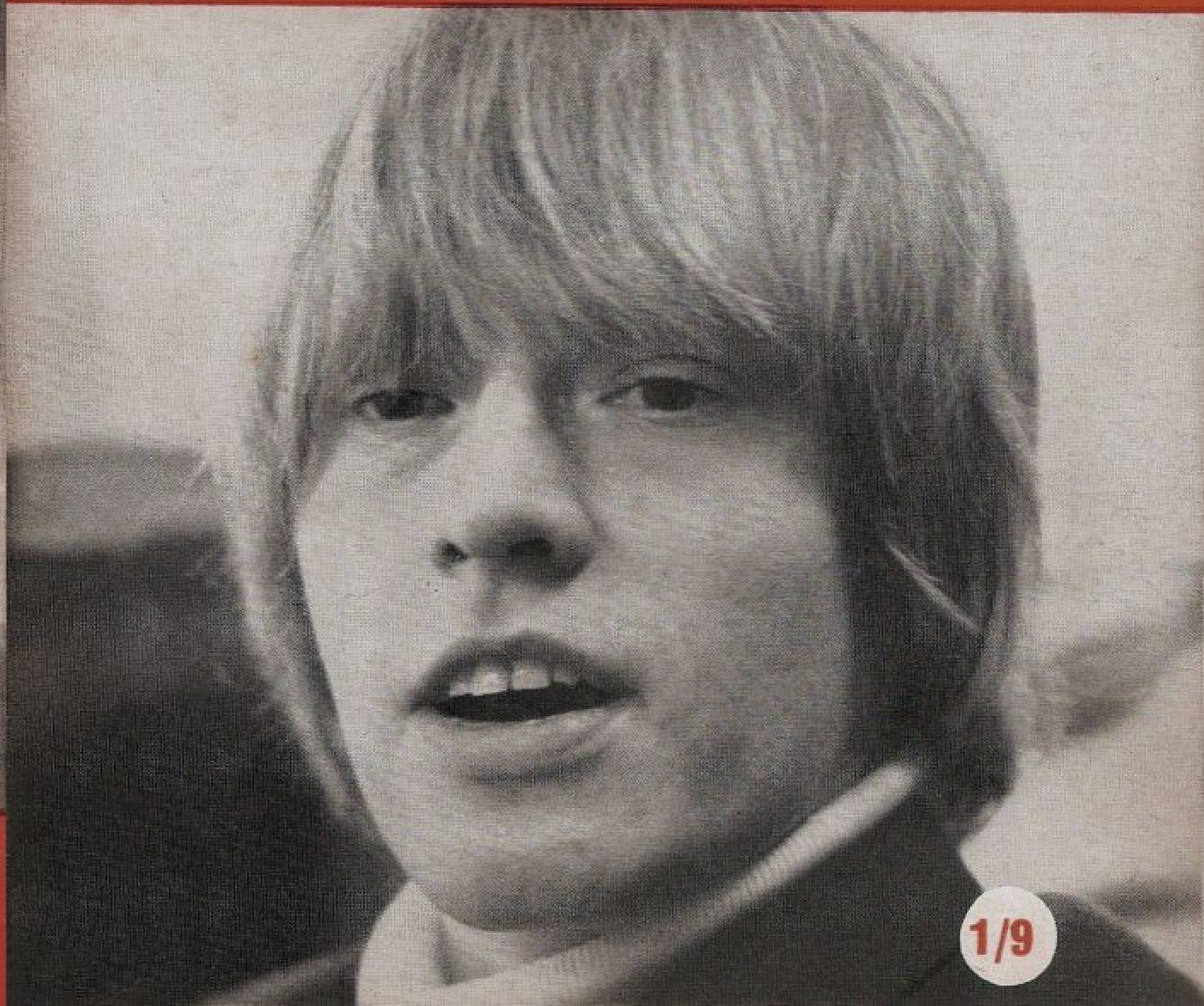




THE **No. 25**
ROLLING STONES
MONTHLY BOOK **JUNE 1966**



THE ROLLING STONES BOOK **No. 25**

THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

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

No. 25 JUNE, 1966

Edited by CHARLIE WATTS

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EDITORIAL

Hello!

I'm pleased to say that I don't go through any panics or dramas when writing the editorial for the Stones Monthly. There's nothing I don't know about editing a book, after all, I did write my own didn't I? Take Bill for example, look what happened last time—stuck for words, and Brian spends half his time wondering what everyone else is doing and whether their contributions to the Monthly are going to be in on time—I just take it nice and easy.

Don't think for one minute that I'm sitting in a stuffy office with my shirt sleeves rolled up sipping black coffee with a shade over my eyes saying "city desk" everytime the phone rings; that's what happens on the big national newspapers, but not the Stones Monthly. As a matter of fact I'm sitting in the garden trying to catch the sun with the typewriter balanced on my knobby knees sipping a lager and lime.

Anyway that's enough of the idle chatter. At the moment I'm practising at being a big film star, because at long last we've settled on a script, or rather a story which the script will be based on—as you know it's called "Only Lovers Left Alive" and we start shooting around August. The original story is about "Rockers", but obviously the characters are going to be changed to suit our own personalities. Mick and Keith are working very hard on the film score at the moment, and we're hoping to have it completed before we start our British tour on September 23rd.

See you soon,



Mick's been going shirt-mad lately. First of all it was a bold flower-patterned shirt, and now he's plumped for a rather startling grey shiny satin one.



Rolling Stones

NEWS

MICK MOVES

Mick has recently vacated his Montague Square flat for a much larger place round the corner. His new "home" is situated on the top floor of a large block and not even his mother knows where it is. "The trouble with living in London," says Mick, "is that you've always got to be on the move, that's why I'd like to buy a house in the country like Keith. I've got used to people waiting in doorways for me, and ringing up for a chat, but it's a bit much when they want to know what you eat for breakfast—anyway try explaining it to the neighbours!"



Keith turns his back on the camera whilst chatting to agent Tito Burns and road manager Stu in their dressing room at Top of The Pops.

BRIAN'S HOLIDAYS

To use a cliché, Brian "has been getting away from it all" by taking himself off to Marbella—a resort in Spain. During the past month he has been there twice, both were short visits for no longer than a week. "I stayed with friends of mine who have a villa out there," said Brian. "I much prefer going away for short spells than going on a couple of long holidays a year. Now I can get away at least half-a-dozen times a year or maybe more, not counting of course the periods when we're abroad on tour."

STONES ATTEND DYLAN CONCERT

All five Stones plus their respective wives and girlfriends attended Dylan's Royal Albert Hall concert on May 26th. Although many people will remember seeing them on Top of The Pops that evening, in actual fact they pre-recorded it the same afternoon, and dashed straight from the studios to the Royal Albert Hall, where they had a box. The boys hadn't seen Dylan for quite a while, so after the show they went backstage for a chat and general "get-together", which carried on into the wee small hours of the morning.



Believe it or not, Mick isn't searching for something under Charlie's drums—the photographer caught him in the middle of one of his energetic stage movements!

BILL BUYS DOG

Bill was very upset when his dog "Lucky" was run-over in the main road outside his house, so to make up for it, he bought himself a boxer. When he got the dog home he couldn't think of a name for him, he tried everything from Rover to Fido. "Eventually," said Bill, "Stephen came up with the best name—Noddy."

FUTURE DATES

The following dates now have been confirmed for the Stones American tour which commences at the end of the month:

JUNE:		9th	Indianapolis
24th	Boston	10th	Chicago
25th	Cleveland	11th	Houston
26th	Washington D.C.	12th	St. Louis
27th	Hertford	14th	Winnipeg
28th	Buffalo	18th	Vancouver
29th	Toronto	19th	Spokane
30th	Montreal	20th	Seattle
		21th	Portland
		22th	Sacramento
JULY:		23rd	Pheonix
1st	Atlantic City	24th	Bakersfield
2nd	New York City	25th	Los Angeles
3rd	New Jersey	26th	San Francisco
8th	Detroit	28th	Hawaii



An unusual shot of Brian taken whilst looking in the mirror on a recent tour.

Sue Mautner takes you round KEITH'S HOUSE.

