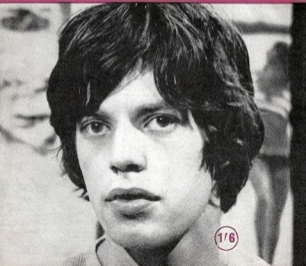


THE
ROLLING
STONES No. 7

MONTHLY

BOOK

10th DECEMBER 1964



1/6

THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

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

No. 7 DEC. 1964

Edited by BRIAN JONES

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EDITORIAL

Hello!

I reckon I'm lucky to be here. I really felt terrible towards the end of our American tour and I can only vaguely remember being carted off to the hospital and lots of doctors and nurses rushing around. I do recall being pretty worried about the rest of the boys. How they were going to manage without me and also about whether I'd be able to fly back to England with them. It's always worse being ill in another country—it doesn't seem so bad at home.

I really did appreciate all the telegrams and letters I received and they really helped a great deal—thanks a lot!

I never expected any of our records to go straight into the top spot. In a way it scares all of us because it means that, in future, we'll have that much more to live up to. You know how it is—if our next record doesn't become a No. 1 in the very first week we'll get the "knockers" after us wanting to know why we haven't done it again, and all that sort of thing.

As most of you probably know, both Keith and Charlie are great at drawing. Keith does some wonderful cartoons of people whereas Charlie likes being more symbolic in his stuff. He's done a book on the great Negro jazz musician, Charlie "Yardbird" Parker, which is being published soon after Christmas. I think you'll like it. It's certainly different.

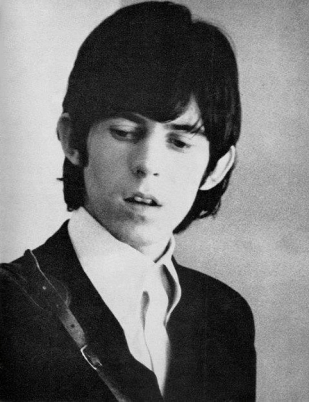
Congratulations, Charlie, on getting spliced. I wish you the very best of luck and hope you'll tell everybody something about Starley the next time you're editor.

ALL OF US—MICK, CHARLIE, BILL, KEITH AND MYSELF—
WOULD LIKE TO WISH YOU A GREAT CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR WITH LOTS OF GOOD RAVES, AND THANKS
FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE FOR US DURING THE PAST
YEAR. YOU'VE BEEN THE GREATEST.

Brian Jones
xx



A very thoughtful-looking Keith listening to a playback in the recording studio.



Rolling Stones

NEWS



What's the matter Keith, don't you like the food? Pic was taken at a restaurant in Hollywood.

CHESS V. R.C.A. V. REGENT

The Stones have recorded several of their hits at Regent Sound Studios in Denmark Street, London. "It's All Over Now" was recorded at Chess Studios in Chicago during their first American Tour. They have also recorded several numbers in the R.C.A. Studio in Hollywood during this second tour.

Question: Which studio will the Stones choose as their favorite recording rendezvous? Almost every artist finds that one particular recording studio turns out far more hits than any of the others. But already Regent and Chess have turned up straggs. Will their next No. 1 come out of R.C.A. If it does, then it more or less proves that the boys can use any studio to produce a hit.

DEFINITELY No. 1

Lots of differences of opinion in the music press about the chart placing of the Stones' latest single before the N.M.E. finally made it a No. 1.

In the first week of release the *Melody Maker* made it 21; The *Record Mirror* No. 24 and *Disc* No. 9.

Different pop papers make up their record charts from various sources. Some, like the *Record Mirror*, go by the actual sales in the shops, others work on wholesalers supplies, or sales by record companies.

So different sources will always give different results, but any Rolling Stones fan knows where "Little Red Rooster" should have been in EVERY chart!

STONEY CATS

Two of the Stones have cats as pets.

Brian Jones was quoted in a magazine as saying he liked the Mann breed, the tailless variety, and an admirer promptly sent him one. Charlie Watts has got a Tortoiseshell-coloured kitten, which spends most of its time tearing around the floor of his flat!



