

30th MARCH, 1968

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Fabulous 208 LOONERS & LONERS



MIKE—THE LONE MONKEE (SEE INSIDE)

SECOND PART OF GIANT POSTER PIN-UP OF THE

● HERD ●

THIS WEEK

ANDY BOWN

KING SIZE COLOUR

PIX OF DAVY JONES

RINGO ● DONOVAN

MARK SLADE

LULU ●

RADIO

LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMMES

26th MARCH—

1st APRIL



Ann Millington and Jean Bailey, of Rowden Street, Shotton, Deeside, Flintshire, win ten guineas for this account of their interview with Amen Corner.

ONCE I had become acclimatised to the teasing turmoil caused by the psychedelic posters, photographs and Pepsi-cans surrounding a harassed fan club secretary as she ploughed through the pleas, appeals, and requests of the increasing band of pilgrims the Amen Corner are deservedly earning for themselves every day, I managed to discover as she emerged from the pile of papers scattered around her that the seven Welsh wizards of the soul scene were in the next room engaged in a rigorous game of football and if I had any qualifications as a trained referee I might enter.

Hearing a blood-curdling, weebegone wail I rushed into the room to find Andy Fairweather-Low Esquire in a state of unconsolable grief at having lost a series of games in succession to group member Clive.

"You see," explained Andy in his husky Welsh way, "football is a passion of ours apart, that is, from listening to records, sleeping, and, of course, our music. We get a real kick out of our work although our greatest

ambition would be to write, produce and record our own music.

Indeed, Mr. Low has already gone a long way since the blustery December day when he and his six friends, tired with the uninteresting prospects of settled jobs and longing for adventure, success, and wealth, joined together to form the Amen Corner, a name which is now recognised by screams, sighs and sobs of ecstatic fans, praised by more modest soul enthusiasts, and has kindled the interest of Tin Pan Alley agents, tycoons of the pop scene, who will ensure their road to success.

NEIL now took up the conversation and enlightened me on the origin of their unusual title. "With seven in the group, we found it hard to agree on a title. At last, we chose Amen Corner as it was the name of a small club back home in Cardiff where we were regular performers, but later we discovered other origins. For example, the name was used by a group of American millionaires who, bored with their humdrum way of life and searching for excitement, joined together and spent their riches on holding parties, whether in submarines in the depths of

the Atlantic, or high up above the clouds in a jet."

"We've not got that far yet," continued Mike, the saxophonist, "but with an extensive tour of Europe and possibly Australia, and the U.S.A. early in the New Year, there's no holding us back. But I'll never forget out excitement when we were first on *Top of the Pops*."

I was just about to question their parents' attitude to their success when Alan gave a triumphant yell from the fan club desk: "Here it is," he pounded, eagerly displaying his seventy-six year-old gran's enrolment form for the fan club! I didn't think it was necessary to ask my question.

FINALLY asked Blue Weaver, the organist, whether they all preferred the quieter life of Wales to the hectic London scene, to which he replied that playing at clubs, dance-halls and discotheques in the evening, and sleeping most of the day, they saw very little of London and very few people troubled them. So, in fact, so closely are they bound by their chosen way of life that, whether living in London or in the remotest part of Wales made very little difference to them.

