



I had a rich suntan by the time the make-up girl had finished with me. Sure looked healthy!



When she'd finished with my face she started colouring the back of my hands so they matched.



## THE RAIN IN SPAIN CAME NOWHERE NEAR MY PLANE!

From the grey skies of Brussels we flew into the beautiful sunshine of Madrid. It was the first sun we'd seen on the tour and everyone soaked it up like a tonic.

I went to my hotel, the Eurobuilding, and found a present waiting for me. Guess what it was? A genuine Toledo sword! I'd always fancied myself as a swashbuckler so I swashed a few buckles in the bathroom just to get the feel of a trusty blade.

At the TV studios, where I was due to record two songs for their big weekend show, *Stars On Saturday*, the make-up girl went to work on me with

a new kind of cosmetic. Guy Webster, who speaks Spanish, told me they have an experimental colour channel there. The make-up has to be a specially dark one. Looking at the pictures you'd think I was getting a manicure. Actually she's making-up the back of my hands which show up when I'm holding a mike. They were too white!

After the recording we all went to a Flamenco club. When the MC introduced me from the floor I had to get up and dance. I tell you, man, the clatter of heels was deafening — so was the applause for Davido, the gipsy star of Old Madrid.

A fabulous evening. Too bad it had to be spoiled when we left. Some photographer was determined to get me out of my car making a scene. He put his fist through the open window and tried to hit me on the jaw — can you imagine? He wanted me to jump out and start a fight. Not me! I wasn't going to make bad pictures for the local Press.

I nearly forgot. All the girl dancers at the club came and talked to me. Spanish? I never needed it. One of the girls was a Puerto Rican from New York. She spoke American with a glorious Brooklyn accent!