

Beat Her

POP

MONTHLY

TEN 1/-

No. 6



CLIFF • ELVIS • BILLY • SHADOWS • ADAM
EDEN • BOBBY V • LEYTON • HELEN • SHANE



Editor:
A. HAND, 2 West Street, Heanor, Derbyshire.
Tel.: Langley Mill 3842
London Editor:
D. CARDWELL
30 Roundaway Road, Ilford, Essex.
Tel.: CRE. 7596

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FIRST SERIES

ISSUE No. SIX

VERY DODGY!

This has been the most interesting month we have had from a voting point of view, and it has left us with a number of exciting questions . . . questions which can only be answered by time and events.

Artiste-wise, with Elvis once again taking over top position from Cliff, can it now be said that these two superb artistes are on an even footing in this country? For each month they have changed places like a guitar-totin' shuttlecock.

The top ten placings, with the exception of No. 10, for the fourth time running, have contained the same artistes, more or less pin-pointing the nation's favourites, and raises the question whether artistes should not be featured who have made the BIGGEST ADVANCE IN VOTES, and not necessarily the artistes who have gained the highest number of votes for that particular month.

Joe Brown and Richard Chamberlain have entered the charts for the first time, and on the brink of entering the charts are Jet Harris, Acker Bilk, the Brook Bros. and Mike Sarne. Next month should be a very tight go indeed.

With the introduction of our experimental Record Charts, even greater mysteries reared their ugly heads.

(1) Why is *Lonely City* 12th favourite, yet disappeared from the newspaper record charts?

(2) Could it be the price of the EP that stops "Follow That Dream" from reaching a higher position in record sales?

(3) If *It Keeps Right On A Hurtin'* is such a favourite with the readers, why isn't the record selling over the counters equivalently?

(4) *Sharing You* flew in at No. 11 here . . . why didn't it fly over the counters? And a host of other irritating little queries.

Anyway, to further aid this research, please keep sending your votes and ideas in. Next month the votings for the whole of July will appear, and perhaps the answer to a number of these intriguing little pointers will come out in the wash.

The Editor

P.S. When studying the chart, please note that the charts are printed as they stood at JULY 1st.

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Great Britain's

Pop-Ten TEN-TOP ARTISTES

(As at JULY 1st, 1962).

Position	Artiste	No. of Votes
1	ELVIS PRESLEY (2)	3,102
2	CLIFF RICHARD (1)	3,048
3	BILLY FURY (3)	1,776
4	SHADOWS (4)	1,260
5	BOBBY VEE (7)	1,020
6	ADAM FAITH (5)	990
7	EDEN KANE (6)	948
8	JOHN LEYTON (8)	810
9	HELEN SHAPIRO (9)	468
10	HAYLEY MILLS (14)	399
<hr/>		
11	RICK NELSON (11)	360
12	BRENDA LEE (15)	357
13	SHANE FENTON (10)	321
14	KOOKIE (12)	294
15	DEL SHANNON (16)	285
16	EVERLYS (20)	246
17	JOHNNY TILLOTSON (13)	243
18	BUDDY HOLLY (17)	240
19	JOE BROWN (-)	210
20	RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN (-)	195

These 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 7 September issue

On sale August 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:

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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 !

"Pop-Ten"

TOP-TWENTY

(as at July 1st, 1962)

Position	Record	Combined Charts Pos. Newspapers July 1st, 1962
1	Good Luck Charm, Elvis Presley	(3)
2	I'm Looking Out the Window, Cliff Richard	(5)
3	Last Night Was Made For Love, Billy Fury	(7)
4	Do You Want To Dance, Cliff Richard	(11)
5	As You Like It, Adam Faith	(12)
6	Come Outside, Mike Sarne	(1)
7	Ginny Come Lately, Brian Hyland	(6)
8	Picture Of You, Joe Brown	(2)
9	I Don't Know Why, Eden Kane	(9)
10	Follow That Dream (EP), Elvis Presley	(19)
11	Sharing You, Bobby Vee	(18)
12	Lonely City, John Leyton	(1)
13	Conscience, James Darren	(1)
14	Doctor Kildare Theme, Richard Chamberlain	(15)
15	I Can't Stop Loving You, Ray Charles	(12)
16	It Keeps Right On A Hurtin', Johnny Tillotson	(1)
17	Nut Rocker, B. Bumble	(12)
18	Stranger On The Shore, Acker Bilk	(13)
19	Here Comes That Feeling, Brenda Lee	(17)
20	Anything That's Part Of You, Elvis Presley	(1)

When sending in your favourite three artistes on your postcards, would you please add your current THREE FAVOURITE POP SONGS, FOR THE PURPOSE OF CONDUCTING THIS MOST INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

WARNING! PLEASE REMEMBER YOU ARE VOTING FOR THE SONG, AND NOT THE ARTISTE, IN THIS PARTICULAR CHART.



