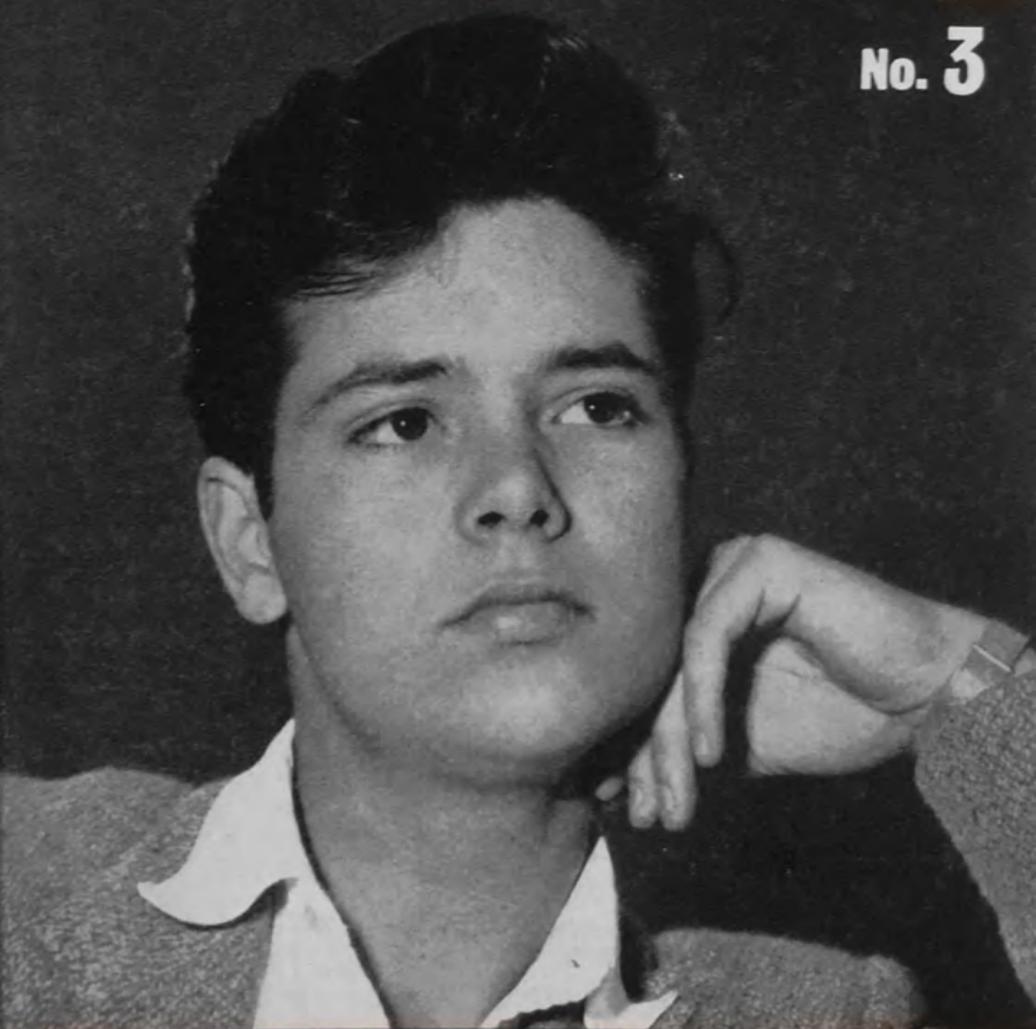


POP

MONTHLY
TEN 1/-

No. 3



SHADOWS · ADAM · BILLY · CLIFF · ELVIS



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FIRST SERIES

ISSUE No. THREE

Cliff takes over from Elvis at No. 1 Spot !

Well, well, well. The Cliff fans will have their tails up this month. Their votes just piled in, and they successfully turned a 600 vote deficit last month into nearly a 200 lead. Congratulations to his supporters !

The Elvis fans won't be too disappointed either, for they increased their vote from last time by 750.

The fact that Adam increased his vote by nearly 300 should temper the disappointment of his fans at him falling two places; and the Shadows will be mighty pleased at their increase of over 900 votes.

Kookie made the Pop-Ten at the expense of the Everlys, and will appear in next month's issue.

For the first time, by special request, we are introducing the votes for the Top Twenty, in order that the fans will see just how near their favourite is to making the Pop-Ten, and I am sure that this will please many fans.

Keep the votes rolling in ! Almost every fan club in the country is urging its members to send in their votes for their own particular favourite, and I am sure this has had a big bearing on the heavy votes we received this month. Keep it up ! We shall continue to give you the stars YOU want to read about.

Before closing, I would like to mention the deplorable habit of some papers of deliberately inciting fans to literally hate other artistes. I believe this is silly, useless, and in bad form. If every listener had the same taste half the entertainment business would be out of work. It's common sense to me that if any artiste is liked by some people, he must have some talent, somewhere. Therefore, why cry down an artiste just because one does not like him or her one's self ?

Pop-Ten will continue to emphasise friendly rivalry, in the interests of show business.

So and so drop dead remarks, are of no interest to us.

We are only interested in who you do like.

I shall be most interested in your opinions on this subject.

The Editor

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Advertisement

Whilst the editor of "Pop-Ten Monthly" was in Hollywood recently, he managed to procure a number of past issues of "Movieteen Illustrated", a fine general pop magazine which comes out quarterly in the U.S.A.

These magazines are now being made available to readers of "Pop-Ten Monthly", and are **ONLY OBTAINABLE DIRECT** by mail, from the address underneath. Please indicate which issue or issues you require, when writing. All prices include postage.

MOVIETEEN, April, 1961 ("A") 2/4d.
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MOVIETEEN, Summer, 1957 ("B") 2/5d.
78 large pages. Full colour oil-painting Elvis, articles and pics on Tab Hunter, Elvis, Tommy Sands, Jane Mansfield, Liz Taylor, Pat Boone, James Dean, etc.

MOVIETEEN, Fall, 1957 ("C") 2/5d.
78 large pages. Stunning 8-page article on the late James Dean, articles and pics on Tommy Sands, Marlon Brando, Jayne Mansfield, Tab Hunter, Tony Perkins, Elvis, Pat Boone, etc.

MOVIETEEN, New Series, No. 1 2/4d.
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POP-TEN MONTHLY,**

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CLIFF RICHARD

Front page and inside photo, Camera Press Ltd. Photos by Tom Blau.

