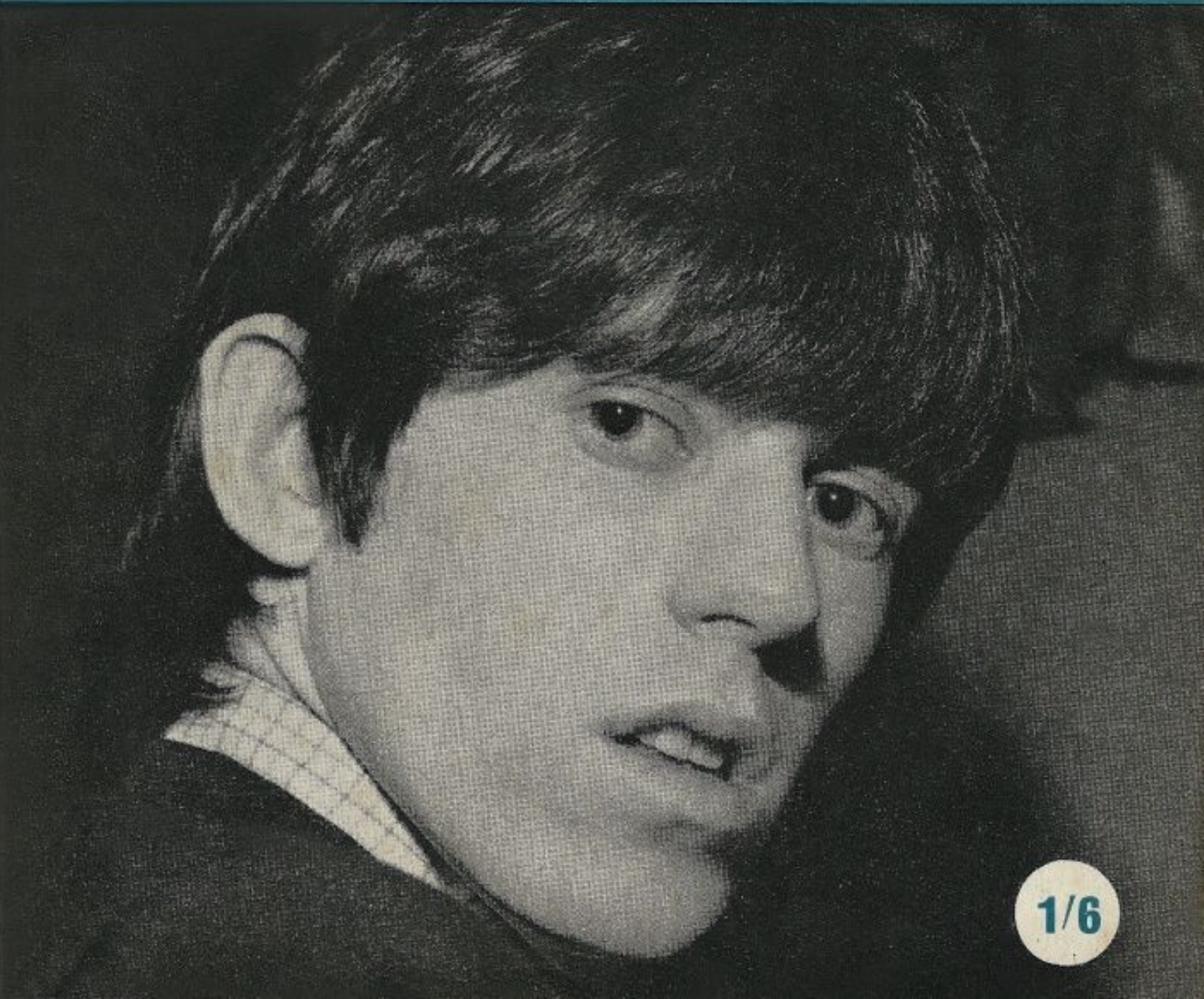




THE ROLLING STONES

No. 4

MONTHLY BOOK 10th SEPTEMBER 1964



THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES BOOK
EDITED BY THE STONES FOR THEIR FANS

No. 4 SEPTEMBER 1964

Edited by BILL WYMAN

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EDITORIAL

Hello!

Doesn't time go fast—here we are up to the fourth issue of our book and my turn to be Editor. Mick, Brian and Keith have made a pretty good job of it, so I hope I don't let the side down.

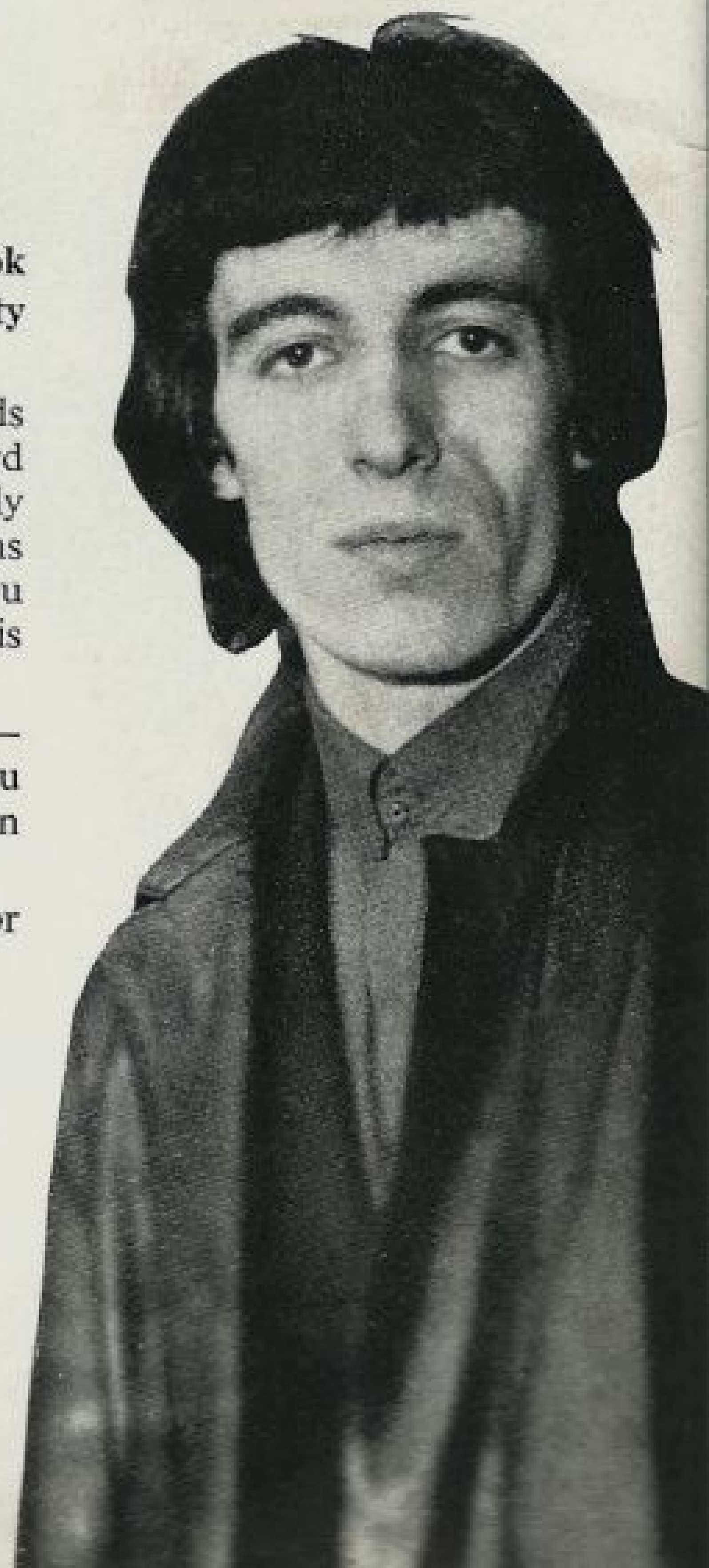
We have all been thrilled to bits with the success of our records—thanks to you wonderful fans—and we've been working very hard recently in the recording studio on lots of new tracks, particularly for our next L.P. I have included several photos taken at the sessions in this issue. Recording is always an exciting business, because you never know how anything is going to end up. The main thing is that we finish up pleasing you.