● A POP-TEN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

GIRLS? I LOVE 'EM!



"I dunno, girls are funny sometimes" said Billy Fury. Sometimes they act as if you're the only guy in the world for 'em, and before you know it, wham! man, they're going on about someone else! Still, anyway, where would we be without them? Me—I love 'em! There's only one thing I don't like about parties and things like that where girls are concerned." He sighed and took another sip of orange juice.

"What's that, Bill?" I prompted him. "Well, they must keep on staring at me even when I'm eating. I guess I should be used to it by now, but I'm not. I don't think I'll ever get really used to all those looks, even tho' it's kinda flattering. I don't mind being the guest of honour at a party so much, and having a crowd of girls ask me for my autograph—heck! that's O.K.! BUT those little whispers about me when I'm eating at the table, and those almost unnoticeable glances send me round the bend." He laid back on the large sofa and studied the ceiling.

"What about those girls you went out with last year at Great Yarmouth, Bill?" I said, knowing exactly what was going to happen next. "Who? Oh! Yes, the Great Yarmouth girls" he mumbled. (Silence for about two minutes) "Scuse me" said Bill and disappeared. When he came back, he was carrying a large photo album. I looked at him trying hard not to laugh. Bill grinned. "Hal Carter's album," was all he said.

Bill started to turn the pages over. "You don't mean to say you've forgotten those girls at Great Yarmouth already," I said. Billy blushed. "Well, can't remember them so well as I used to. Here we are"—he pointed at a snap of himself with his road manager, Hal Carter and two "wow!" girls, "I remember them now—of course I do." His blue eyes flashed, the kind of look that sends the girls after him whether he's in Land's End or Llandudno!

He bent over the book again. "Jiminy, I remember that one, sitting on my car bonnet, probably because she was a fan of mine! Great! man!" I couldn't resist getting a crack in, being jealous of all Bill's girls. "You ought to title that book, 'Fury and His Old Flames,'" I laughed. Bill swung round on me "Hark whose talking! Look at you, all bow tie and all. Who's the unlucky girl?" he said dodging as I pretended to throw my glass at him.

Editor's Note:—May I take this opportunity to thank Miss Frances Crook for the finely organised "Welcome Home Billy" Party, at which both of these photos were taken. One photo shows Frances and the girls, and the other Albert Hand (Editor) . . . all of us having a wonderful time with Billy at the Party.



"Actually, Bill, she likes your singing quite a lot, so I'd better not let you get too inquisitive in case you find out where she lives and tell her not to go out with me." A thought struck me, just as Bill was opening a box of American cigarettes, "Say, Bill, didn't you ever go out with any of the girls in Liverpool before you became a big hit. You never say much about Liverpool anyway, do you?"

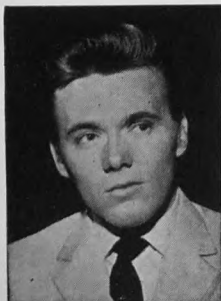
Bill's face changed to one of, it seemed to me, sadness. "I never like saying much about my life in Liverpool, for fear it will get misquoted. I don't know—but I guess people think I'm ashamed of having lived there. Well—I'm not! Liverpool can be a pretty hard town but that doesn't destroy the many happy memories that I have of the place.

"My family still live there, and I wouldn't want them to live anywhere else, because it's great when I've got the time to just drop in on them and say, 'Hallo.' As for the girls you asked about, they're pretty good, just as good as the girls of any other big place. I didn't have time to go out with them much, as I was working on the boats at the time. Usually tho,' I went around with a crowd of guys and just a few girls.

"I feel terrible tho', when I haven't rung my mother up for a long time. She never says much about it—but that makes me feel all the worse! I hope I can manage to get a whole week off soon, and have a stroll down Liverpool way. Don't worry, I won't be starting any courtships down there. I've discovered how bad one feels when you have to leave someone you've grown attached to. I think I've fallen in love, or what I thought was love, enough times to keep me going for the next few years!"

Bill went over to the radio-gram and put on a Ray Charles album. After it had ended I asked Bill about his new film that he is to make at the beginning of next year. "At the moment I'm not quite sure what will happen yet" said Bill. "It will probably start about January and end about the middle of March, tho' one can never tell. It's a special script being written for me, and it's a definite bet that there will be plenty of songs in it.