Fortunately it was a beautiful sunny day when I drove down to Keith's fifteenth century house in Sussex, because "Mr Richard hasn't arrived yet", said the old gardener as I approached the drive.

Fortunate for me because after driving for two-and-a-half hours I had become somewhat stuck to the seat of my car, so it was a good opportunity to stretch my legs and generally nose around the beautiful thatched-roofed house, which is surrounded by a moat on which float some very talkative ducks—obviously they were talking about the weather, what else!



I walked round the back of the house to find a horse grazing in the next field, which later on I found out belonged to Keith—not the horse but the field (he just happened to loan the field to its owner). Lying on the beautifully mowed lawn was a rather old-looking paddle boat—obviously that would also be explained later. As I wandered towards the back of the house there was a dartboard hanging up on the stone wall, and I guessed that someone had been there before—quite a clever piece of detection, because the darts had been left in. Much to my surprise (and only because I was being so nosy) I found the porch door

open, so I took the liberty of entering.

The first room I found myself in was the lounge—no furniture, just a massive oak-panelled room with parquet flooring, wooden beams, two enormous stone pillars and a huge stone fireplace with a gigantic flute coming down the chimney. Keith had already moved some of his belongings because there was a white fur rug on the floor, an electric piano, a harpsichord and a guitar plus his record and book collection and of course his hi-fi.

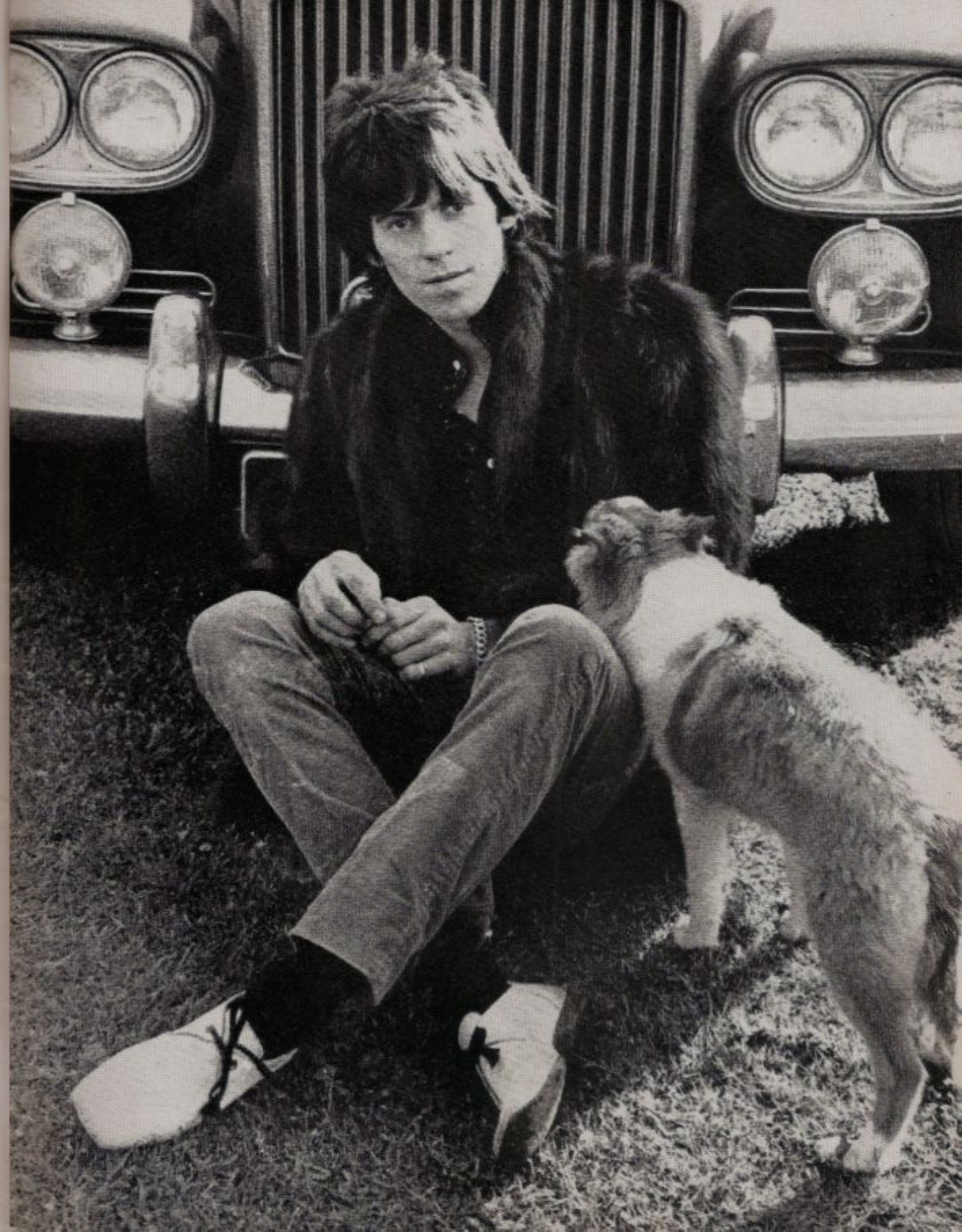
I was very interested and surprised to learn that his books consisted of "The Great War", "Dictionary of Slang",

"Guns", "Great Sea Battles", "Drawings of Rembrandt" and books on England, and even more surprised with his record collection. Amongst the Beatles, Otis Redding, Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel, the Everleys, the Temptations and Elvis were albums of "Chopin's Nineteen Waltzes", Rossini and Segovia.

Half an hour had gone by and still no sign of Keith, so I picked up the phone and dialled his office. "Sorry Sue, tried to get you before but you'd left. Keith's been held up at a meeting but he shouldn't be very long", came the reply. So I decided the best thing to do was to look over the rest of the house. But before I ventured upstairs I placed a record on the player.

The upstairs consisted of five bedrooms and a bathroom, I knew which was Keith's room, because the bed was unmade, and there was a pair of shoes and a Dennis Wheatley book lying on the floor. All the rooms were unfurnished and like the downstairs it was all wooden beams and floors. One bedroom had half the floor missing so I could see immediately into the kitchen.

One side of an L.P. later I came downstairs through





the large dining room and into the kitchen to find some dirty dishes, a burnt sausage in the frying pan on the cooker, a rifle on the wall, a spur hanging on the other wall and a clock on the door, not to mention a truncheon hanging from the ceiling (Keith pinched it off of a gendarme in Paris). Being a female my immediate reaction was to put the kettle on for a cuppa. Whilst selecting my next record the kettle began to whistle furiously, I remembered spotting a bottle of milk in the passage between the garage and the house, so I left the kettle whistling and went out to fetch the milk which a stray cat had got to before me, nevertheless he wasn't clever enough to open it.

As I was pouring out my tea Keith drove up in his Bentley Continental plus L plates and Patrick.

"Sorry I'm late, how did you get in?" Keith was very annoyed with the builders for leaving the house unlocked, so it was just as well I arrived early.

"Hope you don't mind me making myself at home," I said, "have a cup of tea."

"What do you think of the place?", said Keith, "of course it's not furnished yet, I want to do it bit by bit. I'm going to mix the furniture and have modern and Tudor."

"As you can see," said Keith pointing to some old chests, "I've bought some pieces off of the people who lived here before. I'm going to have mauve paint in the dining room and probably the lounge and spotlights on



the walls. I've got this interior decorator who did the *Queen Mary* as it is today.

"Come and take a look outside. I'm having a wall built round the front of the house, which will now be the back if you see what I mean, because I'm extending the path round to the back and making it the front. Anyway I think this should be the front because it's got a porch, and the only reason you think the other side is the front, is because of the drive."

"Who's boat is that?" I enquired. "Oh, that belonged to the owner, I bought it off him, you can paddle round the moat in it, but at the moment it's got a hole in the side!"

"See that cottage over there," said Keith pointing to just outside the grounds. "As it's so cheap I'm going to buy it and have a couple of staff living there. A husband and wife preferably, so she can cook and clean the house, and he can do all the odd jobs. At the moment the gardener comes in everyday except Thursday."

