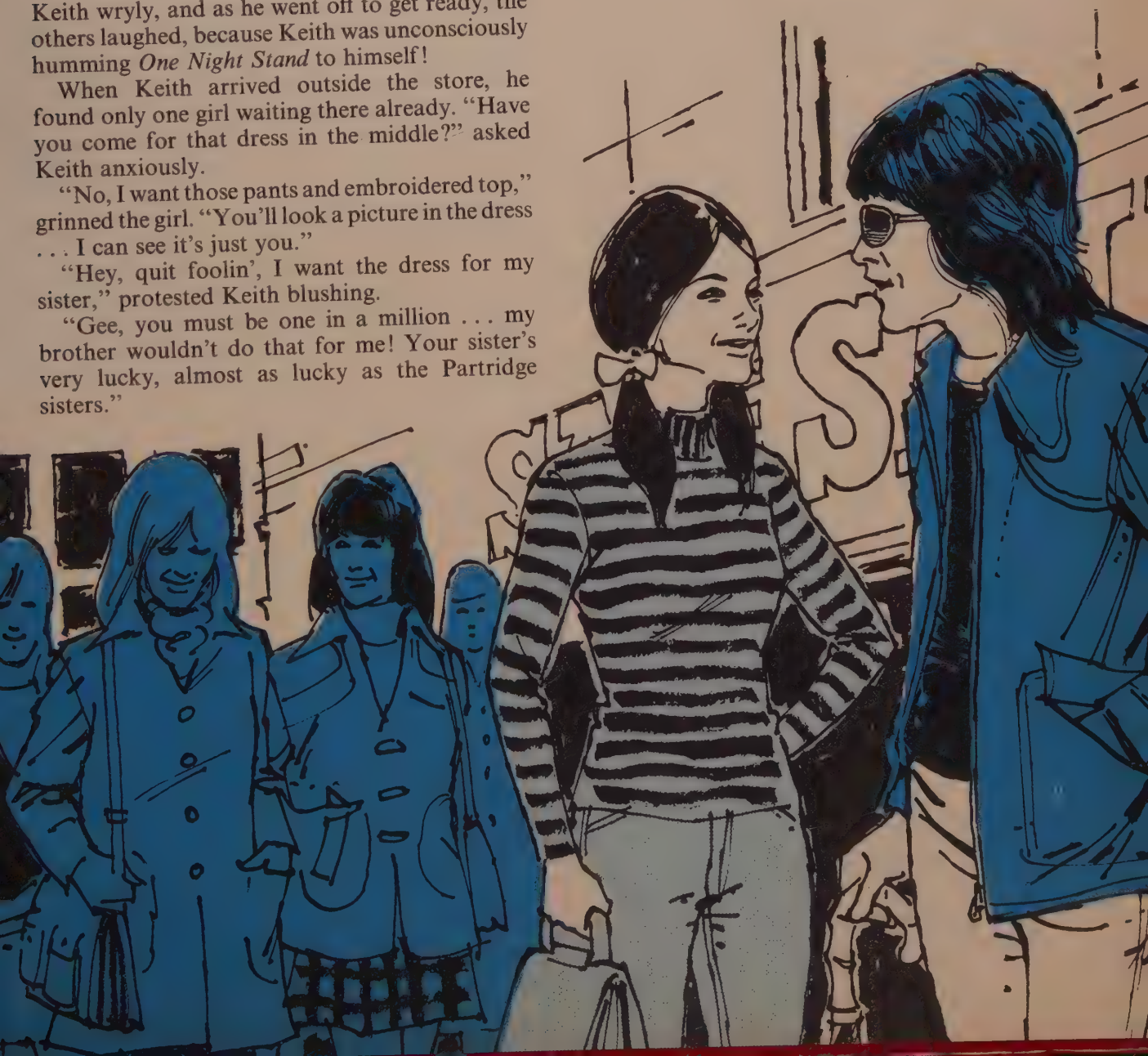
"You never can tell," murmured Keith, but the girl failed to hear him as she was too busy greeting some friends who had just arrived.

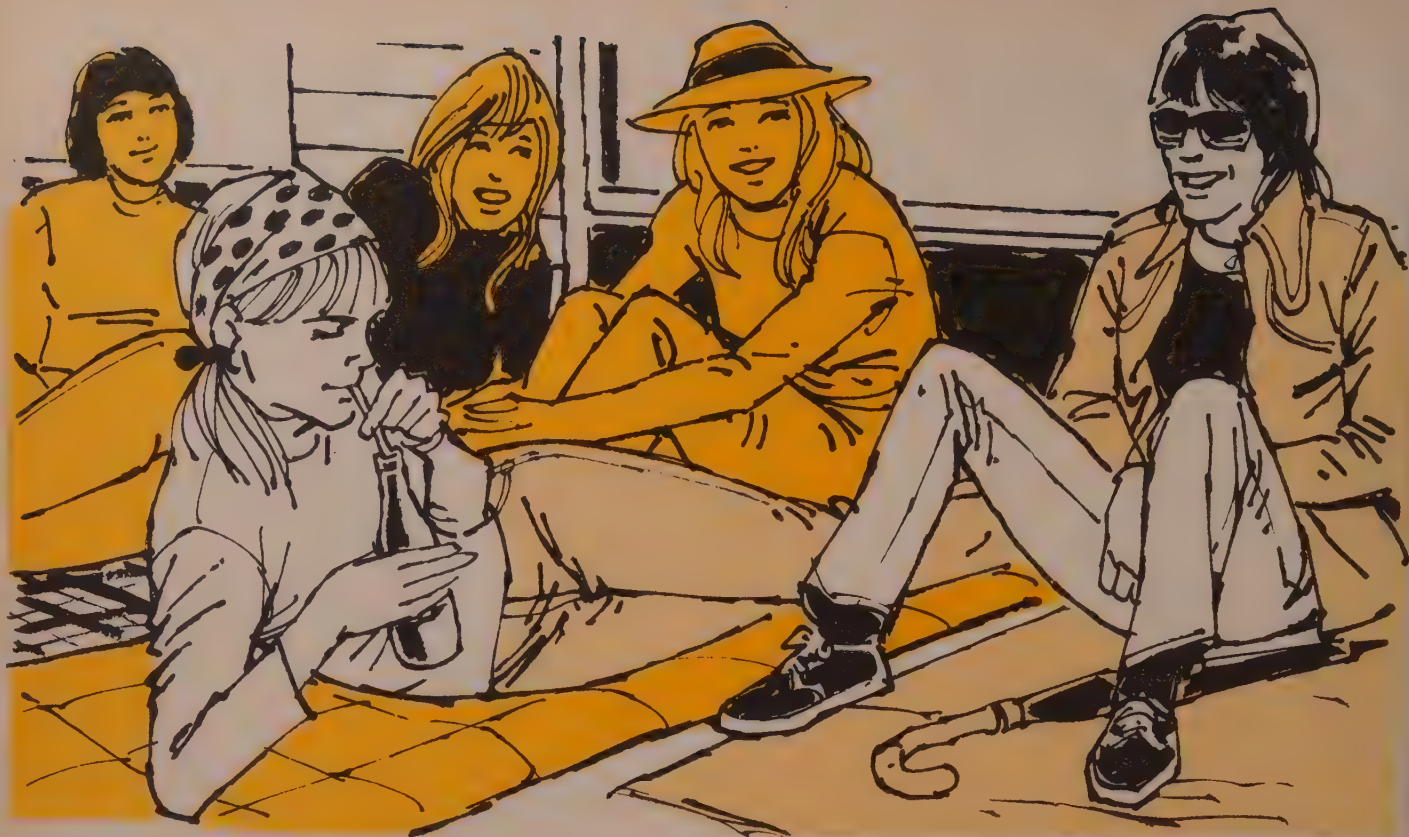
"Hey, here's the *Umbrella Man*!" joked one girl, seeing Keith. "I bet you wish you could sing that tune as well as Keith Partridge, eh, girls?"

