

Brown Skin

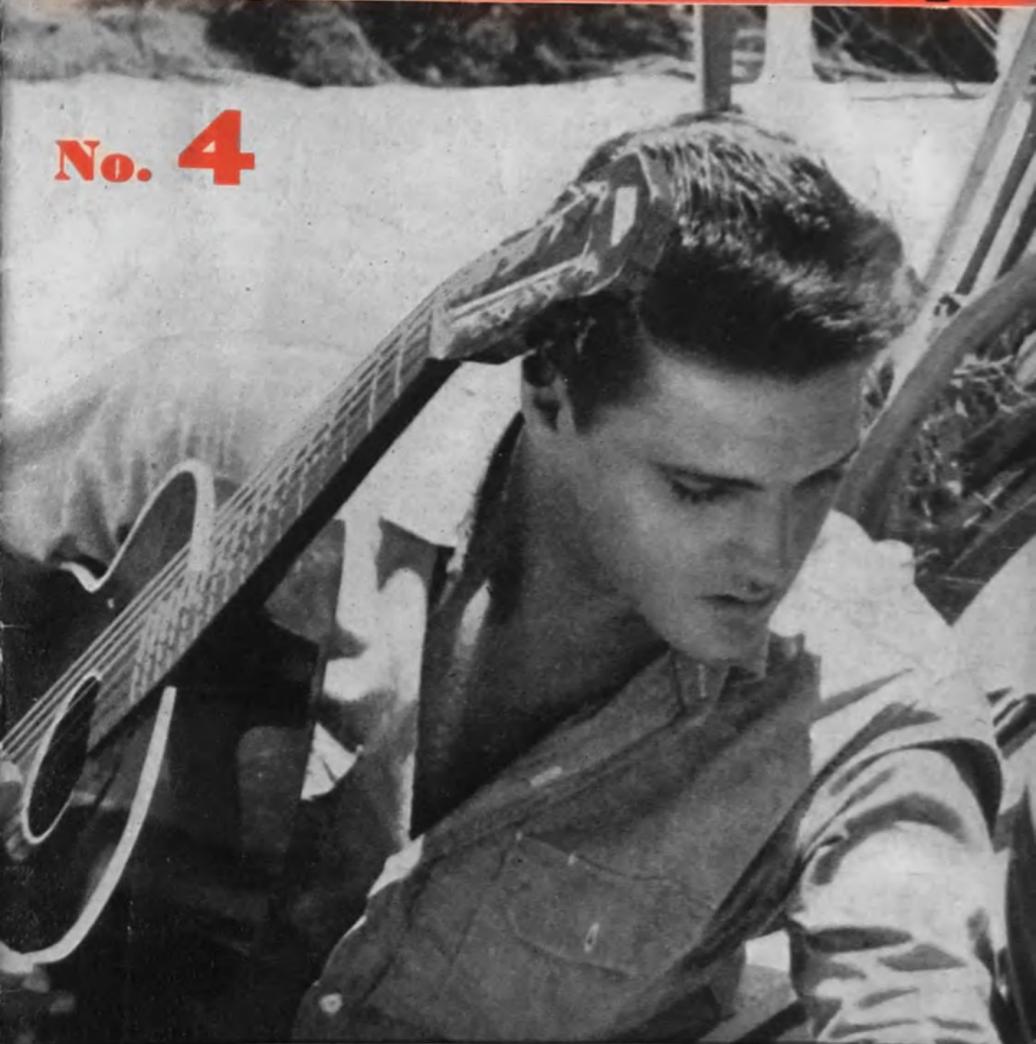
POP

TEN

MONTHLY

1/-

No. 4



SHADOWS • BOBBY V • BILLY • CLIFF • ELVIS



Editor and Publisher :
A. HAND, 2 West Street, Heanor, Derbyshire.
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FIRST SERIES

ISSUE No. FOUR

THE BATTLE CONTINUES—

And another one develops !

In the most exciting battle since "Pop-Ten" came into existence, the conflict between Elvis and Cliff wasn't decided until the second post on the final day of voting.

For the first twenty days in voting, Cliff once again had a comfortable lead over Elvis, but with Easter behind them, the Elvis fans seemed to gather strength and on the day before the final count Elvis finally crept into the lead. The first post on the last day, however, saw Cliff once again in the lead—by two votes ! The office was in a turmoil of excitement all morning . . . and then, with the entry of the cheerful postman, everyone gathered round the voting board for the final markings. Elvis—Elvis—Cliff—Elvis—everyone was breathless. Then with a last rush Elvis finally took the lead and held it by the fine margin of but fifteen votes. A wonderful fight !

And credit is due to the readers of "Pop-Ten", that the battle was conducted in the friendliest spirit—a thing which your editor remarked on last issue, and bore out his belief that the animosity which exists between artistes is festered by certain papers, and not by the fans themselves. CONGRATULATIONS ON A FRIENDLY FIGHT . . . and now gather yourselves, readers, for renewed efforts to put your favourite where you would like him to be next month—ON TOP !

A fierce battle was also waged between positions 3, 4 and 5, and Billy lost his place to the Shadows by a mere 18 votes ! Bobby was close behind.

A hair's breadth separated the next six artistes, and there is no doubt that an even greater struggle for positions will be waged next month.

So keep the votes a-rolling in !

The Editor

P.S. When you write to Fan Clubs, ALWAYS enclose S.A.E.

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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.

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POP-TEN PHOTO CAVALCADE

The sources of the photographs used in this issue are as follows:

ELVIS PRESLEY

Front and back page photo, from "Follow That Dream", a United Artists release. "Slicin' Sand" sequence from "Blue Hawaii," A Paramount Picture, A Hal Wallis Production.

CLIFF RICHARD

Full-page photo with guitar, study by Tom Blau. Finger and eye study by Bill Hamilton. Both Camera Press.

BOBBY VEE

An ABC Television Picture.

KOOKIE BYRNES

By courtesy of Disc, Britain's fine musical weekly.

HANK MARVIN (Shadows)

A Daily Mirror Picture.

HELEN SHAPIRO

Shot from "It's Trad, Dad!". A Columbia Picture.

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Great Britain's

Pop-Ten

TEN-TOP ARTISTES

(As at MAY 1st, 1962).

