



Oh, boy! Was I relieved to set foot back on English-speaking soil after those ten days of baffled stuttering elsewhere in Europe.

Other folk seem to be able to get by okay without speaking the language. But not me! I just seem to have some sort of magnetic attraction for trouble!

Look at that time in Germany, for instance! Did you ever hear about my unscheduled trip into Cologne? I guess you must have.

See the country — kidnap style! That's what it felt like anyhow!

You see, I'd gone over to Dortmund from my base in Dusseldorf to make a guest appearance at Radio Luxembourg Golden Lion Awards. That was on my first full day in Europe, so I was still pretty tired and trying to acclimatise to the change in time. By the time I'd finished my short set and gotten back into the car, I was just about all-in and all I wanted to do was get back to the hotel and flop into bed for some sleep!

Larry, my personal manager, who was with me, felt much the same way. So we dived out from the Westfalenhalle (I cheated there

I had to look up how to spell it!) and slumped into the back seat of the car, thinking that all our troubles were over for one day.

Huh!!! Little did we know!

Anyhow, we were sitting there, talking casually about my numbers that night, about the country and the people . . . oh! about all sorts of things . . . The kind of things that any two buddies might talk about in the back of an auto!

Now I'd been gazing out of the window as we'd been rolling along, but it took quite a time for it to sink in . . . We weren't following the signs to Dusseldorf! Instead, we were heading for Cologne.

## SHOCK

I couldn't believe it! It even occurred to me that I'd maybe dropped off to sleep and was dreaming it!

But Larry'd have had to be dreaming too. And, although I could have had doubts about myself, I was pretty certain about him!

Now, any other time I'd have said: "Gee, Cologne! That'll be nice . . . A great way to see the country!" But on that particular night, all I was interested in was my bed — and that was in Dusseldorf!

So I tried dazzling the driver with my German (Trust me to land up with a driver who doesn't speak a word of English!). Out of the three or four words of German I can boast, *aufwiedersehen* seemed a bit out of place in the circumstances . . . 'Ja' struck me

as being equally useless. So I tried the combination of: "Nein! Nein! Dusseldorf".

Larry and I agreed that this little phrase got our meaning across perfectly. The only place where the experiment fell down was with the driver! I guess he must've spoken a different variety of German from me, 'cos he sure didn't seem to catch on to this at all!

He was a delightful guy . . . Obviously very eager to do everything the right way. Only somehow he'd gotten it into his head that the right way on this occasion was the way to Cologne!

Well, Larry and I kept up our end of the struggle for a while, but we gave up the fight eventually . . . Apart from wrenching the driving wheel away from him altogether, there didn't seem much we could do really.

So we sat back and I woke up again at Cologne! Luckily we found somebody there who could speak English, and they explained the mistake to our driver, who was terribly upset and immediately drove us back Dusseldorf-wards at breakneck speed!

He's probably still wondering why we didn't mention it to him earlier on the route! . . .

I guess we'd have had a good laugh over it at the time — except for two things. In the first place, I was so exhausted that I was finding it pretty tough to see the gag. And the other thing was that all the folks who were expecting us back in Dusseldorf were going crazed with worry by the time they found out what had happened. And we had already guessed they would be. You see, we ended up being five hours late back from Dortmund!!!

So, wham! There went another night's sleep! And there started another rumour . . . 'Cassidy Kidnap Fears!' You see how easy it is for those rumours to start!

And, of course, when they're buzzing around in a language that's Greek to me (even if it is really German!), there's nothing much I can do about it!

So that's just one *extra* reason why I love being in Britain so much! The people are out of this world . . . The scenery and the sights are fantastic . . . And I can talk to folks and understand what they say when they rap with me!

In fact, I guess I'd have to describe myself as a Britain-Backer . . . right down the line.

So you can be sure that I'll be back soon! Just as soon as I possibly can!

Meanwhile, keep in touch. And be as wonderful to everyone as you were to me this trip . . . That way, the world'll turn out to be a nicer place — thanks to you!

Love,  
David.