



That 60s SOUND

It seems like we always had the radio on. KDWB was the call station. The Beatles' "Hey Jude" was a favorite. The Supremes. I loved John Denver. Janis Joplin. Rolling Stones. Roger Miller's "Little Green Apples." It goes on and on.

—Gayle Cmiel

Songs become personal. Some even stir the soul, transporting us to people, places, and events, from the first note. With each generation, records of the 1960s spin anew. They open in glimpses and raw totality that picturesque decade, a kaleidoscope of soaring melodies, striking chord changes, discordant notes, and—because life can be that way, too—simple verses.

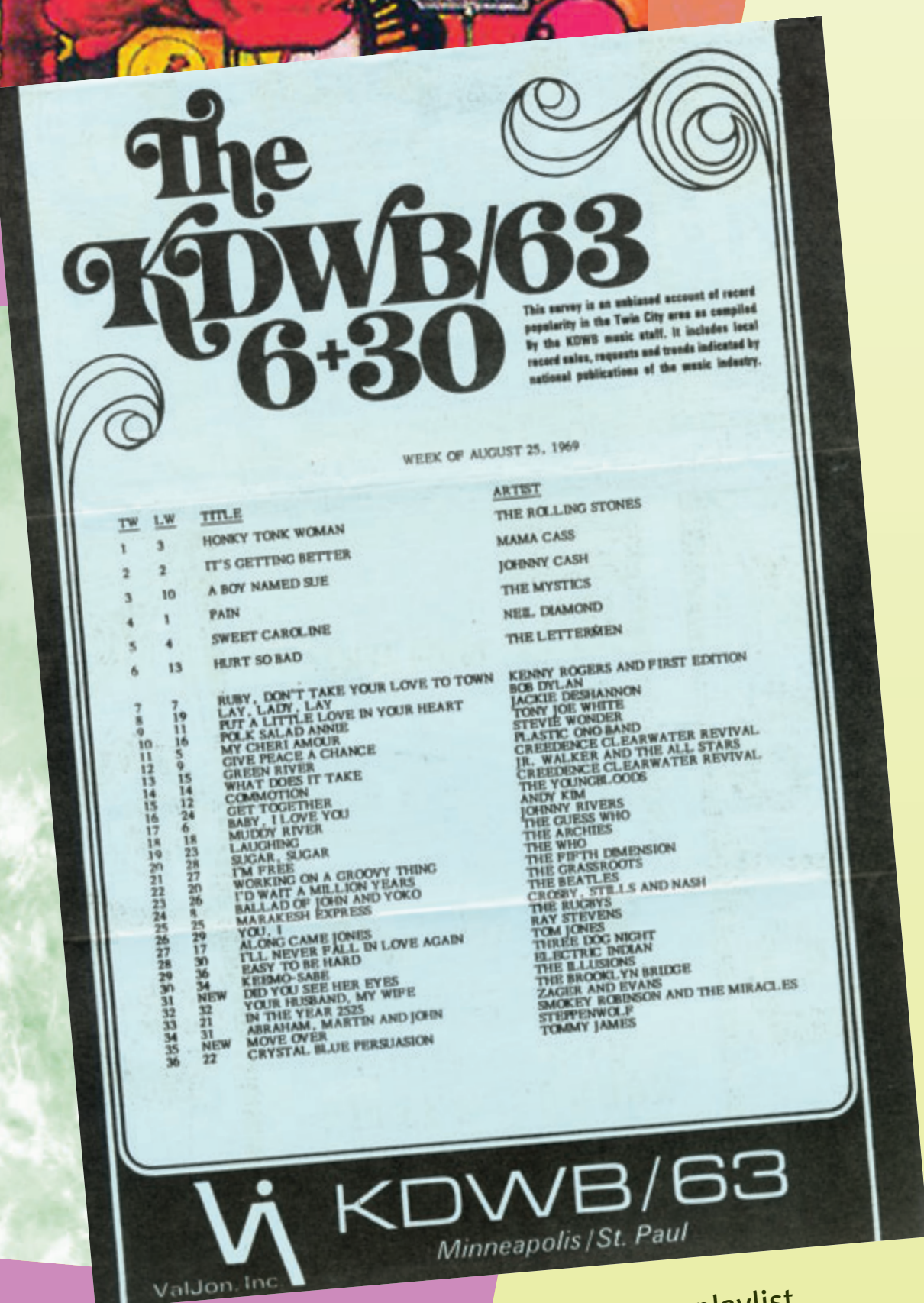
The dynamics become part of our own soundtracks. The mysteries in The Beatles' "Penny Lane" might play as scenes in your neighborhood, piccolo included. When Dionne Warwick sings about heartache visiting her relationship similar circumstances might prompt you to cue the song again—and again.

Chubby Checker opened the 1960s "Twist[ing] . . . just like this" and Sly and the Family Stone closed it with an anthemic call to take a "Stand!" Countless other messages and spectacles lie between those two vivid signposts, opportunities to *feel* an era.