Position	Artiste	No. of Votes
1	ELVIS PRESLEY (2)	2,205
2	CLIFF RICHARD (1)	2,190
3	THE SHADOWS (5)	1,173
4	BILLY FURY (3)	1,155
5	BOBBY VEE (4)	1,077
6	ADAM FAITH (6)	630
7	HELEN SHAPIRO (8)	525
8	EDEN KANE (7)	453
9	JOHN LEYTON (9)	426
10	DEL SHANNON (14)	384
<hr/>		
11	KOOKIE (10)	321
12	SHANE FENTON (12)	288
13	HAYLEY MILLS (13)	237
14	JOHNNY TILLOTSON (—)	228
15	RICK NELSON (16)	219
16	EVERLYS (11)	171
17	JESS CONRAD (15)	153
18	BUDDY HOLLY (18)	138
19	DION (—)	120
20	BRENDA LEE (—)	99

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

POP-TEN MONTHLY

Number 5

July issue

On sale June 15th

Special Note:

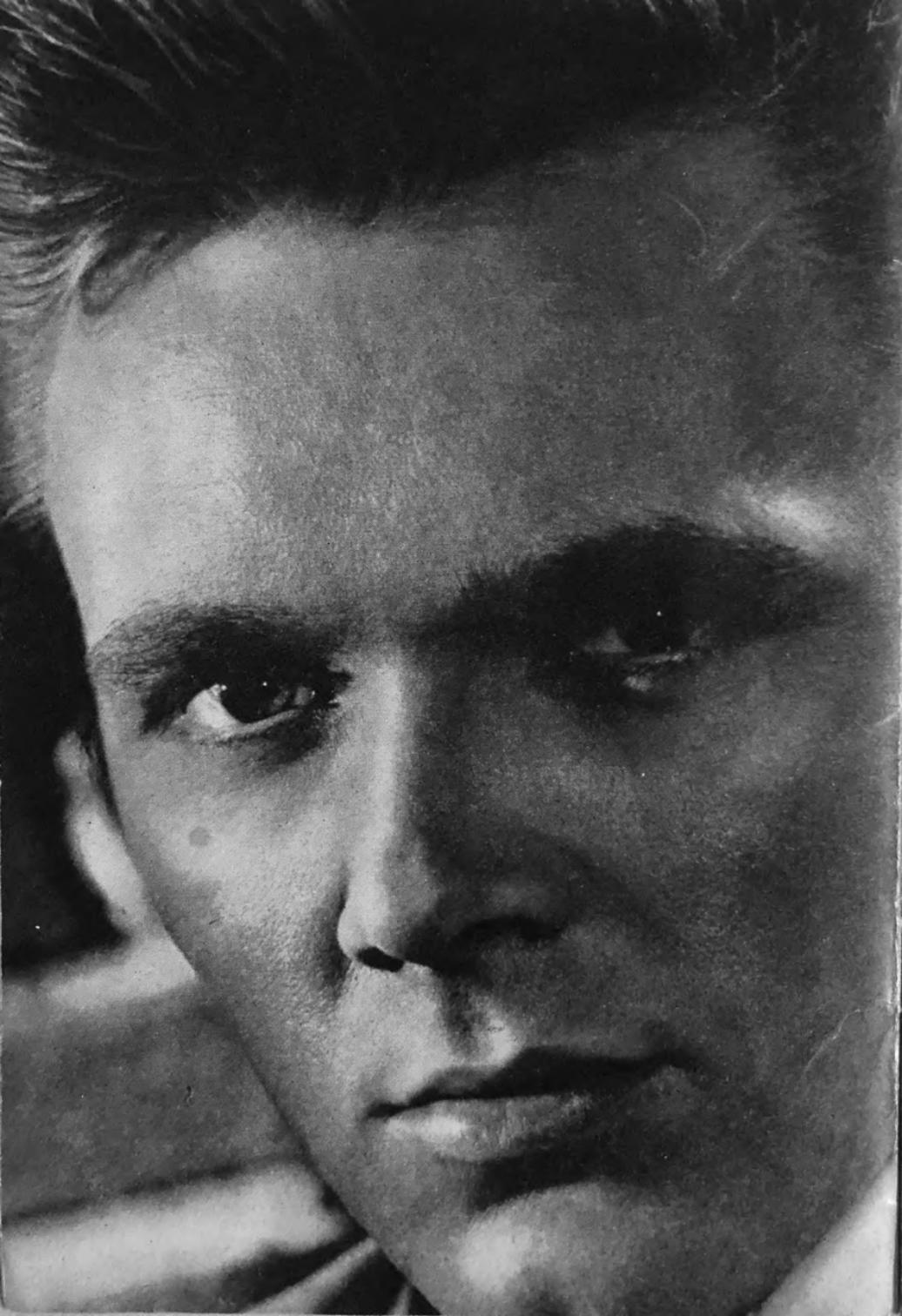
The Editor has absolutely no control over which artistes appear in Pop-Ten Monthly. IT IS ENTIRELY UP TO THE READER. Whenever you write to POP-TEN MONTHLY, write the name of your three favourite stars in the top left hand corner of the envelope. Alternatively write your three favourite stars on a POSTCARD,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



PERSONAL TO YOU!!!

from **BILLY**



Single:
"Last Night Was
Made For Love"
DECCA F 11458
New E.P.:
"Play It Cool"
DECCA DFE 6708
(Released 25th May)
L.P.:
"Halfway to
Paradise"
ACE OF CLUBS
ACL 1083

Hi there !

How the old time flies—yet another month has passed and I find myself in debt to you all again for voting me into the top ten of the POP-TEN ! A million swingin' thanks.

Your Editor says he's received so many letters from you saying you prefer a few scribbled words from yours truly rather than read an ordinary article—and believe me, the pleasure's all mine. And thanks for all the personal letters you've sent to me as well. I'd really love to answer them all one by one myself, but that's not always possible I'm sorry to say. Believe me, life's very hectic and I get so little time to relax and so this mag. gives me the opportunity of a lifetime to put all my answers into one basket !

Lots of you have asked when my next L.P. is going to be released. There's no date set for that yet, but I'm rather excited about a new E.P. called *Play It Cool* (yes, it's *THAT* film again !) due to be released on the 25th of this month. Do hope you dig it. Ivor Raymonde did the musical backing and I think he's done a great job.

And while on the subject of discs, I wonder what you, personally, think of the comeback of the ballad-style song in the Hit Parade ? Although most people usually think of me as an out-and-out Rock singer, I'm pleased to see this new trend. You see I've always had the secret ambition to write songs myself along the lines of those really wonderful numbers by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Cor ! I can almost see a few eye-brows raised at that thought, but it's true. I've dabbled in the song-writing lark as you know, and I prefer to write the more melodic ballad. I still get a great kick out of singing the "rocker" though; but I'm sure the days of the "shocking rocker" are over for good. A pity from the performing point of view because I've always thought that type of number lent itself to a full-blooded performance in which the singer could really give out and show what he was made of in the way of physical performance as well as vocal. I used to have a real ball on stage—I still do, so don't think I'm beefing about the disappearance of rock 'n' roll. I'm not. I can't say I didn't enjoy it, but I'm the first person to move with the times and to try and give you what you want. And right now I'm eagerly receiving the varied reports on my latest single release *Last Night Was Made For Love*. I'm wondering what the final verdict will be of everybody combined ? Everyone at Decca was most excited about it but, as I said at the time of recording, "it doesn't matter what WE think of it—it's what the public think of it"; that's the way Show Biz goes—or should do. Lots of folk sometimes forget that Mr. Public is the V.I.P. of the Business, and when that happens things are doomed to failure. Oh dear ! I'm standing right on top of my old soap-box this month, aren't I ? I get carried away sometimes. So I'd better flip the disc, hadn't I ?