"Yeah, Keith's just wunnerful!" they all cried.

"We wish he was here to sing to us now."

"Let's all sing to pass the time away," cried a pretty blonde called Sadie. "You can join in, too, fella, we don't mind!"





"Gee, thanks," grinned Keith, as one of the girls began to sing *It's one of those nights*.

The girls were very enthusiastic if not strictly in tune, and Keith's voice was almost lost among the loud noise that they all made. But Sadie, who was standing quite close to Keith said admiringly: "Hey, you have quite a nice voice, fella. It reminds me of Keith Partridge's voice."

"Gee, Sadie, you think Keith is so great that you think everyone sings like him!" teased Mary Lou, her friend. "I don't mean to be rude, Mr. Umbrella Man, but *nobody* sings like Keith. He's just . . ."

"Wunnerful!" came the chorus once again, which was just like music to Keith's ears.

The singing continued for a while, and then as

State the name

In their many musical tours the Partridges have visited many of the states, some of which are known by other names. Do you know which state is known as:

1. The Cotton State ?
2. The Golden State ?
3. The Nutmeg State ?
4. The Gem State ?
5. The Sunflower State ?
6. The Blue Grass State ?
7. The Magnolia State ?
8. The Pelican State ?
9. The Sagebrush State ?
10. The Lone Star State ?
11. The Treasure State ?
12. The Badger State ?
13. The Evergreen State ?
14. The Volunteer State ?
15. The Green Mountain State ?

Check your answers on page 76

the night grew chillier picnic baskets were unpacked and food and gags were exchanged among the crowd.

Much to his surprise, Keith found himself really enjoying himself, especially when they all sat down on the sidewalk and tried to get a little sleep. Sadie rested her pretty head on Keith's shoulder and promptly fell fast asleep, and looking down at her Keith found that it was a very pleasant feeling.

Despite his firm belief that he himself would be unable to sleep, Keith found that he had actually slept several hours when Sadie awakened him gently in the morning.

"Wakey, wakey, Mr. Umbrella man," she carolled gaily. "There's just time for a cookie before the store opens. Try one, I made them myself."

"Gee, thanks," said Keith, his appetite sharpened by his night in the open air.

"Look, they're opening the doors! Come on, it's every girl ... and guy ... for herself!" laughed Mary Lou, with a teasing glance in Keith's direction.

Keith found himself swept along helplessly in a tide of girls, through the doors and towards the elevator.

"I can only take one more in here!" puffed the elevator man. "We're packed like sardines as it is! Only hope it doesn't get stuck."

The elevator man's remark was greeted by shrieks of mock terror, and under cover of the noise Keith pushed Sadie into the elevator saying, "In you go, I'll take the stairs and see you on the teenage floor. Gee, I wonder which one that is?"

"It's the top one!" sang out Sadie as the elevator doors shut with a clang. "Hope you get what you came for, Mr. Umbrella Man."

"Gee, so do I," murmured Keith as he raced up the stairs. "Hurray, I seem to be keeping pace with the elevator," he added as he heard it stop on the next floor.

But, as he neared the final flight of stairs, Keith failed to see one of the sale girls coming down carrying a pile of boxes, and he cannoned into her.

"Gee, I'm so sorry," he cried as he helped the girl to pick up the merchandise.

"Forget it, just put it down to sales fever," laughed the girl good-naturedly, as she continued on her way.

Keith finally reached his floor and rushed up to a sales girl. "Can I have that dress marked down to five dollars?" he gasped.

"Sorry, fella, I think that young lady is about to buy it," said the sales girl.

"Gee, that's too bad!" cried Keith. "Hey, it's Sadie. I didn't know that you wanted that dress too."

"Did you want this dress?" cried Sadie. "I guess you ought to have it then, because you



gave me your place in the elevator. I shall just have to go to the next Partridge gig in my old dress . . . and I did want Keith to notice me!"

"He'll do that for sure," murmured Keith softly. Then he said, "I'm sure my sister will understand when I tell her. You take the dress, it's fine by me."

"Gee, thanks," cried Sadie, giving him a hug. "Perhaps I'll see you at the gig."

"I can promise that you will," murmured Keith as he made his way out of the store.

He was a little hesitant about confessing his failure to his family, especially to Laurie, who had arrived home.

But, surprisingly, Laurie didn't seem to mind.

"Trust you to fall for a pretty face," she teased gently. "But Sadie seems a real nice girl. I'm glad she got the dress."

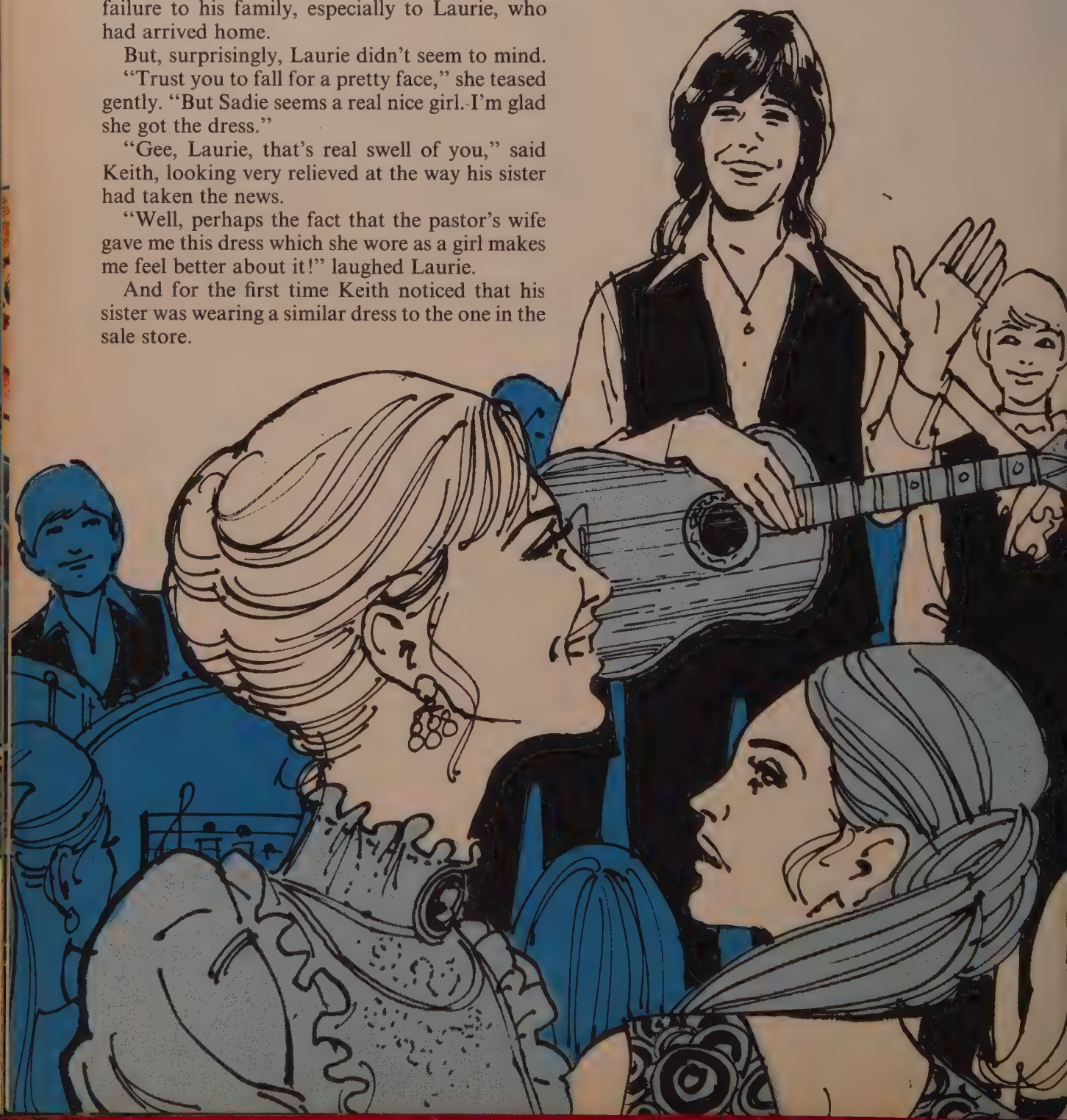
"Gee, Laurie, that's real swell of you," said Keith, looking very relieved at the way his sister had taken the news.