Three Stones relax on the night train to New York from Rhode Island.



Part of the huge audience for the *Electromusician* show in which the Stones appeared in Santa Monica, California.



The boys' car arrives at the Academy of Music in New York.

FAR EASTERN TOUR NOW CERTAIN

That Far Eastern Tour for the boys we forecast in the last issue is now ready for signing. It is almost certain that they will visit Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, Hong Kong and Kuala Lumpur in the New Year. They also have a four day tour of Ireland starting on 6th January which will include concerts in Dublin, Belfast and Cork.

1968 visits have also been lined up for Paris and Scandinavia.

NEW YORK PEN PALS

New York D.J. Scott Ross has promised to get Pen Pals for any Stones' fans who write to him. His address is, WBC Radio, 1 East Main St., Bayshore, Long Island, U.S.A.

THE STONES' OWN PAPERBACK

Advance orders poured in for the first edition of the Stones' paperback and everything points to the boys entering the top-selling book charts very soon. Congratulations, too, to Peter Goodman for doing such a great job with the writing.



Bill chatting to *Mojo Shuman* of London Records, who is responsible for promoting their discs in the States.









Mick's Notes on their American Tour

Friday, October 23rd :

Took off from London Airport. It's a long flight to the States, everyone just read or slept the hours away. We were all very pent-up when we landed at Kennedy Airport. Police had banned all reception committees, but several hundred fans did get by the barricades—gave us a great feeling to have their support immediately on arrival.

Short press conference, then quick dash to Cadillacs and drive to Hotel Astor in New York. Crowds there seemed completely out of hand. All of Times Square and surrounding streets jammed with people. Loads of cops trying to get everyone to disperse.

Impossible to get from our rooms to Press Reception by normal stairs or lifts. We had to use a tradesmen's lift to the basement of the building, then walk through cellars and kitchens to the reception. A special armed guard from Pinkerton's Detective Agency kept the corridors clear.

Fantastic job getting out to first Ed Sullivan rehearsal. Everyone going mad crazy. Two hopeless attempts, then third successful.

After the rehearsal, which was just to work out positions and camera angles, we all went over to see our old mate, Murray the K, at WINS radio station.

Started broadcasting—then weirdest thing happened. It seemed that half the people listening decided to leave their radio sets and come over to the radio station. Result was, we couldn't get out when the programme finished. The cops finally turned up and decided the only way was to use a lot of muscle. A whole gang of them eventually forced their way to our car. Poor old Bill got on the wrong side of the police guards and found himself all

alone in the midst of thousands of fans. He managed to get back into the radio station before he was torn to bits and he was rescued later by a special squad of extra large Pinkerton men.

Later on, the Hotel Management got mad with crowds and demanded that the detectives be doubled.

Saturday, 24th :

Got up late and after breakfast set off for the Academy of Music. Originally, we were only going to do one show there but all the tickets were sold so quickly that they asked us to make it a couple when we arrived. Fantastic scenes in the theatre. Loads of people trying to get on stage. Two actually made it—a blonde, and a brunette with a red jacket. Between performances went to see Clay Cole's show. Signed stacks of autographs. Then back to Academy for the second house and afterwards back to Astor Hotel where we had our meals sent up to our rooms.

Sunday, 25th :

Another rehearsal for the Ed Sullivan Show in first half of the day. Then did actual performance. Fantastic welcome.

Ed told us that it was the wildest, most enthusiastic audience he'd seen any artiste get in the history of his show. Got a message from him a few days later saying: "Received hundreds of letters from parents complaining about you, but thousands from teenagers saying how much they enjoyed your performance." I don't know why but it's always the same wherever we go.

Bill, Brian and Mick rehearsing for that fantastic Ed Sullivan Show in New York.



