

## Holiday Diary - June in France and Morocco

Monday, 02 July 2007

I took the little car (the Rolls - the Cappuccino is the BABY car) and arrived in Nice where the sun was shining and the contrast to rainy, flooded UK was extreme.

In the Blue Train Restaurant I encountered four Manchester lads (well, in their late 30's and early 40's I'd guess) on their way to the Stones gig in Paris... incredibly nice people, so supportive and positive about my past life and career... it justifies my faith in humanity.

If you're reading this, guys, do contribute to the message boards.

The South of France was glorious and please do peek at the PHOTOS section to see my car on the Cannes sea front, my delicious meals (and drunken orgy of TWO Caipirinhas - for a non drinker, it brought back happy memories of Rio and interviewing Ronnie Biggs 25 years ago) and other holiday snaps.

From there I flew to Morocco, leaving the car in France, and had a gorgeous week in a poolside room (again, check the photos - especially my shot of RABAT, the walled capital city; it's almost an art work picture, taken with the pavement contrasting), swimming morning and evening, relaxing, reading, and watching British TV on my incredible SLINGBOX software... via it you get every UK TV channel on your laptop.

Back to France and the only big problem... my heat rash, which comes whenever I'm in the sun (and I love the sun) came back with a vengeance from its 7 year vacation and made me itch and scratch all night every night, no sleep.

Unfortunately I'd forgotten to bring the superb E45 Itch Relief cream (DOH!) and suffered for a week until I got home, smearing it everywhere with instant relief!

The Martinez in Cannes is now arguably the best there (I still like the Majestic - I never much liked the Carlton, very grand though they adore my Rolls and love me parking it at the entrance and blocking lesser vehicles and smaller clients). I used to lie on the beach there with Rob Dickins and Steven James (Dick James' son)... where is Steven these days? We always chuckled how we'd be there in our 80's. Come on guys - I'm 62 now, where are you?

Superb couple of weeks. After 7 years stranded in Britain, I'm really catching up on my travel and all those favourite places.