Now. Having flipped the disc, the old stylus is poised over the first groove to go right into question and answer time. At the rate of about 45 l.p.p. (letters per post ! !) comes the old question about my family and how my success has affected them. The simple answer is that it hasn't ! We are all very ordinary, everyday folk. We all enjoy our close family circle and I'm never happier than when I can squeeze a few hours in dear old Liverpool with them all. Admittedly, success has meant a few improvements, but nothing "way out on a limb". I guess every Mum deserves a real home she can be proud of, and that's what mine has got; at least she says she has, bless her. My Dad is a shoe-repairer and we are planning a family business for him, although my young brother Albert won't be part of it, because he wants to be a butcher ! ! At least Mum will know where to go for a good week-end joint ! ! But I'm not fussy myself; I don't dig meat. Do you know what my favourite meal is ? Hold your breath and I'll tell you: Dessert followed by Soup followed by more Dessert followed by a plate of vegetables followed by Yet More Dessert. Crazy ? I like it and, man, just think of all those vitamins the medics are always raving about ! ! My old pal Joe Brown thinks I'm a bit "you-know-what" at times but I'm always kidding him I have much more energy than he's got ! A great guy is Joe; and one of these days he's going to click real big. I thought he might have done it with his disc *Crazy World*—but perhaps next time the Jackpot will be his. I hope so. I'm his No. 1 fan, like crazy.

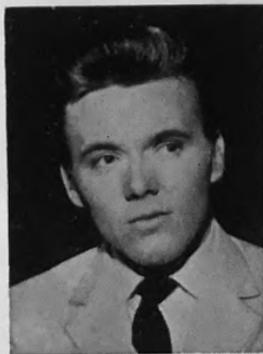
As you read this, I shall be basking in the Hollywood sun, holidaying with my manager, Larry Parnes. I shall be star-gazing just as much as anyone else would, and Johnnie Burnette will be there later, to show me round and make sure I have a ball. I'm looking forward to making many new friends.

Now I've got to dry up. I'm off to discuss some new recording material which is always an exciting business for me. There's always that chance that I might come across that one particular new song which will turn out to be the biggest hit of all. So ? One can hope ! And I do—all the time. So let's wait and see. Isn't it a shocker, eh ? Talking about the *next* possible hit, when there is still, one to come ! Well, as everybody's been saying for years—"That's Show Business" ! ! And how I love it !

I also love chatting to you like this—but I'm running out of space. So thanks again for asking me to make a comeback on this page. Take care of yourselves—have a spinning time. Be seeing you.

Yours,

BILLY.



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The address of the Official Billy Fury Fan Club is:
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"I DON'T KNOW WHY"

says

EDEN KANE



I Don't Know Why! Yes, that's the title of my new single release—and I hope you like it. I've always thought I'd like to record it—and now I have, I'm happy. But, you know, the title rather sums me up because I find myself saying "I don't know why"

about so many things: which can get a bit embarrassing at times: especially when I have to say it in answer to a question. People think I'm plugging my disc all the time! Well, am I? No, not really.

This is the sort of thing I mean

I don't know why . . . *Forget Me Not* didn't click quite so much as everybody told me it would. Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. It did very nicely, thank you very much; but when some bright jokers ask "why didn't it get to No. 1?"—that's a cue for my catch phrase again, "I don't know why!!" I have my secret thoughts on the matter, and I'm going to reveal them to you now. They are: (1) Perhaps the change in style on that disc was a bit too sharp—after all, it was the first time I had tried such a gentle, caressing number. And (2) Perhaps you thought it was no good at all as a disc? Of course, I hope the real reason of the two is the first!!

I don't know why . . . but as the time for my trip to the States draws

nearer and nearer, I find myself a little reluctant to leave. Oh yes, I'm looking forward to seeing America and I'm quite sure I'll have a whale of a time. Guess I mean that I shall be a little homesick. I love our old country and never get tired of travelling around, seeing you all and the large variety of towns and cities we have in these islands. I'm sure most people would feel the same, secretly, even if they wouldn't admit it. There's a lot to be said for the feeling inspired by the White Cliffs of Dover . . .

I don't know why . . . but I'm a bit of a sentimentalist—are you? That's probably why I shall feel a bit of a twinge when I leave these shores—and also why I have a special regard for things which remind me of happy times; perhaps it is sentimentality which helps to make a disc a No. 1 hit. Some of our parents will say that our generation is not so warm and sentimental as theirs; but I'm sure we are! I don't know why, I just do!!! Perhaps they mistake our outward excitement and show of emotions for something else. We are slightly more uninhibited in expressing our enjoyment, and opinions, than our mothers and fathers were allowed to be; and this is reflected in the full-blooded, sometimes violent music which has been in the Top Twenty in recent years. Life is for enjoying, providing there is moderation and good manners. Have consideration for others and I don't know why all of us can't have a swinging time, do you? Our parents would agree with this too, I know: I KNOW WHY!!! Which makes a change, doesn't it? Cheers!

Single:
"I Don't Know Why"
DECCA F.11460

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

A MATTER OF OPINION— BOBBY VEE'S OPINION!

Our fast-rising favourite of the American teen-set is that zingy brown-eyed young man from Fargo, North Dakota, nineteen-year-old Robert T. Velline (Bobby Vee for short!)

In case you didn't know, he gave us the discs *Rubber Ball*, *More Than I Can Say*, *Run to Him*, *Please Don't Ask About Barbara*.

Girls dig Bobby in a big way. And Bobby digs the girls! Eighteen-year-old Annette Funicello, the dark-haired Disney contract artist, is his favourite date. But he's still partial to digging the scenes with any attractive she-male who comes his way.

Bobby has definite tastes in what he likes and doesn't like when choosing a dating partner. Want to hear them?

I don't like a girl whose chief line in talk is sensational gossip about her pals.

I do like a girl who can discuss music and painting—my own favourite subjects. I like her even better if she listens, enthralled, when I'm giving out on these topics.

I don't like a girl who clubbers herself with a load of jangling garbage.

Clanking, loaded charm bracelets give me the zorros.

I do like a gal who tricks herself out with one row of seed pearls and some tiny pearl earrings—like my friend Annette does.

When it comes to dating I don't like the gal who is always after the big-time ball. I feel she's not interested in me, but in telling her pals about the swell places I've taken her.

When it comes to dating, I do like the gal who walks on air, just 'cause I'm taking her to the movies, with a coke round the jukebox to round off the evening.

My pet hate is awful, claw-like red finger nails. I also hate grubbiness—like a grimy rim round the neck of a sweater.

My pet like in a girl is gentleness. A gentle girl rates higher with me than a pushover bombshell beauty.

In make-up I don't go for that white lips, white cheeks, dark-eyes zombie look.

In make-up I do go for a natural look—especially when it comes with clear,



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The address of Bobby Vee's Fan Club is:
Thelma Jones, 32 Needham Avenue, Morecambe, Lancs.

bright eyes and soft, bright pink lips. Yum !