Monday, 26th :

In the morning took off for Los Angeles. Gained three hours in the time or something. Never can understand the way you lose or gain a few hours when you cross a certain line. Then on to Sacramento for performance in the auditorium there. Great welcome at airport with T.V. cameras, reporters all over the place. Never know where to look, there's so many blokes yelling "Hey! You!—Over here" or "Give us a grin." Stayed at the El Mirador. After performance flew back to Los Angeles.

Tuesday, 27th :

Day off. Wonderful chance to take it easy for a few hours, but ended up by talking to D.J.s and giving interviews for radio during most of the day. They've got so many commercial radio stations in the States I reckon we could have talked non-stop every day until next Christmas and still not given them all they wanted to know.

Charlie went gun-hunting. He's nuts about anything to do with the American Civil War and in that part of the world there are lots of blokes he could natter to. He bought six Civil War pistols and hats, which he brought back to England.

Wednesday, 28th; Thursday, 29th:

Spent these two days working on rehearsing and recording our bit for the TAMI Award Show, which is recorded by a special new process called Electronovision at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

They had a fantastic list of people appearing, including many of our favourites: Chuck Berry, Marvin Gaye, The Miracles, The Beach Boys, The Supremes plus our friends from back home, Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas and Gerry and The Pacemakers.

The Santa Monica Auditorium is just about the most modern in America. It's like a big version of Croydon's Fairfield Hall.

Following day was all press, T.V., and radio interviews.

Saturday, 31st :

Stayed at Hollywood Roosevelt. Drove down in luxury coach to Swing Auditorium in San Bernardino. Great audience. Opened with "Not Fade Away". Followed up with "Time Is On My Side", "I'm Alright", "It's All Over Now", "If You Need Me", "Carol", "King Bee" and several others.

Sunday, November 1st :

Appeared at the Municipal Hall, Long Beach California. Beautiful place but completely surrounded with really wild crowds. Couldn't get backstage, so Robin, our American road manager, worked a fiddle. Brought the coach round to the front entrance and then took us up lifts and along passages and down stairs until we got backstage. Only way out after the show was to bring round our normal coach to the stage door to act as a decoy and then nip into a private car supplied by London Records.

Monday, 2nd :

Our manager, Eric Easton, was taken ill in New York with pneumonia and flew back to England. Andrew Oldham and road manager, Mike Dorsey, were both still with us and we did the first of several Stateside sessions at the R.C.A. Recording Studios in Hollywood. Cut five tracks this day and I reckon about three of them are good ones.

Tuesday, 3rd :

Cleveland. Before we got there the Mayor went on local radio and advised that our performance was immoral and that no teenagers should be allowed to go and see it. Our Cleveland promoter, Ed F. Pauder, went on radio and demanded retraction. We noticed several empty seats—obviously some of the kids had been prevented from seeing the show, but everyone that did come had a rave.

◀ No, Charlie's not making a rude sign, he's just showing our photographer the way that his sticks get denied from hitting those drums!



Mick, Bill and Keith show how it should be done when the Stones visit bowling in Hollywood. Who do you reckon has got the best action?



"That way" replied Charlie when someone asked him where they were going on the train from Providence to New York.

Wednesday, 4th :

Flew to Rhode Island. Missed first plane because we had difficulty in getting out of the hotel. Arrived at the airport five hours late, but there was still a big crowd waiting. First time they'd ever had a live show in this particular cinema and they'd covered the orchestra pit with a thin plywood top. Lots of girls ran down the aisles, jumped on to the plywood, which promptly gave way, and down they went into the pit! Incredible sight!

Thursday, 5th :

Flew to Milwaukee for two days of recording in the Chess Studios in Chicago. We got lots of new stuff down on tape and I reckon that Decca can release a second L.P. anytime they want.

Saturday, 7th—Thursday, 12th :

This was our week off. Most of the time we just lazed around in our hotels. It's always difficult to get in and out when you want to because of the crowds round the entrances.

We did get out sometimes, of course. Bill found that guitarist Les Paul, was appearing locally and he wasted no time in looking him up. The rest of us bought clothes and loads and loads of records.