I seem to have fallen behind in answering my fan mail recently—it seems to get harder to find the time every week. Anyway, if you don't hear from us for a time—have sympathy—we're only human (we think!), and eventually your letter will be answered.

The Stones Story starts on Page 23—hope you like it and, for that matter, all the other things in our *personal* book to you.

See you around the country. Keep smiling!

Bill Wyman



Rolling Stones

NEWS

No More Socks PLEASE!

Frantic messages have been received from Mick that he's got enough pairs of yellow socks to last him a lifetime, so please, please, don't send any more! He also has got all the motoring summonses he wants and reports that it has quite put him off driving cars!

Blind Children Meet Stones

Two blind children, ten-year-old Diane Gibbs and eight-year-old Graham Grainger of Leicester were taken backstage to meet the Stones when they were doing a one-nighter there. They are big Stones' fans and love listening to all their records.

CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN

All the boys find it more and more difficult to travel separately to dates and recording sessions, so Eric Easton is buying a big limousine for them and engaging a driver, so that in future, they will have no worries about one of the Quintet being unable to make it. From now on it'll be ALL late or ALL on time!

STONES IN TWO T.V. SHOWS

Forty Stones' fans took part in the taping of a Red Skelton T.V. Show recorded in this country for Transmission in the States on September 22. The boys sang "Carol", "Tell Me" and "It's All Over Now". Forty five million Americans are expected to see the show.

The Rolling Stones have also been filmed for a special Granada, "World in Action" programme, which will be shown in September.



Stones' road manager Ian Stewart unloading the boys' equipment in Denmark Street, London's Tin Pan Alley, all set for another L.P. session at Regent Sound.

STONES return to the STATES

Stones' manager, Eric Easton, has arranged for the Stones to return to America at the end of October, or early November, for a concentrated series of T.V., radio and one night shows.

Dates have not been finally agreed yet, but American promoters forecast that the tour will be a big success. Between the end of their Autumn tour and their American trip, they hope to fit in several dates in Germany, France, Sweden and Holland.

High Sellers

Decca Records report that "Not Fade Away" has notched up sales of over 550,000 and that advance orders for the Stones' new single, which is expected to be released mid to late September, will be the highest yet.

NEW FLATS

Both Brian and Keith have been searching for flats in Central London in the past few months. Charlie has finally moved into one, but Brian is still looking. He has got to find one which will take his four-poster bed. He says that it's the most comfortable one he's ever slept in!



Charlie looks a bit worried as he turns up for the L.P. session. He was the first to arrive!



Stones change round. Keith takes over on drums and Bill sits in on piano.

