

As David emerged from the tunnel, through which the sportsmen would usually reach the pitch, my blokes and I surrounded him, protecting him from all sides as usual and setting a swift pace towards the stage. But suddenly David came to a halt, panic stricken, and tried to turn and dash back into the tunnel. Confused, we attempted to steer him forward...And then we realised. A mob of fans was hanging down from the seats over the top of the tunnel and some had got hold of him by the hair! With his hair being wrenched upwards, us pushing him forwards and himself fighting his way backwards he was lucky to get on stage with a hair left on his head – and I bet a few of those girls went home happy with a clump of those precious Cassidy auburn locks!

Halfway through the show, I was watching the audience from my usual position at the side of the stage when I saw a sight I'd hoped never to see again, one that sent cold shivers right down my spine. At the back of the stadium was a cantilevered stand, mobbed out with screaming kids. And, unbelievably, the whole thing was moving; it was swaying like a bush in a breeze! The consequences of it collapsing didn't bear thinking about and, with Bernadette Whelan's fate foremost in my mind I dashed frantically off the stage and got hold of the promoter and the police.

'Look at it!' I shouted at them. 'That stand's alive! The whole bloody thing's swaying about all over the shop!'

Amazingly they didn't seem very bothered.

'Oh, that's OK, no problem,' they breezed.

'Well it might be OK for us standing here,' I stormed back at them. 'But it's bloody well not OK for those kids on the stand. Call me old fashioned but I'm not really in the mood for watching a whole stand collapse at a David Cassidy concert and seeing hundreds of teenagers get crushed to death...I don't really fancy being part of that kind of thing – I'm funny like that!'

They muttered some rubbish about how they knew their stand and how much strain it could take – but I wasn't reassured.

'That's all very well,' I replied angrily, 'but it's designed for cricket fans, who all sit there quietly and clap politely. It ain't the same thing as thousands of hysterical little girls all jumping up and down in unison, believe you me! I think I'm going to have to take David off stage,' I went on, knowing that was the only way to get the kids to calm down. All I knew was that at least if I could get the kids to stop rocking, so would the stand!

At least that made the complacent promoters and plods respond – and they said they'd send some of their people over to check it out. But when they came back, it was with the same blasé attitude: 'We know our stand; it'll be fine!'

I wasn't happy, but I allowed the show to go on against my better judgement and, thank God, the stand stood up to the punishment as they'd said it would. Nevertheless I couldn't breathe easily until the show was over.

Scarier still was David's show at the Bellevue in Manchester. I was looking on as BBC TV presented Martyn Lewis was doing a piece to camera about the concert as he walked along an elevated walkway, when suddenly dirty great lumps of roof started raining down around him. Wondering what the bloody hell was going on, I looked up and – to my absolute horror – saw that the roof was straining under the weight of hordes of teenage girls! Never underestimate the superhuman ability of a star struck teenager! They'll do anything to get a bit closer to their idol – and this lot were risking their lives with gay abandon as they crawled across this rooftop to get into a section of the venue that was closer to David. With visions of horrendous carnage making me shudder I went charging up staircases, out of a fire escape and out onto the rooftop. It was only as I was standing there hauling the kids one by one back from the brink of disaster that it occurred to