The scene's quite different in America. There are thousands of little record companies. Lots of them only sell their records in small areas and you come across labels you've never heard of. Lots of the artistes on them, though, are terrific. Most nights we stayed up late listening to discs we'd bought during the day.

One day we went from Chicago to Fort Wayne in Indiana for an interview. We were late getting there and we were met by siren-screaming cop cars. They escorted us to WANE T.V. 15 Station where we did a live interview-type programme. Thousands of people all over the place and it was absolute chaos. It took the director five minutes to get the audience to keep quiet. Afterwards, police escort to supper club and then on to local Coliseum where the audience gave us another marvellous reception.

Brian began complaining about feeling lousy and he certainly didn't look well.

Friday, 13th :

Brian rang Mike Dorsey at 7.0 a.m. and said he was feeling very bad. The House Doctor said that unless he was admitted to hospital immediately, he wouldn't be responsible for the consequences. Brian went into the Pasavant Hospital in downtown Chicago. They found he had a temperature of 105° and began to be delirious. Doctors diagnosed Bronchitis, plus extreme exhaustion. He didn't play on any of the dates during the rest of the tour. Keith worked twice as hard filling in for him. Brian was released in time to fly back to England.

Drove through Dayton, Ohio. Arrived at the Biltmore Hotel in early hours and slept till late afternoon. Got up, did show and then back to bed.

Saturday, 14th :

Up early. (Ugh!) Our bus drove 400 miles to American Horse Racing country in Louisville, Kentucky. Gave two performances at the Memorial Auditorium. On way stopped at a road-side coffee house. Bloke who owned the place thought our accents were funny and we thought his Southern drawl was, too! Saw loads of racing stables all over the place as we drove through what they call "The Blue Grass" Country. They hold the American Derby there once a year.

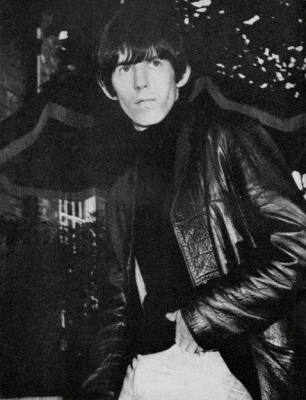
That night we were due to drive to Chicago, but we felt too whacked out so we sent the equipment on ahead and stayed overnight. Flew up next morning for two concerts in Chicago.

Monday, 16th :

Should have returned to England today, but American music magazine, Billboard, found that our L.P. was fastest seller and invited us to New York to take photo for cover of next issue.

It was a fantastic tour. Pace was so quick none of us even had time to think. Everywhere we went we met wonderful enthusiasm. All the same it's great to be home.





THE STARS TELL YOU

by Christine A. Osbourne

about Keith

Born Keith Richards (he lost the "s" somewhere en route to the top) in Dartford, Kent, Keith comes under the sign of Sagittarius—November 23rd to December 20th.

ACTS ON INTUITION

I like his fellow-Sagittarians, Keith rather tends to ride over obstacles that get in the way of his ambition, acts on intuition rather than common sense, bolstered up by his in-born optimism. Optimists, one always assumes, are happy-go-lucky people without a single nerve in their entire make-up. But I have met Keith in any number of different places and circumstances, and he always gives me the same impression. He always seems a bit tense, always slightly on edge. All the stars get slightly nervous before going on stage. Keith lets it show. He'll spend hours sitting in his dressing-room, nervously plucking at his guitar, or biting his fingernails.

Except on the few occasions when he can relax with friends, Keith can never sit still in the same place for long. In fact, his fan-club secretaries tell me it's their biggest head-ache trying to keep him in his chair long enough to answer fan letters. In contrast, sometimes Keith will sit himself down and write pages and pages in reply to a fan's letter. Like most others born under his sign, Keith has a dual personality.

As we all know, Keith is always buying clothes. Sometimes he'll sneak into his fan club offices declaring "Look what I've bought," pick up letters and magazines and read bits out loud. Other times he'll just sit very quietly in the corner reading to himself, and if anyone

asks him what's in the parcel he brought in, will just say "Oh only a few clothes." Not that he's at all moodily thoughtful. Quite the opposite. In fact, even his closest friends say they've never ever seen him in a mood.