The EP from my last film, "Play It Cool" is still selling very well, so I should think that would be enough incentive for the film company to have a good variation of numbers in the movie. Obviously, they haven't decided on a title for it yet, but I rather hope it's something like "Play It Cool." Short, snappy and swingin,' man!"



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The address of the Official Billy Fury Fan Club is:
Miss Frances Crook, 75 Richmond Avenue, Barnsbury, London, N.1.



A RIGHT GO!

The late evening sun cast a red glow on the sparkling sea as hundreds of holiday makers made their leisurely way home. Place? Brighton. Time? 7 p.m. My objective? The Brighton Hippodrome and Adam Faith. I entered the stage door by a rather different method to which I was usually accustomed, that of being pushed from the back and pulled from the front!

The reason was too painfully obvious. The stage door was almost entirely surrounded by girls of every shape and size, various members of them wearing "I Love Adam" sweaters, and clutching the inevitable autograph books. The door-keeper gave one final heave and I entered the Brighton Hippodrome! "Right go! ain't it, mate!" he said cheerfully. "Never had nothin' like this crowd since Frankie Vaughan was down 'ere."

I assured him it was a "right go!" and after explaining who I was, we descended some steep stairs and arrived outside a small door. "He's in there!" said my guide. "Right go!" I knocked on the door, and Adam's half-Cockney-half-cultured voice yelled out, "Come in!" I found friend Adam lying on a sofa listening to a record player and looking thoroughly whacked out!

"Ullo mate!" he motioned to a chair. "Siddown. Excuse me not getting up but every time I feel like a nap, someone wants me." He bent down and turned the record-player off. "What do you think of your latest film, Adam?" I asked him. "Great, mate! You're gonna love it when you see it, believe me." He shifted off the sofa, "As you know, I only sing two songs in the film, but I think any more would spoil it as it's a drama. There are plans going ahead for a couple more films after 'Mix Me A Person,' not definite yet, but nearly so. I don't know when I shall be able to film them tho'. I reckon—" he was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come in!" he yelled. Nothing happened. As I was nearest to the door, I pulled it open. A little boy of about five stood looking at Adam, and suddenly he produced from almost nowhere a huge autograph book. Adam laughed. "Must be one of my younger fans." He gently took the book away from the kid, and signed it. "Be seeing you, mate," he said, and the kid trotted out through the door.

"By the way, Adam, are you going to stick to the *As You Like It* style on any of your future discs as you've had so much success with it?" Adam shook his head. "Don't really know, mate. I wouldn't stay with any pronounced style for a great deal of time. I usually give the song a style I think is best, and it's worked so far. I hope my next one does as well in the charts, anyway."

"Things are going pretty well at the moment. Films, T.V., radio, and naturally, my records. By the looks of the Pop-Ten charts, my fans are pretty pleased with me as well." He moved over to the sofa. "That's what this doorman would call a 'right go!'"

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

REAL CLOSE!



To find a more brilliant, happy, and forceful four-some of musicians in Britain than the fabulous Shadows one would have to look very hard indeed. In fact, extremely hard searching would be the order of the day. These four

guy, Hank, Brian, Bruce and Liquorice, all have different styles, ideas of cars, anything of that nature, but they are all agreed and bound by a common love for music. Naturally, guitar music, and that includes drummer Bennett.

They have combined to make one of the most skilful, experienced quartets in these isles, or for that matter, the world. Each and every member of the four has his own ideas on how a particular piece of music should be played, and although this has led to the disbandment of many other combos, with the Shadows it only seems to unite them more strongly still, with themselves, and with their many followers throughout England.

Would the Shadows have been as big as they are or even would they have become stars at all if it were not for the fact that their "boss" was Cliff Richard? I think so. I'm willing to bet that Cliff thinks so as well, for if any group could have a 'boss' who holds them in such high regard as Cliff does the Shadows, then they must be a very lucky crew.

When Tony Meehan (drummer) left the Shadows, it was for the simple reason that his love of music had out-grown the small demands which he got with a small group. In other words, he wanted to have more time to study the various styles of music from bar to bar so to speak, and that wasn't possible with the hectic and sleepless schedule that the Shadows kept up.

The same happened with leader Jet Harris. He not only found he had a good singing voice but that deep inside him was the urge to act, plus of course, being a very fine musician. So he departed with the blessing of the rest of the boys. What many fans are asking is, "Will Bruce or Hank leave the group?" as they are now the only two surviving members of the original Shadows.

I put the question to Hank not so long ago, and he answered on behalf of Bruce.