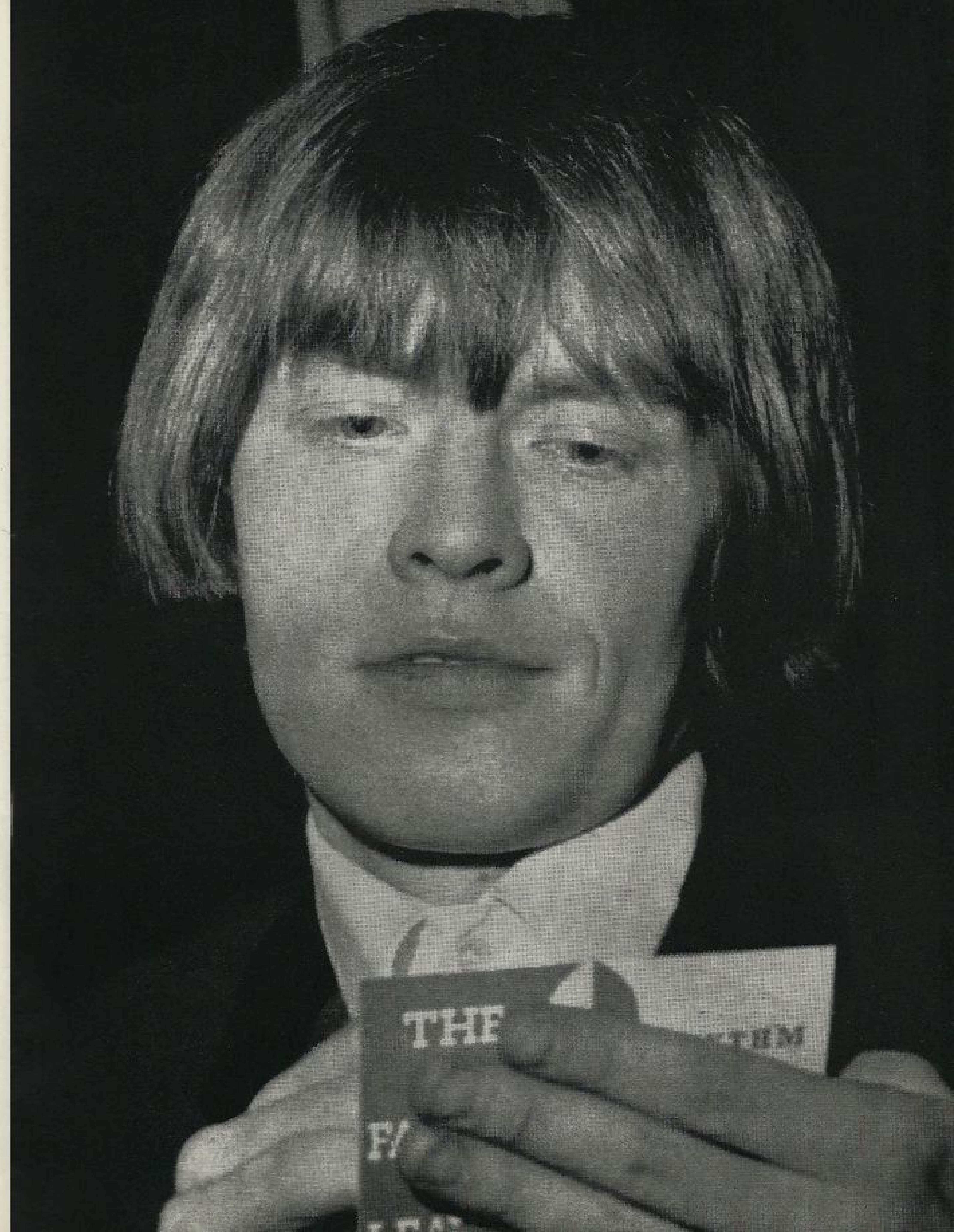
BEING a maniac for various forms of poetry, I was very impressed by four poems sent to me by Susan Machin of Red Lion Inn, Stonedge, Ashover, Chesterfield, Derbyshire. The one I enjoyed best, and thought some of you might too, has no title but goes as follows:-

**My mind has two
Green leaves
Dark, on a single stalk,
Smelling earth brown
By rainfall.
My mind has
A red dragon swirled
In grey smoke,
Sometimes the birdsong
Of questioning note
Moves the dark soil,
And my mind cries
For the leaves and the dragon
Lost in their hope.**

Can anyone do better than this? If you do, send them to me
c/o Beat Publications, Ltd., 244 Edgware Road, London, W.2.

BILL

*Autographs . . . and more autographs!
But Brian just keeps smiling . . . and signing.*





how I joined the STONES



by
BILL WYMAN

I first got the idea that I would like to play in a group when I was on holiday in Aylesbury, Bucks. It was the summer of 1960 and one evening I went along to a local hall to see a show. There were several groups on the bill, but the only one that I can remember was Duke D'Mond and the Barron Knights.

I'll never forget the way the sound hit me as I walked in the door, it stirred me and made me feel strange and excited.

I bought an ordinary guitar, but I soon got sick of painful fingers and the complicated chord shapes and so I just left it.

FORMED GROUP

About a year later I met up with some boys and we all decided to form a group. We practised and eventually we played Youth Club dates, weddings and small dances. The trouble was that the audiences didn't seem to be on our wavelength. They seemed to love the "pop" tunes. We, of course, did the Chuck Berry and the Jerry Lee Lewis type of numbers.

I switched to bass guitar when I saw Nero and the Gladiators and a group called the Hi-Fi's at Wallington Civic Hall. Then about this time Tony Chapman, our drummer, told me about an R and B group who were looking for bass and drums. Tony told me that we could find this particular group at a place called the Wetherby Arms in the Kings Road, Chelsea, so one night we turned up there with our equipment to practise with them.

DECEPTIVE APPEARANCES

First appearances were certainly deceptive.

Over by the bar stood two long-haired scruffy individuals. Tony introduced me to them but they just muttered a few words and turned away. The next chap I was introduced to was another long-haired scruff called Mick. Although he was tidier and a bit more sociable—just about! Another chap there, was "Stu", road manager Ian Stewart, who I'd already met.

That was my first meeting with Brian, Keith and Mick. The session we had together worked out O.K. and, even though we weren't too struck with either the name "Rolling Stones" or the music, Tony and I decided to join. After a few weeks Tony still didn't seem to fit in with us musically, so he left and formed a new group with Steve Carroll—our old lead guitarist—called the Preachers.






CHARLIE JOINED

At that time, we were playing the Flamingo Club on Mondays, and very shortly afterwards we got hold of a dead-pan, dog-faced boy called Charlie Watts to play drums. We also played the Marquee Club with Cyril Davies on Thursdays, The Red Lion, Sutton, on Fridays and the Ealing Jazz Club on Saturday nights. I suppose that we were getting about £5 each after paying off all our equipment.

I still felt very out of place with the others and often thought about throwing it all in and just being normal. Then all of a sudden I decided that I'd try and conform, so one Saturday I washed my hair, brushed it just like the rest, and went down to Ealing. All the Stones were in the A.B.C. Cafe and when I walked in they almost collapsed with laughter.

At last, I was really one of them!

Chad Christian gets the **STONES' OPINIONS** on eleven topics . . .

SUBJECT	Mick 	Charlie 	Brian 	Keith 	Bill 
The Bomb	An appalling and frightening thought	Boom. . .	A very necessary deterrent	Bang!	Past caring about it. If it drops we won't know, so why worry?
The Law	In need of modernisation	Wanted	Also a very necessary deterrent	The What?	Useful at times, but usually a bore
Marriage	I know nothing of the joys or tribulations	Good	I advocate polygamous marriage!	Very worthy—for some!	Very nice, when she doesn't nag me
The Death Penalty	Ought to be abolished.	Needed	Primitive (eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth sort of justice)	Again, very worthy . . . for some	I agree with it so long as I'm not on the block
Capitalism versus Communism	That needs 400 pages not a few words	3-3	A straight fight with no victor	Down with the Reds!	Ignore it—can't be bothered.
The Establishment	Never been there!	Good Club!	Over-established	Anti-	I hate all the phonies and bores
Sex	I wouldn't be here without it.	More	Mmmmmm!	Handsome	Lovely
Poverty	We don't know how lucky we are	Less	Unnecessary in an enlightened community	Shouldn't be allowed	Horrible, but it makes you appreciate money
Parents	Subject 7 again.	Good	Indispensable	Like them	Fine when they finally understood your point of view
England	My favourite country.	Lovely	Small	Great Place	Much better than Wales
The Middle Classes	Nearly everyone thinks they are	Rich pill-pushers	Generally moderate, nondescript sort of people. But you can't generalise can you?	Working class trying to be high class	Some good, but I can't stand the snobby ones

Great New Competition for the Chance of a Lifetime . . .
WIN A WATCH and MEET THE STONES!