Too decisive and outspoken to the extent of making bitter and unforgiving enemies is surely a Sagittarius's chief fault. But Keith is lucky in this respect. He does speak his own mind and he will stand up for something he believes is right—but not in such a way as to upset anyone.

POPULARITY

Providing he avoids colliding too furiously with others' views, the Sagittarian generally enjoys great popularity. Well, that's one case where Keith really lives up to being a Sagittarian, doesn't he?

Most people in the pop limelight have ambitions to "get away from it all." And Keith is no exception. An only child, he is exceptionally fond of his parents and goes home for some peace and quiet whenever he can. He also shows his desire to get away from the pop business for a rest by his love of the complete opposite—his Sagittarian love for the outdoor life and fresh air. True to his stars, he has a way with animals, particularly horses and, in fact, would still go riding if only he had the time. Naturally restless, always trying out something new he shows both this and his yen to "get away from it all" in his ambi-

tion—to buy a house-boat and live on the river.

Almost without exception, Sagittarians are fond of music and literature and possess much ability in those fields. Keith, of course shows this not only in his guitar playing, but song-writing, too.

GENEROSITY

But his most prominent characteristic is his generosity. Anyone in need has only to ask and Keith is ready and willing to help. His one fault is his total inability to separate the generously ready from the confidence tricksters. Sagittarians fall every day to the hard-luck tale of somebody. Constant advantage is being taken of their generosity and Keith's sympathy is the easiest thing in the world to win. He just can't say no!







Hi there!

Isn't it fabulous the way 'Little Red Rooster' went straight to the top of the charts? It made a wonderful home-coming present for the boys. The great thing about it is that it's so different from anything they've done before. It's fantastic Rhythm and Blues. Several critics said that they wondered if it was commercial enough for their fans. Well, all of you have certainly given them the answer back hard and strong! As Mick reports in his special feature on their American Tour the boys did several recording sessions in America and I'd bet my last penny that there are several new No. 1 smashes amongst them.

I can't wait to hear their next L.P. 'Course, I'm very lucky because I often get to hear their new releases before they go on sale. But, before any of you start rushing up to the office, I should point out that Decca won't be releasing their new L.P. until the new year, so we'll all have to wait a bit longer.

Bill asked me to thank everyone for sending him so many Birthday cards and presents. Many of the cards were actually drawn by the senders and he was really knocked out by the trouble that they had taken. He especially wants to thank Deirdre, Michele, Anne and Fanny, all of London, who sent him a gorgeous big Birthday cake decorated with guitars made out of green icing.

All of us at the Fan Club--Shirley, Helen and yours truly--hope you have a marvellous Christmas and a very 'Stoney' New Year.

See you in No. 8.

Yours,

Annabelle Smith



...LIFE WITH THE **STONES SPECIAL** for Stones EP ongr
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THE STONES' STORY

OLLING STONES STONES ALMOST THERE

(Continued from previous issue)

It was a simple advertisement, taking up only a small amount of space in the *Melody Maker*, a publication which caters for the requirements of musicians. Messrs. Jagger, Jones and Richard didn't have much money to splash around on advertisements. They got straight to the point . . . point being that the Rolling Stones needed a drummer and a bass guitarist.

Chapter Fifteen

Bill Wyman, and his thick thatch of hair, meets up with the Rolling Stones.

Bill Wyman was only one of several interested musicians who saw the Stones' advert—but he was certainly the MOST interested in getting in with an ambitious group. He'd been working for various department stores, getting away as fast as he could from his chores to rehearse and work with different groups of his own.

He wasn't particularly sure of his ability on guitar, but he did know that playing music was of more interest to him than shifting about packing cases, or totting up figures in ledgers. Chuck Berry was his main enthusiasm musically, but there were several groups doing precisely the same numbers in his part of suburban London. He'd heard of the Stones, watched them once or twice on their so infrequent dates . . . and couldn't help thinking they were a "pretty rum lot".