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"No, we wouldn't leave the group. But if for some reason, and it would have to be a very good reason, Bruce left, then I would think about leaving myself. But seriously, I don't think there's any real chance of that happening."

Away from the bright lights the four men who have contributed more to instrumental hits in this country over the past two years than anyone else, the Shadows are just ordinary fellas with ordinary likes and dislikes. Fun and laughter on a day off from work come naturally to them, Hank Marvin usually being the cause of some new catastrophe!

I remember meeting them after they had just cut their album, "The Shadows" and it was selling in the shops as fast as the dealers could order it. "Bet our fans didn't know we could sing" remarked Hank with a smile. "After hearing your dull tones they KNOW we can't sing" joked Bruce Welch.

It's nothing unusual when the boys are on a one-nighter for them to stand well away from Hank when he is testing his electric guitar in the dressing-room. After various enquiries I found out that when the boys were playing in a small town in Essex not long ago, they came to a bit in their act which required them to move slightly. Hank moved a bit too much. Consequently, his electric guitar touched the mike and half the group disappeared in a cloud of fiery smoke!

One of the group commented later. "If Hank can cause that explosion whilst on stage with one guitar, can you imagine what it's like when he's in the dressing-room with about four or five guitars lying around mixed up with the other apparatus? It's not that we mind Hank blowing himself up" he added "but we don't want to disappear too!" This was said just loud enough for Hank to hear! I'm afraid I can't print the answer!

But whatever the Shadows views may be on Hank's dangerous experiments, they all agree that he is a great guitarist. Said his manager, "Hank is a personality on his own almost. He really enjoys playing no matter where, when, or how. It makes a change to hear that other musicians manage to enjoy themselves at work as well as play."

Really, Hank B. Marvin is something of a mystery. He would be the first to admit that he hasn't got any Greek god features or any Tarzan type torso, but he is still held in awe by Shadows followers all over the world. "I reckon I've got enough fan letters to paper the walls of my bedroom now" he cracked. "Saves me buying too much wall-paper in the near future!"

Is he kiddin'? With all those guitars hanging on the wall!

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

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



CLIFF spells CALIBRE!



Although Cliff fans and Elvis followers rarely ever agree, it has now become obvious to both these groups that there is room for both of their idols, in the charts and on the cinema screen! Cliff has been on the music scene over four years, Elvis over six. Both have had countless Top Ten hits and various No. 1's. As regards films, Elvis is ahead, way ahead, but only by virtue of the fact that he has a couple of years' lead over Cliff, and also that British film companies (until they realised Cliff's potential) were rather more reluctant to spend vast amounts of money on a new production.

The situation has now changed dramatically. Cliff has scored with "Serious Charge," "Expresso Bongo"

Single:

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

L.P.:

"The Young Ones"
COLUMBIA 33 SX 1384

and the fabulously successful "Young Ones." His new movie "Summer Holiday" although not quite completed is already being hailed as the MUSICAL of them all—and this is before the film has been seen by the public! With Cliff as their spearhead the British film men are showing the Americans that they are not the only ones who can make great musicals, and it appears to be a certainty that they will succeed.

All this points to one thing—or rather one factor. Cliff, knowingly or unknowingly, is following in the footsteps of Elvis Presley! You need the facts? They are there. Elvis has his own music publishing company. So has Cliff—and for that matter, his group, the Shadows. Indeed, Cliff is now *ahead* of Elvis in the disc dispensary biz, for he has recently formed his own record production company in conjunction with the Shadows.

Together with agent Leslie Grade, US Aberbach Music head Freddie Bienstock and their personal manager Peter Gormley, the Shadows and Cliff

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are becoming one of this country's leading authorities in and on music. Cliff has signed ex-Shadow Tony Meehan as his chief A&R man, as Tony is one of the few men in Britain to have extensive knowledge of the pop music scene both here and in the United States, particularly Nashville.

Cliff, is of course, a song-writer in addition to his many other talents. He has now added yet another string to his bow, through his role in the "Young Ones," that of a capable screen dancer. He takes any role of his packed show business life that is thrown up at him, and like a true professional, grinds away at it until it has been conquered.

This personal rule of Cliff's applies to everything he does in the entertainment world. A ten-minute appearance on a one-night stand in any small town gets just as much of the Richard talent as does his own hourlong TV Spectacular. Says Cliff, "I believe in working as hard as possible at anything connected with show biz. The same applies to the Shadows. To give a bad performance when it is possible to give a good one defeats the object. It could also be disastrous to one's career."