HOW TO ENTER

Road Manager, Stew, is going to check the Speedometer reading on his van when he leaves Finsbury Park on September 5th and again when he reaches the A.B.C., Wigan on September 16th. What we want you to guess is how many miles the Stones' instruments van will travel taking the boys' equipment to all these shows.

Here are the first ten dates in the Stones' Tour:—

SEPTEMBER:—

- 5th Astoria, Finsbury Park.
- 6th Odeon, Leicester.
- 8th Odeon, Colchester.
- 9th Odeon, Luton.
- 10th Odeon, Cheltenham.
- 11th Capitol, Cardiff.
- 12th Odeon, Sheffield.
- 14th A.B.C., Chester.
- 15th Odeon, Manchester.
- 16th A.B.C. Wigan.

TO ENTER THE COMPETITION:—

1. Print your name and address on a postcard and your Fan Club Membership Number.
2. Put the total number of miles that you estimate Stew's van will travel. Send your postcard to The Rolling Stones Book, 244 Edgware Road, London, W.2., to arrive not later than 10th October, 1964. The winners, (the readers who send in mileage totals closest to the correct one) will be announced in The Rolling Stones Book No. 6, which will be published on 10th November.

A Fan's Eye View . . .

“So these are the Rolling Stones. Well, at least the Beatles look clean, and you can see their eyes. Wild, these Stones; probably never even heard of stage presentation. Ugly-looking brutes, too. The Beatles look different on stage, but never scruffy. I wonder when that singer last combed his hair. Their sound is wilder too. And I like that harmonica. The wails send shivers down my back.”

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

THESE were my first impressions of the Rolling Stones. I saw them on television on several other occasions, gradually realising that they weren't as dirty and scruffy-looking as I'd thought. One or two of them wore suits, and even ties, and their hair seemed quite tidy, at least when they began their numbers. And what numbers! Wild sounds, but musical ones. Earthy vocalising, throbbing rhythm, and an atmosphere. They moved with their music, involved in it, oblivious of cameras, audience, images.

I read about them in music papers. They said that the Stones were dedicated to Rhythm-and-Blues, lived for it and on it. Mick loved to talk about his favourite artists, Keith was quiet and sketched the other Stones when he had nothing else to do. Bill was the married one who looked like Charles I, and Charlie, the thinker and jazz addict. Brian was the blonde Stone; they said he was the most sociable, the easiest to get on with.

STUNNED

THUS I, a pop fan, discovered the Rolling Stones. The next time I saw them was when I saw the N.M.E. poll concert on television. I was stunned. And converted. They moved around the stage wildly, putting everything into their performance, generating an atmosphere of tangible electricity. Sitting at home, I felt the excitement they created, swayed to the crashing, wailing music. I had to see them again, but they had gone—touring, travelling; and I had G.C.E. to take.

Then the Stones were on Juke Box Jury. I watched the programme eagerly, longing to know what they were really like. Mick said most and spoke intelligently and knowledgeably on the records. Charlie seemed shy and said little, but again, what he said was intelligent and he evidently knew R-n-B very well. Brian said quite a lot, and Bill and Keith, though quiet, expressed knowledgeable opinions on the records they heard. The Stones all had a sense of humour, plenty of intelligence, and evidently knew and lived for their music.

DEFENDED THE STONES

“**S**CRUFFY, ignorant louts”, my elders had said; “You call that music?” they'd asked. “They look as if they've just got out of bed”, they'd commented. But now I was prepared to defend the Rolling Stones to the bitter end. I had watched them, read about them, and made my decision on them.

Now I'm under their spell. I want to see them and hear them again and again. I want to meet them, talk to them, find out what sort of people they really are, and share their music. In other words, I've become a Stones fan.

The Beatles are great, but the Stones are tangible, human and just plain fab.

