

exactly sit well with David's whiter than white image! We did somehow manage to salvage some of his costumes and get everything cleaned in time for the evening's show. David somehow managed to turn in a decent performance – though understandably a tad under par, but the audience, mostly aware of the previous night's near tragedy were even more than usually on his side and they buoyed him up and carried him through it. Nevertheless, that was one long, horrible, stressful day for all concerned.

When the press got hold of the story there was quite a furore – and I was lauded as a hero for saving the star's life and perhaps those of the hotel's other guests! But it's not false modesty when I say that I was only doing my job – keeping my priorities straight and making sure my artist didn't come to harm.

I first met David Cassidy when David Bridger, the Artist Promotion guy at Dick Leahy's Bell Records, rang me up to ask us to look after David – because his first promotional tour of the UK a short time earlier had been fraught with problems. I think they'd based him on a boat on the Thames and they had hordes of kids turning up and trying to get out to the boat. Anyway, they didn't want a repeat of those sorts of shenanigans so they asked the best in the business to handle David's security (though I say it myself!) on what was to be his first proper British and European tour!

Of course I agreed like a shot – after the success of the Partridge Family (a popular TV programme at the time, David was hot property – and as soon as he arrived we went to meet him and his crew, including, of course, his manager Ruth Aarons who, incidentally was the former American table tennis World Champion. Ruth didn't join the tour though – she delegated all that sort of thing to her fresh-faced bunch of preppy types who worked in her office, two young

guys and a girl called Teri Geckler. They'd hired a plane for the tour from a Dutch company called Transavia, which the Osmonds also used – which was a very good idea because it meant they could take all of the band and crew and, crucially, the press, including all the broadsheets as well as the tabloids and the pop papers.

A couple of days into the tour – in Spain I think – a couple of the press guys came up to Gerry Slater, my business partner and Tour Manager, who was also helping me with security, and me with a bit of a gripe.

'Look Don,' they said, 'this is all very nice being flown around Europe and seeing all the concerts – but they're keeping us away from David!'

Now that didn't seem like a very clever move. This was David's first tour outside the US and if the journalists felt shut out and weren't getting any interviews they were bound to get the hump. And since their editors would expect them to come back with something, they'd end up making the whole thing up in a way that was unlikely to show David in a very sympathetic light! Then, the very same day, all the press were assembled for a pre-arranged photo call. They waited patiently as the appointed time came and went. Then they waited impatiently a little longer until finally Teri Geckler appeared to make an announcement and this supposedly professional manager proceeded to make one of the most inept and downright damaging press statements I've ever witnessed in all my years in the business. No pictures today, she was saying to the disbelief of the bored and frustrated press posse, who were just dying for something juicy to get their teeth into.

'David's broken out!'

Well we all knew the security was tight – but surely that didn't mean Cassidy himself was under lock and key! No, it turned out that his celebrated baby face had 'broken out' in –