ADAM FAITH, EVERLYS

Camera Press Ltd.

Remaining photographs by courtesy of the artistes' record companies and associates.

Great Britain's

Pop-Ten

TEN-TOP ARTISTES

(As at APRIL 1st, 1962).

Position	Artiste	No. of Votes
1	CLIFF RICHARD (2)	2,829
2	ELVIS PRESLEY (1)	2,640
3	BILLY FURY (3)	1,368
4	BOBBY VEE (5)	1,119
5	SHADOWS (8)	1,110
6	ADAM FAITH (4)	750
7	EDEN KANE (6)	693
8	HELEN SHAPIRO (7)	579
9	JOHN LEYTON (9)	405
10	KOOKIE (-)	288

11 Everlys (223 votes), 12 Shane Fenton (177), 13 Hayley Mills (153), 14 Del Shannon (150), 15 Jess Conrad (123), 16 Rick Nelson (120), 17 Roy Orbison (108), 18 Buddy Holly (99), 19 Russ Conway (96), 20 Chubby Checker (78)

The above artistes were voted the top stars of today by the readers of "Pop-Ten Monthly", and as a result of this vote Top Ten Artistes will be allotted an appropriate number of pages in NEXT MONTH'S

POP-TEN MONTHLY

Number 4 June issue

On sale May 15th

Special Note:

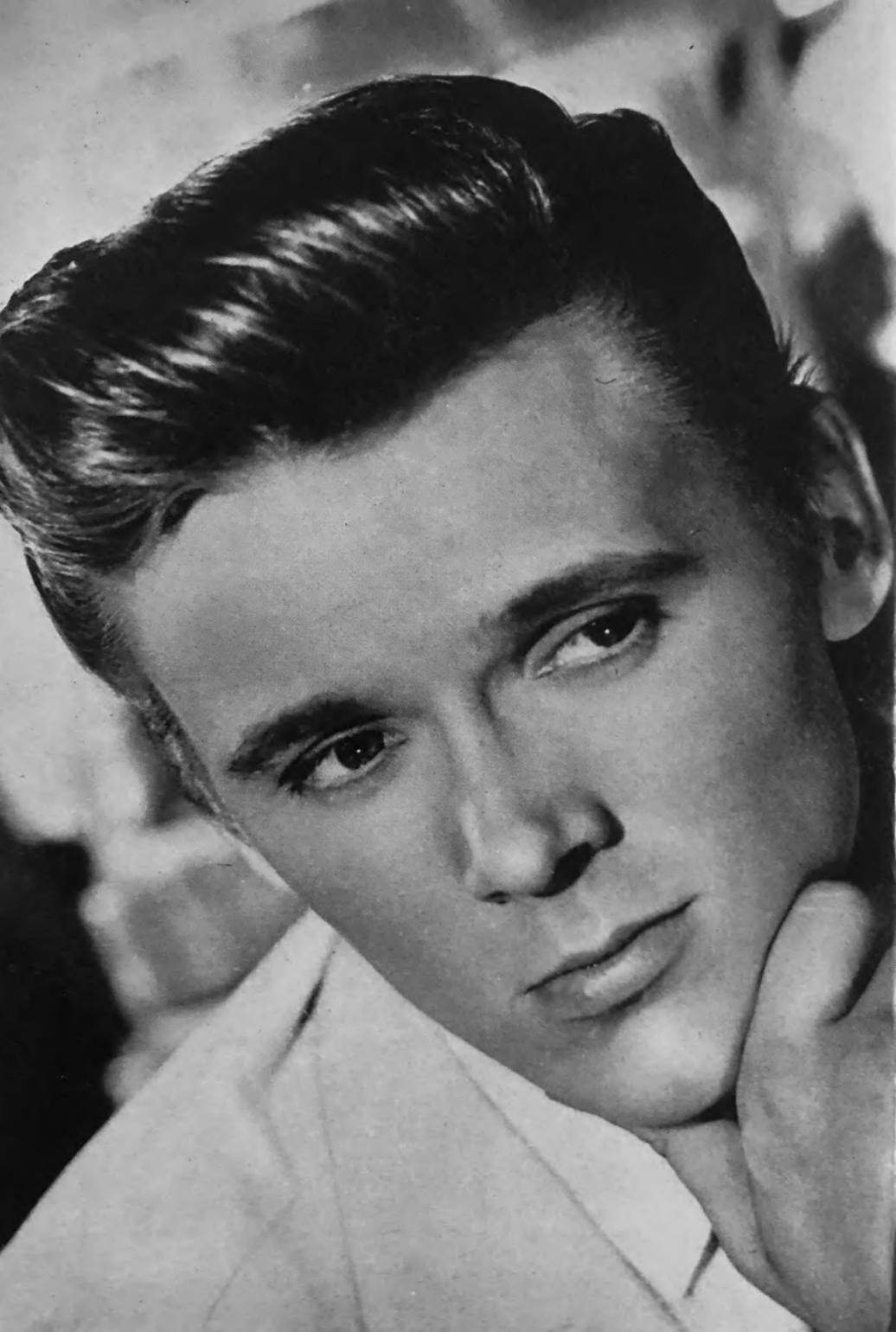
The Editor has absolutely no control over which artistes appear in Pop-Ten Monthly. IT IS ENTIRELY UP TO THE READER. Whenever you write to POP-TEN MONTHLY, write the name of your three favourite stars in the top left hand corner of the envelope. Alternatively write your three favourite stars on a POSTCARD, and send it to:

**POP-TEN MONTHLY,
HEANOR, DERBYSHIRE.**

For this is the magazine that gives you the stars YOU want to read about, and every letter you write to us automatically constitutes a vote . . . and possibly extra space next month . . . for YOUR favourite star.

YOUR VOTE May Do The Trick!

MASS VOTES NOT ACCEPTED



A LETTER FULL OF TA's

from **BILLY**



Single:
"Letter Full Of
Tears"
DECCA F 11437

L.P.:
"Halfway To
Paradise"
ACE OF CLUBS
ACL 1083

Hi to just—you!