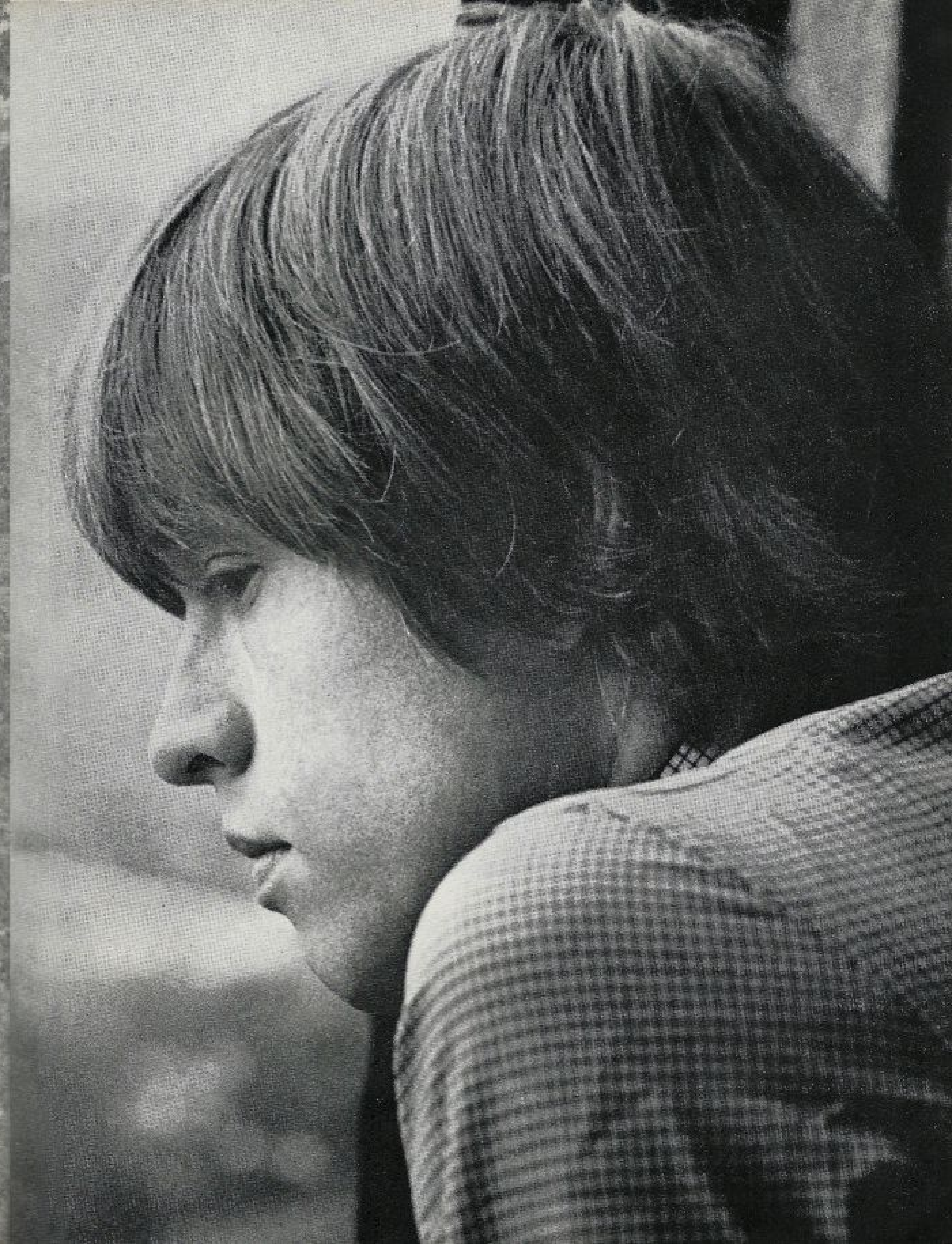


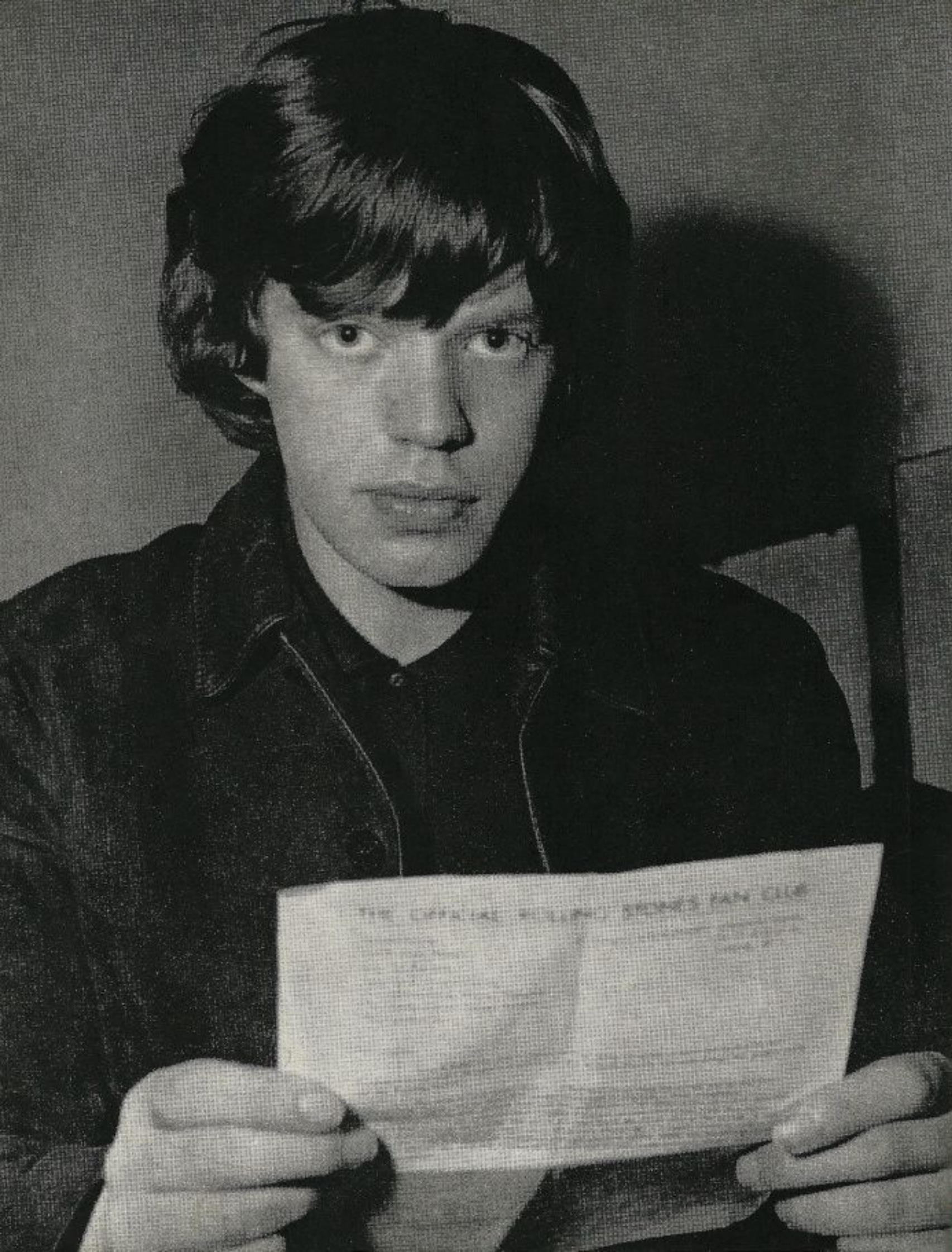
A joke from one of the boys? or is Charlie's smile for some lucky member of the audience?





Bill Wyman





THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES FAN CLUB

Hi there;

Good news this month! I have managed to organise a special competition specially for the Stones' fans! There will be five winners, and each will receive a DOUBLE PRIZE of a beautiful watch AND a meeting with the Stones.



We've had lots of overseas visitors, mainly from Germany and France, popping into the Fan Club office to see us. It was great to find out how things are going in their countries. The President of the Swedish Fan Club arrived just in time to help me with the mail. Bet she didn't think she was going to end up putting letters in envelopes when she walked in!