Cliff did not add that he puts as much or more hard work on wax, but with the tremendous success of his platters it would doubtless have proved an inane remark—for his single *I'm Looking Out The Window* is still selling and reports indicate that it is well over the half-million mark.

The same can be said for Cliff's album, from his smash film "The Young Ones" which still reigns as a supreme best-seller in the Top Ten LP charts whilst the EP titled *Hits From The Young Ones* "is" (said an E.M.I. spokesman) "selling at a terrific rate." He omitted to say that of the top ten EP sellers at that period Cliff and the Shadows had taken over one-third of them. A fantastic feat for any artiste!

There is still one entertainment nut that Cliff has to break open—and that is his popularity on the American market. Although his name is a regular feature in almost every one of the overseas charts, he is still not a big star, discwise, as far as our Yankee brethren are concerned. His name is familiar with practically every Stateside youngster, but unlike other artistes he just has not got the free time to visit their shores to exploit his records.

Surprisingly, Cliff has no qualms about his popularity over there. Neither, it appears, has his manager, who told me, "Cliff is the biggest star in this country, and he is still the top British seller abroad. As for his popularity in the States, I believe that they too, will come to realise the extent of Cliff's talent in good time, especially when they see how much his film career is progressing as well.

"You can take it from me. When he gets to the top over there he'll stay there, as he has done everywhere else. No all-round artiste of the calibre of Cliff could fail." I'm sure Cliff's fans couldn't have expressed it better!



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





MEET SHANE!

"There's no doubt about it. Elvis is the 'King Cat'" said Shane Fenton. "I reckon no one has much chance of taking that title from him." He picked up his cup of tea. "Still, we've got our own 'King Cats' in this country. Joe Brown, for instance. He really knocks me out—and everyone else! Then there's Cliff, naturally, and Eden Kane. Billy Fury is tremendous at putting over any song."

At the back of the studio, Shane's group, the Fentones, were going over a new number. "What about Adam?" I asked. Shane nodded. "I can't really say he's a 'King Cat', so to speak, until I've actually seen him on stage and watched his performance, but from what I hear he can stop a show nine times out of ten." He leaned back in his chair and grinned at his manager Tommy Sanderson, one of the nicest guys in show biz, and a brilliant pianist.

"Your group, the Fentones, are recording artistes in their own right, I believe Shane?" Again Shane nodded. "Yes, but we don't look on ourselves as two separate sets of stars like Cliff and the Shadows do. We are determined that we shall work just as one group. What I mean is, if *I'm A Moody Guy* came on the radio, the Fentones don't say, 'There's your record, Shane.' We treat all the discs as ours. If an instrumental piece by the Fentones got in the charts it would still be as much mine as it would theirs."

I asked Shane a question that had been puzzling me since I first saw his name start to rise in the Pop-Ten charts. "Why this sudden surge of popularity for you and your backing group throughout the country, Shane? After all, you haven't had a really big hit, as *Moody Guy* wasn't that big. It takes a lot to get in

the Pop-Ten charts, so how do you account for it all?"

Shane studied the ceiling. "Well, I think the number of one-night stands we do is something to do with it, and the material we use on them. We've just finished a tour of Ireland, and we went down there very well. Another thing is that the boys know exactly what I want from a song, and they interpret it to a fine degree. We switch from rock to up-tempo ballads in our act, and they make a good contrast. We don't do any c&w or 'blues' as we've never really 'gone' on that sort of music."

He placed a cowboy boot on the next chair, and I asked him about a possible career in films, which so many singers are doing these days. His answer surprised me. "I'm not really interested in films. They're O.K. The boys and myself did a small spot in the "Play It Cool" film as guest stars, but apart from that, and one of those moving picture juke boxes, we haven't done much about it. Like I say, first and foremost, we are a musical group, not film stars."

He glanced over to where the Fentones sat. "Anyway, we're rather busy at the moment. Today we are cutting some tracks for an LP, and then we've got some more tours. We may go over to the States later in the year. I think the failure of most of our artists over there is disgraceful, but it's not their fault, it's the Americans' way of doing things. We'll show them!"

He looked at the clock. "Must rush off, got to do a number called *Sticks and Stones*." Watching this handsome guy walk to the studio, I'm guessing that it won't be 'sticks and stones' in the future but—autograph books and pretty girls!



FORSAKE POPS? NEVER!



Wow! So many of you wrote in after last month's edition of the "Pop-Ten" containing a feature that posed the question, "Will Helen forsake pops for blues and standards?" that I was literally swamped! I decided that it was time to find

out from the one person who would know—Helen Shapiro. Here is how the conversation went.