Phew !! This is the third month running I've been asked to appear before your eyes in print in this really cool mag. Guess I'll soon run out of words ! But hold it in the groove a second; don't think I'm complaining. Far from it. It's just that I'm overwhelmed to know that you've all voted me in, not only the top ten but the top five. It's getting to the point now where I watch the "POP-TEN" monthly charts as eagerly as every disc artist grabs hold of the Top Twenty charts every week. Oh yes ! And chatting of charts reminds me ! Thanks for making *Letter Full Of Tears* another success for me. Like everything else in "Show Biz", a disc is only as good as the public makes it and, man, have I got a good public. I'm most grateful that I shan't have a letter full of tears from my A & R man, Dick Rowe. He'll be like a swinging cat with nine groovy tails because, as I told you last month, he has always had great faith in the song. So this is a letter full of ta's !!!

You know, you all ask me such a variety of questions in your letters that I never know where to start; and so, as my dad told me when I was really a nipper, the best place to start is always the beginning. I guess I'll go right back to that terrifying, but exciting day when I got my start in "Show Biz". A pal of mine knew that big star-maker Larry Parnes who, as we all know, discovered and built up such stars as Tommy Steele and Marty; and he persuaded him to audition little-old-17 years old me !! I was shaking with nerves so much that you'd have thought I'd pipped Chubby Checker by about four years and invented the Twist ! Imagine the scene. Backstage of the Essoldo Theatre in Birkenhead—so near my own home in Liverpool yet, at that very second, so far away !! The hubbub of subdued, excited voices, the lights and the distant murmur of the audience waiting for the show to start. Everyone keyed up, ready to smash right into their opening numbers. Oh man ! That feeling is like a drug, the more you have the more you want. I know that *now* but that very first time was murder. Larry had decided to thrust me on stage to make a surprise debut. A wise way of seeing what an artist is made of. Don't ask me how I walked out on that large stage—I don't remember very much until I was shaken out of my stupor by the applause which greeted my first song. From then on, I gained confidence. Of all the things for which I've got to thank Larry, his method of pushing me, green, inexperienced, on stage is right at the top. I've never stopped learning since and I never will. No one, in any walk of life can ever stop learning, I guess—and that goes for pop artists just as much. Reckon it's a pity a very few don't realise that. Apart from being my Manager still, Larry and I are great buddies and I'd like to thank him again for all the help he has been. Really swinging Dad !

You've heard Nick Villard's discs haven't you ? His first was *Don Quixote* and his current one is a revival of that wonderful Western number *High Noon*. Well I envy Nick because I love the sea and ships. Nick is a sailor turned pop singer and I'm a pop singer who would like to turn sailor—especially of the tug-boat variety.



The sea has always called me. My happiest early memories are those of the Merseyside, dreamily watching the ships go to and fro and imagining the romance of foreign ports. For a short time I was a deck-hand on a tug and I enjoyed every second of the time we chugged up and down the dear old Mersey, but I'm sure I used to drive the skipper mad with my singing, even though he did back me with his banjo. Yes! If ever I'm out of work I guess I'll go back to the tugs and, perhaps, the sea. Nowadays, dashing round the country on tour, filming and recording, I get very little time for any hobbies or pleasure trips, but one day I'll make it. But I won't desert *you*. I owe all my success to you, and I'll continue to play it cool with you for as long as you want it that way. Ha! Got another plug in for the new film. Didn't really mean it that way, the words just fell out of my pen all accidental like!! Sorry. (But I bet the producers aren't!)

I've got some exciting plans for the future—exciting for me, that is; and I hope they will be for you. Can't tell you too much right now but you'll be hearing quite soon. There's something very much in the wind about a T.V. series; apart from the occasional "Thank Your Lucky Stars" I haven't appeared very often on the old "goggle-box" and I think I'd enjoy another series—but not too long a one, because I think any artist can suffer through what the boys call "over-exposure".

I saw Lionel Bart the other day; he's an old pal of Larry's and quite often I've tagged along for the ride and heard all about Lionel's plans much in advance. This time I was agog about his new musical "Blitz". It's opening in London at the Adelphi Theatre on May the 8th, but for two weeks prior to that it will be seen at a special preview fortnight at Edmonton, here in London. The music for the show is even more exciting than that Lionel wrote for "Oliver", and a whole lot of new stars will emerge. Auditions are taking place now and Lionel is seeing hundreds of people to ensure he gets just the right actors for the right parts. The famous stage director Eleanor Fazan is going to help Lionel produce the show. I guess most of us will be a little too young to remember the blitz of dear old London Town, but that won't make any difference so far as enjoying the show is concerned. I'm really digging it like mad already and can't wait to see the finished thing. There sure is going to be another Blitz on London!! And on the disc-world, because there'll be quite a few hit numbers from the show.

Well, I must be off. Thanks again for your votes. On top of that, I'm glad of the chance to let you know some of the things you ask me in your mail.

Have fun!

Warm wishes to my cool fans!!

BILLY.

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The address of the Official Billy Fury Fan Club is:- Miss Barbara Howard, 47, Lyme Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, MANCHESTER, 13.



THE SHADOWS LAND A WONDERFUL HIT!



"This", said top composer Jerry Lordan, "is the best thing I've ever done". Although some five weeks have passed since that remark, every member of that famous four, The Shadows, have taken those words straight to heart.

Continued Jerry, "this waxing has everything, including a French horn. And, naturally, the boys have made a great job of it".

Well, for anyone ignorant enough not to know the platter in question it is, of course, *Wonderful Land*, that sultry swayer that slid smoothly into the top three just two weeks after its release, a tremendous achievement even for an instrumental group of The Shadows calibre.

At the moment the residents of Tin Pan Alley are trying to get over the shock of actually hearing the boys agree among themselves that the disc is exactly how they wanted it! For as any one of them will tell you, with the exception of *Wonderful Land*, they haven't agreed over the finished product of any of their previous hits even the top selling *Apache*!

"In fact, we had hardly a moment when we weren't arguing over our last release, *The Savage*", said leader Jet Harris recently. "We didn't even know it had been released as we were in Australia at the time, but not one of us wanted it to be released as a single. We all agreed that it should have stayed on the "Young Ones" album.

Anyway, we only heard about it when our disc company cabled telling us they had pressed 100,000 copies. I suppose", he added thoughtfully, "we could have sent Hank out to collect them all again!"

Unfortunately, we can't bring ourselves to print Hank's reply, but this kind of ribbing happens all the time amongst the quartet, making them not only the most versatile group in this country but also the happiest, even with their many strenuous commitments!