As we went back inside I mentioned to Keith that whilst nosing around I noticed some sound-proof equipment in the garage. "Yes, I'm turning one of the bedrooms into a recording studio. There's so much to be done, I'm knocking down walls and blocking out doors. Downstairs I'm making a small cloakroom for people to hang their coats in, and wait till you see the kitchen finished, I've got this cooker which disappears into the wall."

"You know, it's marvelously situated here. There's a little shopping village where you just ring up and they send your order round, and also I'm only a mile from the sea."

Patrick poked his head round the door to tell Keith that his bacon and eggs were ready. Keith put on a Simon and Garfunkel album and we joined him in the kitchen.

"I'm still going to keep my London flat, because if I've been to a party or something it will be too late to drive all the way down here. I'm also going to get a run-around car, something like a Mustang or even a jeep."

Keith polished-off his bacon and eggs and said he had to be off, as he was catching a plane to Cannes. "I'm going there just for a couple of days," said Keith putting on his fur jacket which one would expect a woman to wear.

"Do you like it, I bought it off this girl for £20 'cos she was broke," said Keith as he stepped into his Bentley plus his L plates!



THE FACES OF BILL

Bill Wyman has a very nice nature. He never minds smiling for photographers and is only too happy to sign autographs for waiting fans until his fingers ache. He has only been known to lose his temper twice, and on both these occasions his anger passed over very quickly.

Bill's famous **Gum-Chewing Face** (this also incorporates his Bass-playing Face) is seen by fans when he's performing—Bill regards it as a form of concentration and relaxation. Whereas Mick and Keith use the rhythmic movement of their bodies as a form of contact with the fans, Bill studies the audience to search for a friendly face or maybe one he already knows. Usually the stage lights are so bright that he can't see further than the first two rows.

Wherever Bill is, you will see his **Autograph-Signing Face**. Always a ready smile and the odd word or two. Bill never forgets a face, and will remember a particular fan no matter how many months have passed by.

When telling funny stories Bill comes up trumps. His **Joke-Telling Face** is a big grin from ear to ear—his whole face creases up with laughter and his eyes twinkle. According to the others, he's the best story teller and never forgets a joke.

As we've already mentioned, Bill never forgets a face whether it's a fan or an old friend. As soon as he greets them his **It's-Great-To-See-You Face** appears—the eyes open wide and the grin spreads even wider. Like Keith he greets them very warmly and shows great enthusiasm to know what's been happening and what they've been doing. Bill produces a similar expression on his **Playing-With-Stephen Face**. Whenever he can he spends his free time playing with Stephen, and like every father he

dotes on his small son. Bill gets a great deal of pleasure from Stephen, his eyes sparkle and he's always laughing except when he puts on his stern **Fatherly Face**. This only appears when he's telling Stephen off—the eyebrows frown and he points his finger at him and comes straight to the point.

Bill turns on a sort of **That's-Good-Isn't-It-Face** when listening to a new group or record—it is one of surprise plus raising of the eyebrows. As you know, Bill has a production company, Freeway Music, and is always on the look-out for new talent, and whenever possible he takes an active interest in it as well as a financial one by recording some of the groups himself or writing their material as well as managing them.

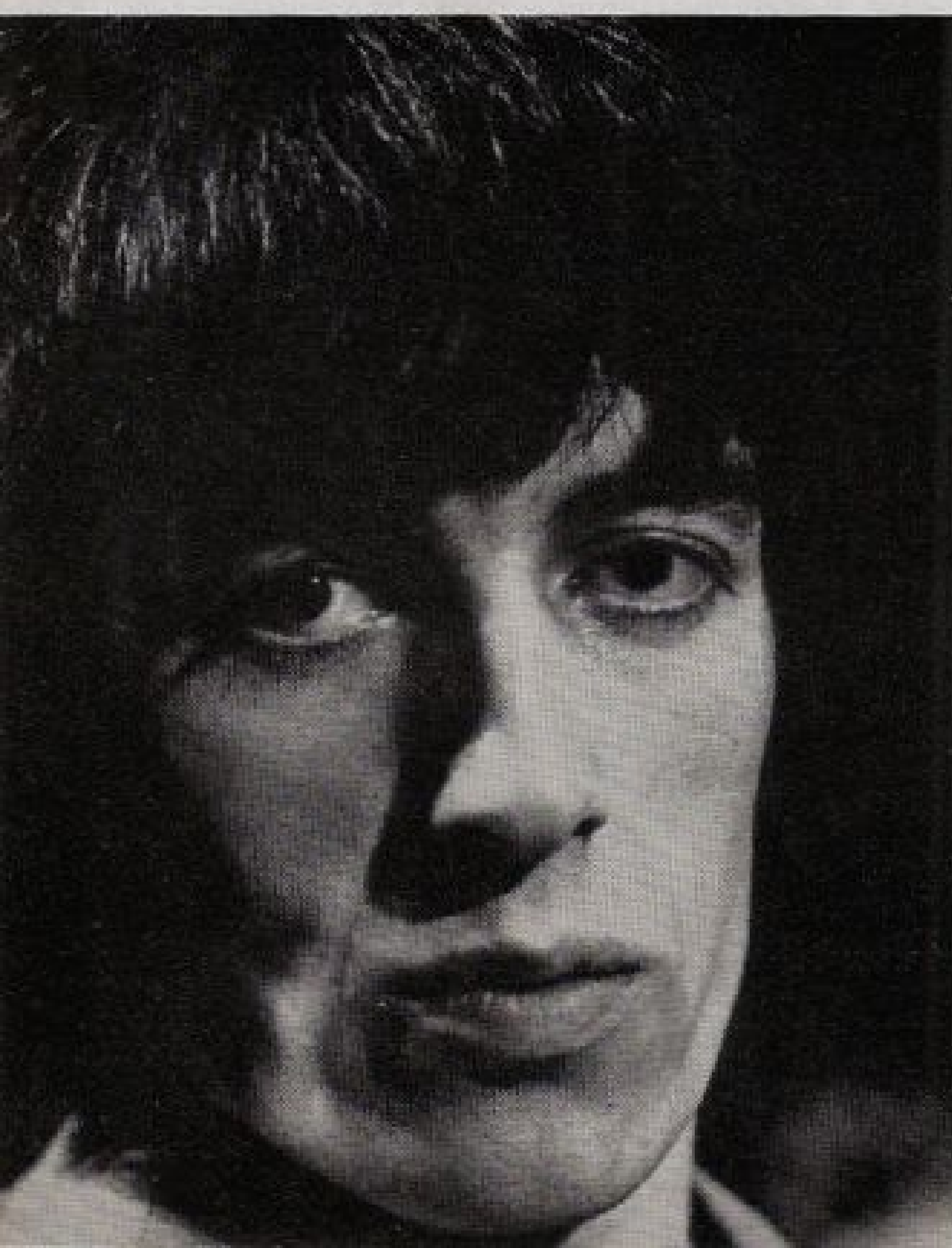
If you're lucky enough to be in the Stones dressing-room on tour, you'll come across Bill's **Letter-Writing Face**. Whenever he can, Bill likes to answer his fan mail personally, and hotel rooms and dressing rooms are the ideal place. Apart from helping to pass the time, Bill gets a personal satisfaction from replying personally.

Bill's **Anything-To-Oblige Face** crops up the whole time, he doesn't mind helping out or doing odd favours, so long as they're reasonable. If someone wants to interview the Stones and it's a choice between the five, then it's "Good old Bill he'll do it", and he does! If the others tire of having their photographs taken, then Bill will remain until the customer is satisfied.

At press-conferences Bill produces his **Cool Face**—he stays very aloof and takes everything in his stride. He doesn't get flustered when a crowd of reporters gather round him and shoot questions off ten to the dozen—he just remains very calm and answers to the best of his ability as many questions as he can, and always takes his time.

The Stones are famous for their send-ups and clowning about, and Bill is no exception, he takes and has his share as much as the others. His **That's-Good-For-A-Laugh Face** is unmistakable, all you can see is a big toothy grin from one side of his face to the other. What brings on this kind of expression? It could be anything from sending one of the others up for a giggle to sending himself up.

What can you say about Bill except that he's a great happy-go-lucky fella!





