

Well, I had no choice but to cooperate – against my better judgement. And I've never seen anything like it in my life! With the kind of efficiency that only the Japanese could muster, they formed up about thirty policemen into two parallel lines either side of Billy Francis, David and me. The ranks met at one end, making a sort of pencil shape. This, evidently, was what they called 'the truncheon'. Then, with Billy and I holding on to David at either side, the whole 'truncheon' started marching briskly forward, their thirty pairs of boots pounding the ground in unison with utter precision, sounding like a train. I couldn't believe it; in this 'truncheon' formation we cut through that crowd like a knife through butter. No one got near us and in minutes we were in the car and gone, the 'truncheon' now re-formed into a wall of cops between the car and the kids until we were safely out of sight. The organisation, the discipline, the machine-like regimentation...It was all absolutely amazing. I've never been so impressed before or since! They could teach our police a lesson or two about crowd control – and they prove that there's absolutely no need for the hysterical scenes you see at the airports in the UK when some star or other arrives.

Of course, when you're looking after a major star it's not just at the concert itself or the airport that security's an issue – you have to keep a constant eye on them, which is why I would usually take a room adjoining David's. As usual, I'd got a room with a communicating door to David's and Billy Francis had a similar arrangement on the other side – so our man was as safe as houses. Or at least so we thought until I heard this almighty banging on David's door and some bloke ranting and raving outside in the corridor.

'Come out! I know you're in there!' he was shouting. He was not a happy bunny.

Then it dawned on me what must have happened. Earlier, down in the hotel lobby a very attractive young woman was hanging about, evidently not with anyone, and even more

evidently with the serious hots for David. Nothing unusual about that – it would have caused more fuss to have found a bird that wasn't mad about David to be honest. So we thought nothing of it when she disappeared with David and went to his room. Now it seemed that she wasn't alone – and her husband was understandably upset that she'd bugged off with this international pop idol and was presumably doing what millions of other young women would have given their right arms (and probably their left arms and both legs and all the tea in China too) to do! I looked out of my door – and sure enough there was this guy, banging away on David's door like there was no tomorrow.

'What's up mate?' I asked innocently. As if I didn't know.

'I know my wife's in there!' he wailed. The poor bloke was absolutely gutted – and I can't say I blamed him. Bit of a tough one to live up to really, your wife getting off with one of the most sought after stars in the world! God knows how he'd found out she was in there – it wouldn't surprise me if she'd phoned him from David's room to taunt him with it. I've seen that happen and worse besides.

'No! You're mad mate! There's no one in there with him,' I said, all pally and soothing. 'Wait here a sec mate. I'll go and have a word with him,' I went on, tipping the wink to Gerry, who'd appeared behind me. While I placated the bloke, who was now beside himself with jealousy, Gerry alerted David on the phone, nipped through the communicating door, plucked the bewildered babe from David's arms and, hushing her protests, hustled her through the communicating door into my room just in time for my entrance to David's room accompanied by the frenzied husband. 'Look, mate,' I was saying breezily, waving my hand at a suite inhabited only by a slightly dishevelled and bemused pop star, 'there's no one in here with him!'

Of course, while her husband was searching the wardrobes and the bathroom for his errant other half, she was off and