Hank is getting quite a lot of ribbing lately, due mainly to the fact that his fan mail nearly exceeds that of the other three members of the group combined! Hank's comment on this, "I keep telling the boys it's my handsome face, but for some weird reason, they won't believe me!"

Whatever it is, and no matter how much he jokes about it, Hank certainly has some magnetic charm. This is evident from not only his mail, but the number of groups, and, yes, just ordinary fellows in the street who have taken to wearing the large horn-rimmed glasses that are as much a part of Hank's make-up as his guitar! I think Manchester is the only city however, to have a rock group known as the Marvins!

Although Hank gets hundreds of fan letters every mail, poor Jet was practically buried with letters of all sizes mostly from girls, when he changed the colour of his hair from blonde to dark! "I think everyone's pretty used to it now—although some fans still write to me saying change it", said Jet.

Whatever minor disagreements might arise between the fans, they are all agreed on one point. That like *Wonderful Land*, the boys are just 'Wonderful'.

Single: "Wonderful Land"
COLUMBIA 45-DB 4790
L.P.: "The Shadows"
COLUMBIA 33 SX 1374

The address of the Shadows Fan Club is:- Billie Harrington and Toni Francis,
1d Sutton Dwellings, Ixworth Place, CHELSEA, London.



V FOR LAUGHS

... and things that go BRRING in the night

3.30 a.m. Cosily sleeping the night away: then—brrring-brrring ! The 'phone shatters the peaceful silence ! You crawl out of bed, dragging yourself semi-consciously to the infernal machine and the excited voice you hear tells you news of great importance. "You MUST come at once". You dress hurriedly, now wide awake, agog with excitement. Having faith in your nocturnal caller, you dash to the appointed rendezvous—only to discover there's no such thing. No rendezvous—no friend—just one big lighthearted (??) leg-pull !! How would you like that dear, gentle sleepy reader ? No doubt you wouldn't object so much if the caller was Bobby Vee: and if you were a personal friend of Bobby's you might well receive such a call. The fun-loving, irrepressible idol of *Take Good Care of My Baby* and *Run To Him* is a real "gasser" as a practical joker. Not a practical joker of the vicious, unkind variety, but one of warm good humour and youthful exuberance.

When Bobby was touring Australia, at the tail end of last year, he pulled a similar 'phone gag on the Everlys: it's reported that Don and Phil fell for it hook, line and sinker, and swore (in harmony, of course) bitter revenge !! The three boys were the very best of pals before these "Three Music-teers" became

four. Our own Mark Wynter went out to the land where the boomerang always comes back and joined Bobby and the Everlys for the tour of concerts and T.V. Bobby and Mark are now the firmest of friends. Is it because they share the same sense of humour ? The sense of humour which prompted them both to pin on the Everlys' hotel bedroom door a gold paper star marked "THE KALIN TWINS—DO NOT DISTURB".

Before Bobby left Britain he expressed his love for our country and—US; he meant every word, this much travelled young chartster. He appreciates sincerity and the warmth of good friendships. He likes to feel that he can really rely on his friends—and in return, his friends know Bobby will go with them all the way. He is so humbly impressed (and pleased, naturally) at the way his fans seem to Run To Him all over the world. The excited pitch of his reception during the one-night stand tour of Britain, was well matched by that of his Australian tour. So much so, that, off stage he had to go in disguise on many occasions. One such time was when he was in Melbourne; only he didn't turn out to be a very good Sherlock Holmes ! Like lots of us, Bobby and Mark Wynter left the job of buying their Christmas cards till the last minute. This was the last

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day for posting surface mail to Britain and America. Not to be recognized and delayed, the boys wore unfamiliar hats, turned up their coat collars, despite the summer heat of the Australian November and sallied forth to Myers, the most famous of all the big department stores in Australia. Frantically searching for sentimental cards for the family and the funniest ones possible for their friends (!!!) Bobby and Mark didn't notice that their "disguises" had been voted a "miss" by the jury of fans who recognized them, and in the time it takes to spin Bobby's latest disc *Please Don't Ask About Barbara*, the boys were surrounded. Mobbed is the better word! From nowhere, as if by magic, literally hundreds of excited fans bore down on them, screaming for autographs. The scene was reminiscent of the time when Bill Haley visited Britain in 1957 and was mobbed by thousands waiting for him at London's Waterloo Station. Result? Havoc. And so it was in Melbourne and it took the store management no less than two hours to extricate Bobby and Mark and restore order. Having no more faith in their disguises and without sufficient energy to even work a practical joke, back to the hotel—minus their Christmas cards! They had to send their festive greetings by airmail after all—and boy! It cost a bomb!! Fame is the spur, and Christmas cards the cost!!

Within a matter of weeks Bobby and Mark met up again, here at home. They probably arrived at the same time as their cards!! On Christmas Day there was a 'phone call between London and Glasgow (where Mark was playing in pantomime)—but this one was no practical joke! Just Bobby and Mark exchanging verbal festive greetings—a few well chosen words without the intrusion of the loving hoardes! But

make no mistake; like all self-respecting disc stars, Bobby is flattered and excited by the demonstrative adulation he receives but—ssh!! Please leave him his ties and, what is more important, Please Don't Ask About Barbara!! Except in the record shop!! Doubtless he will be visiting our shores again in the near future. He can expect the same warm reception and undenied success.

Back in the States, right now, he is busy cutting a new series of singles for later release in this country; and a new LP to follow up his current issue here of *Take Good Care Of My Baby*. A tour of one-night stands is planned and young Bobby Vee will be adding more fans to his roll-call. Doubtless, a few telephone lines will come to life in the middle of the night and perhaps his A & R man, "Snuffy" Garrett, might find salt in his sugar bowl—but it's quite safe to assume that the *Clown Prince* of "Pop" will not issue a 45 single with blank grooves!!! Or is it??

On the 30th of this month Bobby will reach the ripe old age of 19; everyone wishes him a really swinging day, and very many more years for being the object of your visit to the record shop!! But, you know, even if Bobby's successful world collapsed around him tomorrow, and he was down-and-out, it's a dead cert that his bounding sense of fun would see him through. Still someone's sleep would be disturbed by a ringing 'phone even if Bobby had to borrow a dime to do so!! But that's not likely to happen—Bobby's failure, I mean, not the ringing 'phone! That could happen any time—just for laughs.