"Helen, are you in the future going to forsake pops for standards or blues?" To be truthful I was hoping that Helen would give me a straight answer to a straight question—and she did, like the trouper she is! "No, I would never forsake the pop world for blues or standards, even tho' my latest EP is *A Teenager Sings The Blues*. My fans need have no fear of that. Pop music means so much to me."

I banged in a second question. "Would you record a single comprising two standards rather than two pop sides?" Helen thought this one over carefully. "I like singing standards more so than pops, but unless my recording manager wanted me to I don't think so. Anyway, it's not a commercial proposition for me." My next question was one that "Pop-Ten" readers had written to me about by the score.

"Are you going to do any more

international tours in the foreseeable future?" "Certainly, I have one tour of Australia and New Zealand coming up in the autumn, followed by one to South Africa, and there are some more being lined up after that, but I don't know exactly where." I asked Helen next a question that is bound to be thrown up at her sooner or later if her career progresses at such a glittering pace.

"Is there any likelihood of you combining acting with singing, especially on the movie side?" There's one thing no-one can deny about Helen, when she has answered you you don't need telling twice. She gives a straight, clear, no-hedging answer. "Yes, there are plans going ahead between my managers at the moment about this very thing. What their outcome will be I don't know, but I have complete confidence in them as to my career."

As Helen has conquered practically every aspect of show business except one, I asked her about the one! "What are your plans as regards cabaret, Helen?" "I shall probably try the cabaret field, but not until I'm much older, and I know all there is to know about that particular branch."

"What about your future disc plans, Helen?" "I shall be recording more jazz, blues and standards, but as I've mentioned earlier, I shan't be forsaking the pop field. Most of the standards will be on albums, I should think." Well, that's it! The many Helen Shapiro fans won't have to worry about their beloved pops, and it seems that there are some pretty exciting points soon to be known about the Shapiro film career.

If she does enter the movie world as well, and make a success of it, take my word for it, she'll be tagged as the first "Female Frank Sinatra!"

Single: "Little Miss Lonely"
COLUMBIA 45-DB 4869

L.P.: "Tops With Me"
COLUMBIA 33 SX 1397



Heed The Gypsy's Warning!



Seven years ago Bobby Vee was twelve years old, still at school, still curious about most things in life—but with little idea of what he really wanted to do when he left school. Sidney Velline, his father, a very successful Chef in the hometown of

Fargo, North Dakota, wanted young Robert to follow in his footsteps and it seemed that this would happen until young Bobbie crossed a gypsy's palm with a ten cent piece and heeded her words! When Bobbie was in this country a few months ago he made it very clear that he has great faith in fortune tellers, and who are we to deny him his belief when we hear the story behind his success?

In his own words he said: "When I was at school, I didn't dig all the usual schoolboy things like engines or wood-work—but I did really want to be a cook like my Dad." It is obvious that he is very close to his Father and Mother, like his two brothers, who make up a very devoted family. Although Bobbie came first in an elementary music examination at school when he was twelve, he had no serious ambitions for a musical career until that day when the family visited a local fun-fair and the tousled-headed 12 years old Bobbie spent a precious ten-cents for Madame Rosa's words of wisdom. This wizened, kindly faced

gypsy fortune-teller took the youngster's hand and said . . . "I see a great life for you. You'll be a singer one day. You will be popular and famous and with all this will come great riches . . ." Bobbie recalls that, at the time, he was not greatly excited at this prediction, but as time passed he found his thoughts gradually turning towards music as a career. Everything seemed to happen to make him think about it. His two brothers, Bill and Sid, were playing guitars and forming their own pop group and soon young Bobbie found himself studying other "pop" singers with more than just a casual interest. Some time afterwards he thought back to the "gypsy's warning" and realised that, since then, events had been slowly forming a background and a guide to his choice of career. While Bill and Sid were plucking their guitars, Bobbie was singing his heart out, in private; the more he warbled the greater was the urge to become a singer. The Gypsy's warning became a reality with an invitation from his brothers to sing with their newly-formed group, "The Shadows"—(No relations to "The Shadows" of our own Hank, Bruce, Brian and "Liquorice," of course!) It was with this group that the, then, unknown Bobby Vee stepped into the breach when Buddy Holly's untimely and tragic death left an engagement to be fulfilled on the 3rd February, 1959. From that date events have proved the Gypsy's Warning to be precise in every detail—"fame, popularity and wealth!"

Bobby, himself, has the last word by saying, with finger poised, "You never know, you see—there are stranger things in truth than logic . . . Although, I often wonder what would have happened to me if I hadn't seen Madam Rosa!"