I freeze to a girl who bowls me over with a load of forced wisecracks. Aggressiveness in a girl—that's man-poison !

I warm to a girl who is quietly friendly, and who is liked by other girls. Ordinary, pleasant charm in a girl—that's man-bait !

My phobia in girls' clothes is too-tight jeans. They embarrass a guy.

My favourite in girls' clothes is a white blouse teamed with a short in pale blue or pale pink. Makes any kitten look real cute.

In hairdos I don't like these big, blown-out bushes around a girl's head. When your hand gets stuck on the

lacquer it's so unromantic.

In hairdos I do like a girl to wear her hair long, well-brushed and silky smooth. That's stroke-worthy !

In the homely arts I don't like a girl who says, airily, 'I don't know the first thing about cooking'. There's nothing smart in that line !

But in the homely arts I do a girl who says 'I've just seen a smashing recipe for boiled liver'. 'Cause that's my favourite dish !

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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SLICIN' SAND

Take off your shoes, let down your hair,
Turn on the music and we'll get somewhere,
Dance, dance, dance, till your toes get tanned,
We're gonna have us a ball on the beach—
Slicin' sand.

Hug me a heap, sway me a lot,
We gotta lotta ocean if it gets too hot,
Oo, oo, oo, baby, take my hand,
We'll have some real rockin' fun in the sun—
Slicin' sand.

Come, baby, come, let's dig some holes,
You'll find it's heaven with sand on your soles.
Slice to the left, slice to the right,
Slice down the middle, baby, hold me tight,
Oo, oo, who needs a ballroom floor?
Let's do a whole lotta slicin', and then—
Slice some more.

Dance, baby, dance, come take my hand,
You'll find it's heaven when you're slicin' sand

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ELVIS SHINES . . .



Pull up your socks, all you aspiring pop-singers-turned film stars ! Everyone knows that any Elvis movie is warmly received in this country, and that our own pop films, and their stars, have a rare struggle for the biggest box-office draw. But,

by a report just received from our American correspondent, all our singer/actors had better band together for the biggest onslaught on our screens by the "golden boy" himself in his *least* publicised movie, "Follow That Dream".

For the uninitiated, this was the screenplay that was originally titled "Pioneer Go Home", then "What a Wonderful Life", and also "Here Come The Kwimpers". But—let's hear what our American correspondent has to say. (He, by the way, is an ardent Darin fan). Hold on to your hat !

"Wow !!! This guy's a natch ! He practically had me cryin' in one scene that only lasted about three or four minutes, and pow ! before I knew I was cryin' with laughter. In my opinion,

Elvis has just never had that little extra that could start him towards his big ambition—a Hollywood Oscar. Brother, if they don't give him one for this movie, they're nuts ! And where did he learn to be a great comedian ?

In all seriousness, Elvis Presley has just stepped over the line to become a *fully-fledged actor*. He's grabbed a whole hunk of tears, laughter, quips, and rolled it out to spell TALENT ! Plus the biggest load of personality I've seen in a movie for one heck of a time—and that ain't kiddin' ! In the earlier days, reviewing "Love Me Tender", "Loving You", etc., it was easy to decry Elvis as nothing better than a bit-part actor.

Now Elvis has made it a darn sight more difficult for himself—because if his future movies lack anything, everybody's going to revert to mouthing, "Remember him in that great movie, 'Follow That Dream' ?" Now something that's always bugged me in the majority of his movies—the songs. To me (but I know thousands of others will disagree) there are too many songs throughout his films ! It happened with "Blue Hawaii", a movie which could have relied on El's acting alone.

Anyway, before I get buried alive under angry Elvis fans, I must point out that to my tremendous enjoyment, they



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Please enclose stamped addressed envelope when writing for details

have rationed the five songs in "Dream" to certain scenes where I actually felt like hearing him sing ! Whether these songs are his best up-tempo ballads or not, I wouldn't like to commit myself, but they are good, very good quality. Of the five, *Angel Face, I'm Not The Marryin' Kind, What A Wonderful Life, Sound Advice* and the title number *Follow That Dream*, I preferred the swingy *I'm Not the Marryin' Kind*, tho' *Dream* came a very close second. I regret to say that one other member of the cast nearly stole the honours from Elvis in this movie. Not man, woman or child—or an animal for that matter ! Tho' I hate to give away anything more on "Dream"—this hilarious actor ? is in fact, a john ! (For the benefit of English folk, a "john" is better known as a high-powered toilet !)

Well, that's it. Obviously, our American cousins have literally gone into dreams over "Dream". From the reports coming in, the film appears to be more and more exciting and intriguing with every word ! Will it be a bigger success than "Blue Hawaii" was over here ? I wouldn't like to forecast so far in advance, as the film isn't due to be shown for a few more weeks yet, but it does appear that Elvis has made great strides in his acting career in such a remarkably short time.

Elvis himself is confident that the film will be a success, for he imparted as much to a colleague of mine who was with him when they were seeing a film together. "This is the best film I've ever made", he said, startling my friend severely for the movie they were about to watch was the premiere of "Blue Hawaii" !!! How's that for confidence ?

Seemingly, Elvis has got a good story behind this movie, a thing that has been sadly lacking in many of his films. Elvis plays the role as that of a naive son of a crafty but humorous father. Together with three orphaned children whom they have "adopted" plus another "orphan", a very beautiful young lady who naturally Elvis falls in love with, they "take over" a slice of Government property, which by various legal wrangles, they manage to keep.

Not only do they build a house on the property but also start a small business letting local folk fish in the nearby lake. The story reaches a humorous climax when a couple of bigshot gangsters set up a gambling saloon on their land and Elvis is appointed sheriff to throw them off !

The American verdict on this film is—"Great" ! I've got a deep-down feeling that the British fans will echo the same sentiments !

ELVIS
MONTHLY

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CLIFF, THEN AND NOW



It was at a party, four years ago, that I first met Harry Webb, now known as Cliff Richard.

A somewhat untidy seventeen-year-old clerk with an electrical firm, he had just cut a disc *Move It*, and had set his heart on making show-

biz his full-time job.

Cliff, I noted then, was no "life and soul of the party" type. Though outstandingly handsome, with outstandingly polite manners, he was the kind who would rather sit back and watch others enjoying themselves.

Then, somehow, the party chat turned to the topic of guitar music. And Cliff was away! He talked eagerly, with authority. Guitar music was the thing he understood. Could discuss till the cows came home.

Recently I again heard Cliff talking guitars. No longer a back-seat boy, he was now the central figure at a press conference—held before his new film "Summer Holiday".

The shy, untidy youth of four years ago had changed to a slick, self-assured young man.

Single:

"I'm Looking Out The Window"
COLUMBIA 45-DB 4825

L.P.:

"The Young Ones"
COLUMBIA 33 SX 1384

Another thing had changed. When I first met Cliff the idea of his new disc reaching the charts was a fantastic dream.

