

It has to be said though that none of this would have worked if David hadn't been so impressively fit and limber. He could squeeze himself into what seemed to be the most impossibly small and awkward spaces – which made my job a lot easier. Just as helpfully, he wasn't one of these stars that insists on making a grand entrance regardless of the risk to the kids created by the inevitable hysteria or the vast public expense involved in policing his appearance. And the danger wasn't only to the kids themselves – if they actually got hold of the object of their adulation, he or she was in very real danger. They might not mean to harm their hero or heroine but hundreds of flailing, frantic teenage fingernails can cause a frightening amount of injury! The great thing about David was that he never questioned my judgement or my instructions – however bizarre they might sound...And sometimes the plan could be quite elaborate. A not untypical Don Murfet briefing to David was: 'Wait here in complete darkness for precisely three minutes and, on my signal, the door will open. Then you run across the corridor, down the stairs, round the back, over a wall and into the open top of the getaway vehicle'

David would listen carefully – and then he'd just do it! It was the same with the Osmonds – because I had a reputation for getting people in and out unnoticed, even the biggest stars would comply with the strangest instructions.

The only trouble was that my success in this department inevitably dropped the problem of the fans in the laps of my people handling the security at the venue. Surrounded by thousands of screaming girls who were utterly convinced that the star was still in the building, they hadn't a hope in hell of convincing them otherwise. They used to try all sorts of angles to get rid of them. They'd point out that no one had seen them come in – so how could they know that their hero/ine hadn't left the same way they'd arrived? They used

to try and convince them that there was a secret tunnel through which the stars escaped, presumably Colditz style from under their teenage sentries' noses. Some – not my boys I hasten to add, even negotiated with the fans and allowed a small party back inside to search the place for the star, see for themselves and then let the others know that he or she really had left the building! Of course that never worked. They'd emerge to declare that the star wasn't there and their cohorts would accuse them of making a deal, just so that they could meet them alone. They had my sympathy, those beleaguered security guys – but that part wasn't my problem, thank God! I gave my guys standing orders that if the fans were still around once they'd secured what needed to be secured they should say goodnight to the fans and walk away to their transport. That's what they always did – and the fans didn't usually hang around for long.

Actually, over the years this constant game of cat and mouse with the fans became a normal part of the job – and we had quite a lot of good-humoured fun with them. The girls would actually come up to us before a show.

'We're gonna beat you this time!' they'd say playfully.

'Great – give it your best shot,' I'd reply, because it was all part of the game.

But they never did beat us, I'm proud to say.

There's one very important point about David's concerts – and those of acts like The Osmonds and The Monkees. And it's one that, refreshingly, David understood completely. That is that the audiences are much, much younger than those for a rock 'n' roll concert – in their early teens, or even younger – which means they're more hysterical and generally are less able to look after themselves – and you have to plan everything accordingly and build that awareness into every move you make. Handling these events the way you'd handle