Making a baker's dozen, perhaps, instead of a Top Ten! Who knows?

Single:
"Sharing You/At a Time Like This"
LIBERTY LIB 55451
L.P.:
"Take Good Care Of My Baby"
LIBERTY LBY 1004

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



“I BELIEVE IN FATE . . .” *says* JOHN LEYTON

Yes, I guess I am a fatalist by nature because I've always believed that nothing in the world will stop something if that's the way things are going. You know the kind of thing I mean; although no one knows it beforehand a person might suddenly find himself out of one job and in a new one. I think such things are meant to happen and I also believe my career has been very much along the same lines. Fate (to say nothing of my very loyal fans—thank you very much!) has been very kind to me so far, but there was a time, way back, when a struggling actor called John Dudley Leyton was wondering what on earth was going to become of him!

All of a sudden events took a turn for the better. I was playing Juvenile leads in repertory at the Theatre Royal in York when Robert Stigwood saw me in action and apparently liked my performance enough to get me an audition for the part of a singer in a West End musical play—“Johnny the Priest.” That gave both Bob and myself just the slightest idea that I could sing; before that I had never even thought I had any talent in that direction! So it was that Fate decreed I was to meet the man who was to become my manager. Bob Stigwood has been the greatest influence over my career and I shall never be able to repay him for all his help, guidance and creative managing. Thanks a million again, Bob!

Although I didn't get that part in “Johnny the Priest,” it was that audition which later suggested that I should play the pop singer, “Johnny St. Cyr” in the Television series “Harper's W.1”—and that's where we all came in. All of it,

Single:

“Lonely City”
HMV 45-POP 1014

L.P.:

“The Two Sides of John Leyton”
HMV CLP 1497

good fortune, fate, luck or what you will. Personally, I believe in Fate, but even Fate is relative to individual talent in this business; and I'm grateful to think that Fate has shown me I've got some talent! Exactly how much and how good can be decided only by the good people who buy my records and watch my performances.

When I go to bed at night I often wonder where Fate will direct my future. Don't you worry or hope about YOUR future? What YOU will be doing in months, years or decades to come? I do, but unlike a lot of folk, the thought doesn't worry me. As Doris Day used to sing “Que sera sera”!! Yes, whatever will be, will be and I shall accept everything that comes my way with a philosophical shrug of the shoulders; that doesn't mean I shall always LIKE what happens; far from it, but when bad times come I consider it's much better to accept them with good grace and do one's best to make the best of a bad job! After all, nothing is ever as bad as it seems. A corny phrase, but very, very true, as so many of them are!

There is one thing in particular which I would love Mother Fate to grant me some time and that is the talent to play the old joanna as well as Geoff Goddard. I can think of no one who can tinkle those ivories with such mastery of technique and feeling. You might think I'm a bit biased because Geoff has composed all my big hits, but its not just that. I regard the pianist and composer as two separate entities and so far as I am concerned dear old Geoff excels in both departments! There you are, you see! Fate it was who brought Geoff and I together through “Johnny Remember Me.” Oh yes, I believe in Fate. How's it been treating YOU lately? See you again soon. 'Bye . . .

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



THE CLOTHES OF EDEN

When I first met Eden Kane, back in the *Well, I Ask You* days, his attitude then was a combination of helpfulness towards all the Press coupled with that of defensiveness. The reason for this was that his talent had been boosted to such a remarkable degree that he wasn't taking any chances on making any mistakes. Since that period his talent has been proved with *Get Lost, Forget Me Not* and his sincere rendering of *I Don't Know Why*.

These discs consolidated his position in the charts and in the hearts of his many fans throughout the country. Like Cliff, Eden was born in India. "But I didn't like a lot of it" he told me. "Out there, so many people are so poor that unless one's been there it's impossible to describe it. Being poor in Great Britain is like being rich in many parts of India. Mind you, I was lucky inasmuch that my family were pretty well off, but that didn't dispel the thought of those who weren't."

The conversation veered away from India to Eden's style of dressing. "Yeah, I guess I do like wearing good clothes, but I think that nothing looks worse, especially someone in the public eye, than ill-fitting or contrasting clothes. When I had my first hit, *Well, I Ask You*, a great deal of publicity spread about my clothes style. People were known to have said I was taking on too much for a new vocalist, wearing different clothes to the expected kind and singing a new

Single:

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

style of song instead of the up-tempo ballads which were reckoned to be the most popular then.