The Stones are getting a lot of stories and articles about themselves in the papers these days, and most of them are very interesting but, don't take everything you read in the papers as 'gospel'. On several occasions the Stones have been associated with things that had nothing to do with them. After all, we must remember that the papers have to print something.

You have all been very good to us at the Fan Club recently. Pretty well everyone who wants a reply to their letter has remembered to put a stamped addressed envelope in with their letter. Thanks a lot-it really does make it so much easier for all of us here. Thanks also for all the postcards which you have been sending in to me and the boys while you are on holiday. We now have a huge collection of views, funny cards, rude cards and every other kind of card from pretty well everywhere in England and the Continent.

Best of luck in the competition. See you in No. 5.

Yours,

Annabelle Smith



LIFE WITH THE **STONES SPECIAL** 180,000 advance for Stones EP ongrat
DISC **THE STONES' STORY** THE
nkS **ROLLING STONES ALMOST THERE** Stones
ones
ing up to the

London: a seething, sprawling mass. A City of millions and of many nationalities. A vast blob on the map—a blob which includes many human rolling stones, characters drawn to London in search of a successful life, some niche where they'd be happy.

But we're concerned with just **FIVE** Rolling Stones. Five Rhythm 'n' Blues crusaders who, in the late 1950's, had barely heard of each other but who were, together and later, to conquer all Britain.

Chapter One

War-time Britain—and five Rolling Stones make their first public, and unmusical, noises.

Three Stones, Mick Jagger, Brian Jones, Keith Richard, were born in 1944, just before the end of World War II. Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman first blinked at daylight three years earlier. So the war really left them stone cold. Not old enough to care, or to worry.

Mick, Dartford-born on 20th July, 1944, recalls: "Somewhere, deep in my mind, I remember my mum untacking the blankets which had been nailed round the windows at home—you know, the black-out restrictions. These rugs and blankets just stayed there,

neatly piled. Do I really remember all this—or have I been told since? I don't know. But the raids, the sounds of bombs—no, I have no memories at all . . .".

Brian, born 28th February, 1944, was a Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, baby. The war virtually passed Cheltenham by completely. "Nothing sticks in my mind", he says. "All I know is what I've read in magazines since".

Charlie, born 2nd June, 1941, in Islington, London, has clearer recollections. "We were really in the centre of it", he explains in that quiet way of his. "Almost every night the alarms sounded and off we'd go to the nearest shelters. I was scooped up by my dad or mum and rushed off. I don't suppose I understood what it was all about. But the noise of bombs exploding—I remember that. Sometimes they were frighteningly close. I cried—I must have cried. There was panic. But it didn't last long . . .".

Chapter Two

When Mick Jagger played "Tarzan of the Apes" with his dad at the bottom of the garden.

BILL, born 24th October, 1941, in Lewisham, London, also felt the horrors of war, young though he was. "Those sirens wailing away, then the air-raid shelters. Just sitting there, hearing things going on overhead. We had it bad because our home at Penge, Croydon, was badly blasted by bombs. I was evacuated to Nottingham. It was a change, but I don't remember much about it."



And Keith, Dartford-born on 18th December, 1944, recalls: "We were sitting out on the lawn, just my mum and I. The war was over, actually, but I knew about what had gone on. My mother says I was scared when planes went overhead. I remember her telling me it was one of ours, a Spitfire. But nothing else about the war...".

Years go by. The Stones-to-be grew up in their own ways. Most of them soon developed individuality, not so much in music, of course, but in their approach to other boys at school. In the way they tackled their lessons and their homework.

Where do you start with FIVE Rolling Stones? Maybe Mick Jagger is the best. He was involved in the first links that were to lead to one of the most sensational groups ever to hit the British music scene.

Mick, chubby-cheeked, short-haired, SHOULD in one sense have turned to sporting interests for his career. His dad was a physical training instructor—now a senior lecturer in

the subject. By the time his age had reached the double-figure mark, Mick was a very healthy specimen of boyhood.

His dad had fixed up swing ropes at the bottom of their garden in Wilmington, just a short trot from Dartford. Mick swung about like a miniature Tarzan. He had natural agility and loved being encouraged to perform physical feats by his dad. From the start of playing organised sport at school, he was pretty good. Through Maypole County Primary, then Wentworth County Primary, and on to Dartford Grammar School.

He liked basketball, particularly, and was pretty consistent at cricket, he now says: "I was O.K. until I got on to Rugby football. This was much too rough and energetic for me. But I wasn't really interested in all the practice and running about that went with playing for the school teams. It wasn't so much laziness, *I don't think*. It just seemed a waste of time."

Mick's dad was disappointed that his son-and-heir couldn't find it in him to be really serious about representative sport. But Mick used to enjoy going off with friends, camping. He liked the occasional break from home life. And, of course, he had no idea that he'd ever be able to afford the biggest and most expensive hotels in the world...

Chapter Three

Mick meets Keith and they talk about records—especially American R & B discs.

IT wasn't until his middle teens that Mick took any real interest in music. He'd met Keith Richard in the "very young" days, though neither remembers much about it now. They assume they'd chanted nursery rhymes, but that's pure guess-work. It's just

that all the kids in Dartford met up from time to time.

And Keith? His dad was an electrical engineer. Dark-haired Keith, also close-cropped hair-wise with (then) rather outstanding ears, had spent his very young days between Westhill Infants' School, then Dartford Primary, then Dartford Grammar—more about the last-named hall-of-learning later! His childhood was happy. But he remembers a stroll along the sea-front at Southend with his mother, when he dragged his spade noisily over the cobble-stones. And was smacked roundly by mum "almost every step I took."

Keith's parents weren't particularly musical. But his grandfather had had a dance band back in the 1930's—he played violin and guitar. The sounds he made, and the tunes he played, were VERY different to those Keith was to make later on in life.

Keith was to go, eventually, to Sidcup Art School. One evening he went home, to practise





guitar for a while, and told his mum, then living in Spielman Road, Dartford, how he'd met Mick Jagger on the way. They'd paused to talk about records—rhythm 'n' blues records. A link between the two nearish-neighbours had been established. It was a link that was to be very, very important in the next few years...

So two Rolling Stones were in contact. But what of the others?