ROLLING STONES

Pen Pals

(Addresses are in England unless otherwise stated)

- Ron Fraser** (18) Keil College, Dumbarton, Dunbartonshire, wants p.p. anywhere.
Sue Campvell (18) 86 Harwood Street, Chalk Farm, London, N.W.1, wants p.p. anywhere.
Yvonne Capps 35 Cleveland Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk, wants p.p. in Finland, Germany, England.
Carla Woodward (15) 43 Mohawk Drive, West Acton, Massachusetts, 01780, USA, wants p.p. in England, Denmark.
Anna-Stina Kjernald (14) Bygalan 3, Alingsas, Sweden, wants p.p. anywhere.
Marrianne Kimmich (15) 1339 E. Montebelle Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85014, USA, wants p.p. in Manchester, London, Liverpool.

- Terry Ruggiero** (14) 12 Boyce Road, Danbury, Conn., USA, wants p.p. anywhere.
Angela Maher (15) 5152 Patricia Avenue, Montreal 29, Quebec, Canada, wants p.p. in Ireland, Wales, Australia.
Joan Delano (17) 899 Somerset Avenue, Taunton, Massachusetts 02780, USA, wants p.p. anywhere.
Iain Mitchell (15) Islay Kerr House, Kirkton Road, Dumbarton, Scotland, wants p.p. anywhere.
Charles Robertson (15) Islay Kerr House, Kirkton Road, Dumbarton, Scotland, wants p.p. anywhere.
Denise Anselmo (15) 4076 Las Pasas Way, Sacramento, California, wants p.p. in Liverpool, London.
Steve Williams (17) 58 Grove Avenue, Sheffield 6, Yorks, wants p.p. anywhere.
Brian Jeffereys (17) 92 Isleworth Avenue, Woodlands, Durham, Natal, South Africa, wants p.p. anywhere.
Kathleen Steer (15) c/o Hengrove School, St. Leonards, Nr Tring, Herts, wants p.p. in England.
Letty Mutsaers (17) Kon. Wilhelminaweg 301, Groenekan (Utrecht) Holland, wants p.p. in America.
Myra Noble (13) 44 Bilsland Road, Glenrothes, Fife, Scotland, wants p.p. in London.
Barbara Ann Isherwood (14) The Lilacs, Station Road, Wem, Shropshire, wants p.p. anywhere.
Caroline Jones (12) National Provincial Bank Ltd., 39-41 High Street, Wem, Shropshire.
Patricia Edwards (16) 10 Peel Street, Tantany Est., West Bromwich, Staffs., wants p.p. in America.

Andrew stares up at the monitor at Top of The Pops, so as to get an idea of how the viewers see it at home.

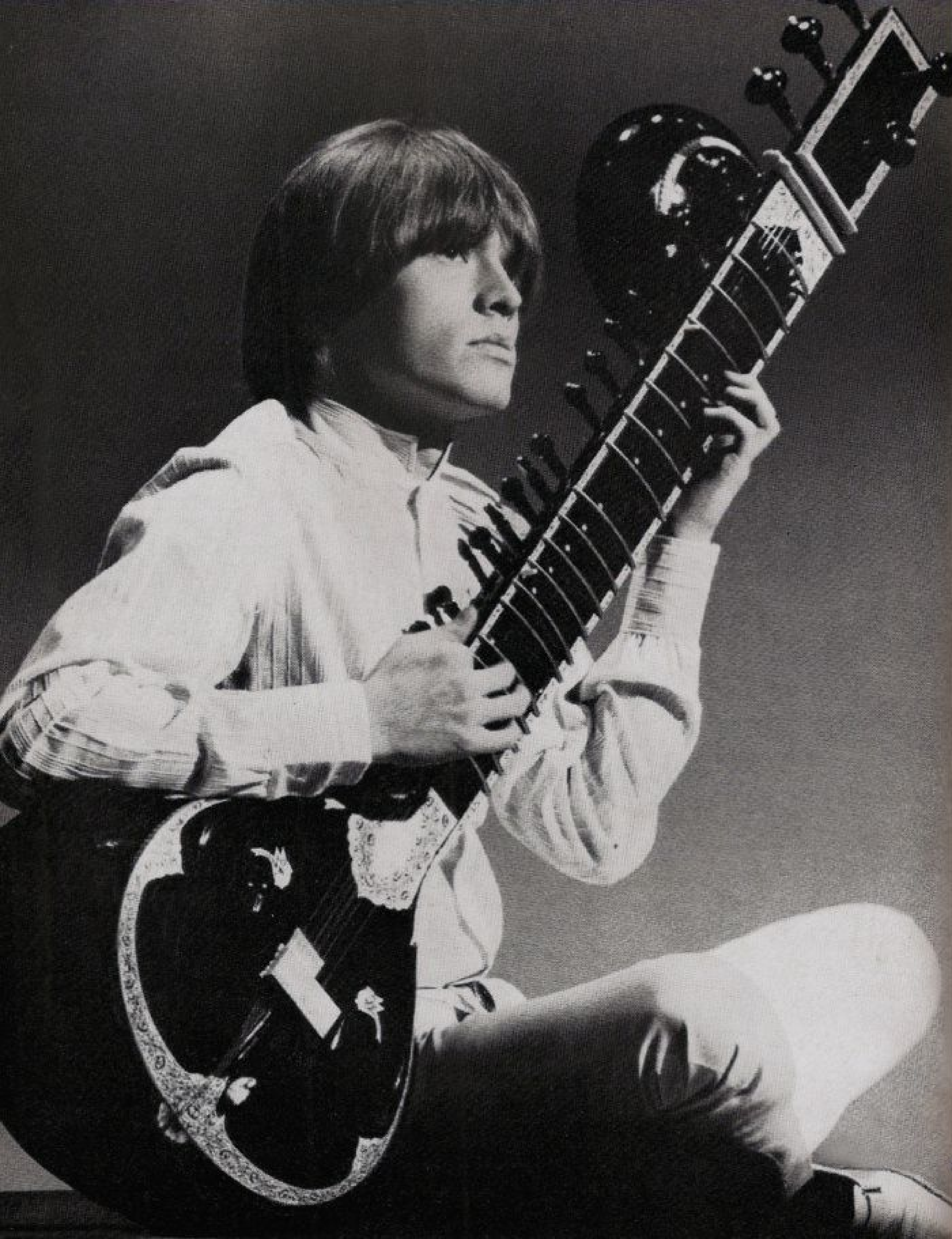


Bill relaxes in the dressing-room with a copy of Beat Instrumental.

- Jennifer Matthews** (17) 35 York Hill Road, Spenny-moor, Co. Durham, wants p.p. in Denmark, America.
Daniel Petit (19) Rue de la Bascule, 77 Champagne, Sarthe, France, wants p.p. in London, Liverpool.
Laurie Siragusa (13) 46 Poeroy Street, Rochester, New York 14621, USA, wants p.p. in England.
Louise Benzenberg (16) 2674 Shirley Lane, Bellmore, Long Island, New York, 11710, USA, wants p.p. anywhere.
Sue Sloper (20) Box 88, Bob Jones University, Greenville, South Carolina, USA, wants p.p. in Liverpool.
Carol Williams (16) Derwent, Brynlerian Dr. Prestatyn, wants p.p. in America, Australia, New Zealand.
Lorraine Kyte (16) 199 Oldknow Road, Small Heath, Birmingham 10, wants p.p. in London.
Nanci Schuchard (16) 1630 Colleen Court, Toledo, Ohio, USA, wants p.p. anywhere.
Cynthia Newby (16) 94 Coleford Bridge Road, Mytchett, Aldershot, Hants, wants p.p. anywhere.
Lena Hugosson (16) Arenprigsgatan 22a, Malmo S. Sweden, wants p.p. in France, Great Britain.
Jackie Wittal (19) 6808 Northcliff Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, 44109, USA, wants p.p. in Chicago, Los Angeles, London.
Anne Johnston (15) 20 Murray Street, Warrnambool, Victoria, Australia, wants p.p. anywhere.
Jackie Bennett (15) Old House Cottage, Gaydon, Warwick, Warwickshire, wants p.p. in Paris.
Alison Weaver (15) Lower Elick Farm, Blagdon, Nr. Bristol, wants p.p. in Bournemouth, London.