"I even had people saying that I was taking it on myself to try and change the clothes styles of all the pop singers in show biz. Ridiculous! I wasn't trying to do anything of the sort! If my fans like the way I dress so much the better, but I think that a well-styled suit carries just as much impact as a flashy number would. The Americans used to wear some suits that were amazing, but in the last few months they've switched to a better style to a man. Perhaps I'm wrong but their popularity seems to have a more lasting effect on the British teenagers than it did before."

The tall six-footer almost blushed when I asked him about his fans, or rather his *girl* fans! Grinning he said, "Well, if I hadn't had a lot of training before-hand, I'd have been scared to death! I did a stagemat not long after my first hit, and when I'd finished, the doorman said there were some fans of mine waiting for autographs. Wow! I'd never seen so many people, especially girls, waving so many autograph books in my life!

"There must have been about one-hundred girls almost sitting on the pen I was writing with! I don't think I could forget that night—but I don't want to!"



LOVER DOLL

You're the cutest Lover Doll That I ever did, ever did see.
Lemme tell you, Lover Doll, You were meant, just meant for me,
From the first time that I saw you, How I fell for your cuddly charms
Lover Doll, I'm crazy for you. Let me rock you in my arms.
I'm so glad I found you, Never thought dollies came full grown.
I'm gonna tie a ribbon around you, Wrap you up and take you home.
I would never treat you badly Like a cast away broken toy.
Lover Doll, I love you madly Let me be your lover boy.

WITH ELVIS IT'S NOT POT-LUCK!



"How does he do it?" I guess the number of times the record-buying public have heard those words in connection with Elvis must run into thousands. The last five or six weeks have once again shown the might of the King in full force. This

was the greatness of the Presley touch which is known to hundreds of thousands of fans throughout the world. While his single *Good Luck Charm* was dropping from reaching it's regular No. 1 slot, Elvis was being presented with a Gold Disc for the sales of over a million copies of his fabulous "Blue Hawaii" album!

And that was for America alone! At the same time the EP from "Follow That Dream" was selling at such a speed that there isn't a word in the dictionary to

describe it! Shop after shop sent out urgent pleas for more copies. Frantic 'phone calls from dealers showed that those who had been stocked with the EP on the Friday afternoon were completely sold out the next morning!

Not unnaturally, the EP figured in the singles charts as well as topping the EP best-sellers, whilst from deep in the Decca stronghold plans were drawing close for the release of another Elvis album, "Pot Luck" which at the time of writing was just due to be sent to the shops to stem the many hundreds of advance orders already pouring in!

Again, like the maestro he is, Presley is featured in every chart possible in this country. LP, EP, Singles, Sheet music, the Elvis Gold Standard flew into these top tens defiantly scorning anyone to follow it's example. To me it is amazing that there could be any cynics left to badger Elvis, but there is still a knot of music haters who declare that his downfall is imminent. "How can he last at such a fantastic pace?" they say,



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forgetting the past years when Elvis had as many as six discs in the top twenty!

There is only one certain way these same cynics can win—and that is if Elvis was to retire. For then they would crow that the pace was *too* hectic, *too* demanding for *anyone*. Or that Elvis would hate to lose the monumental popularity that is his in the four corners of the earth!

Whatever the reason for El's retirement when it does come, it would bring the biggest wave of disc-buying this or any other country has ever seen. Every Presley disc from *Heartbreak Hotel* to *Peace In the Valley* would be grabbed for fear that they might be deleted from the catalogue. Can you imagine the charts then? It would be quite something to see *Hound Dog* at No. 1! Nothing in the record industry is past the power of Elvis, that is quite certain.

What about his films? "Love Me Tender" and "Jailhouse" would be seen time and time again, while all his other "greats," "G.I. Blues," "Blue Hawaii" and even the not so well received "Wild In The Country" would give the film companies their biggest boost since the James Dean revivals!

RCA Records would probably be put in the same position that HMV were when Presley recorded for them way back. Elvis's first album proved to be so big a seller for HMV that they were forced to beg the loan of other disc companies' presses to keep up with the fantastic amount of sales which at one time reached 15,000 copies per DAY! That was back in '56/'57 but no artiste has yet succeeded in beating this first-time record!

I suppose it all seems like a dream, but where things with Elvis have seemed like dreams before his magic touch has turned them into reality. To me, and I'm sure many others, one of the most exciting things that could happen would be to see the disc charts twenty years from now. Would Elvis still stand astride the No. 1 spot? If so, what kind

of songs would he be singing in twenty years' time? A space chant?

Who knows? with a reputation for being the most eligible bachelor, the best-sellers may contain a disc by "Elvis Presley-And Son!"

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