

The first port of call was San Juan, Puerto Rico, where Suzy checked into the Caribe Hilton before dashing off to a swim party at a posh villa overlooking the bay. Then, the cruise island-hopped on down to Barbados, West Indies. Here, Suzy demurely confessed to one frustration: She's wild about nude bathing and hadn't as yet had the opportunity to partake. Obliging, we rectified this by a trip to Accra Beach.



At ship's pool, the incurably feminine Suzy ignored our blandishments that she was eye-perfect and took a moment out to try to improve upon nature's handiwork. With splendid dimensions of 36-22-36 spread over a supple five-foot six-inch frame, Suzy's presence soon had most male passengers showing off their snappiest jackknife dives, while members of the crew exhibited inordinate concern that everything be ship shape around the sparkling pool.



As the *Victoria* steamed south, Suzy revelled in the classic pattern of the comely single traveller: up the ladder to the captain's bridge where the mate held forth on navigation and sea charts, an on-deck luncheon buffet, cocktails at sunset with one of the ship's officers (for your information, Suzy is quite partial to vodka gimlets, well-chilled), and, after dinner, a high-spirited rendezvous with her lucky date at the Galleon Bar.



CAVALIER DATE-OF-THE-MON



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MISS APRIL WEEKEND