Now, as he spoke of his next release *I'm Looking Out The Window* (an old Gracie Fields number) the idea of it *not* reaching the charts was his nightmare.

"Suppose my records suddenly stop selling!" So runs Cliff's constantly-voiced dread. This is the reason he tries to vary his numbers as much as possible. He is so afraid we'll tire of hearing him. (As if that's likely!)

Looking back over the years, I note other ways Cliff's attitude has changed.

For one thing, his ideas about girls are different. When I first met Cliff he had recently split with his regular girl friend, Jan—a girl he had met at his school dramatic society.

I think, at that time, Cliff was scouting for another "steady". But he didn't find one. And now he has obviously shelved the idea for the time being.

Listen to his views: "I believe, in romance, the boy should do the chasing. A girl should remain aloof—never act loud, or deliberately call attention to herself.

"And I don't believe in pick-ups. I would never date any girl unless we were properly introduced."

As this narrows the field rather, it's not surprising most girls who land Cliff as an escort are show biz girls. He seems to prefer petite, well-dressed dancers. But as one of his dates put it: "Any girl who goes out with Cliff senses



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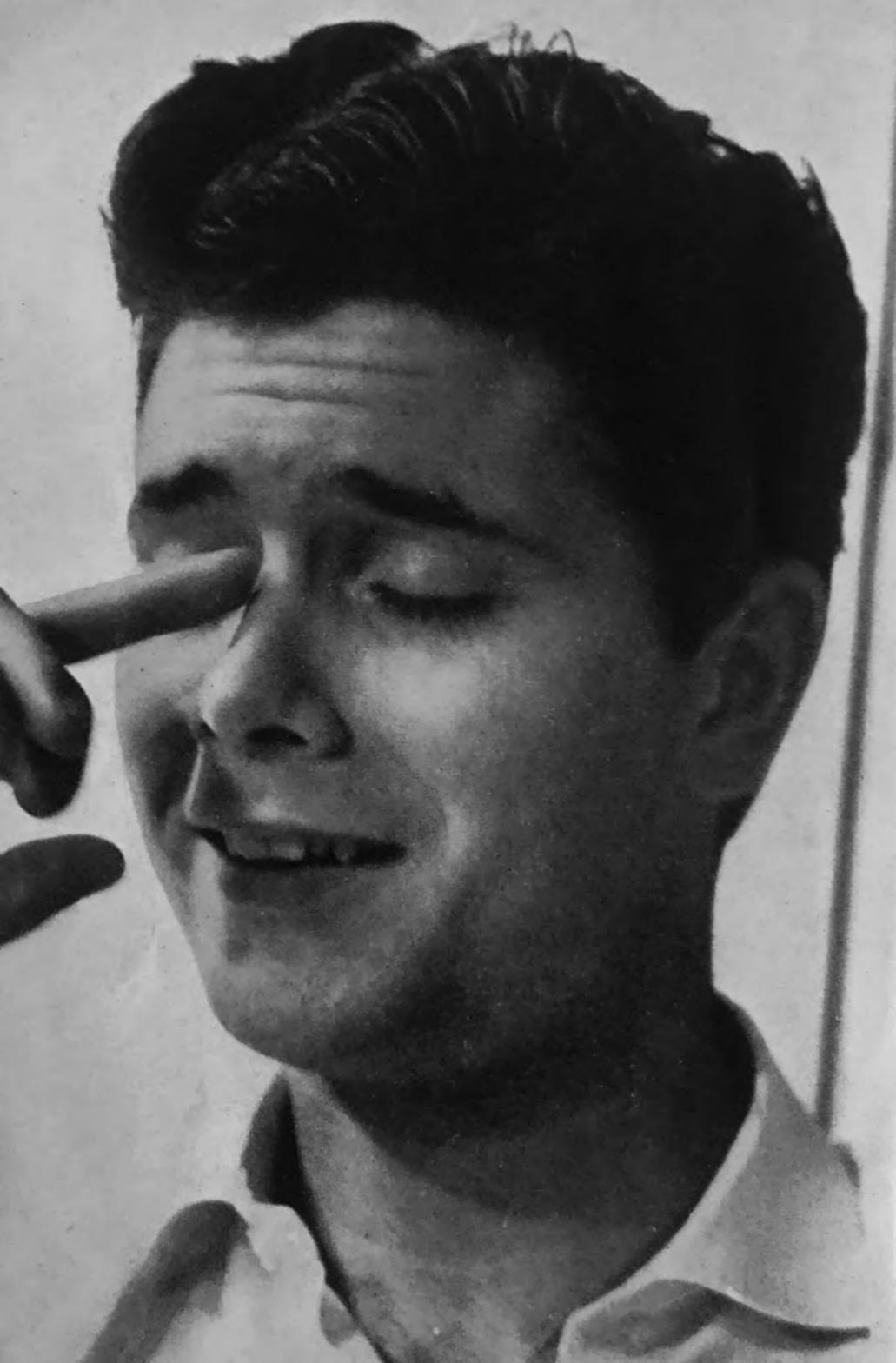
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somehow it's best for her to play casual. No good hoping he'll turn serious. At present Cliff is serious about only two things—his family and his career”.

Another way Cliff has changed. As I mentioned, four years ago he was an untidy dresser. Even when he began hitting the big lolly, his choice of togs remained pretty haphazard.

I once saw him, for instance, in a red and blue striped shirt teamed with a black leather jacket, fawn trousers and pink socks (pink socks were his gimmick). He so much hated collars and ties that even when putting on the style to visit a swank restaurant he would wear an open-neck shirt with his lounge suit.

Recently, however, Cliff's clothes taste has matured. He buys expensive suits cut by Britain's best Savile Row tailors. His blending of colours is now excellent. Pink socks are definitely “out”.

Something else about Cliff's appearance . . . As a show-biz newcomer he sported long sideburns, to emphasise his resemblance to his idol, Elvis Presley.

Need I add that today Cliff would no more wish to copy Elvis—in any way!—than Elvis would wish to copy Cliff!

One of Cliff's few regrets about the way things have turned out for him: he has lost touch with his old mates from Cheshunt, Herts, the town where he spent most of his growing-up years.

As a sportsman—he was a member of Hertfordshire Junior Football League and a keen runner—Cliff was popular in Cheshunt. When he walked into the local Blue Bird Cafe, everyone wanted Cliff to sit at their table.

But today, living in London's Winchmore Hill, Cliff has had little chance to pal up with the local boys. He has no time for team sports. His friends today are folks he has met through his work. And, of course, his greatest buddies are those guys he tours with, rehearses with, sees almost every day of his life—his Shadows!

Four years ago fame hit Cliff overnight—after one single television appearance. He

couldn't get over it! He had become Big Time when Tommy Steele, Marty Wilde, Terry Dene ruled the British Rock. And, miraculously, he was Up There with them!

Today Cliff has outshone them all. Has topped the popularity polls longer than any of the others ever did!