Single:

"Please Don't Ask About Barbara"
LIBERTY LIB 55419

L.P.:

"Take Good Care Of My Baby"
LIBERTY LBY 1004

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A PICTURE OF ELVIS



It is always very difficult for a man to answer the question "Is so-and-so good-looking?", when the subject IS a man. If the question concerns a woman, there is no problem. The man can say that she's a smasher, she's OK but her legs are a bit thin, drool over every inch of her body inch by inch, dismiss her as horrible or "not my type", or he can just roll his eyes, close them, and emit a breathless "Cor-r-r-r-r-!"

But a man's opinion of a man . . . that's different. He has to be careful, or it tends to sound a little foolish.

Since I met Elvis in Hollywood, last year, I've been asked the question of Elvis's looks on numerous occasions. At first, I got all tongue-tied, but later I had the answer off pat. I just said: "The wife thinks he is the most handsome man she has ever met." Which figgers.

For the plain truth is, from the tip of his head to the soles of his feet, he is man! MAN! MAN!! And his neck is topped by the most handsome faces I have ever seen in my life.

You notice I said "faces".

This expression may look queer to the outsider who has never met him, but it has been verified time and time again by people who HAVE met him.

When his face is solemn, and he is discussing things normally, it is a study of perfection. His face never loses its beauty whilst he is talking, and you just—to be quite blunt—stare at it in fascination, purely on the *strength* of this perfection.

Then suddenly a joke is cracked, his face lights up, eyes, mouth, sheer merriment dancing on a star . . . and you find yourself in the company of another human being altogether. A laughing boy of sixteen, full of fun, and ready for anything.

When I have told this to some of my friends, they have remarked that although they have noticed this "double face" in his films to some extent, they could not say for sure that it was strictly true to say this.

And indeed, since my return to this country, I have studied photographs and record sleeves, and find that picture-wise they are correct. On numerous occasions I have paced my office (which is lined with record sleeves), and slowly studied the different portraits, and after minutes of careful scrutiny come to the horrible conclusion that not one single sleeve (with the exception possibly of the "Blue Hawaii" LP) denotes a *true* Elvis-in-the-flesh portrait!



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In short, Elvis is just not photogenic.

Now this is quite a common thing in the world, as you are no doubt aware. Look round your family circle, or friends, and you will be able to pick out two or three of your acquaintances who have never, no not never, taken a good picture . . . whether it be by snap, studio, or moving camera. This well-known fact has ruined the career of many a budding beauty in the film world. They get away with it on stage, because they are seen quite attractively in the flesh. Place them in front of the camera, though, and they are seen as plain people at best, ugly at worst.

Well, ladies, here we have Elvis:

In this country, you are only familiar with him on screen and in the magazines. You think he's gorgeous. You think he's smashing. You think he's triff.

Can you therefore imagine what this guy is like in the flesh, taking into consideration the fact that he's the most unphotogenic person I've ever seen in my life?

In his early days he was accused of having a surly face (sideburns always give that impression, and to my mind at least his dispensing of this unnecessary ornamentation must have been a tremendous improvement). This accusation is untrue.

He still is accused of being "slack-mouthed". This is completely untrue also, and this belief is entirely due to that unphotowhatsit I have just been on about. We were in his company on and off for more than three hours, and at no time during this period did this supposed disability show itself.

He has been accused of having brown eyes, green eyes, hazel eyes, and black eyes (all these colours appear on various poses you no doubt possess). Well you can take it from me that his eyes are the bluest blue I've ever seen.

He has been accused of being a weakling. His portrayal of Vince Pacer in "Flaming Star", in the stripped-to-the-waist scenes dispensed with this ridiculous accusation, and was promptly changed to "He's going fat!" We saw him—in the flesh—in thin uniform, and if that's "going fat", I wish I was fat. Or maybe rippling muscle has assumed another name . . .

His portrayal as a boxer in the forthcoming "Kid Galahad" should give added strength to what I have just written.

To sum up, I say this: Even if you *don't* like Elvis as a singer, you *don't* like Elvis as a man, or you *don't* like Elvis as an actor, never deny this fact, or you will find yourself wrong, wrong, wrong.

Elvis is certainly a good-looker.

Like "Cor-r-r-r!"

ELVIS

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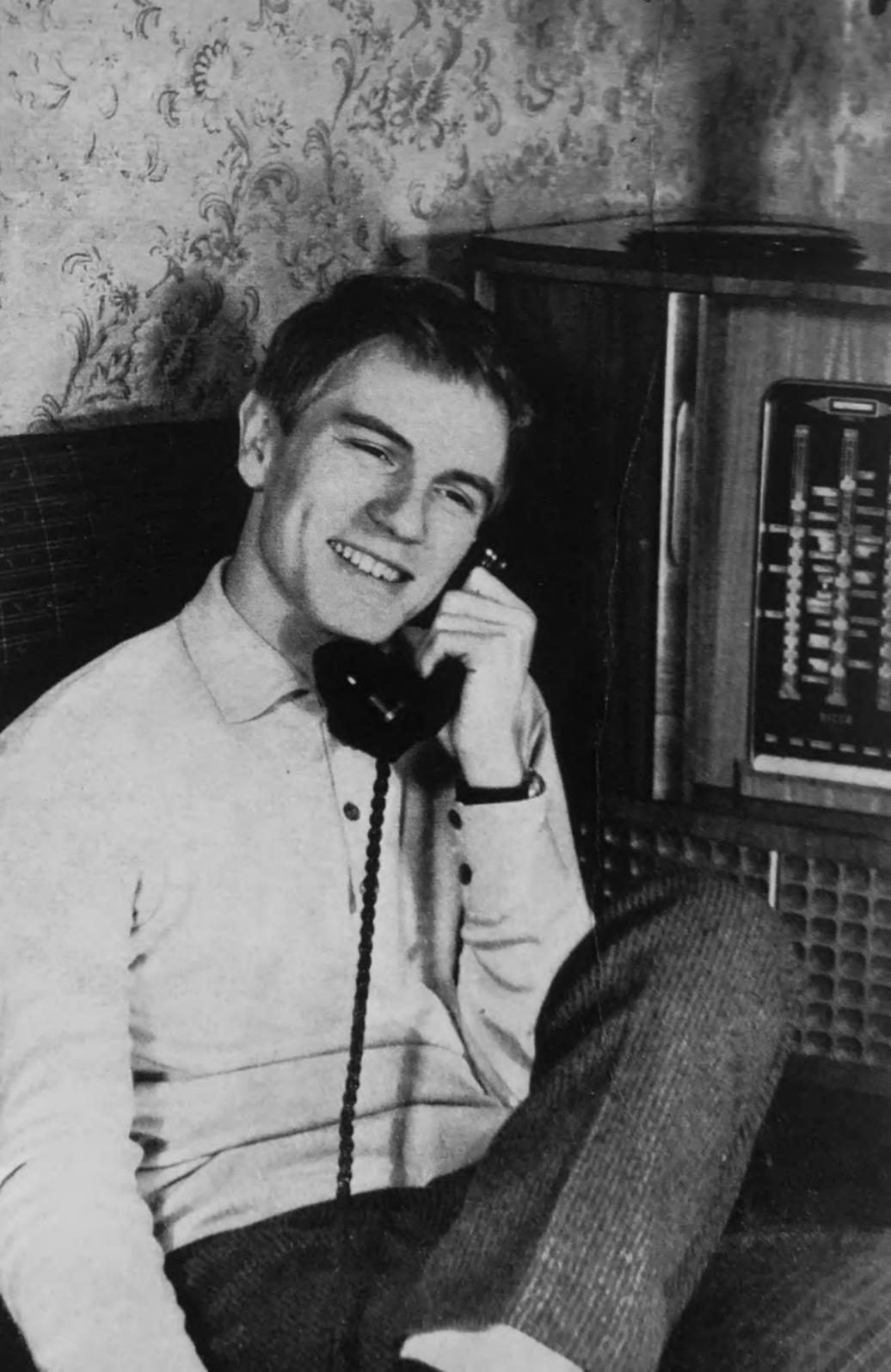
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DON'T COME THE OLD ADAM!