"Well, perhaps the fact that the pastor's wife gave me this dress which she wore as a girl makes me feel better about it!" laughed Laurie.

And for the first time Keith noticed that his sister was wearing a similar dress to the one in the sale store.

A few nights later, at their gig in the nearby town, Keith spotted a familiar figure in a muslin gown.

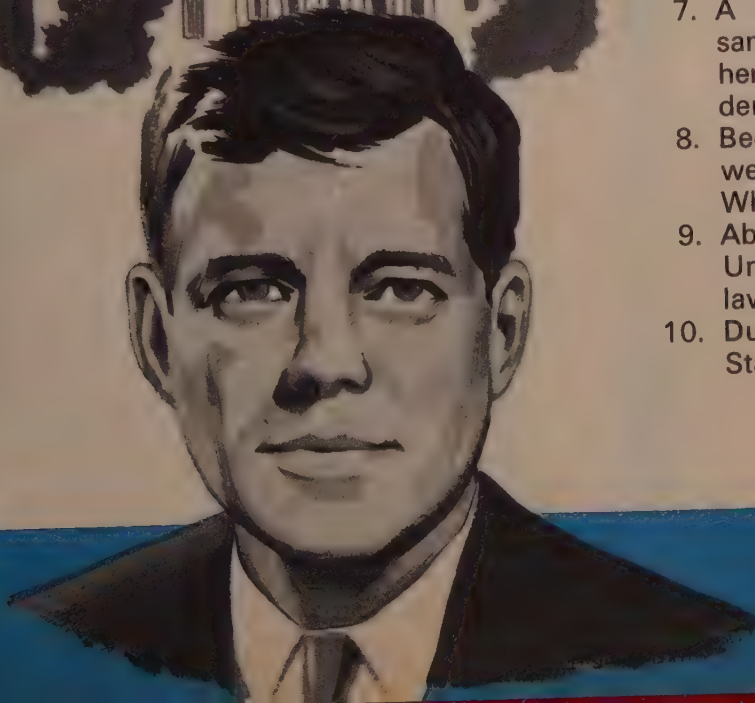
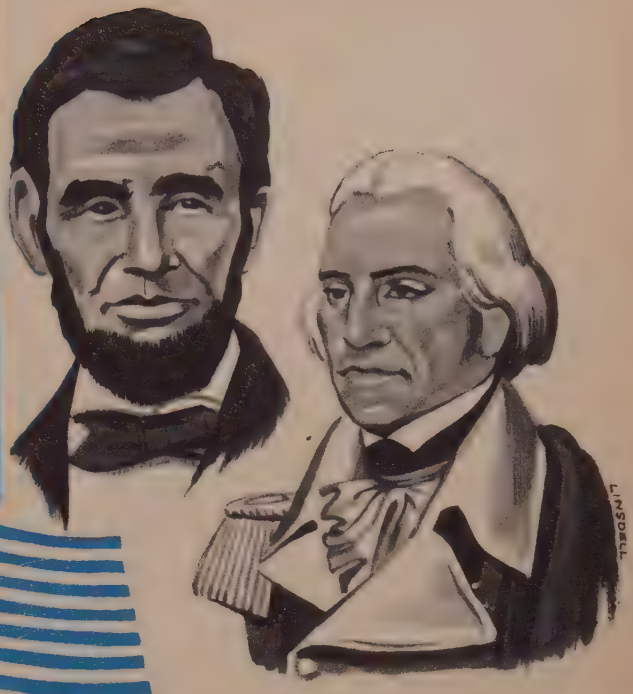
As Sadie neared the stage Keith waved to her. She stopped, puzzled and yet delighted at being singled out. Suddenly, with a grin on his face, Keith began to sing *Umbrella Man* . . . and Sadie realised at last that her sales companion really had been the great Keith Partridge himself!





PICK A PRESIDENT

To be the President of the United States is the highest honour an American citizen may hope to attain, and the White House has been the goal of many men through the centuries:



Do you know:

1. Which American, known as 'The Old Fox' was the first President of the United States?
2. Which American President was born in a log cabin?
3. The 12th President of the United States was known as 'Old Rough and Ready'. Who was he?
4. Which American President was assassinated in Dallas, Texas, in 1963?
5. The wife of one American President did not change her surname when she married her husband. Who was he?
6. Which American President was known as 'Old Hickory'?
7. A Methodist army general shared the same christian name as a legendary Greek hero. Name this famous American President.
8. Because he loved hunting, teddy bears were named after this American President. Who was he?
9. Abigail Smith's husband was the second United States President. Who was this lawyer president?
10. During whose presidential term was the Statue of Liberty unveiled in 1886?

Answers on page 76.

WAY OUT WEST



Cattle are still driven to market by cowboys, but when riders outnumber cattle you know that the drive is just for fun! Here is a longhorn cattle drive crossing the Red River on its way from San Antonio to Dodge City, Kansas.

Cattle-ranching and other forms of farming are still carried out in the Western American states, but the days when cowboys ended up on Boot Hill have gone. Today most Western states hold rodeos, usually in the month of August, when all the colour and excitement of the old West springs to life with the pageantry that surrounds these events.



A large crowd watch a cowboy trying to stay astride a bucking bronco at one of Colorado's many town rodeos. Although he appears to be losing the battle both he and the spectators enjoy themselves immensely. Colorado stages almost a hundred fairs and rodeos in a year.

The Barrel Cactus flourishes in Tucson, Arizona. Tucson gets its name from an Indian word meaning 'Black-based', referring to the fact that the Sentinel Mountains are darker at the base than at their summit. Arizona means 'Place of little Springs', and is also an Indian word. In fact, Arizona is known as the Indian State.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES TRAVEL SERVICE