Bill had tried several different line-ups for his own group but he felt he wasn't getting recognition fast enough. "I didn't expect

miracles, but I did expect to make a few bob out of it. When we saw this advertisement, it seemed an idea for my own drummer, Tony Chapman, and I to have a go at getting in with the Stones".

Inside the R and B-club circuit, there was a lot of idle chat about the Stones. Some of the old hands regarded them as being a bunch of up-starts who looked so rough-'n'-ready that they were "a disgrace" to the profession. Bill and Tony had heard all about this. So when they contacted Mick and Brian, they really didn't know what to expect.

But, they did want to audition for the Stones. They all met at a pub, the Wetherby Arms, in Kings Road, Chelsea. The appointment was fixed by telephone. Bill noticed that at no time during the chat was money mentioned . . . but he wasn't too worried. He figured any group who could afford to advertise could afford to pay for play!

Which was a mistake, as it happened. For Mick, Brian and Keith were still existing (just!) in their little one-room flat. Mick's allowance was being spread around to provide a certain amount of food but it was a terrible old struggle to pay off hire-purchase agreements and even travelling expenses.

Tony and Bill duly turned up at the Wetherby Arms, lugging their equipment (such as it was) behind them. They wandered into the bar, looked round. Their panoramic taking-in of the scene was halted by the sight of two long-haired gentry standing by the bar, drinking halves of bitter.

Bill had been worried about whether he should have put on his best suit to meet, for the first, his future employers. He needn't have worried. Messrs. Jagger and Jones were ex-



The Stones get ready to answer a reporter's questions while they have a break for a smoke and a cuppa on tour.

.....

tremely scruffily dressed. Rather better turned out was Ian Stewart—an old acquaintance of Bill's. He was someone well known on the R and B circuit in the London area.

Chapter Sixteen

Now there were four of the five Rolling Stones all playing together

Bill was immediately impressed with the way Mick, Keith and Brian "jelled" musically, and soon was happy enough filling in his own bass guitar phrases. He knew most of the numbers they played, anyway—though some were way-out items taken from obscure American recordings. Tony Chapman, too, seemed to fit in well at first. At least, he was a tremendous improvement on the succession of drummers the Stones had had since they'd started.

"Want to join us?" queried Mick after an hour or so. Bill and Tony agreed. Wondering

what they'd let themselves in for. Just one point occurred to Bill. "Don't think much of the name 'Rolling Stones,'" he said. Tony nodded in agreement. The reply from the others was short, concise, to the point. It implied they weren't going to change it after spending so much time sorting through the alternatives.

Money was still not mentioned. It was vaguely agreed that the boys would split everything they earned from engagements—and it was mildly hinted at that there weren't many engagements in the book. But Bill and Tony didn't really know whether they could expect pounds . . . or pence. Somehow, though, in the excitement of the change of personnel, it didn't seem to matter.

But Mick and Brian, pulling away to one side, agreed that this was likely to be a win-or-bust line-up. If the difficulties continued, if the money was in such short supply in a few months' time,

It could well be the end of the Rolling Stones. "After all, enthusiasm is one thing," said Mick. "Starving to death is another."

Plans were made that night for more and more rehearsals. It was much later that Bill realised he was going to have to spend much extra money on fares.

It looked as if the Stones were, at last, fairly settled in their line-up. But it wasn't to last long. Tony Chapman, after giving their sort of music a fair chance, decided to opt out. He found it difficult to keep up with the wild way-outness of the sound they got and realised that he was happier boosting out rhythm with guys who took things a little slower, a little easier.

While filling in time with the Stones, he worked out final plans to break away and form a new group—he wanted to call them the Preachers. They were to be more in the usual run of British groups . . . not something that could be put in the category of pioneers. And one day he told the boys that he would be leaving. . . .