Or in other words—"Who are you kidding?" This should be the short, sharp reply to those folk who say that Adam Faith is suffering from the dread disease of all record-stars — "a slipped disc!" And that a slipped disc spells the beginning of the end.



It's true that Adam's latest single, *Lonesome*, hasn't climbed the charts any higher than slot 13. It was released as long ago as 12th January and although it's been hovering on and off the centre hole of total success ever since, not even Adam's staunchest fans could say it was a hit in the manner to which they have been accustomed through his earlier discs. Many theories have been put forward as to why *Lonesome* is so lonesome; one is that it is too slow and mature-sounding for Faith fans; but, surely, the comeback to that should be "fans are fans"; after all, many established stars have changed their styles from time to time including Cliff and Elvis, and unless a disc happens to be a real shocker there is every reason to suppose die-hard fans will take what comes and appreciate their idol's attempts to show his versatility.

Another theory is that Adam has lost his personal magnetism so far as the chart-making disc purchasers are concerned, and become "out of orbit" because he has shown himself to be so very adult in his interviews on T.V. with John Freeman and the Archbishop of York. Is Adam now out of reach of his teenage public? This thought can be dismissed if the "Pop-Ten" voting is any gauge; this is the third month running that Adam has been voted into

the top five artists you, the reader, wants to hear about! So, Adam is still the Idol. Staunch fans will accept changes of style. What's left? The eternal question! "Was the song itself good enough?" Well, it IS a good number and it HAS sold very well in large quantities; but here's the jump in the groove!—it just hasn't sold large enough in a short enough time. The large sales have been spread over three months, and to make a definite onslaught on the top brackets of the charts a disc has got to have big selling power concentrated in the shortest possible period; otherwise, with new discs coming out all the time, the public's buying power is spread over three or four records and the immediate impact on one particular one is not sufficient to give it that extra shove up to the top. And *Lonesome* has had some very stiff opposition in its time. Cliff, Elvis, Chubby Checker have all been fighting for pride of place and, nowadays, to be certain of a No. 1 a good disc has got to be more or less on its lonesome; and, as a good disc, *Lonesome* certainly wasn't lonesome. So let's not lose faith in Adam. One loudspeaker does not make Stereo and one "ever-so-lightly-slipped-disc" does not spell failure—especially where Adam is concerned. Even a good Elvis disc has failed the No. 1 slot before now; so it is merely a matter of "better luck next time, Adam". And when his new disc is released in a few weeks time his circle of admirers will be very much larger because the two memorable T.V. interviews have gained him a wider public *without* losing the teenagers. So don't let's come the old Adam, because the old Adam himself is going to show us he's not kidding.

Single: "Lonesome"
PARLOPHONE 45-R 4864
L.P.: "Adam Faith"
PARLOPHONE PMC 1162





BACK TO CIVVY STREET *for the* **EVERLYS**

In just over three week's time, there will be huge smiles on the faces of song lovers in the United States, Great Britain, Germany and practically every country that sells discs. Reason? It will be "D-Day" for that cool swinging duo the Everly Brothers. For, as their many thousands of fans know, the top-ten two-some have been following in the footsteps of one Elvis Presley, their absence from U.S. T.V. and in the main the disc world, being due to their U.S. Marine service.

The beginning of May, however, will find them exchanging the blue battle-dress for their more familiar garb of well-tailored suits. By the reports coming from their mother country, their homecoming is likely to stir up as much interest as did Elvis's welcome back, for like El, the boys Don and Phil, have proved themselves worthy of America's top internationally famous fighting force, the U.S. Marines.

Incidentally, they couldn't have picked a more appropriate time for their discharge, for their smash single, *Crying In The Rain* has only recently left the charts on both sides of the Atlantic, while a few days ago their new album, "Instant Party" was clawing its way through to the best-selling LP lists, despite heavy criticism from many record reviewers as "below their usual standard".

Surprisingly, what with their tight Army schedule, and their "leaves" taken up mostly with recording commitments, the boys have found plenty of time to enjoy themselves. So much so, in fact, that on the day they completed

their basic training at the Marine Base in San Diego, Don slipped away to a fairly quiet wedding with actress Venetia Stevenson ! !

It appears that Phil is still playing it cautious, for although rumours of his many so-called "engagements" are still circulating through most of the popular American papers, he still remains unattached, and at the time of going to press, he was still in with his vote for one of the Most Eligible Bachelors !

These rumours don't worry Phil one jot, but there is one rumour that gets both of these usually placid brothers BOILING MAD ! And that is the tireless line put out by scandal-mongers of their inevitable break-up. "I guess we should have got pretty well used to them by now", remarked Don in a recent interview with an American columnist. "Let me tell you", chipped in Phil; "it would have to be something really terrible for us two to split up.