- Colleen Ball** (16) 5 Covington Way, Norbury, London, S.W.16, wants p.p. in Bournemouth London.
Alix Angus (15) Wellingham, Lincon Road, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, wants p.p. in London, Bournemouth.
Celia Brieley (16) Sunny Hill, Bruton, Somerset, wants p.p. in Cyprus, Rhodesia.
Judi Weinberger (15) 679 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90024, USA, wants p.p. anywhere.
Sharon Smith (14) 3919 Adams Drive, Wheaton, Maryland 20902, USA, wants p.p. in England, Sweden, Australia.
Linda McCallum (16) 79 Mount Pleasant, Armadale, West Lothian, Scotland, wants p.p. in America, Europe.
Marilyn Pennington (15) 25 Stewart Drive, Whitburn, West Lothian, Scotland, wants p.p. in America, Europe.
Marion Hamilton (15) 13 Princess Gardens, Croft Road, Holywood, C. Down, N. Ireland, wants p.p. in Poland, Belgium, Denmark.
Ginny Simpsen (15) Spring Gardens, Lodge Road, Coleraine, Co. Derry, N. Ireland, wants p.p. in Kenya.
Aron Campbell (15) Spring Gardens, Lodge Road, Coleraine, Co. Derry, N. Ireland, wants p.p. in America.
Maria Erskine (15) Spring Gardens, Lodge Road, Coleraine, Co. Derry, N. Ireland, wants p.p. in America.

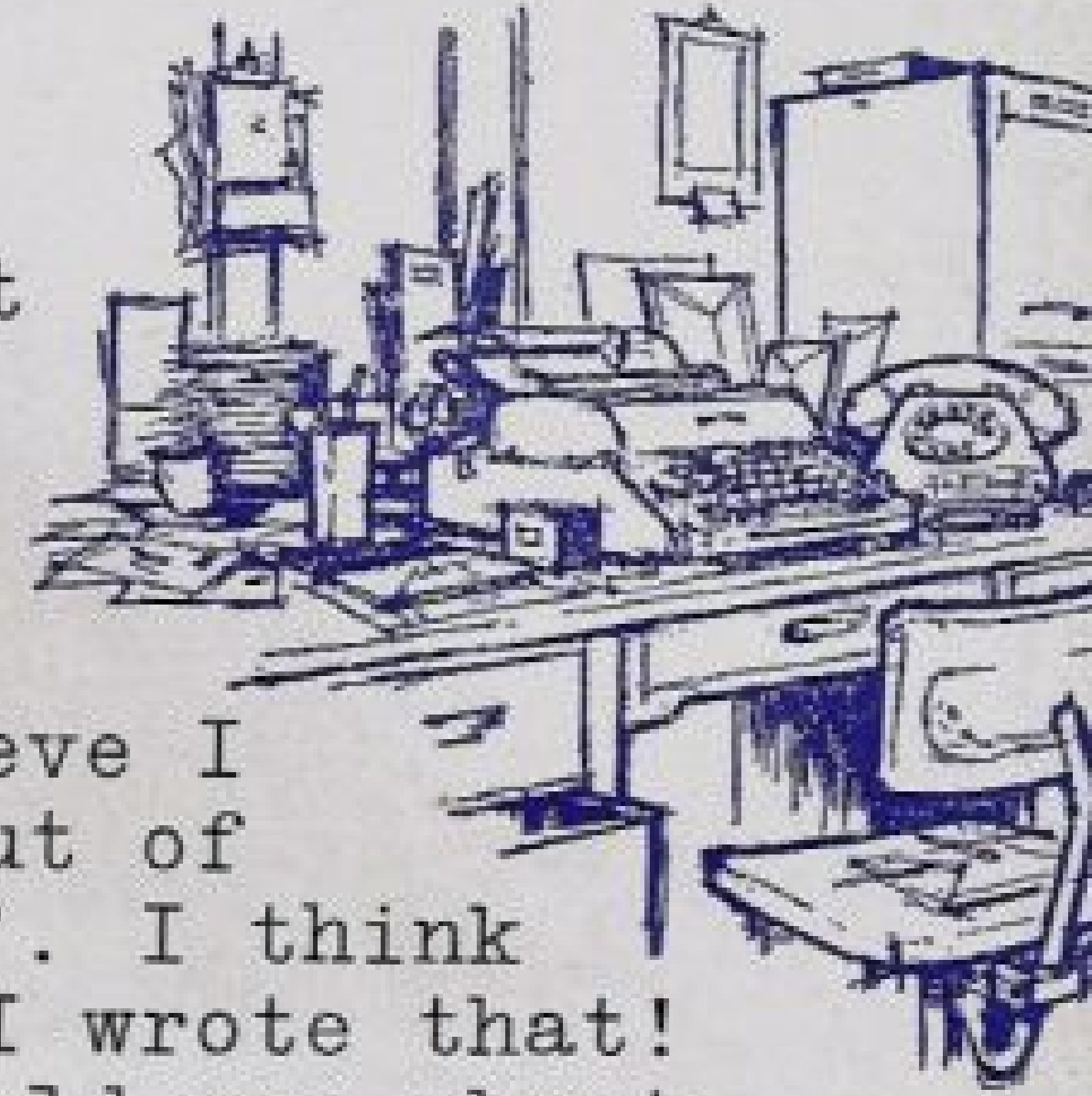




THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES FAN CLUB

Hi there!

I'd like to thank you all for the suggestions you made for my next newsletter. You will be pleased to know that I will be sending you a coloured cover for 'Paint It, Black', so reserve a space on your walls. By the way, I must apologise for the mistake I made in the last issue—I said that the previous sleeve I sent out was 'Get Off Of My Cloud', but of course it was '19th Nervous Breakdown'. I think the sun must have gone to my head when I wrote that!



Remember the new 10 x 8 photograph I told you about, well, it has really been selling well. The response has been so fantastic that I've had to order hundreds more—so you'll all be sure of receiving one.

If any of you happened to have been holidaying in Majorca last month, and you thought you saw someone who resembled Bill, then you were quite right. Bill thought he'd be a bit extravagant, so he flew to Majorca for just one day—his reason for going was to attend the opening of a new night club. It's O.K. for some!

The boys are off to America at the end of this month, so things are really going to be quiet in the office and I will have plenty of time to get another newsletter off to you.

I still haven't come up with a good design for a new summer T shirt, so if you have any ideas please send them in to me. Don't forget that I still have lots of T shirts left with the Rolling Stones stencilled on the front. I'm wearing mine nearly all the time now, they're ideal for this hot weather we're having and they only cost 15 shillings.