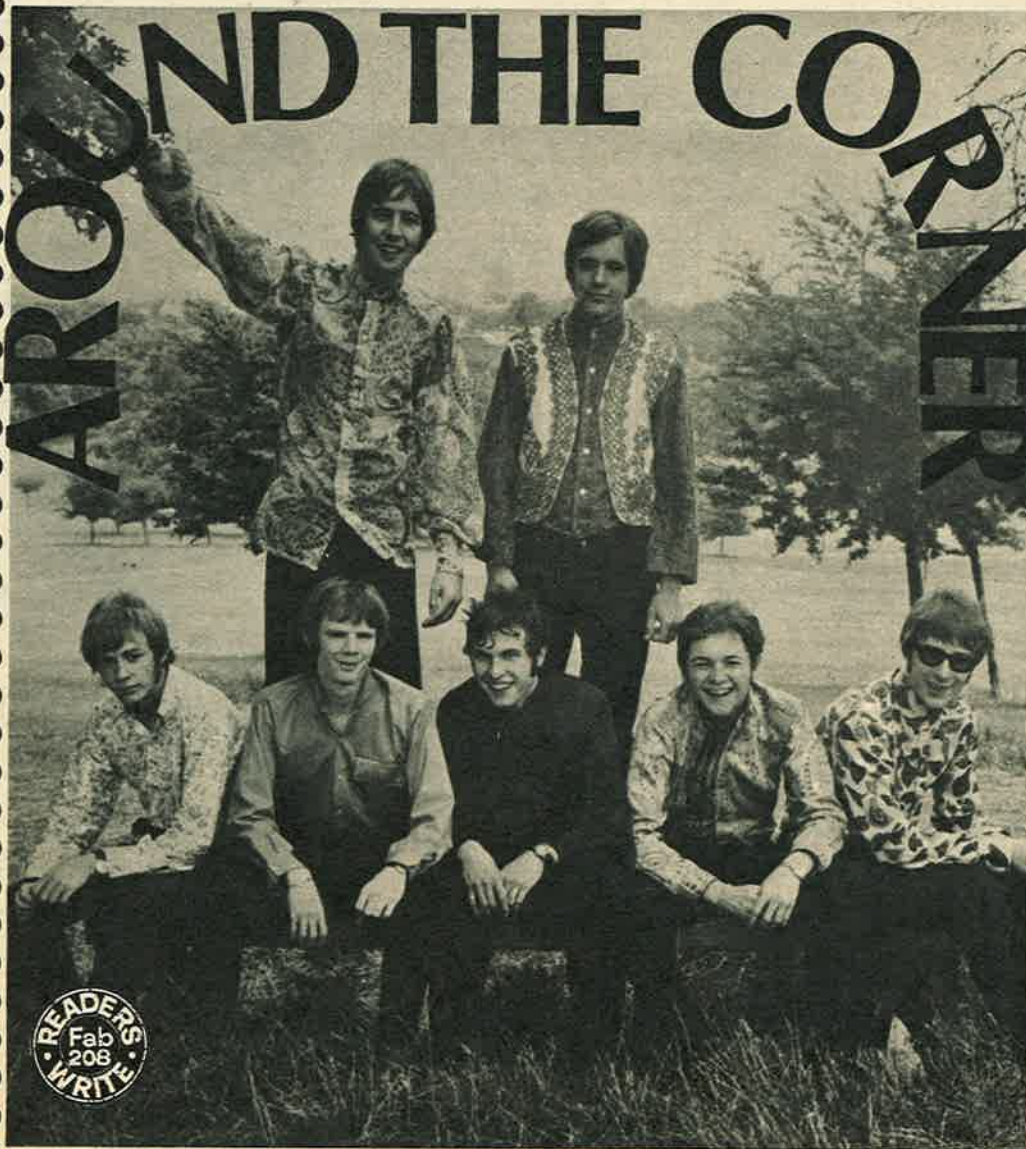
As Dennis summed up, "We have set out to play our music to people who want to listen and so long as we can go on doing that, whether in Welshpool or Walthamstow, Swansea or Stepney, we'll be happy." So will I.

Personality shines through a person's face no matter what. When Mark Slade's pale blue eyes crease into laughter you can be sure he's a looner at heart.

looner blue



Manolito (Henry Darrow) and Billy Blue Cannon (Mark Slade) on the verge of adventure in *High Chaparral*.



READERS WRITE
Feb 208

Amen Corner left to right standing: Alan Jones and Andy Low. Seated: Neil Jones, Blue Weaver, Clive Taylor, Dennis Bryon, Badeye Smith.

CAN you imagine anyone ever ignoring Mark Slade's adorable pudgy face for long? Of course not.

Mark has had his share of the odd jobs, but those directors know he's wasted parking cars, checking in hats and packing clothes!

Way back when he lived in Putnamville, he didn't even think of being an actor.

Young Mark, happy trotting to school every day and cleaning out chicken coops for fifty cents pocket money each week, was sure he'd be a ventriloquist or cartoonist when he grew up.

But when he took over from a sick actor in a school play, he decided to study drama.

It only took eighteen months for those pale blue eyes to appeal their way into a part on Broadway, *There Was A Little Girl*, with Jane Fonda, and the next stop was Hollywood for a film *Splendour In The Grass*.

Then the slump set in.

But Mark pulled through and soon he was off again—on the telly track this time. Even then he didn't dream he'd ever be joining the goodie and baddie brigade.

Some people say fate gives you

one chance to do what you really want in life, and you must grab it quickly before it passes. Mark's chance floated towards him and he nearly missed it.

"It's a young actor's dream to be in a Western," Mark had said to his agent. But he'd never given a thought to a Western series. That was so far removed from his first big TV part, in *The Wackiest Ship In The Army*.

But as soon as his agent knew *High Chaparral's* producer David Dortort was looking for Billy Blue he persuaded Mark to try.