"We've even had offers from film companies and TV companies for one or the other of us to appear as a single act, and some of them have been lucrative offers, too. But—we'd never think of taking them. All we want to do is stay together." By the success of their discs, it looks as if everyone else wants them together as well !

Single:

"Crying In The Rain"
WARNER WB 56

L.P.:

"Both Sides Of An Evening"
WARNER WM 4052

The address of the Everly Brothers Fan Club is:- Branch for E. England,
18, Victoria Avenue, HYLTON, Nr. Sunderland, Durham.



JOHN LEYTON talks about his **NEW FILM CONTRACT**

Hallo again! I guess you all know by now that I've got a really marvellous film contract. One picture a year for the next seven years! As you can imagine, when everything was finally signed, man, I flipped! For, don't forget—when I first started in show business I was essentially an actor, though as you are aware, I love singing, but I doubt very much if my first two films will give me any scope for singing.



A pity, really, but as they are both heavy dramas, I'd look a bit of an idiot trying to swing a commercial hit in the middle of a tense scene, even though many singer/actors do do it. Secondly, I don't think I'm quite up to doing a good musical—not at the present time, anyway. When I think I can handle a really good role in a film musical, then I'll take it as soon as the opportunity presents itself.

All I'm worried about at the moment is how I'm going to keep to my schedule. You see, I've got to finish two films before I get started on my European tour and as I mentioned to you last month, from there I go on to my tour of the Far East, with possibly a week sandwiched in between for personal appearances in the summer season at Great Yarmouth.

I hope you won't mind me switching away from films to discs, but thanks for the success of my *Lone Rider*. I wasn't too happy when I saw how slowly it entered the charts, but that's one of those things. Talking about *Lone Rider*

many of you surprised me by writing in and saying they wished I didn't have the "lonely" touch on all my waxes!

I am now wondering what everyone's thinking for, (here it comes!) my next disc is *Lonely City*, from the "It's Trad, Dad" film! I'd better make sure you like my next release, though if you don't think I'm being swell-headed, I do get literally hundreds of letters saying how much my songs are appreciated.

On the subject of queries I receive from you, one question is always popping up and that is, "Was my portrayal of Johnny St. Cyr in the TV series "Harpers W.I." my first singing role in a play?" Well, yes, but I did audition for the part of a young singer in a new musical. Funnily enough, I was called or would have been called, if I'd got the part, Johnny, for the title of the production was "Johnny the Priest".

Actually, I was still working on the "Biggles" series on TV then, but I thought I'd try my luck at the audition even though I had never previously sung a note!

As I said, I never got the part, but it taught me a couple of things I never knew before, the main one being that I could sing! I was still disappointed at not getting the role, but a few days later my manager, Bob, told me the musical had only run for a few days in the West End and had been a flop! One never knows what to expect! 'Bye.

Single:

"Lone Rider"
HMV 45-POP 992

L.P.:

"The Two Sides Of John Leyton"
HMV CLP 1497



"SHE'S THE GREATEST!"



"She's the greatest!" said international star Paul Anka when in this country a few weeks back. The same sentiments were echoed, though in slightly more technical terms, by that great all-round jazz singer Buddy Greco, whose praise has never known to be over-lavish. "Her phrasing is perfect, and the way she gets down to those notes! Her voice is ten years more mature than her age, but every word is clear and fresh". Vetoed Anka, "To compare her with Brenda Lee is ridiculous, she has a completely unique style".

These are words not lightly used by 'veterans' Anka and Greco, but Helen Shapiro is collecting compliments like this every day of the week. Her popularity grows abroad as fast as it does here, indeed she was the first English singer to top the Japanese charts barely a month ago, with her second British hit, *You Don't Know*, a former No. 1 in this country.

Her first album released just over a month ago to commemorate a year with Columbia titled "Tops With Me" shows her amazing versatility. For on it she picks a dozen hits by other artists, and gives them her own familiar styling. This is an idea that should be encouraged among other hit-makers, but one must be prepared to receive a lot of criticism from fans of the original best-selling artist. The idea for this album, incidentally came from Maurice Kinn, of the "New Musical Express".

In this country she is skilfully projected to her many thousands of fans, by virtue of the fact that every medium of show business is thrown open to her. Radio, TV, film features, discs. Admitted, her film career as yet, has not been anything to shout about, but for someone who's only been in show biz 13 months one can't complain.

It shouldn't be very long however, before some enterprising producer snaps her up for a full-scale movie. Till then fans will have to take good advantage of her appearances in Billy Fury's "Play It Cool", the hilarious "It's Trad, Dad", and her own 'shorts' in the "Look At Life" series, showing her cutting some of her earlier hits.

A short while ago, she dead-heated with Rita Tushingham as the 'Most Promising Newcomer of 1961', this being bestowed on her via the success of her three hits *Don't Treat Me Like A Child*, *You Don't Know* and *Walkin' Back To Happiness*, each of which sold more than a quarter-million copies. The award was slightly out of date as it was handed to her, for not long afterwards, her *Tell Me What He Said* zoomed into the top ten, sales rocketting towards 250,000 at fantastic speed. But-noswelled-head! Money? "I'm not rolling in it—but I'm pretty well off". What does she think of wearing the heavy make-up her occupation entails—and expensive clothes? "Well, I'd look pretty stupid in front of a television camera wearing a gymslip, wouldn't I? And make-up is essential!" Boys? "Obviously, I don't have much time for them—there's a long time yet". Any regrets? "Wish I could get more time to go back to school for a good game of netball!"

Single:	"Tell Me What He Said" COLUMBIA 45-DB 4782
L.P.:	"Tops With Me" COLUMBIA 33 SX 1397

The address of the Helen Shapiro Fan Club is:- c/o Brian Field,
13, Cardner Street, BRIGHTON 1, Sussex.



"LIFE'S SO BUSY!"

says

EDEN KANE



Hi ! Been pretty busy lately what with discs, radio, and television, and of course, doing some training for my boxing role in my new film—don't say you've forgotten about it already ? Don't laugh, but it looks as if I'll be forgetting it ! Point is,

I won't be able to start actually rehearsing until about the last few days in December or very early in 1963 !