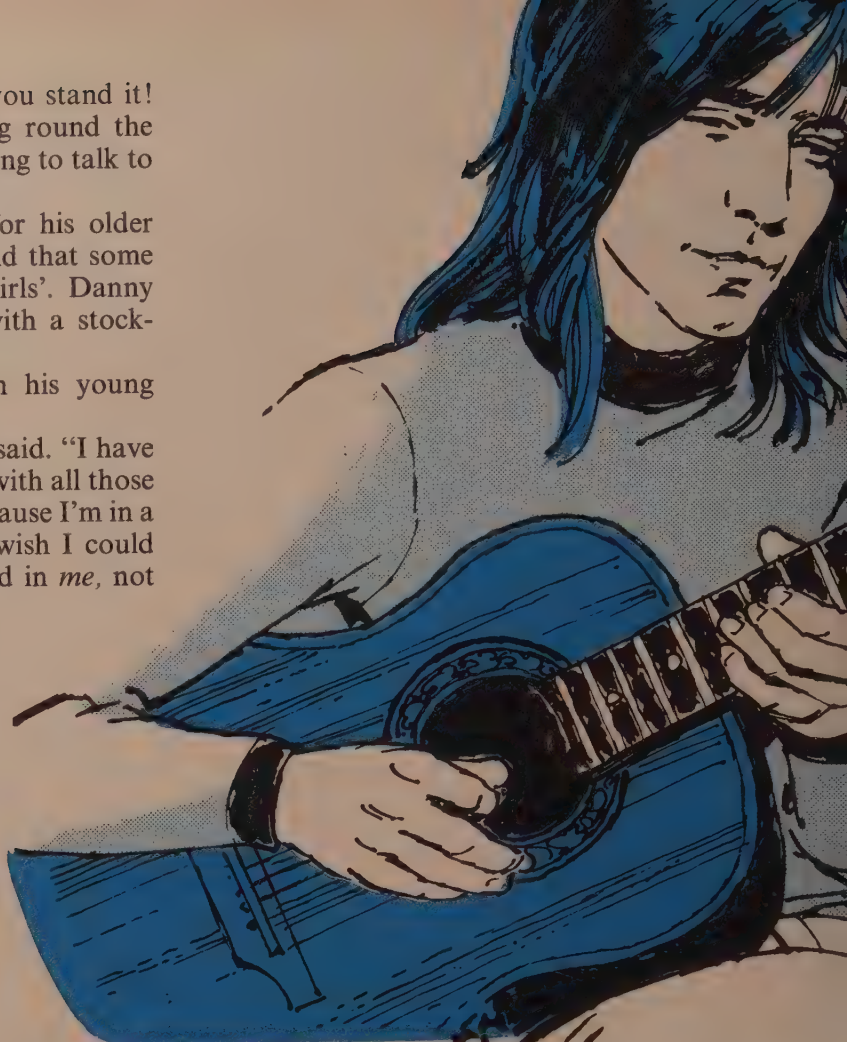
"Gee, Keith, I don't know how you stand it! All those dumb girls hanging round the dressing room every night, just waiting to talk to you. That must be a big drag!"

Danny was feeling quite sorry for his older brother. He just couldn't understand that some people actually quite like 'dumb girls'. Danny would rather spend a few hours with a stockbroker any day of the week!

But for once Keith agreed with his young brother on the subject of girls.

"Yeah, you're right, Danny," he said. "I have to admit I'm getting kinda up tight with all those girls just wanting to speak to me because I'm in a band and I can play the guitar. I wish I could meet some girls who were interested in *me*, not my image."

INCOGNITO EVENING



"Gee, yeah, Keith," said Danny, "I see what you mean. Trouble is, we've been playing so many one nighters in different towns we haven't had much time for going out on our own, have we?"

Just then the rest of the Partridge Family came into the room. They were staying in a hotel that night, so as to be ready for an afternoon show they were giving in the local theatre the next day.

They were all feeling tired after travelling and they'd decided to eat in their room. Mom and the rest of the kids had been down to the local charcoal grill, and had come back loaded with hamburgers, hot dogs, pizzas and French Fries.

And when you've got seven hungry Partridges to feed, you sure need plenty of pizzas!

If you're wondering why *seven* hungry Partridges – well, Simone had gone along on this trip too!

"Hi, everyone! What've you got? I'm starving!" said Keith. "Let's eat!"

As soon as everything was unpacked, the family sat down to their supper. Mom had some exciting news for them.

"Now that we're all together," she said,

smiling at Danny as he reached over for his third hamburger, "I have a surprise for you all. There was a note waiting for me in the hotel lobby when we arrived, and it's from Mr Freedman, the manager of the theatre where we're playing tomorrow."

"He's going to give us more money," guessed Danny, always alert for the sound of cash registers!

"No, Danny," laughed Mom, "you can forget about dollar bills. This is something quite different. Mr Freedman is giving a party at his home tomorrow night, and he'd like us to go along."

"Will we be playing a gig, Mom?" asked Tracy, reaching over for the pickle relish.

"No, honey, they just thought we'd like to go along and have fun. They're arranging for a mobile disco with a DJ, and there'll be lots of young people there."

"Sounds great, Mom," said Laurie, already thinking about what she could wear.

"Yeah, it should be great," agreed everyone else. Everyone except Keith, that is.

"What's the matter, Keith," asked Mom,



puzzled. "You're usually the first to want to go to parties."

"Yeah, Mom, I know. I'm sorry, but I just hope it won't be like that one we went to last month, where everyone kept coming up and saying 'Hey, man, are you really in the Partridge Family?' I'd prefer it if we could just go as ourselves."

"Well, of course we can, honey, but I think people are bound to recognise us, don't you?"

"Yeah, I suppose . . . Hey, wait a minute! What if we were to wear fancy dress, and masks! That way no one would recognise us!"

"That's not a bad idea, honey," said Mom. "I must admit I'd like to escape from the limelight

for just one evening. But our hosts might object, you know. Shall I call Mr Freedman and ask him?"

"Oh yeah, Mom," came a chorus of voices. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

The family waited excitedly while Mom went out of the room to call their host. She was back in two minutes.

"It's on, kids! Mr Freedman thought it was a great idea, especially as it's a Hallowe'en party. In fact, he's going to call all the other guests and tell them to dress up too. It should be a lot of fun."

"Oh, great," said Keith. "Now I can really look forward to it!"

The family spent one half of the next morning shopping for bits and pieces for their fancy dress outfits, and the other half sewing and putting the finishing touches to their costumes.

They gave a great show at the theatre in the afternoon, and then rushed back to their hotel to get ready for the party.

At last they were all dressed, and they set off

for the Hallowe'en party. Out into the Partridge Family bus stepped: one witch, one wizard, one good fairy, two pixies, and one imp. And if you're wondering just who all that lot were, here's a translation: Mom, Keith, Laurie, Danny, Chris, and Tracy!

When they arrived the party was already in full swing, and as soon as they walked through the door they could see that it was going to be fun. The room was decorated with pumpkin faces, candles and spooky lights, and everyone was wearing masks and fancy dress. There were witches and wizards, elves, goblins and imps, and even the odd ghost or two.

"Hey, Mom, it looks great!" said Keith and Laurie as they walked through the door.

As for the other three kids, they just couldn't take their eyes off the table at the far end of the room, where the party buffet was laid out. Their

eyes were almost popping out of their heads at the sight of all those scrumptious cakes and pastries, sandwiches, salads, cheeses and fruit.

"What's fascinating those three so much?" asked Mom, following their gazes, and soon answering her own question.

"Hey, you three, eyes off that table. You look as though you haven't eaten for a week!"

But their hostess, Mrs Freedman, had noticed the kids' faces too, and she smiled and said, "Eat as much as you like, kids, but remember there are lots of games in the other room. Don't get so full you can't play!"

Danny, Tracy and Chris eagerly dashed off into the other room, while Mom, Keith and Laurie stayed to dance. Mr Freedman began to introduce Mom to some of his friends, and Laurie and Keith found there were lots of young people to dance with.





They were having a fantastic time, with partner after partner. And the wonderful thing was, just for one night no one knew they were the Partridges, and they didn't have to answer all those same questions about themselves.

Keith began to dance with a very pretty girl whose name was Joanne. He thought that she was the prettiest girl at the party, and Joanne thought Keith was rather dishy too – at least, what she could see of him behind that mask!

They danced dance after dance, first the beat ones, and then the slower numbers, and they chatted happily about all kinds of things.

"Can you play the guitar, Keith?" asked Joanne. "I'm learning to play. I just love it."

Keith hid a smile as he said, "Well, yeah, I do play a bit. In fact, we're quite a musical family. My sister over there is a whizz on the organ, and my kid brothers and sister are pretty good too."