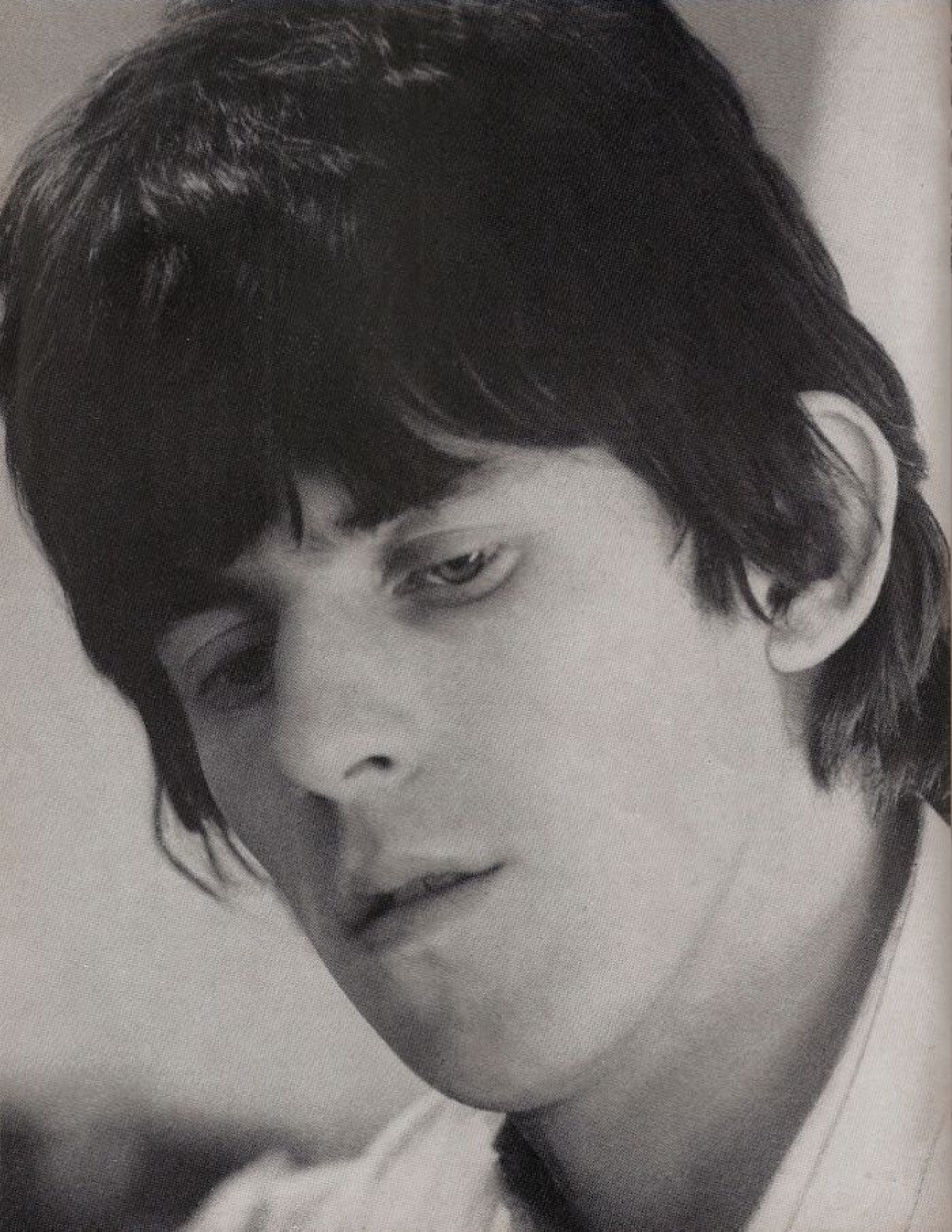
Well that's all for this month. Thanks once again for your suggestions—I know you're going to be knocked-out with the record sleeve.

Yours,

Annabelle Smith

138 Ivor Court, Gloucester Place, London, N.W.1.

Secretary:
ANNABELLE SMITH



ND LIFE WITH THE **STONES SPECIAL** 180,000 advance for Stones EP ongr
ER DISC **THE STONES' STORY** TH
anks **ROLLING STONES** STONES ALMOST THERE Stones
tones

So many people had had a right old go at the Rolling Stones by June just a year ago, that the boys (and their supporters) had plenty to crow about as that particular not-so-flaming June came in. For there were headlines complaining about groups not turning up to do their previously-booked stints in dance-halls and clubs. The Kinks, notably, but that was only a part of it.

Chapter Seventy-three

Illness couldn't stop Mick and Brian

Folk said that the beat boom had thrown up a lot of performers who needed only a single hit record to get big-time with the fans . . . and turn up to dates only when they felt like it. The Stones, however, were different. Though we've seen Mick and Brian, particularly, ill enough to be sent to bed for a month, they still did their job. Which, the Stones felt, was purely a matter of entertaining their friends . . . and doing the very best they could under any circumstances.

Actually, June 1965 was a time of being in-between records for the boys. Their L.P. "Rolling Stones Number Two" was high in the charts, but there was no single. In fact, Sandie Shaw was topping the charts with "Long Live Love", a record which appealed to Bill Wyman but wasn't too popular with the other boys. There had been a Song Festival staged in Brighton, too, this month, which quite definitely didn't appeal to the boys. Mick spent quite a long time explaining how horrified the Stones would have been had they been invited to take

[Continued from previous issue
part, along with Lulu and Kenny Lynch and Vince Hill and the others.

But Mick also had a big go at the folk lot who were tending to dominate the charts. He took us aside one evening soon after returning from that long spell in the States and said frankly: "I have nothing against Dylan or Donovan but I'm sick to the back teeth about the characters who are just climbing on a craze that they think can make them a quick fortune." And Mick also became a prophet by saying that he was sure folk music wouldn't be a lasting boom . . .

Now it's worth analysing why Mick particularly and the boys in general felt this way. Because it went back to the days when they personally pioneered American rhythm and blues influences in Britain and had to fight tooth and nail to get anyone to listen. Suddenly the Stones had broken through . . . and up came umpteen copyists who were just copying the Stones. It was third-hand music which upset Mick and the boys quite considerably, though nowadays they've calmed their upset systems and feel less strongly—mainly because most of the copyists got precisely nowhere for their efforts.

Mick didn't hazard a guess about what would be the big new thing if folk was not to be the answer. He merely hoped, with surprising modesty, that the Stones would be able to adapt to whatever new fashions were set in music. Of course, they've done just that . . . and the songs of Mick and Keith have been the most telling influence.

We were specially interested in a feature written around this time, only a year ago, in which the point was made that Spencer Davis and his group were the LAST of the rhythm 'n' blues groups. The Stones had met these boys and liked what they were doing. In about eight months time, the Stones' approval was

translated into a number one record for the Davis Group. And rhythm 'n' blues, British-styled, was nowhere near dead, nor even weak on its legs.

While we were waiting to hear the release date of their new single we learned that it was to be "I Can't Get No Satisfaction". It had already sold half-a-million, and still going strong, in the States, and it wasn't due out in Britain until August. But there was, for British fans, the EP "Got Live If You Want It" and it fairly shot into the Top Ten singles' ratings. A nice send-off to the boys' Scottish tour, which kicked off at Glasgow Odeon on a bright, summery Tuesday evening. The Hollies, the Original Checkmates and the Cannon Brothers were also on the bill, but the Stones (as ever) nicked the honours.

May be interesting just to recall what they usually played on this tour . . . though the odd new item was introduced. Their programme: "Route 66", "Pain In My Heart", "Little Red Rooster", "Not Fade Away", "It's All Over Now", "The Last Time", "Play With Fire", "Come On", "Off The Hook". Needn't mention the crowd hysteria.

Chapter Seventy-four

Back to RSG and reporters' questions

One of the first television shows done by the Stones on their return from the States was "Ready Steady Go", at the Rediffusion studios in Wembley. There were some few brave journalists who tried to get sensible answers from the boys, but it was obvious that the Stones were in their best Sending-Up Mood. Which meant using the word "fab" to answer everything. Brian, actually, was still a bit under-par, but generally this was a really healthy-looking Stone outfit and they talked inconsequentially about things like how many pairs of socks they'd bought in New York . . . or even more important, to Mick anyway, the number of socks he'd lost during the trip.

Couldn't help thinking back to the days when a trip to the Midlands was a long-travelling job for the boys; when London, and the most adjacent clubs, was their main stamping-ground. They'd lost all the nervousness about travelling and about facing audiences who really didn't know what to expect from this British Group.

Anyway, the Stones worked their way

through Scotland with their customary enthusiasm and also highlighted another important point about the recording business. The success of their EP had the industry wondering about whether EP's were likely to take over from the singles in terms of being the main sellers. The EP chart had become an important part of the industry's popularity register, but when groups like the Stones outsold most of the singles in one week . . . well, it seemed a good pointer that Britain was going to become rather like France and Germany, where sales were limited to EP's and LP's.

There was a less-businesslike bit about this merry month of June, 1965. The Beatles had been awarded MBE's and there was a flurry of activity from other gents who'd been awarded the honour as they sent their medals back . . . in protest. So happens that Mick had been with John Lennon the very night before the awards were made public. Mick reckoned John was a bit embarrassed when talking about the "gongs".

There was also the usual cartoons in newspapers in which it was suggested that the Stones should NOT be awarded similar medals . . . though Keith was momentarily in favour of the idea of lining up at Buckingham Palace and being touched on the shoulders with a sword!

That was the main thing about the Stones during this fast-paced year. They'd come a long way through a very short time. And in this particular series we've brought you up to date with how they behaved as stardom literally reached out for them by the scruffs of their necks.

We're stopping the Stones' Story here. In the July issue we start an exciting new feature which will be called Stones' Talk comparing the Stones then and now . . . to see how they've developed through the years at the top. To see how their attitudes have changed. They have co-operated fully in bringing out these new points.