This could have been an absolute knock-out

blow to the boys, because each time somebody new was introduced it meant a long round of rehearsals to get the sound going again properly. But in this case, the Stones already had somebody in mind. His name: Charlie Watts. Charlie, a long-time fan of modern jazz, had drummed his way round the London clubs, gradually swinging over his interest towards Rhythm 'n' Blues.

He'd been doing pretty well, money-wise, over the months, because he was working with an advertising agency. Charles' Hobson and Gray, in London's West-End—and was able to get with the drumming in the evenings. When the Stones had visited various clubs at Ealing and other parts, Charlie had often left his drum-chair with the Alexis Korner band and joined them for a chat. Brian, particularly, felt that Charlie would be the ideal character for the Stones' drum-chair, but he also had a feeling it was a bit much to ask him to join up for no money at all.

When Tony left, though, it was a matter of grasping at any straw before the Stones' world

An early pic of the Stones in action with Charlie and his drums lit way out in front of the three vocalists on that malle behind him.





literally collapsed round their ears. So they plucked up their courage, went along to put the situation fairly and squarely to Charlie . . . one of the few men they knew who could be relied upon to buy a round of drinks without going broke on the spot. . . .

Chapter Seventeen

Charlie-Boy explains why he thought at first, the Rolling Stones were mad

Charlie listened to the boys with what's best described as an amused smile playing over his lean features. Having been involved with Alexis Korner, and characters like the late Cyril Davis, he had been a success in the R and B field. A sort of minor star figure . . . though, of course, R and B was far from hitting a real boom period.

Just one thing worried him, Alexis was getting bigger and bigger and that meant he was accepting engagements quite a long way from London. It was becoming a full-time job, but not so full-time that Charlie felt it worthwhile to give up his day-time job as a successful artist. Though music was important to him, he didn't want to overdo the strain of it all, so that he couldn't put in the proper efforts into his day-time employment . . . the work that he reckoned would bring in money through all his life.

He listened on, then, heard how Mick, Keith and Brian were planning one final onslaught on to the group scene and how they desperately needed a drummer who understood what they were trying to say, musically. Said Charlie, later: "I thought they were mad. I mean, they must have known that I'd have to give up quite a lot of money to be in with them. Obviously, they kept off the subject of money as much as possible, mentioning it only when it became a question of thinking in terms of big stamers."

"Still, they obviously had this fantastic spirit and enthusiasm. I didn't really have much to say for myself—they were doing all the talking. Just a few months earlier, I wouldn't have given their offer a second thought, because I was all for modern jazz. But I suppose I had a theory that R and B was going to be a big part of the scene, and I wanted to be in on it. . . ."

Next Month—How the Stones found a permanent venue in Richmond.

ROLLING STONES

Pen Pals

(Addresses are in England unless otherwise stated)

