

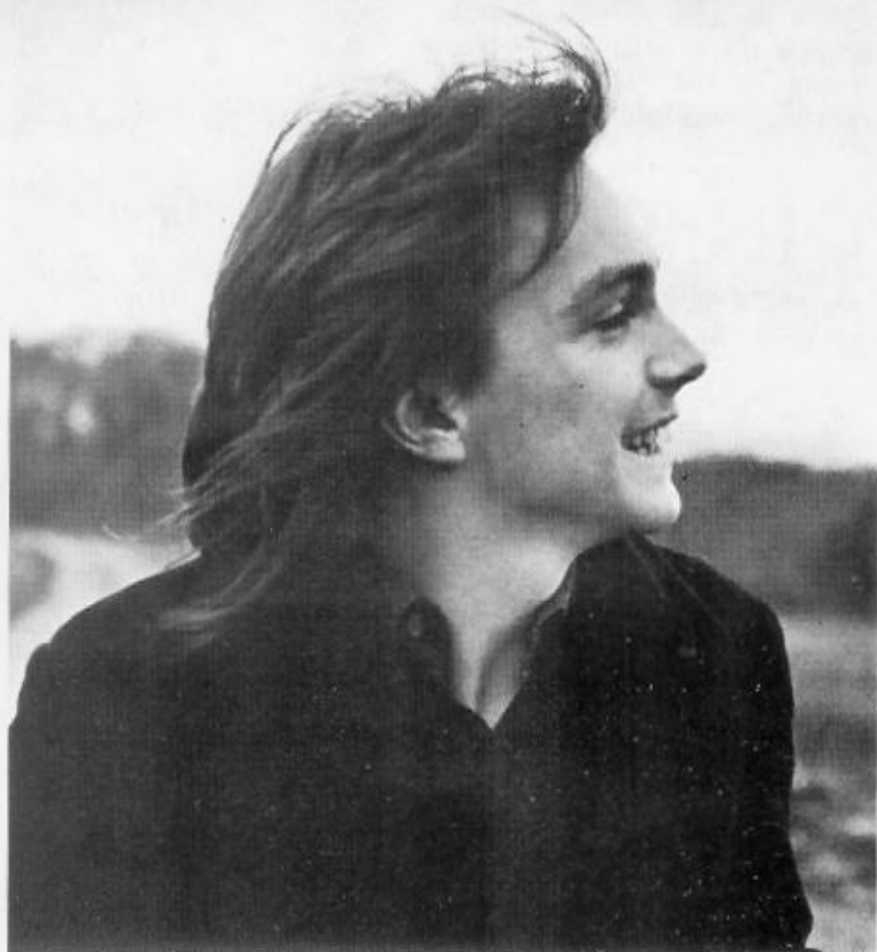
After Luxembourg, Rotterdam. This is where my concert tour really started to explode. But I'm getting ahead of the pictures. You'll have to turn back to the canal scenes on page 24. In Rotterdam I was booked into the Hilton Hotel. My Caravelle put down at Amsterdam airport and we drove the rest of the way by car passing those crazy windmills. Just as we got to the outskirts of Rotterdam we got a buzz on the radio that the Hilton was surrounded by fans. I'd never be able to get in, so I said to the driver: "What's a quiet place to stay?". He changed direction and took me to the Delta Hotel overlooking one of the canals. That's where Guy shot the colour pictures of me on the quayside.

We left Holland for England and touched down at Luton. Sorry, girls. I know you waited for me at Manchester, but there was a last-minute change of plan.

I jumped out of the Caravelle at Luton and boarded a helicopter waiting to take me to Lord Montagu's lovely home at Beaulieu in the New Forest. Now you've got to turn back to page 26 to get the country gentleman bit!

I'd like to introduce you to His Lordship, but he was away on a world tour. Let me tell you instead about the pilot of the 'chopper', Bob Smith — a great guy who ferried me all round the South of England, giving a running commentary on the countryside.

Bob put us down just beside that fabulous museum of veteran and vintage cars at Beaulieu, so of course I had to go in and look them over. Better still, Lady Montagu drove me round the estate in a Prince Henry Vauxhall — born 1920 and still going strong!



Can't resist putting in this shot of Chop-Along Cassidy flying his helicopter over the English countryside. You don't believe me? Okay, Bob Smith was flying the chopper right beside me!