**Look out for "Stones' Talk" . . .
NEXT MONTH.**

Above right: This shot of the boys was taken on June 23rd, 1965 on arrival at Fornebu Airport, Oslo, at the start of their Scandinavian tour.

Below right: Five Stones relaxing in their hotel room in Oslo.



CHOOSE A NAME COMPETITION

WIN A £25 GIFT VOUCHER AND MEET THE STONES

10 L.P.s will be awarded to the runners-up as soon as The Stones next L.P. is due for release.

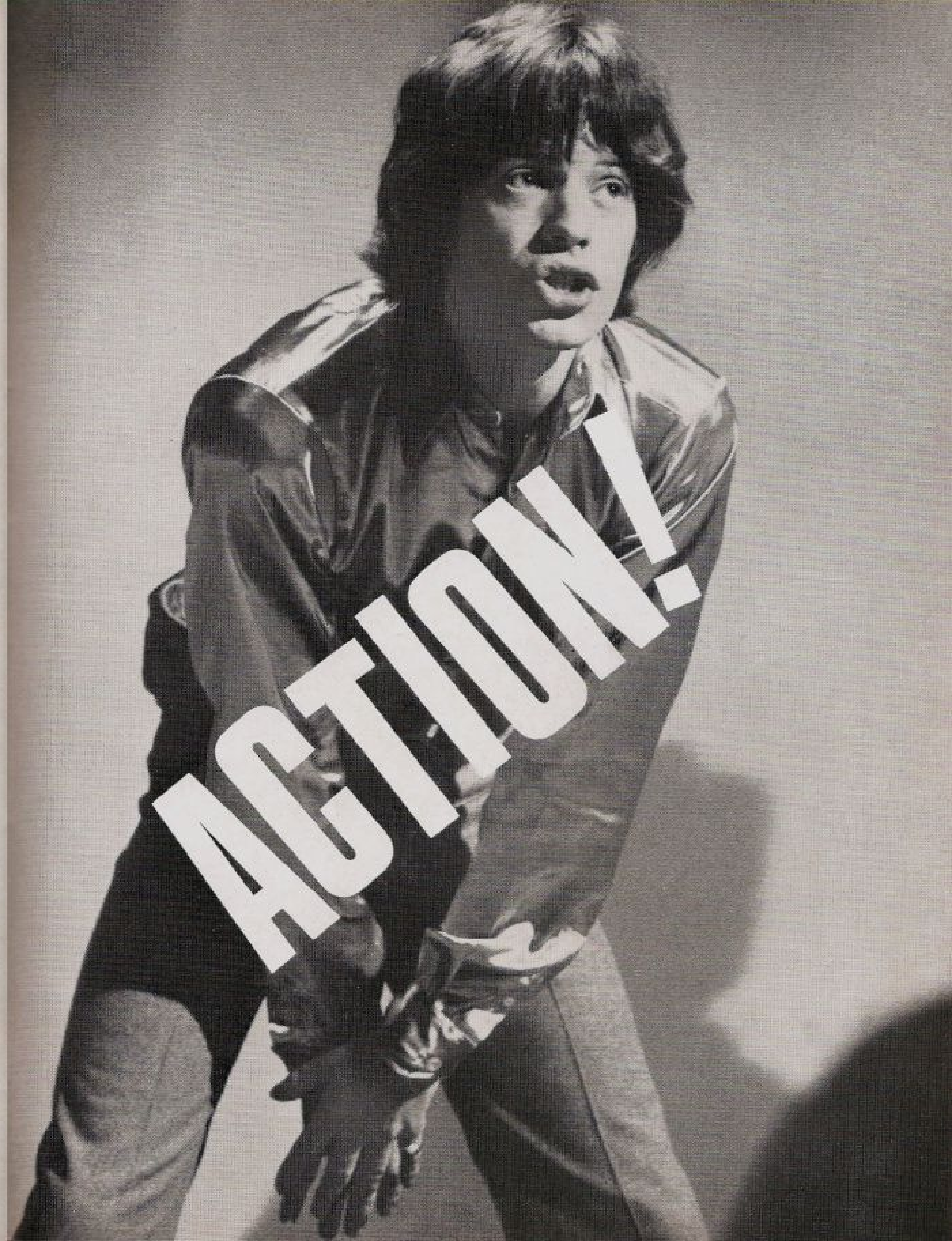


To win this fabulous £25 gift voucher plus a special meeting with the Stones, all you have to do is:—

CHOOSE A NAME FOR KEITH'S SHETLAND SHEEP DOG
PICTURED ABOVE

TO ENTER

- (a) Write your suggested name for Keith's dog on a post card.
- (b) Add your name and address in the top right-hand corner.
- (c) Send your entry to "Rolling Stones Book Competition", 36-38 Westbourne Grove, London, W.2.
- (d) Your entry must arrive not later than July 18th.
- (e) Only one entry is allowed for each person.
- (f) The judges' decision is final.
- (g) The result will be announced in the August issue of The Rolling Stones Book.





Blue rhythm bounces
back and forth
And dances down
a whirling red-riot
Of a night
while Mick steps wide
To grab the mike and
Preach and shout his
message of madness
Slipping and sliding
in and out
Through laughter
and piercing panic



ACTION!



ACTION!



STONES

POST

ANSWERED THIS MONTH BY CHARLIE

No. 1 IN L.A.

5316-8th Avenue,
Los Angeles, California
90043, U.S.A.

Dear Rolling Stones,

You know you really shouldn't have asked for more poems in your last April *Monthly*. I can see you all turning blue after reading a hundred of them, probably all the same corny stuff too!

Well my poems are no different but it's kind of you to ask for them anyway.

Luv both your new American and English albums. My favourite songs are "High and Dry" and "Lady Jane" which has the same beautiful sound as "Play With Fire". Keep up the good work. We LUV you fellows here in America, especially L.A. mad, mad, radio stations play you constantly, much more than the Beatles. You are no. 1 here. Keep coming back.

Lots of LUV to my favourite Mick, drummer-boy Charlie, Bill, Keith and Brian.

A faithful fan,
Linda Ascenzi

P.S. That picture taken by Susan Stacy at November's Washington concert, which was printed in the April issue of the *Monthly* is one of the best "action" photos of the Stones I've ever seen. She is not even a professional and yet look at the excitement she captured on film. LUV these action shots!

IN TROUBLE

6, Carton Close,
Sutton Coldfield,
Warks.

Dearest fantastic Stones,

The other day I wrote to a friend of mine telling her about your last show in Birmingham. (It was fantastic congratulations and do come more often.) Well this girl wrote back a terrible letter saying that over here we are selfish and keep you in Britain all the time, she said that you've never been down in S. America and that if I didn't write to you asking you to go down there next time you go to America she will never speak to me again so please please dear Stones, "FOR MY LIFE" I beg you go there!!

Lots of Love and Kisses to you all,
Jinnie XXXXX

Charlie replies: We never like to come between two friends Jinnie, but unfortunately we have no plans to visit S. America as yet, But don't give up hope, I'll drop a word or two in our agent's ear.

MR. BLUE

by Linda Ascenzi,
5316-8th Avenue,
Los Angeles, California 90043
U.S.A.

in Jaggertown
mister blue blows up
a storm of serious fun
mixed with a measure
of flaring protest
because his sunlight
burns a hole in our blackness
and he collides head on
with high intensity
and a throbbing night
turned white with
each electric motion
and he yields his
tense-tight soul to
our greedy madness

DYLAN'S LUCK

1889 Harrison Avenue,
Bronx N.Y. 10453,
U.S.A.

Dear Stones,

Bob Dylan must consider you a lucky charm. His biggest hit was "Like a Rolling Stone". Now, on his new record "Rainy Day Women 12 and 35", just about every line contains the word "stone" in one form or another. And it looks like becoming a smash hit too.

Come to think of it, the group wailing—and raving it up—in the background on "Rainy Day Women" sounds like you. Is it?

Sincerely STONED,
Arlene Rosenthal

Charlie replies: It's just coincidence that our name has cropped up in Dylan's songs Arlene, but it would be nice to think we were lucky for him.

