

She resumed the level of intimacy she'd reached before Henry's *faux pas* with considerable enthusiasm – but David was understandably distracted, knowing that Henry hadn't been the only voyeur and assuming that there were still three pairs of eager eyes out on stalks behind that door. It was clear that things couldn't go any further. He needed rescuing – and, wiping tears of laughter from my eyes I stumbled out of my room into the soberingly cold corridor lights. I rapped smartly on David's door – and he answered, clearly marshalling the acting talent that made him such a hit in 'The Partridge Family' to create an aura of total innocence and comply humbly with some spurious demand about some fake interview I'd come up with on the spur of the moment.

Politely and apologetically, David explained to the girl that this was an unavoidable commitment that his dutiful manager had brought to his attention and that there was no alternative to her leaving. Left with no choice she complied. And the second the door closed behind her and the three of us plus a humble Henry entered his room, David exploded into the laughter he'd been holding back for what had seemed like hours. He was streaming with tears. 'Henry! Henry!' he spluttered. 'I could not believe it – you bit her tit!!!'

Of course there was more than that – and worse. On David's tours and on all the others but most, I'm afraid, has to stay under wraps to protect the innocent – and the not so innocent. The fun and games pop and rock stars famously get up to when they're on tour may look outrageous, even a bit pervy, to the uninitiated. But what it comes down to is the fact that these people can't just go out for a drink like the rest of us – people like David were literally trapped in their hotel rooms by the fans outside. And that's why people make their own entertainment, push the limits of what they can get away with

and generally piss about. And whatever you read in the press, I can tell you that there's almost never any malicious intent.

David had a serious side though. I've already mentioned how mature he was in outlook – and he was also just as caring and romantically inclined as his countless fans would have imagined him to be. One day I received a phone call. It was David.

'Don, I'm flying in from LA. Landing at six am. You've got to meet me!'

It sounded urgent, whatever the problem was.

'Sure,' I said and in the morning I picked him up at Heathrow, bursting to know what the mystery was. But even when he got into my motor Mr Cassidy wasn't giving much away.

'OK Don, we're going to the Westbury Hotel,' he said as if he was briefing me on a military operation. I put my foot down and headed back into the smoke and, as we sped along the Westway he finally smiled and turned to me.

'We're going to meet my future wife!' he stated.

Blimey I thought, he's a fast worker. I didn't even know he had a girlfriend. And I was a hell of a lot more impressed when he told me the name of his intended. It was only the fabulously gorgeous film star Kay Lenz!

'Bloody hell!' I said with feeling.

'But, Don, here's the thing. She's not expecting me...But it's her birthday and I've bought her a real special present. I want to surprise her – but I don't even know what room she's in...'

'Leave it to me,' I said, just for a change.

Now I began to see why he needed me with him so desperately. If you've ever tried to contact a major international celeb in a snooty hotel you'll know that you get short shrift if you don't have the room and probably the fake name they've registered under. Mind you, if you've got David Cassidy in tow it gets a lot easier – and anyway we'd