"I waited outside the office for three quarters of an hour and would have gone in another five minutes because I was late for a fishing trip already!"

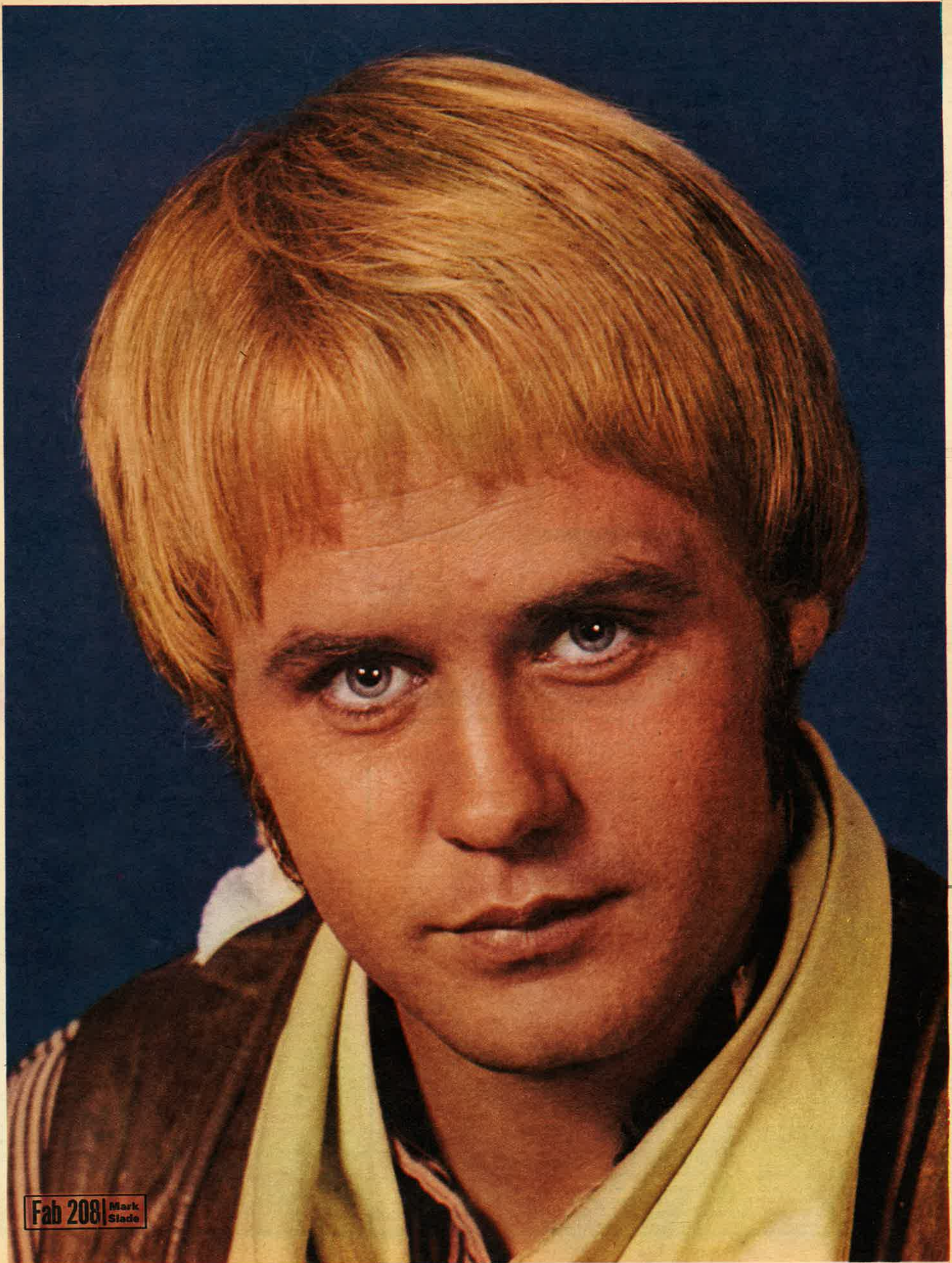
The audition began badly too.

Neither of them was the least bit keen, until suddenly it clicked. They were reading a big explosive scene between a father and his son, and in his enthusiasm Mark even grabbed David's coat to haul him out of his seat!

So the dream became reality. David had found Billy Blue. Mark his Western.

And off Mark rushed to celebrate—by showering everyone in sight with champagne. A true blue looner.

ANNE WILSON



Fab 208 | Mark Slade