Well, Brian was still in Cheltenham. His father is an aeronautical engineer, his mum a piano teacher. So music, basically, was a part of his early life. In fact, his father played piano and organ too. His mother, obviously, was a pianist. His sister was a dab hand on piano and violin. Square instruments to play? Maybe. But Brian, the beat-happy Stone with the tremendous stage personality, admitted to me just the other day: "One day, I'd like to try my hand at classical piano or organ. I don't believe anyone should be too involved in any one kind of music."

Chapter Four

Bill earns the "rebel" tag at school and decides he wants a peaceful sort of life.

BRIAN scholar-ed his way through Dean Close Public School at Cheltenham, then moved on to Cheltenham Grammar School. He was an O.K. student at anything to do with music and he was a very sound scholar in the eyes of his English teacher. A quiet, likeable boy, Brian was distinctly ANTI-sport.

He says: "I just couldn't take to games. Don't really know why, except that all that running around for no real reason seemed a waste of time. I skived off whenever it was possible—my regrets were that I simply had to turn up and play on some occasions.

"Even now, you'll never catch me at a cricket or soccer match. I mean, what is the point of it all. But the funny thing was that, almost despite my own attitude, I wasn't at all bad at badminton. At least there was a bit of action at this sport. Mostly, though, it was just that I couldn't stand being bored..."

◀ *Mick samples the local brew, during a recent Scottish visit.*

Says Brian: "Musically, I was guided by my parents. Later, there were several piano teachers in Cheltenham. I struggled to get the notes right early on, but eventually I found I had a 'feel' for music. I guess I knew that I was going to be interested only in music very early on—and that was because I quite honestly didn't feel much of an urge to do anything else. I thought about different sorts of jobs and just rejected them because I knew I'd be bored stiff."

Mick knew Keith. Brian was developing, musically, on his own through the teen-age years. But what about the others.

Well, Bill languished through Oakfield Junior School at Penge, then went on to Beckenham Grammar School. He was, like the other Stones, a raving rebel. Says now: "I couldn't stand wearing a school uniform. I mean, what fun was there in being turned out exactly the same as everybody else. You felt just like the others and that didn't suit my attitude to things. I hated suits, too. But my mum made me wear 'em".

Now, Bill emerges as the one who apparently has fewest troubles of all the Stones. He's the married one, of course, with his wife Diane and two-year-old Stephen making up the family. That little son, incidentally, looks just like a carbon copy of what you'd expect Bill to have been like when he was a toddler.

Bill was a goodish student at mathematics, art and, predictably, music. He picked up a fair piano technique and nursed an ambition to form his own group when he was only about thirteen. He was only eight when he started on piano, though, and he used to kick up "something horrible" when he found it interfered with his playing around with mates.

Sport? Bill quite liked cricket. There was no soccer at school and it was a case of playing Rugby football or nothing. Bill chose, when possible, "nothing". Said: "Rugger's too tough, too rough. Who wants to get a smack round the ear when you're supposed to be out there enjoying yourself? I'm a peaceful sort of bloke. But anybody thump me round the head and I'm liable to get peeved, whether it's for sport or not."

Bill was the last to join the Rolling Stones as they are right now.

Next month—Enter Charlie Watts.

EVERY STONE GROOVE

As a constant admirer of the Stones, I might humbly announce that I have, carefully preserved, and tucked away in my record collection, every recording to date made by these great blokes. I might also add that I am proud of every groove!

I don't think the title of their latest masterpiece is very apt as concerns their outlook, it's far from "all over"; methinks we will be hearing a whole lot more from this gear group. Keep up the good work chaps!

Stephen Gotts,
Cambridgeshire.

BEST MUSICIAN

Dear Charlie,

Since the Stones' appearance at the Cavern a few months ago I have followed your progress eagerly, for I thought that you were the best musician out of the group. I like your hard-hitting individual style, uncharacteristic of most R & B drummers you hold the tempo and let the beat really swing. I listen carefully, because I am a drummer like yourself. I play with a little known group in Liverpool clubs.

I think you're a fab drummer, and judging from your profile in the Rolling Stones' book a really nice guy.

Good luck,
Leonard Ginley.

Bill answers:—

Charlie'll never be the same after he reads this.

A DEDICATION

They say Rolling Stones gather no moss,
Well in this case, it's no great loss.
Rolling Stones gather fans,
That come to see them in trains and vans.
They trail in their long shaggy wake,
Money, people, they won't break.
Pre-neanderthal looks of long ago,
Wild, way out, Chelsea and Soho.
Plain defiance of our way,
Travel on from day to day.
Long lanky locks that sweep the floor,
Cuban heels that block the door.
Add up to space-age, stone-age looks,
What makes them look like five I'll kooks?
They wanna be your man bong, bong, bong, bong,
Oh, my Lord have we done 'em wrong?
Fast, fanatic, off beat, wild:
"Oh—I can this be our child
That goode and gurgled on his rattle
And now with hair and fans does battle?"
Mama doesn't like them, Papa much less,
Says they all look such a mess
(Oh, shut up and go and play bingo).
But down below each gyrating cage,
Pounds a heart that makes us feel warm.

A Stones Fan.

MY SEAT COLLAPSED

Dear Brian,

I just had to write and say what a marvellous article you wrote in your No. 3 book. I am fortunate enough to have been at many of your live shows and know just what you mean about the atmosphere. It's like electricity when you, and the others, get going. I go potty, and I remember one show when my friend and I got in the front row and I jumped about so much that my whole seat collapsed. (Honest that's the truth and you and Mick both laughed 'cos I must have made a funny sight sitting on the floor.) I'm gonna see you at Finsbury Park so I hope the same thing doesn't happen again. Thanks again for the article. Give my love to everyone.

All my love forever,
Marilyn Fine.

P.S. Extra love to you (Brian) and Mick.

Bill answers:—

Brian tells me he remembers that seat collapsing Marilyn because it doesn't happen very often.

INVITATION TO CAMERAS & COKE

Dear Boys,

After reading Sue Hallum's letter about "Indian Stone" in this month's issue of the *Rolling Stones Book*, I thought that I just had to write and tell you that ever since I started work four weeks ago, almost every letter I have sent out from the shop has had some sort of connection with you lot! That is, I type to people in Kilburn, Wembley, Hampstead, Richmond, Bryanston, Mayfair, Oldham, Beckenham and Stonebridge Park. You will see the connections yourselves (I hope!).