KEITH'S MOUSTACHE

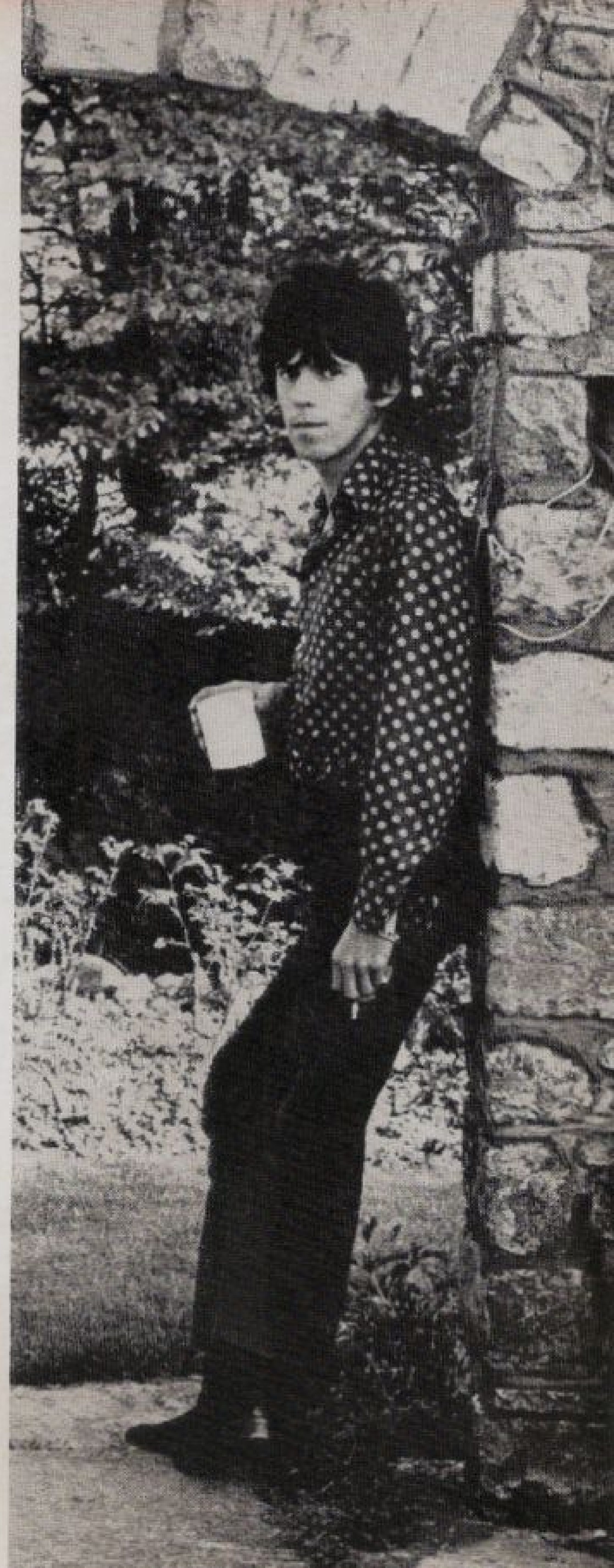
70, Unketts Rd.,
Warley,
Staffs.

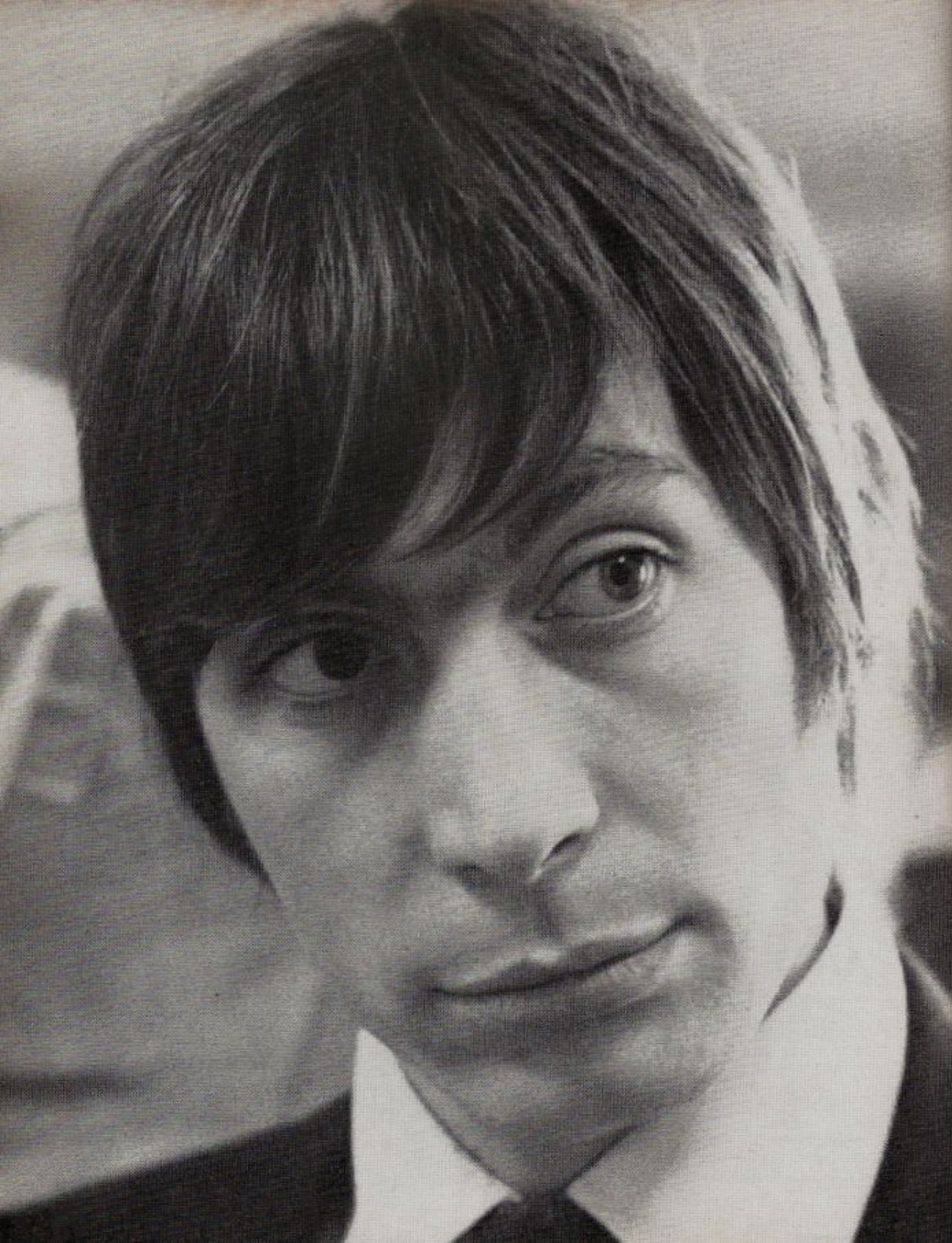
Dear Keith,

I do know that you yourself are very interested in clothes, and that it is very fascinating to listen to you talking about clothes. I won't keep you in suspense about where I have read that, well Marianne Faithfull wrote a great paragraph about you and your ways. It was really good and I think she must have a great liking for you. Talking of other artistes, Chris Farlowe, and Patti la Belle, spoke very well of the Stones, which I was very glad to hear. Sarah of the Belles told me (and it cheered me up) how lovely you really looked when you grew your moustache. They told me this at "Lucky Stars".

Lots of Love to you
Janice Palmer.

Charlie replies: I'd just like to say that Patti la Belle and her girls are great, but I disagree with them about one thing—I didn't like Keith with his moustache!





Keith takes a break during a T.V. runthrough by lighting up a cigarette.

DID YOU MISS ANY OF THESE ISSUES OF THE ROLLING STONES BOOK?



No. 6



No. 8



No. 9



No. 10



No. 11

If you did and you would like them to make up your collection, just send us a 2/- Postal Order for each copy you want and we'll get them off to you as quickly as possible.

Send P.O.'s and details to Rolling Stones Book Back Issues, 36-38 Westbourne Grove, London, W2. (We regret that issues 1, 2, 3 and 4 are now completely out of stock and CANNOT be supplied.)

U.S.A. and Canada 50c. each or three for one dollar bill.