



↑ Meet the three pretty girls who are coming with us as stewardesses — Carla, Len, and Else. They're all from Holland and work for Transavia Airlines who own the plane. Luckily they speak perfect English otherwise I'd be talking double-Dutch — or do I mean treble-Dutch?

Baby, it's cold outside after the warmth of that cabin! This is me landing in Dusseldorf to play my first concert in Dortmund nearby. I had a car waiting afterwards to make my get-away, but the driver didn't speak any English. I could see we weren't on the right road back to the hotel, but I couldn't get him to understand. Know where I ended up? In Cologne!



On this tour I'm going to present me — myself — not David Cassidy of the Partridge Family. Maybe I'm a little premature for Europe, but things are starting to happen there. It's important for me to be seen and heard because it's a huge record market.

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Here we are in dear old London. A private Caravelle is waiting on the tarmac to whisk me round Europe with dates in six countries. We all board it: by we I mean the artists travelling with me, my band, my personal staff. I guess we all feel this is the start of a great adventure. None of us know how it will end. Hey, why don't you hop aboard too and see the fun? It's all free and you can sit beside me as my buddy. Guy Webster, takes the photographs for this book.