"Well, if you got together you could be another Partridge Family," laughed Joanne. "I think they're great, don't you?"

"Er, so-so," replied Keith. "What's your favourite number of theirs?"

"Oh, *Only A Moment Ago*, I think. I love that one."

Keith made a mental note of that, and then changed the subject before he gave himself away.

They danced on for an hour or more, and then Keith asked Joanne if she would excuse him for a few minutes, as he wanted to speak to his mother.

"Hey Mom," he whispered. "All our stuff is outside in the bus, isn't it? I wondered if we could do just one number before we leave."

"I thought you wanted to be incognito

tonight," smiled Mom. "Changed your mind? OK, I'll ask Mr Freedman. You ask the others if they agree."

Duly consulted, the rest of the family agreed that they would like to do just one number before they left the party. And the party hosts were delighted. They'd been longing for the Partridges to play all evening, but they hadn't liked to ask.

Very quietly, so as no one would notice, the Partridges slipped out of the room to the bus, and began to bring in their equipment. They set it up in the hall of the house, so that the guests wouldn't notice until they were ready to play.

"Now then, kids," said Mom, "if it's going to be just one number, which would you like to do?"

"*Only A Moment Ago*, please," said Keith.

When the family were ready, Mr Freedman asked everyone to come into the hall, as he had a

surprise for them. And what a surprise!

"The Partridge Family!" cried dozens of excited voices as they came into the hall and caught sight of the group, still in their fancy dress, but with their masks removed – and ready to play.

Joanne was right at the front of the audience, and Keith grinned at her as she looked up at him, open-mouthed.

"I knew he reminded me of someone," she whispered to herself. "It's Keith Partridge, and I've been dancing with him! Gee, he's a great guy!"

The Partridges began to play, and Joanne blushed as she heard the familiar chords of *Only A Moment Ago*. She just couldn't believe that all this was really happening!

Well, as you can imagine, the applause for that first number was so loud that the family decided to do just one more, and then another, and another. . . . In the end they played for about an

hour, and everyone began to dance, and sing along with the words. Everyone had a fantastic time, and the Partridges loved playing for such a small, happy audience.

Keith kept grinning down at Joanne, and she was always looking up at him and smiling back.

When the gig finally finished and the applause died down, Keith went over to Joanne and took her hand.

"I hope you don't mind me keeping it a secret who I was, but you see we all wanted to be incognito for a while tonight."

"Of course I don't mind, Keith," said Joanne. "And thanks a lot for playing *Only A Moment Ago*. It was great! Could I meet the rest of your family now?"

"Sure, I'd love you to. Come on, let's meet Mom first – she's over there." Keith took Joanne to meet each member of the family in turn, and they all got along just fine.



The Americans often use nicknames to describe certain people or everyday objects. Do you know:

1. What are Nasbys?
2. What was the first Nichelodeon?
3. What is an Annie Oakley?
4. Who was 'Old Hickory'?
5. What is a panhandler?
6. What was a prairie schooner?

THE AMERICAN SCENE

7. What is a Shamus?
8. What is a soda-jerker?
9. What is a southpaw?
10. What is a tuxedo?

Check your answers on page 76

But by now it was getting late, and Keith and Joanne both felt a little sad. They knew that as soon as the party ended they would have to part. But they had had a really wonderful evening, even if it had only been a 'one night stand'.

The time came for the Partridges to leave for their hotel. They had to be up early the next morning to drive to their next gig.

"Next time we're in this town I'll look you up, Joanne," said Keith. "I'd love to see you again. And if you're ever in our home town, here's my address. We'd all love you to visit us."

"Thanks, Keith, I've had a wonderful evening. It was great to meet you all. Best of luck with the rest of the tour."

Keith kissed Joanne lightly, and climbed into the bus.

"Bye, Joanne, see you," he called, as Mom started up the bus.

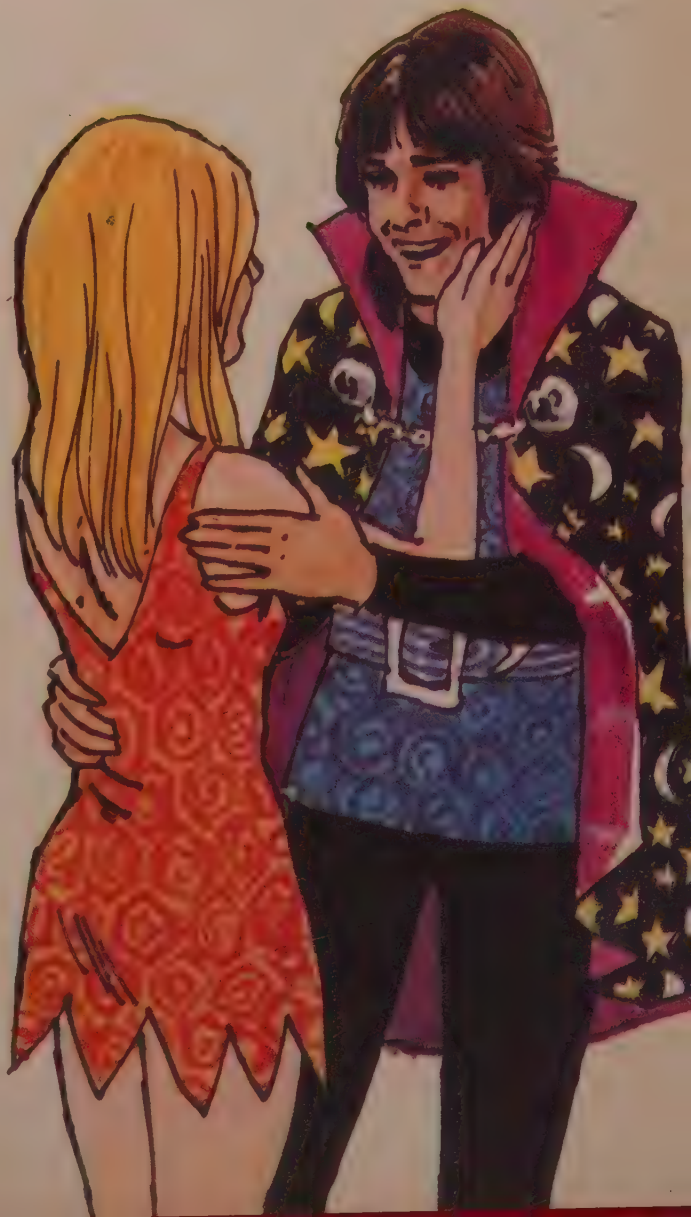
"Bye, Keith, bye, everyone," said Joanne, waving until they were out of sight around the corner.

"Well, honey, did you enjoy our incognito evening?" asked Mom, when they arrived back at the hotel.

Keith's beaming smile, and the dreamy look in his eyes, assured her that he had enjoyed the evening very much!

"By the way, Keith," said Danny, grinning. "I take back what I said yesterday about dumb girls. Joanne was pretty cute!"

And, coming from Danny, that was a compliment indeed!



top of the charts!

Imagine you're a pop singer, and you've just released your first single. . . . Is it going to be a hit? Try this game and find out.

The game is for up to four players, with another person acting as question-master. And it will help if the question-master knows a bit about pop music, or is equipped with a pop paper or magazine.



HERE'S HOW YOU PLAY

Each player in turn answers one of the questions on the opposite page. The question-master reads the question out, and checks the answer at the back of the book. If the answer is right, the player moves his counter into the charts at place 10. His record's just beginning to climb!

The players answer questions in turn, and each time they give the right answer, they move up a place. If a player answers a question wrongly, the question master asks the next player the same question, and so on, if necessary, until each player has tried that particular question.