They have names such as Instone, Stone, Fader (Fade Away), Jagga, Jones, Wyman, Richard(s) and yes, even Watts. Who live in places like Stonehill Road, Wattford Road, Wyman Lane, and Stone Park Avenue, Beckenham.

Now I am waiting for the perfect address, it beins:

Messrs Jagger, Jones, Wyman, Richard & Watts,
5-4-3-2-1 (sorry about that) Not Fade Away Ave.,
Welovethestonestown,
Jaggershire (Hey, that sounds good!)
(Tell Me You're Coming) Back Country.

I work in a camera shop. It's a fab shop, and if you condescend to come and look at some cameras, I can assure you that there would be no screaming fans ready to jump on you (although I know you really appreciate them). You would have plenty of time to browse around our large selection of cameras. I believe Brian has a Nikon already, but if he'd like to "swop" we could arrange that O.K.

Poor little me works downstairs in the office and never gets a chance to see the customers, so make plenty of noise when you come in (a couple of lines from "If you need me" would do it) and then maybe you would honour us with your presence for a Coke or something! Please, please think about that!!!

Anne Parsons, 18.
(Well, in November I will be)

Bill answers:—

We're liable to stay all day if we come to your office—at least until the Coke runs out. But what would your boss say?





AUTUMN TOUR DATES

SEPTEMBER:—

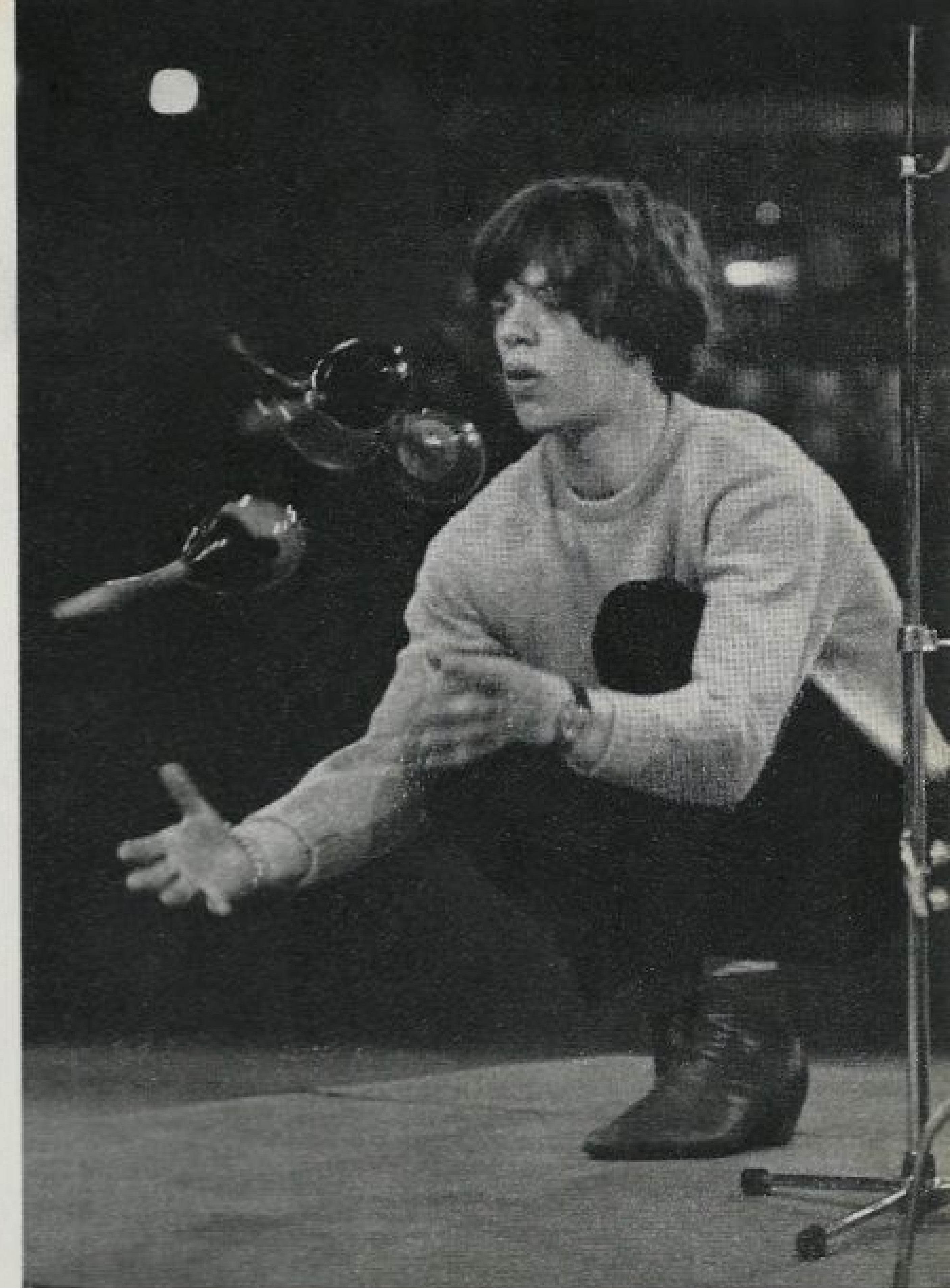
10th Odeon, Cheltenham.
11th Capitol, Cardiff.
12th Odeon, Sheffield.
14th A.B.C., Chester.
15th Odeon, Manchester.
16th A.B.C., Wigan.
17th A.B.C., Carlisle.
18th Odeon, Newcastle.
19th Usher Hall, Edinburgh.
20th Globe, Stockton.
21st A.B.C., Hull.
22nd A.B.C., Lincoln.
24th Gaumont, Doncaster.
25th Gaumont, Hanley.
26th Odeon, Bradford.
27th Hippodrome, Birmingham.
28th Odeon, Romford.
29th Odeon, Guildford.

OCTOBER:—

1st Colston Hall, Bristol.
2nd Odeon, Exeter.
3rd Regal, Edmonton.
4th Gaumont, Southampton.
5th Gaumont, Wolverhampton.
6th Gaumont, Watford.
8th Odeon, Lewisham.
9th Gaumont, Ipswich.
10th Odeon, Southend.



"'R & B' takes it out of the old strings," says Keith, and he keeps a plentiful supply of them.



Mick's a man of many talents—juggling's just one of them

The **ROLLING STONES** Book No. 5

will be published on **OCTOBER 10th**

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