If sheer hard work can help an idol keep his crown, Cliff's the guy! “When we made ‘The Young Ones’ I worked days, nights and weekends practising dancing, polishing up my acting,” he says. “On my next movie—which we're shooting mainly in Greece—I shall work equally hard. I'm determined to rate as a really good actor—and an all-round show business personality.”

But if Cliff has high personal ambitions, he's still willing to give a helping hand to those struggling on the ladder.

He's a good friend to many hopeful singers—including his cousin twenty-year-old Johnny Carson, who has just signed a recording contract.

Top songstress Helen Shapiro too is grateful to Cliff. For when she waxed her first disc *Don't Treat Me Like a Child* Cliff talked about it to everyone. For nine weeks Helen's disc remained a “sleeper”. But Cliff went right on telling show-biz big-wigs about Helen's talent till they began to take notice.

Recently Cliff helped another girl singer—fourteen-year-old Candy Sparling (her first disc is *When's He Gonna Kiss Me*) to get started on her way.

A year ago Candy—an ardent Cliff fan—managed to sneak backstage to see him when he was appearing at the London Palladium. Patiently Cliff listened to her sing. “You've got a nice voice,” he told her. “With singing lessons you might get somewhere.”

Cliff's voice egged Candy on to do just that!

Four years ago, at that memorable party, Cliff was the eager one, hoping for encouragement from the high-up show-biz folk. Now he himself is the Big Guy—the guy whose word spells inspiration. The wheel has turned the full cycle!



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Oh, by the way . . . The address of the Cliff Richard Fan Club is:-
Jan Vane, 59 Eastern Road, Romford, Essex.



To
Pop Ten Readers
Many Thanks
Bob Lyman

JEKYLL AND HYDE LEYTON

John Leyton reclined on the settee, rested his head back on a dark blue cushion which framed his head of fair hair and said: "Yes, you could say I lead a Jekyll and Hyde existence in Show Business".

What he meant was that whilst he revels in being a successful "pop" singer, the actor in him constantly rises to the surface. On these occasions he fights a battle with himself to stop the one instinct smothering the other. There is no reason why he shouldn't continue to follow both careers, and this he intends to do. John admits that his "first love" is acting; he was trained as an actor and spent all his time on stage and in front of television's drama cameras before *Johnnie Remember Me* thrust him so unceremoniously into the Wax Jungle of Discland.

Most pop singers express the desire to turn actor and so many of them have tried, with varying degrees of success: Jess Conrad, Billy Fury, Marty Wilde, Tommy Steele, to name but a few—not forgetting our Cliff, of course. Whereas they all had to start their singing careers with no idea of stagecraft or how best to present themselves before an audience, John had lots of that experience to back him up on his first public appearance as a singer, which is probably why his critics have little to say about his presentation even if they have much to say about his voice. John is his own severest critic of his vocal cords! He is inclined to agree with the critics, adding that he feels that a well written lyric will always have impact and appeal if it is "acted"; in other words, if the singer treats the lyric in the same way as an actor would a speech. "Every line of a lyric has its meaning and if the singer can't interpret that meaning he's dead, man—no matter how beautiful the voice."

Listen carefully to every word John Leyton sings and you'll see what he means—in both senses of the word! He sings dramatic songs dramatically and on his latest release, *Lonely City*, he captures the atmosphere of one man alone in a big, buzzing, concrete city. Geoff Goddard's lyric comes vividly to life. In answer to the critics who say John does not SING, he certainly interprets the words with the feeling and intelligence of a trained actor. So perhaps the Jekyll and Hyde in John is a good thing; they are not fighting for dominance; actor and pop singer have married very profitably into one good solid performer. And perhaps his sternest critics will agree that *Lonely City* is his best disc yet.

Is John "the man in the lyric" in the big *Lonely City* of London? Has he cast his eyes "on the girl that he wants for his own" yet? John is most emphatic in his reply: "No! No, I haven't. It's not much good, either, to deliberately search. Whether you look or not, the Right Girl will come along one day and she'll be there by my side before I realise it. Life's like that". Meanwhile, John agrees with most people who live in the big Smoke, that most exciting of Cities—London—!! It can be the most lonely place in the world. So perhaps it's a good thing to have a Jekyll and Hyde in your nature—then, when you're feeling lonely, your Jekyll can have a cosy chat with your Hyde! Stop you from going mad with loneliness—but your psychiatrist might think differently!

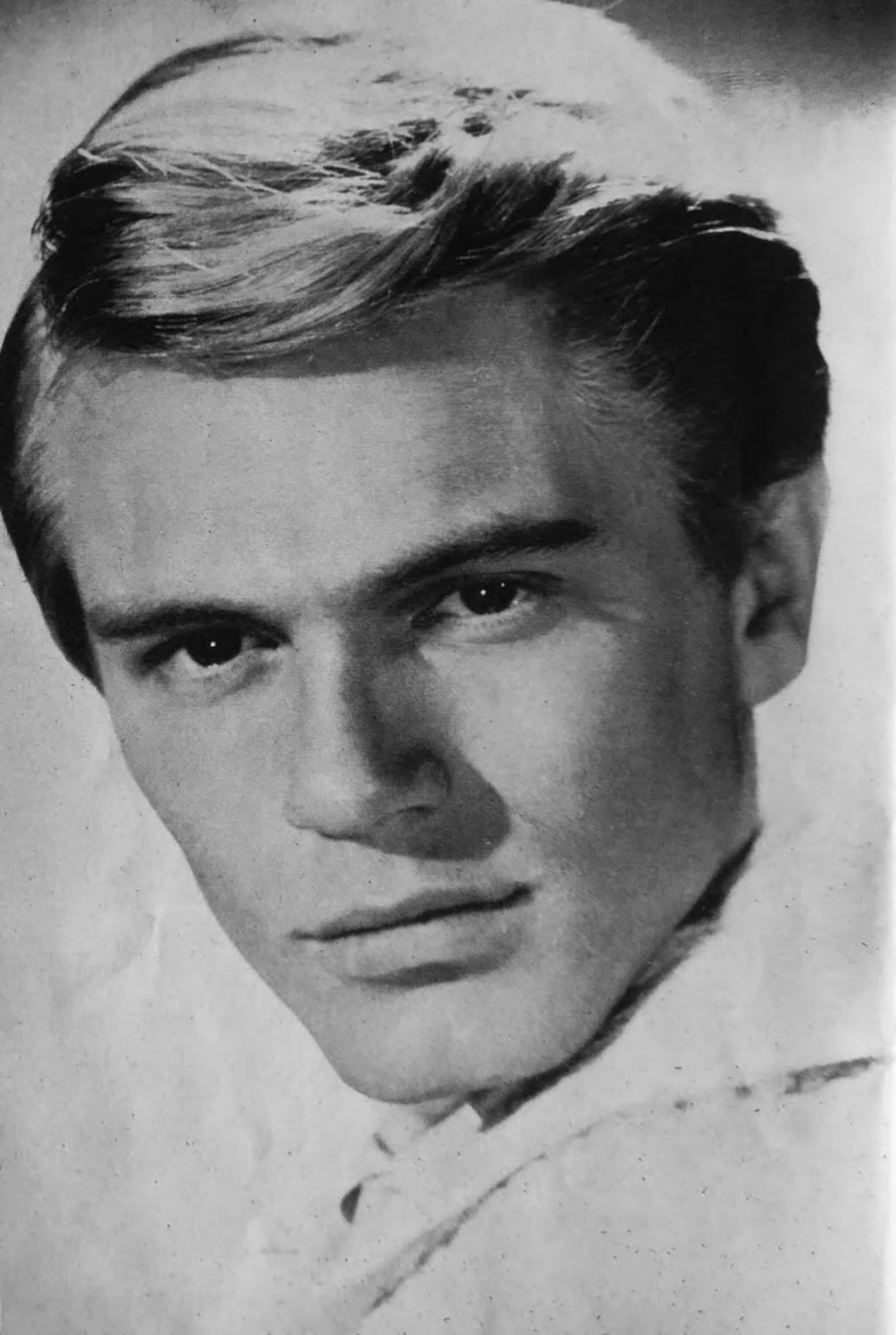
Single:

"Lonely City"
HMV 45-POP 1014

L.P.:

"The Two Sides of John Leyton"
HMV CLP 1497

The address of John Leyton's Fan Club is: 234/8 Edgware Road, London, W.2.



Has ADAM Changed?

"Has Adam changed at all since his success?" This question is often asked about many stars. Lots of folk have the idea that fame, wealth and success can change a person's character and outlook. True! It can. It has done. And a few of our "pop" stars today could well be brought down to earth and taken down a peg or two. After all, what *is* success? It's the happy but elusive state of being the object of the affection and admiration of many thousands of fans, plus many thousands of pounds in the bank. All very nice, but not reason enough to go all "big-headed" and off-hand.

Bearing all this in mind, we ask again has ADAM changed? The answer is a big, loud, emphatic NO! His hair style has changed, yes: his way of dressing has changed and he's certainly a little more adult in his general approach since his fist big hit *What Do You Want* in December 1959: but Adam, the person, remains the same calm, logical and somewhat querulous guy he's always been. No big-head for Adam (he's too logical) and no self-distortion of his success. He's determined: he knows exactly what he is doing and why he's doing it. Above all, he's pleased. Pleased because he has fulfilled most of his early ambitions.

One of the many people who knew Adam before he hit the bottom rung of the ladd in show biz, let alone the top one, is Radio Luxembourg D.J. and producer Peter Aldersley. Way back in November, 1959, he first met Adam through Gus Goodwin who, at that time, was the youngest D.J. in the country. One week before the release of *What Do You Want*, Gus took Adam, complete with an advance copy of the disc, to Peter's London flat to see what he thought of this very first disc by "a brand new recording artist". Peter was impressed by the disc; he liked the John Barry sound and was fascinated by the originality of Adam's own sound and his treatment of the lyric. In those days, of course, Adam was just another young hopeful, full of wide-eyed wonderment at the prospects before him. He was

exactly like any other youngster who might be pitched, full toss into the exciting and heartbreaking world of show biz. Although he knew what he wanted, he was very unsure of himself and greatly worried about *that* disc. Peter said to Adam, "What do you want?" Adam quipped back, "Well, I want money, yes, naturally" and as he settled back in his armchair, clutching a cup of tea, he continued . . . "but more than that, I want to prove to myself that I can do just what I set out to do. I know I'm no singer—no *real* singer, that is; but if people want to buy my record then it's O.K. by me." Ever the realist, Adam added "If they buy my record, it will be for the *sound* of the voice, not the quality, and most certainly because of John Barry's backing". There, right from the start was the logical Adam—a young man without a sense of false values; and even then, as today, he was not backward in coming forward to the praising of John Barry's influence on his career. And with great enthusiasm, Adam told Peter on that day in 1959, "What I want most of all is to be a successful actor". And we all know what happened to that ambition!!

The point about all this is that it all took place before anyone knew what would happen to Adam and his first disc. Peter Aldersley reflects that, apart from gaining confidence and self-assurance, Adam is basically the same person he was before fame knocked on his door. He has achieved his early ambitions, and the sense of well-being which goes with success, without losing his senses of reality and proportion. No, Adam hasn't changed—just a little more assured and always eager to better himself, without losing sight of the "boy next door" image which, in the words of his latest disc, is *As You Like It!*

Single: "As You Like It"
PARLOPHONE 45-R 4896
L.P.: "Adam Faith"
PARLOPHONE PMC 1162



HELEN'S DOUBLE TROUBLE



The turntable was spinning and a lively young female voice came belting out of the loud speaker. "Helen Shapiro!", cried the voice of a listener who was a bit "square", "I'd know that voice anywhere". The "square" wasn't quite so "square",

because the singer was Singer—Susan Singer. To the uninitiated Susan could be momentarily mistaken for her cousin Helen Shapiro, but she does not copy her famous relation. Even Helen herself remarks that there is a similarity, but it is one of natural vocal tones. To the accustomed ear there is a noticeable difference between the two voices. The impression of similar style and voice is there, however and this is a fact to be faced. How does Helen face it?

Helen's main regret is that there is liable to be the confusion; she's not worried about herself but feels it is an unfair disadvantage for her cousin to be burdened with it. "Susan is good enough to make her own way, with her own talent; if she had come along before me, perhaps I should now be in her position". Our Top Pop female is very genuine about this concern for Susan; they have always been the best of pals and, before fame claimed most of Helen's time, were inseparable companions. They even used to sing duets together, and it has been said they were like female Everleys; if this is so, some recording company missed a big opportunity!!!

Helen takes an unselfish interest in Susan's career and was responsible for her ultimate introduction to Oriole A & R Chief, John Schroeder, who discovered Helen herself in those early

days when she was taking singing lessons at the Burman school.

If anyone mentions "Double trouble" to her, Helen is inclined to "freeze-up"—and her charm and easy manner vanish just long enough to make it quite clear that, as far as she is concerned, there is no such thing. On the contrary, it is a double pleasure for her to see Susan gradually making the grade and she will continue to do all in her power to help her along the rocky road to success.

The "double" controversy reflects Helen's genuine interests in the welfare of others; she loves to enjoy life herself and thinks it is everybody's just desserts to be able to do the same. She will never walk back to happiness; she's never left it behind!! Wherever she goes she takes it with her and creates even more—so her old hit should have been *Walking ON to Happiness!*

With a succession of hit discs behind her and her recent triumph in the film world with "It's Trad Dad", Helen's future is even more assured and the experts are wondering where she might go from here on. Will she continue to establish herself as a constant hit-parader, redeveloping her talents as she matures by age? Or will she emerge in a few years time as a seasoned First Lady of Show Business? That is impossible to predict. Helen has a long road in front of her and she will trudge along it, dropping potential hit discs by the wayside for you to pick up for as long as you want them. She will then develop as the demand dictates—but what is certain is that she is unlikely to change her happy disposition and her zest for life. Young Susan shares these qualities too—but please, please don't double 'em up!!!