There should be enough questions for at least one person to reach the top, but if you run out, it is the question-master's job to think up some more. So you see why it's a good idea to have a knowledgeable question-master!

First player to reach number one is top of the charts – and the winner. The other players can go on to decide who comes in second and third place – while the winner sits back and waits for the fan mail!



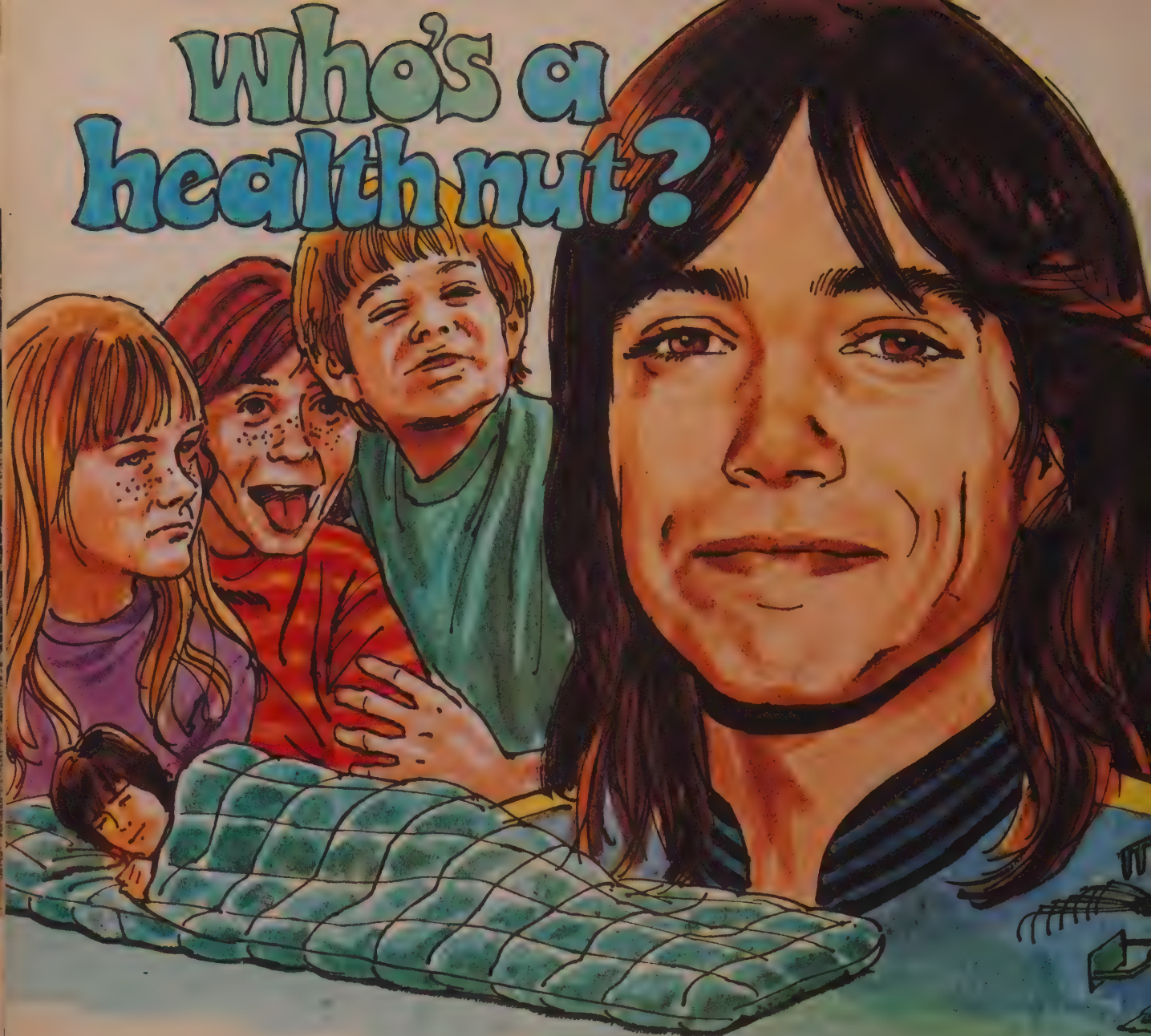


QUESTIONS

- 1 Who is the Partridges' favourite dog?
- 2 Which Partridge has the initials D.C.?
- 3 Which Partridge is played by Susan Dey?
- 4 Who is the financial wizard of the Partridges?
- 5 Which record company was formed by the Beatles?
- 6 Can you complete: Curved . . . ?
- 7 He had a big success with *American Pie*
- 8 T. Rex super-star
- 9 Name of a band who never say no?!
- 10 They were *Working On A Building Of Love*
- 11 *Mary had a little lamb*, sang
- 12 Famous jug band, Mungo
- 13 *Join Together* with the band, they said
- 14 Disc jockey of the 'underground', John
- 15 What is the surname of James, Livingstone, and Kate?
- 16 Who had a big hit with *Albatross*?
- 17 Can you complete: Beefheart?
- 18 They had a big success with *Fog On The Tyne*
- 19 Who are ELP?
- 20 Famous for his act with a live snake
- 21 Who had hits with *Lola* and *Muswell Hillbillies*?
- 22 Dynamic singer of Faces
- 23 A very distinctive band, who had a big hit with *Rock and Roll*
- 24 Can you complete: Gilbert O'?
- 25 Amazing play some lovely medieval music
- 26 *Jumping Jack Flash* was one of their greatest hits
- 27 Who had a hit with *It's a Family Affair*?
- 28 Great singer/composer/musician, Cat
- 29 *Love Chronicles* and *Zero She Flies* are two of Al 's albums
- 30 Can you complete: Olivia -John?
- 31 *Hold Your Head Up*, said this band
- 32 Complete: Elton
- 33 Brilliant guitarist, ex-Cream
- 34 Complete: Barclay James
- 35 *Alice's Restaurant* star, Guthrie
- 36 Can you complete: Fairport ?
- 37 All-time great star who sang *American Trilogy*
- 38 *Take Me Bak 'Ome* band
- 39 Can you complete: Third Ear ?
- 40 They had a hit with *Breaking Up Is Hard To Do* – and you know them well!

Check your answers on page 76

Who's a health nut?



"Mom, why's Keith standing on his head in the bathroom? He's been like that for a full ten minutes now, even Simone licking his face hasn't made him come down."

Shirley and her eldest daughter exchanged exasperated looks and then turned to Tracy. "Oh, Keith's decided to take up Yoga, dear," Shirley answered. "It's all something to do with his consciousness. . . ."

"Consciousness!" Danny interrupted as he came into the room. "It's a pity that he wasn't conscious of the faucet still running. There's water everywhere!"

"Oh no!" Shirley made for the stairs. Keith

had had some screwball ideas in the past, but this Yoga business seemed to be the best. Still, she didn't know that there was more to come. . . .

"I'm going into town this morning. Anyone want to come? Or is there anything anyone wants me to get?" Shirley asked the next morning at breakfast.

"I'll come, I'll come!" Tracy ran to get her pocket money.

"I'll come in with you, too, mom. I've got a few things that I'd like to buy."

"Danny, Keith, Chris? What about you three?"

"Chris and I are going to play ball," Danny announced.

"Er, no, mom. There's a little project I want to get started on. . . ."

Shirley eyed her eldest son a little suspiciously, he'd been acting so strangely lately, then she shrugged her shoulders. "O.K. I'll go and start the car, it looks like an all girls' outing."

As Shirley eased the car out of the driveway Keith was wandering out into the garden, carrying a garden fork, spade, trowel and a curious assortment of plants and seeds!

What a sight greeted Shirley's eyes when she returned several hours later. . . .

