

stayed at the Westbury many times, so I knew the manager. Apologising for the ungodly hour of the morning I explained the situation, pointing out that David had just flown in from LA specially to surprise Miss Lenz. The manager thought for a moment and then gave me the room number.

I knocked on the door.

'Who is it?' a sleepy, muffled but familiar voice called out.

'Telegram Madame!' I chirped in my best mockney accent.

'Leave it outside will you...'

'Sorry Maam, I need a signature,' I replied officiously.

'One second,' came her reply.

The door opened, revealing to her the sight of David holding out a resplendent silver fox fur.

'Happy Birthday!' he beamed as she gazed, amazed and adoring, at him through tear-filled eyes.

With that I took my leave of the happy couple. It was the end of my little good deed for the day – and the beginning of a very happy chapter in David's life.