At the time of writing this we still hadn't fixed on a definite title, as I don't think we'll be using the original title of "Golden Boy" a second time. As many of your parents may know, this was a hit movie in 1930, in fact it won quite a few awards. I play the lead role of a boxer with a love for music. The actor who played the part in the original version in 1930 was the great William Holden.

As I studied repertory for a year in this country, everything should go just fine, but even if it doesn't—there's one thing I won't have to worry about and that's telling myself William Holden played the lead better than I did, 'cause I wasn't even born then !

Something that may affect things some, though not much, is whether or

not to make the film over here in Britain or in the States. The same applies to the cast. All-British or all-American ? Still, those sort of points we've got plenty of people working on for us, so there shouldn't be any major complications. By the way, I don't think I'll be singing in the production. I'll confirm that as soon as I hear.

I must admit, that as far as musical films are concerned the Americans are streets ahead of us, maybe I'll find some time to watch them in action when I start my tour over there in June. I sure hope they like me over there but I've got a big exploitation campaign for my *Forget Me Not* disc just before I get on their soil, so here's hoping !

Darn ! Knew I forgot to tell you something last month. Like I said I'd be over in the States for some time, I should have added that I won't be coming straight back, but I'll be flying afterwards to Copenhagen for a series of dates I've got lined up there, and then I'm back home here, and I think there's a couple of tours being fixed up.

Saying about flying brings to mind a one-time ambition of mine, one I still cherish a lot incidentally, and that is to own my own aeroplane. Mmm, I love to think of cruising about thousands of feet up, looking down on all the people scurrying about like loads of ants. Makes me think of that old joke about—perhaps that joke is *too* old ! Still, I wouldn't mind buzzing in a 'plane but at the moment, I think it's time I buzzed myself. Cheers !

Single:

"Forget Me Not"
DECCA F.11418

The address of the Eden Kane Fan Club is:- c/o Olive Mills,
46, Belmont Park Road, LEYTON, E.10.





CLIFF has a CADDY!



Don't be fooled, Cliff fans! All of you, to whom the sleek, red Thunderbird meant that Cliff was in the vicinity, will have to get your "car-spotting-specs" on. Unlike our weather, Cliff's car has changed! Yep! Cliff has a new car and, man oh man!

—just wait till you see it! Ready for the vital statistics? Get the photo-cells of your old brain-box clicking and take note. The new car, only recently acquired, is more fab. than ever. It's a brand new, gleaming off-white (or perhaps you'd call it cream) CADILLAC; so Cliff is in good company because, among many other stars, Elvis is a Cadillac man, too! Cliff's swinging new crate has all the latest gadgets including automatic drive, remotely controlled windows and—just to prove how considerate our non-smoking Cliff is—he has two cigarette lighters fixed to the dashboard! But don't stop him just to ask for a light will you!

Unlike a lot of car-owners, Cliff is athletic and believes in any amount of exercise to make up for all the time he has to sit in cars and trains when on tour. One of his favourite sports is the very

Single: "The Young Ones"
COLUMBIA 45-DB 4761
L.P.: "The Young Ones"
COLUMBIA 33 SX 1384

energetic game of Badminton which he always endeavours to play twice a week. When he is at home he plays every Wednesday with his mother and Rita Mackender, who is the sister of Ray Mackender, a great friend of Cliff and his family. Ray is also Mark Wynter's manager and as Cliff has always shown a keen interest in Mark's career, it's rather like keeping the game in the family, isn't it?

Everyone knows about Cliff's love of swimming and it's easy to imagine how difficult it is for him to go in off the deep end in comfort and peace, when almost mobbed by fans at a local pool. So it's not surprising that he has made arrangements which allow him some of the privacy to which any Teenage Idol is entitled when trying to enjoy a little off-duty pleasure. By special arrangement with the owners, he now hires the private swimming pool in one of London's large blocks of flats and every Sunday takes his beloved dip in the company of personal friends, quite often, the Shadows. So what with Badminton, swimming and daily physical exercises, it's no wonder that Britain's No. 1 Idol is the picture of health.

Don't let's run away with the idea that Cliff devotes all his spare time to himself, though. Far from it. He is always prepared to spend time on other

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people and especially will he put himself out for the benefit of any cause in which he has faith. One 'cause' in which he has lots of faith is that of good eating !! His favourite food is Chinese and he is a regular visitor to London's "Lotus House", which is one of the city's famous Chinese restaurants. Quite recently "The Lotus House" opened another eating house in Brighton and so excited was he at this idea that Cliff readily agreed to officially open the new restaurant, even though it meant him driving to Brighton after a show in London. He got to Brighton at midnight and did not arrive back in London until six o'clock in the morning; then, with no real rest, off to the Midlands for another show ! What about that for faith in good eating ? And there is absolutely no truth in the rumour that he kept his eyes open with chopsticks the following day !!! And there must lie the moral in good, healthy exercise.

Not all Cliff's pastimes are energetic. One of his main hobbies is cinematography and he is now the proud possessor of an 8 mm. cine-camera complete with a zoom lens. He gets a great kick out of this, especially when he travels far afield to foreign climes. Sharing this interest with Jet Harris, he "shot" many feet of interesting film when he was touring Australia and Singapore last year, and he has just added his own titles to this reel of a disc-star's spin around the

world.

Cliff is as thrilled as a record star with 50 gold discs at the tremendous success of his film "The Young Ones" is enjoying. It is breaking box office records wherever it is showing and has already had two smash-hit runs in London's West End. Even so, Cliff still wonders at his success. His natural and charming modesty makes him feel slightly disbelieving; he just cannot tell himself he is *that* good ! Which is good in itself. It is so much better for any artist to be told by his public that he is good, rather than he should tell *them* ! Modesty in an artist compels greater effort and Cliff is always determined to make his next disc, or his next film, that much better than the previous one; which is why he continues to go from strength to strength. His talent plus his NATURAL humility make him an Artist with a capital "A" and through these qualities alone he has maintained his position, deservedly so, as Britain's No. 1 Idol. Who would deny him his Cadillac, his zoom lens and the privacy he desires occasionally for a quiet, refreshing swim ? Those who might be so inclined would also deny him his success. And if Cliff is to be denied his success, not only in Britain, Australia, the Continent and even America, one can also deny that the wheels of his Cadillac are as round as his *The Young Ones* disc !!



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Oh, by the way . . . The address of the Cliff Richard Fan Club is:-
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