"Oh no! What in heaven's name? Who could have done such a thing?" Shirley stared at her once-beautiful back garden in amazement. Where large red roses had once bloomed, there was an empty patch of earth with small tattered labels on sticks. And next to them, where the dahlia bed had been, tiny limp plants rested their droopy

leaves?

"Er, hi, mom," Keith turned the corner just in time to see the expression on his mother's face change from disbelief to extreme annoyance. "I . . . I hope you don't mind . . . I didn't harm your flowers, I just moved them a little. . . ."

Shirley looked in the direction in which Keith was pointing. There, in the darkest corner of the garden, practically hidden from view, Keith had replanted the roses and dahlias – and they certainly didn't look any better for the move!

Eventually, Shirley calmed down a little. "Health food, indeed!" she said to Laurie later in the kitchen. "Fresh fruit and vegetables, now. He says he won't eat the food that I get from the supermarket because it's smothered in all kinds of pesticides! Pesticides! I think that's just what he needs – he's certainly a big enough pest!"

Laurie had to laugh, her mom can be very funny when she's angry. Keith couldn't see the funny side; he was staying well out of the way until she'd cooled down.

The only trouble was that Keith hadn't reckoned on what he was going to eat while his pesticide-free fruits and vegetables were growing! And Shirley refused to cook one meal for the family and another for Keith. Things were difficult. . . .

After two days on honey and wheatgerm bread, Keith was almost ready to give up, and then he saw an advertisement in the local newspaper:

MACROBIOTIC HITS USA

Absolutely Pure Food

If you care about your health

MAKE YOURS MACROBIOTIC

Keith was off to the shop like a shot.

"Yes, sir, will that be all? Well, happy healthy eating!" Half an hour later, Keith Partridge staggered out of the Health Food Store looking like a mobile supermarket.

"Oh well," he muttered to himself, as he made for the van, "if I don't eat this lot I can always use them for weightlifting!"

That evening, the Partridge brood began to wish that he would!

"Ugh! What is that *smell*?" Tracy asked, wrinkling her nose unappreciatively.

"Well, I hate to tell you this," Danny replied, holding his fingers to his nose, "but Keith is going to eat whatever belongs to that smell!"

"Oh, mom, he's not going to sit at the same table as us, is he? The smell's enough to . . ."

Laurie protested.



And, as the rest of the family agreed, Keith ate his macrobiotic food in the kitchen – with the door closed. Only his mother saw him throw it away after the first few forkfuls. . . .

“What’s the matter, dear, isn’t it very good?”

“Oh, oh yes, mom, of course. It’s just that . . . I’m not very hungry. . . .” Keith secretly crossed his fingers behind his back. It’s not really a lie he thought to himself, after cooking it I wasn’t hungry!

“They do say that they can make steaks out of soya beans. Perhaps you should try and get hold of the recipe. . . .” Shirley tactfully exited, hoping that Keith wouldn’t notice the smile that she was trying to hide.

But one thing can be said about Keith – when he makes his mind up it’s made up. Healthy he wanted to be, and healthy he was going to be – even if it killed him!



And, a week or so later, it really looked as though Keith’s health programme was paying dividends.

“Keith! Where have you been? It’s not even breakfast time yet, and your hair’s all wet!” Shirley was amazed to see her son stroll into the house at 6.30 a.m. It’s usually nearer lunchtime than breakfast when he gets up at weekends.

“Oh, I did my yoga and then I felt like a swim. This diet seems to give me so much energy. You really ought to try it, mom,” Keith said airily as he swept past and made for his room.

“In fact,” he said, stopping and looking back at her, “I think it’s time that I put phase 2 of my health programme into action.”

“Ph-Phase 2? What’s that?” Shirley asked her son. “I thought we’d seen the whole of your health programme.”

But Keith had already bounded up the stairs, and Shirley was left to wonder. . . .

But the arrival of the rest of the family interrupted any further thoughts that Shirley might have had.

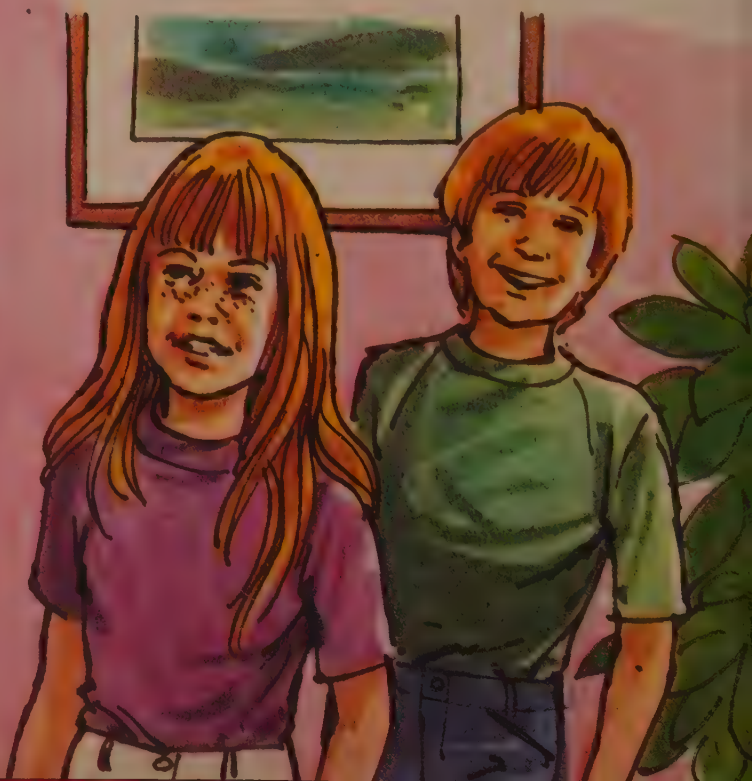
“Hi, mom, I’m starving,” Chris announced as he came through the door.

“So am I. So am I.” Danny and Tracy chorused.

“O.K., kids. Breakfast in five minutes. Where’s Laurie?”

“Oh, she’s suffering from her usual Saturday morning sleeping sickness,” Danny quipped. “I should just give her breakfast to me – she could do with going on a diet!”

“That’s enough, Danny,” Shirley warned,





trying to look stern. "And please don't mention 'diets' in this house. One case is enough. If anybody else goes on a diet we'll have to build on another kitchen!"

But it wasn't until the following morning that Shirley realised how serious Keith was about keeping healthy. . . .

"Mommy, mommy! Where's Keith?" Tracy ran into her mother's room, with Laurie close on her heels.

"Yes, mom, do you know where he is? His bed doesn't look as though it's been slept in."

Shirley tried to look calm, although she certainly didn't feel it. "Now, there's no need to worry. I'm sure there's some perfectly good explanation. Keith has been getting up early, you know. Perhaps this health food's gone to his head and he's starting making his bed, too."

But the girls weren't so easily taken in, Keith had never been known to make his own bed under any circumstances!

"Come on," Shirley said, getting out of bed. "I'll make some coffee. You know Keith always turns up at the first smell of the coffee warming in the pot!"

But the worried Partridges didn't even have to

wait that long. As they looked out of the kitchen window, there was Keith. Camping out *without* a tent! Still, he looked cosy enough in his sleeping bag, despite the shiny dewdrops that had settled all over him . . . and he had what can only be described as a blissful expression on his face!

"Mommy, why's Keith . . . ?"

"What's got into him, mom?"

"Search me, girls. I presume this must be phase 2 of his health programme. Although ruining his health is more like it – he'll end up with double pneumonia at this rate!"

Then Shirley got a gleam in her eye. "Still," she said, laughing, "this does give us the chance to try out a little experiment. Tracy, get out the coffee, would you? And Laurie, open that window a little. . . ."