Cream, *Disraeli Gears*, 1967

In 1968, I was about to enter junior high school and spent the summer visiting older cousins in Berkeley, California. They took me to see both the Grateful Dead and Big Brother and the Holding Company at the Carousel Ballroom. I returned from that trip with incense, Cream records, and the desire to grow up as quickly as I could so I wouldn't miss any more of the fun. Of course, I returned to Mrs. Wirz' home economics class, piano lessons, and drama club. Lord, it was frustrating to be 11 going on 21!

—Bonney Bielen



KDWB song playlist, courtesy Tom Gavaras, radiotapes.com

You cannot hear that song and not want to bust out of your inhibitions.

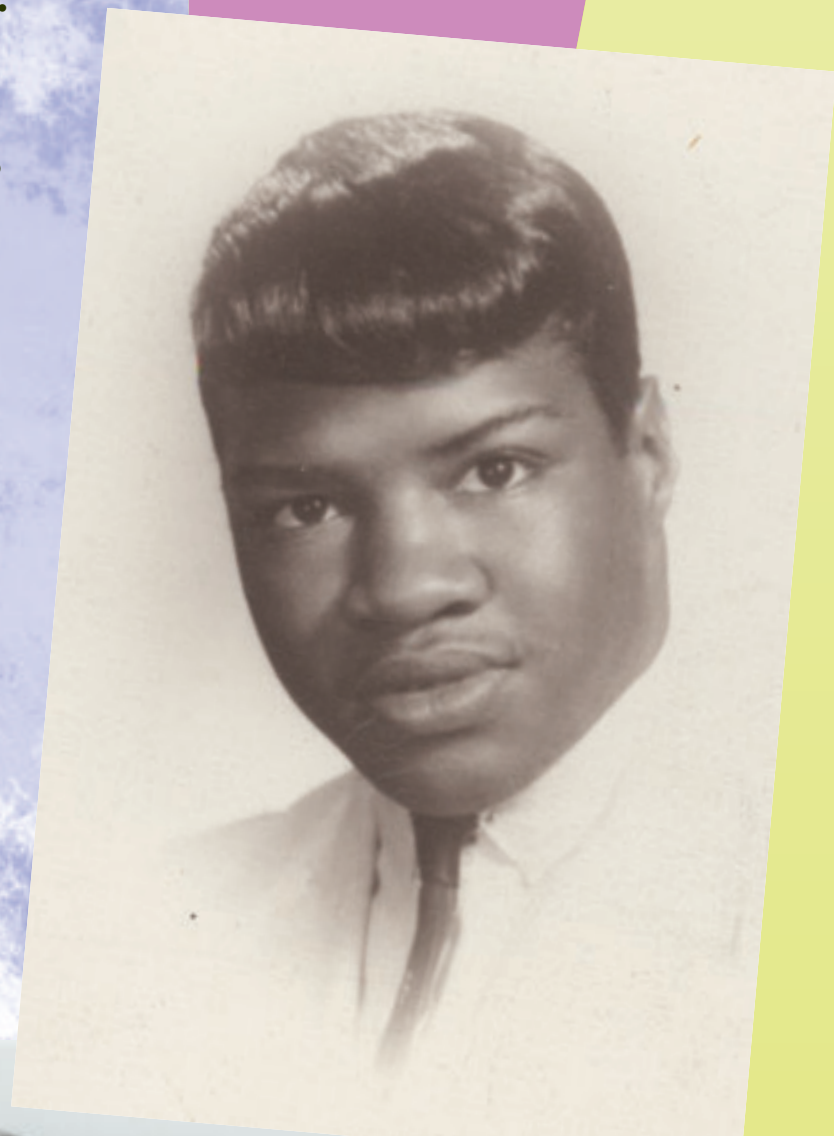
—Suzanne Shetka, about "Think," an Aretha Franklin song—with more than one meaning



Aretha Franklin, *The Andy Williams Show*, May 4, 1969, Fred A. Sabine/NBCU Photo Bank

I played drums for [a local band] The Mystics. . . . making like \$500 a week. For a 16-year-old that was a lot of money. [We played at all the high schools], the Prom Ballroom . . . the Cabaret, the Purple Barn, any big event that had a million people! We played with Sly and the Family Stone. We were the opening act for any major group that came to town. . . . Everybody would show up—Black, White, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese. . . . The Mystics were just get out, the best group in town, bar none.

—Wilbert Dugas Jr., interview by Kate Cavett, Rondo Oral History Project



When the Beatles played The Ed Sullivan Show, everybody watched it. Everybody. You go to high school the next day, nobody missed it. The world stopped. By 1968, you saw a good number of protest songs. They came off our tongues so easily. There was some poetry to it. We understood the words; we know them and we felt them.

—Brian Dusbiber

Fans at Beatles concert, Metropolitan Stadium, Bloomington, August 21, 1965



The Mystics, (left to right): Wes Hayne, Joey Piazza, Dave Hanson, Mike Stokes, Butch Stokes, Greg Hartman, Dick Hedlund, 1966

Inset, Wilbert Dugas Jr., 1968



THE MYSTICS



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THE 1968 GENERATION