- Miss D. Pearson** (age 15) 7 West Royal Close, King Cross, Halifax, Yorkshire, wants p.p. London, America.
- Michael Williams** (age 15) 1 Sanningdale Road, Baglan, Port Talbot, Glamorgan, S. Wales, wants p.p. South Africa, America.
- Jeanette Passmore** (age 13½) Heanton, Roundstone, East Presco, Sussex, wants p.p. Norway.
- Neil Eastwood** (age 14) 71 Cropton Road, Bricknell Avenue, Hull, wants p.p. America.
- Gloria Hayes** (age 15) 14 Woodbine Terrace, Cornholme, Todmorden, Lancs, wants p.p. Holland, America.
- Lorraine Clark** (age 13) 7 Riley House, Cromorne Estate, Chelsea, London, SW10, wants p.p. France, America.
- Andrea Letherman** (age 14) 154 Great Clowes Street, Salford 7, Lancs, wants p.p. America, Finland, Germany, Norway.
- Paul Bowler** (age 14) 5a Bench Street, Dover, Kent, wants p.p. Australia, Canada, America.
- Wan, Kam Wing**, 72-B Norfolk Road, Singapore 8, wants p.p. Lancashire.
- Valerie Lingwood** (age 13) 107 Southover, Downham, Bromley, Kent, wants p.p. West Germany, Denmark, France, America.
- Lynne Stevens** (age 15) 26 St. Isells Avenue, Martine Bridge, Mansfieldness, Farnborough, wants p.p. America, France, Australia, New Zealand.
- Caroll Fraser** (age 17) 14 Manor Way, Blackheath, London, S.E.3, wants p.p. America, Denmark, New Zealand, India, Africa.
- Susan Walsh** (age 14) 4 Entwistle Street, Darwin, Lancs, wants p.p. Sweden, France, Canada.
- Allison Keller**, 14 Quakers Lane, Potters Bar, Hildesley, wants p.p. South Africa, Sweden, Australia.
- Joyce Harrington** (age 15) 12 Grove Close, Bolton, Bradford 2, Yorkshire, wants p.p. anywhere.
- Geoffrey Crook** (age 14) 6 Tallentash Street, New Brighton, Wallasey, Cheshire, wants p.p. America.
- Jane Thorpe** (age 15) 45 Lean Drive, Vaughan Est. Linby, Notts, wants p.p. America, Norway, New Zealand.
- Miss P. Harrington** (age 13) 19 Celfs Coed Avenue, Cyncoed, Cardiff, S. Wales, wants p.p. Australia, Canada, New Zealand.
- Miss P. Petterton**, 35 Orchard Street, Clackney, Leicester, wants p.p. America, Canada, Finland, Norway, New Zealand.
- Miss Elaine Smith** (age 14) 3 Beconree Avenue, Denton, Manchester, wants p.p. Italy, Russia, Germany, Sweden, New Zealand.

BRIAN DIGS JAMES BROWN

Congratulations on your new single; it is the best one yet.

My friend and I saw you at Edmington Regal and thought that the police were very unfair to everyone who wanted to run up and down the aisle when you started your rave.

Charlie and Inez Foxx were marvellous. I could have listened to them all night.

I read somewhere that Brian had said that his "most played L.P. was James Brown at the Apollo".

Scotchishly yours,

Roberta Sadler.

Brian answers:—

James Brown is really terrific, he was on the Electrovision show with us in Santa Monica and we all got on like a house on fire. Should do—he calls his group The Flames.

IT

Dear me,

'What can I see?

It has hair,

Layer upon layer,

It can sing,

Shake and swing,

It can croon,

A soulful tune.

It can clap and go crackety,

Shaking fast four big maracas,

It can bang a tamborine,

Faster than others I have seen,

It can play a steel guitar,

It has talent, will go far,

It can play the drums and bass,

It has love upon its face,

It has love of R & B,

Muddy waters, Booker T,

Howlin' Wolf and Sonny Roy,

Fill it with ecstatic joy.

It creates an atmosphere,

It brings shouts but also yells,

It plays on, does not go smart,

It has won the British heart,

It is accepted, not rejected,

It is watched, loved, inspected,

When it plays, it is one,

When it stops, this is gone,

Left instead are five fab. Stones,

Micky, Keith and Mr. Jones,

Charlie-Roy and William Leo,

and Stephen Parks completes the crew.

Lots and lots and lots of lov,

Pam.

REAL R 'n' B

Congratulations on your new record! I'm glad to see you've made a real R 'n' B record at last—I'm not being rude by saying that your others weren't great but they didn't have real R 'n' B in them. I think Willie Dixon is fantastic and I think it was very wise of you to record one of his compositions. Well by the time this letter reaches you your record will probably be at No. 1, but if not I hope I and thousands more of your fans will see it there shortly.

From a loyal and devoted fan (Manchester) XXXX





ABOVE: The Stones warming up for their Ed Sullivan appearance.

BELOW: Time to relax and enjoy a quiet break after their Cleveland date.





Mick's Mick, looking like an arctic explorer. He's wearing the fur-collared coat he bought in Hollywood during their last tour.

The **ROLLING STONES** Book

No. 8

Edited by KEITH RICHARD

will be published on **JANUARY 10th**

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