Soon the delicious aroma of freshly-made coffee filled the kitchen and drifted out into the garden. And, sure enough, Keith's nose began to twitch. He was awake in seconds.

"Hi, mom, Laurie, Tracy. Any coffee for me?"

The girls and their mother couldn't help laughing, but they wouldn't let Keith into their secret.



ANSWER PAGE

A PARTRIDGE SONG PUZZLE

David Cassidy

STATE THE NAME

1 Alabama; 2 California; 3 Connecticut; 4 Idaho; 5 Kansas; 6 Kentucky; 7 Mississippi; 8 Louisiana; 9 Nevada; 10 Texas; 11 Montana; 12 Wisconsin; 13 Washington; 14 Tennessee; 15 Vermont.

THE AMERICAN SCENE

1 Postmen; 2 The first cinema theatre; 3 A complimentary theatre ticket or a free railway ticket; 4 General Andrew Jackson; 5 A street beggar; 6 A covered waggon that took the first American pioneers westwards; 7 A policeman or a detective; 8 The attendant in a soda fountain; 9 A left-handed baseball player, usually a pitcher; also used internationally for a left-handed boxer; 10 A dinner jacket.

BE A BOOKWORM

1 Uncle Remus; 2 Topsy; 3 Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy; 4 The Last of the Mohicans; 5 Daddy-Long-Legs; 6 Huckleberry Finn; 7 Hiawatha; 8 Nathaniel Hawthorne.

PARTRIDGE PICTURE SONGS

1 Girl; 2 Umbrella; 3 Heart; 4 Eyes; 5 Valley; 6 Rain.

PICK A PRESIDENT

1 George Washington; 2 Abraham Lincoln; 3 General Zachary Taylor; 4 John F. Kennedy; 5 Franklin D. Roosevelt; 6 Andrew Jackson; 7 Ulysses S. Grant; 8 Theodore Roosevelt; 9 John Adams; 10 Grover Cleveland.

DEFINITELY DAN

1 Dance; 2 Danger; 3 Dandy; 4 Dandelion; 5 Dank; 6 Dander; 7 Danish; 8 Dangle; 9 Dandie Dinmont or Great Dane; 10 Dandruff.

TOP OF THE CHARTS

1 Simone; 2 David Cassidy; 3 Laurie; 4 Danny; 5 Apple; 6 Air; 7 Don McLean; 8 Marc Bolan; 9 Yes; 10 Chairmen of the Board; 11 Wings; 12 Jerry; 13 The Who; 14 Peel; 15 Taylor; 16 Fleetwood Mac; 17 Captain; 18 Lindisfarne; 19 Emerson, Lake and Palmer; 20 Alice Cooper; 21 The Kinks; 22 Rod Stewart; 23 Gary Glitter; 24 Sullivan; 25 Blondell; 26 The Rolling Stones; 27 Sly and the Family Stone; 28 Stevens; 29 Stewart; 30 Newton; 31 Argent; 32 John; 33 Eric Clapton; 34 Harvest; 35 Arlo; 36 Convention; 37 Elvis Presley; 38 Slade; 39 Band; 40 The Partridge Family!



"Hi, everyone. What's all the laughter?"

"Hi, Reuben. You're early." The Partridge Family manager popped his head round the kitchen door.

"Oh well," he said, "I wanted you all to get an early start out for that gig tomorrow, and I thought I might scrounge a cup of coffee, save me making my own."

"O.K." Shirley laughed. "There's coffee in the pot, Reuben. Looks like my coffee will be bringing them in from miles around soon, girls, huh?"

Tracy and Laurie burst into peals of laughter once more.

"I'll go and get dressed, mom. Then I'll load the van."

"O.K., Keith, and get Chris and Danny up too, will you? I think they'd stay in bed forever if I'd let them."

Two hours later the Partridges were on the road once more.

"Where are we staying tonight, mom?" Danny asked, examining Reuben's itinerary.

"Well, the gig's so far away that Reuben thought we'd better cover as much ground as

possible today, so that we wouldn't have too far to travel tomorrow. He's booked us in at a new motel near a place called Shadow Falls."

Darkness was falling by the time the Partridges were anywhere near to Shadow Falls.

"I guess Reuben must have thought we could make faster time than we have. Still, I estimate we'll arrive at the motel in an hour or just over," Shirley said, as she peered at the sign by the side of the road.

"It's very spooky round here," Tracy said, sleepily. "It's all fields. I haven't seen a house for ages."

A few minutes later the whole Partridge family had cause to remember Tracy's words. . . .

"It's no good, we'll have to get a new van. This is the third time the bus has broken down this month, and this time we're nowhere near a garage!" Shirley sighed as she peered at the engine.

"I think the drive shaft's gone, mom," Keith said, as he emerged from underneath the bus. "I guess we'll have to spend the night here and go for help in the morning. I can't see a light for

miles round, so it's no good walking out in the dark and chancing one of us getting lost."

"O.K., everyone. Back in the bus. Laurie, get out the blankets, will you?"

"Er," Danny interrupted, looking more than a little uncomfortable. "Er, I took the blankets out 'cos I thought we wouldn't be needing them. It was the only way I would find room for the mini computer Reuben bought me for Christmas. . . ."

"Oh no, Danny!" Shirley tried very hard to keep her temper, but failed. "You really are the limit! What am I going to do with you? It's just not . . ."

The atmosphere had certainly warmed up by the time Mom Partridge had finished!

"Oh, well, you can all snuggle together," Keith grinned. "Of course, I shall be fine, being a prime example of health and fitness. . . ."

But the early morning light told a different tale. . . . "O.K., kids, it's six-thirty. I guess we'd

better go and get some help. . . . Keith! Keith, why are you sitting in that strange position?"

Everyone turned and stared, Keith certainly looked funny! His head seemed to be stuck to one side.

Keith looked very sheepish and then opened his mouth to speak. "My neck's stuck this way cos it's stiff! My throat's sore and A-A-ATISHOO! I've got a cold!" he managed to croak.

"Oh no!" the rest of the Partridges chorused.

"I'm glad I'm not as healthy and fit as Keith," Tracy piped up, and after that nobody dared say a word!

NOTE: Just thought you'd like to know. . . . When Keith recovered he went on another diet - one of huge steaks, chips, spaghetti, chocolate mints, trifles, peanut butter sandwiches and banana cream gâteau.



DRUM BEAT!

Drummer Chris is always eager to learn about any other kind of drums, and he keeps a scrapbook of interesting drum facts. They include:



DRAKE'S DRUM

When Sir Francis Drake died, he ordered that his famous drum should be hung by the seashore and beaten whenever England needed his help to overcome her enemies.



THE COALMAN DRUMMER

In Clerkenwell in the 17th century there lived a coalman who was very fond of music, particularly the drums. He opened up a musical club at his home to which many famous musicians of the day came, including the famous composer Handel.

THE GUADALUPE FIESTA

In Mexico each December is held the Guadalupe Fiesta, to which come thousands of pilgrims to pay homage to their patroness, the Virgin of Guadalupe. A highlight of the festival is the drum-playing of the colourful dancers, who wear very exotic costumes.



THE BIRD OF PARADISE PEOPLE

The Chimbus, a race of people who live on the slopes of the Bismarck Mountains in New Guinea, like to hold parties at which they dance to drum music. They deck themselves out in the scarlet, blue and green plumes of the bird of paradise and the men beat a small drum which they hold in their hand.

THE DRUM DANCE

The Thai people also love to dance to the music of the drums. One very special dance is actually called *Thoeng Bong* or *The Drum Dance*. The name of the dance is derived from the sound a drum makes when it is beaten.





the PARTRIDGE FAMILY



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