Single: "Let's Talk About Love"
COLUMBIA 45-DB 4824
L.P.: "Tops With Me"
COLUMBIA 33 SX 1397

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



GIRLS! HOW TO GET YOUR MAN

"77 Sunset Strip's" hair-combing and kookie-talking dream-boy Edd Byrnes has always held firm views on how a girl should behave when in his company. And he believes most men flip for the womanly, feminine kick! Guess he's right, too! Recently, our "Kookie" Byrnes flipped all the way up the aisle to marry Asa Maynor and she has all the qualities which make the "perfect partner". So, if you want to get your man, take these hints direct from Edd "Kookie" Byrnes himself. "The most important thing of all", he says, "is that a real chick must look feminine and be feminine and steer clear of trying to make false impressions . . .". This goes for make-up especially. "Too much lipstick and powder is unnecessary". And hair worn long and fluffy is way out, man! And, girls, if you can't cook, get learning right away! No man really wants to get hitched for life to a girl who can't even fry a chicken-fruit!

Although Edd Byrnes is no longer an eligible bachelor, his views hold water for most men; so when you meet your own particular "Kookie", you'd be wise to remember Edd's advice.

Edd Byrnes is the first non-pop-music star to gain enough of your votes to guarantee him a place in *Pop-Ten Magazine*. Quite a feat; although "Kookie" has made a few records, his fame is widely established through the T.V. series "77 Sunset Strip" in which he co-stars with Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and Roger Smith. His handsome features, his own brand of kooki-talk and his hair-combing gimmick all combined to create the Idol-image which fired the imagination of viewers throughout the States and this country. His army of fans is equal to that of any disc-star, but the one thing which still mystifies him is the way his fans insist on personally identifying him as "Kookie". Not so long ago, two girls waited for three hours outside the giant Warner Bros. Studios. When he had finished his day's filming of "77", Edd Byrnes came out and was asked for his autograph. He obliged, with his disarming smile which shattered the two girls, and walked away. When the

Single: "Lonely Christmas"

WARNER BROS 27 W B. 45

E.P.: "Kookie" WARNER BROS. WEP 6010

fans came down to earth, one of them looked at the autograph and exclaimed in a disappointed voice "Oh look, Gracie, after all that we got the wrong one. This is not "Kookie" Byrnes, it's Edd Byrnes!!".

Edd really appreciates what "Kookie" fame has done for him, but he wishes that people would acknowledge the actor and not quite so much the character. At the same time, it is a well-known fact by now that the "Kookie talk" of "77 Sunset Strip" is only written dialogue and not Edd Byrnes' personal speech style. All fiction. One thing in "Sunset Strip" which is not only fiction, but also an off-stage fact, is Edd's friendship with Efrem Zimbalist Jr. They get a great kick out of each other's company. They share the same views on many things (including girls!) and have similar senses of humour; one thing on which they don't agree, however, is dare-devil driving. Not so long ago, Edd bought a new motor scooter. It was delivered to the Warner Studios and, during a break in "shooting", Edd rushed out to inspect, dragging Efrem behind him. After a lot of coaxing, "Kookie" persuaded that popular private eye, "Stuart Bailey", to go for a spin—piggyback style!! It was a hair-raising experience, but the only outward reaction from Efrem when they got back, rather breathless and wind-swept, was a very friendly-like, tongue-in-cheek bit of advice—"Just be a little careful and take care of yourself." Right now he has Asa Byrnes to take care of him for the rest of his life; but this marriage state won't affect his fans, who will continue to be attracted by his weekly exploits on the "goggle-box". And many a girl will benefit from his advice on how to get her man. So men! Watch out, the girls are going to attack you, full of feminine, womanly charm plus a well-cooked steak and onions!! Delicious—er both the steak and the feminine girls!!



THE GOLDEN BOYS



Bloodcurdling war-cries of delight came whooping through the flap of a wigwam in Tin Pan Alley! It made one wonder whether the Apache Indians were on the warpath again; until a peek inside revealed five young Palefaces whooping it up in a

white man's form of celebration ritual. If the big clue—*Apache*—and one big red herring (Five young Palefaces) doesn't tell you who we mean, we'll tell you outright that it was The Shadows getting together in their office to toast each other upon the achievement of a Gold Disc for one million sales of their original big hit *Apache*, which set seal on the boys' first solo success way back in late 1959. Another palefaced white man was with the boys, admiring the glinting trophy; Jerry Lordan, the composer of *Apache*, who incidentally is hoping for a big, big hit with his own latest composition *One Good Solid 24 Carat Reason*, which also brings him back to disc as a singer.

You will have noticed we said five boys. Yes. Well, you see, there was Hank—Jet—Bruce—Brian, plus the prodigal Tony Meehan, who had returned to the camp to celebrate his part of *Apache's* success (on the Tom-Toms, of course!).

Brian Bennett broke away from the group around the Gold Disc long enough to confide: "One day the group will get another Gold and I'll really be part of that one; just now, it's only right that Tony should be back in the picture. Said Hank: "One of the biggest moments of our lives was when our A. and R. man, Norrie Paramor, presented us with the disc on T.V.'s "Thank Your Lucky Stars" on the 5th May . . ." Then Jet piped up, "Yes, in future that date

will be like a birthday for the group". "More Cokes all round to that", yelled Bruce, still clutching the prize disc.

Since they all started out as unknowns, playing down in the cellar of London's most famous coffee-bar, "The 2 I's", the boys have gone from one local, National and International success to another. Silver Disc, Gold Disc, Top of Polls—sharing everything with Cliff. At all times both the group and Cliff have always sung each other's praises, despite the dismal folk who have frequently predicted they would split up and go their own ways. Admittedly, nowadays, it is not so much a question of "Cliff Richard and the Shadows", because the boys have more than established themselves as a solo box-office attraction; the important thing is that the boys are always on hand when Cliff wants them, despite the fact that they undertake one night stands without Cliff. During the Summer they have an extensive datebook and will be seen all over the country. When asked whether they enjoyed touring around all the time the boys, in one voice, agreed that they "had a ball" doing anything which kept faith with their fans, although Bruce added: "The only thing I hate about touring is that I have to get up early to make the travelling schedule—and I loathe getting up at the best of times." Ever the jester, Hank added: "You don't like going to bed, either—so I don't know why you bother!" But Bruce had the last, logical word: "There's nothing like it though, between the time you retire and rise, is there?" No further comment from the boys!!

There was, however, plenty of eager comment on a subject close to the boys' charitable hearts. When they are touring the country in the coming months, they are planning to do an entirely separate series of concerts in aid of one of their favourite charities—"The Variety Club Heart Fund". "The Heart needs plenty of big heart"—and if Hank, Jet, Bruce and Brian are examples, then it has little to worry about.

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

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