

40<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



# WOODSTOCK

*Peace, Music & Memories*

**Brad Littleproud and Joanne Hague**



*Foreword by  
Artie Kornfeld*





*This original "welcome sign" can still be found in Bethel, New York today. Courtesy of Larry Houman. In memory of Carol Hector Houman. (Owned by Jerry and Kay Hector)*

*Photo by Joanne Hague*

in front of a fan, and listen to WNEW FM, the New York City-based progressive rock station. My parents had long since gone to bed, and we would listen to the late night deejays, Rosco and Allison Steele, 'The Night Bird,' and their sultry, silken voices would somehow help cool the hot summer nights. That was where we started hearing talk of an August festival planned in upstate New York, called Woodstock. My younger brother, Scott, had already bought tickets (he still has them), and the week before the festival, the deejays were talking about the large crowds that were expected. No one had a car of their own, so we prevailed upon our parents to loan us the Ford Country Squire station wagon, and all was a go! We decided to head up early and try and avoid the crowds, so we set out on the Wednesday before.

"Seven of us crammed in the car along with our camping gear—tent, sleeping bags, flashlights, Coleman stove, etc.—and some Goobers, a combination of peanut butter and grape jelly swirled together in a jar," Sheets says. "In the car were my brother Scott, who was a year younger than me, his

two friends, Bub and Curtis, my two friends, Chris and Peter, and the younger brother of one of Scott's friends, Jimmy. Before we left, my father handed me his hand-winding 8mm movie camera and a few spools of film. He said he wouldn't be needing it, so I might as well take it along.

"I don't remember much about the drive up even though I was the one driving!" says Randy. "We knew where we were going, and as we got closer we saw hand-printed signs pointing the way. It wasn't too difficult. All you had to do was follow the line. The traffic got heavier as we approached, and we drove until we saw some other folks parked on farmland up to the right. It was slow going for those last few miles with a steady stream of cars all bumper to bumper, and many people walking along both sides of the road. Some folks jumped on the front fenders of our car and got a lift and since we were only creeping along, this was easily accomplished. Food, weed, and drink were being shared among the walkers and the people in cars, and there was a real sense of being a part of something big."





*Still photo taken from 8mm film, courtesy Randy Sheets.*

*Massive speakers perched on tall towers were being set up.*



*Still photo taken from 8mm film, courtesy Randy Sheets.*

*Psychedelic buses surrounded the free stage at the Hog Farm encampment.*



*Still photo taken from 8mm film, courtesy Randy Sheets.*





*Christopher Cole rode this bike to Woodstock.*

*Photo by Christopher Cole*



*Photo by Derek Redmond and Paul Campbell*

*They came from all over the world.*

Christopher Cole, 20, of Tarrytown, New York, left for Bethel with Maria, the girl he'd met the day before, and a duffle bag strapped to the sissy bar of his motorcycle. "As we approached the rim of the natural amphitheater, the hillside was filled with spectators, and I gazed on the stage down below. Just then the sun peaked from behind the clouds and the moment crystallized as I stood there with this beautiful young girl, a bottle of wine, and my motorcycle, in the midst of hundreds of thousands of young unsupervised kids my age. It just didn't get better than that! I looked up toward heaven and said, 'Thank you, God.'"



*Photo by Derek Redmond and Paul Campbell*

*A view of the concert from the campground.*





Photo by Lee Levin-Friend

*Lee Levin-Friend (in the yellow shirt) finds a spot at the crest of the concert bowl.*

Lee Levin-Friend recalls, "It was hard to find food and water and, yes, toilet paper. We were able to buy five oranges from another concert-goer, but there was no food to buy from any of the concessions at the concert site."

Stephen Teso, 16, of Worcester, Massachusetts, remembers learning of the Hog Farm. "They were set up and shoveling out large quantities of what may or may not have been oatmeal. But it was hot and it was good. Loudspeakers were telling us to be cool—the music would be starting soon."



Still photo taken from 8mm film, courtesy Randy Sheets.

*It was like gold.*



Following the Grateful Dead, Janis Joplin graced the stage with a riveting set that included "Try," "Ball and Chain," and "Piece of My Heart."

It was Sly and the Family Stone that soon rocketed the music into the stratosphere. "Everybody was just rockin' and rollin' and going crazy during Sly's performance" says Trudy Morgal. "I was standing on a couple of milk crates to see up over the crowd. It was a great view, and I can't believe I didn't fall off. That was one of the high points for me because, at that time, there weren't a lot of funk bands out. There was definitely more white music going on, and being a drummer...when Sly came out I thought, 'This is the deal, man.'"

[Freddie:] Feeling's gettin' stronger  
 [Larry:] Music's gettin' longer, too  
 [Rose:] Music is flashin' me  
 [Sly:] I wanna. I want to take you higher  
 Baby, baby, baby, light my fire  
 [All:] Boom shaka-laka-laka,  
 boom shaka-laka-laka  
 —Sly and the Family Stone

Greg Henry remembers, "During 'I Want to Take You Higher,' every single person was on their feet, clapping and stomping. I remember standing still; I could feel the ground beneath me rumble. I told my friend to try it, and we just stood there with these huge smiles on our faces. It was amazing. Sly had everyone dancing and some with torches made by tying shirts on sticks and setting them afire."



Janis Joplin.

*Everybody was just rockin' and  
 rollin' and going crazy.*



Janis Joplin.

Photo by Derek Redmond and Paul Campbell



*A half-million  
young people  
can get together  
and have three  
days of fun  
and music, and  
have nothing  
but fun and  
music, and God  
bless you for it!*

# MAX YASGUR FOR PRESIDENT

## *That's the way it is, baby*

By GIL WEISINGER

BETHEL

"If nominated I will not run -- and if elected I will not serve!"

This sentiment, first expressed by Calvin Coolidge to scotch a move to renominate him for the presidency, is similar to that declared Tuesday by Max Yasgur, the Bethel dairy farmer on whose property the controversial Aquarian Exposition was held in mid-August.

Yasgur, who took the brunt of the blame for the three-day rock and folk fest noted with dismay the increasing campaign by hippies to have him publicized as the darling of the hippie world.

At the forefront of the campaign are a flurry of bumper stickers, in psychedelic colors, proclaiming, "Max Yasgur for President." No one knows the actual source of the campaign, including Yasgur himself, but the stickers were advertised in a recent issue of the New York Times and are being mailed out by the Blue Ribbon Manufacturing Company.

The bumper stickers are now starting to appear in the Sullivan County area, with several observed on passing cars driven by the "over 30 generation."

But Max, as he is affectionately known to those who grooved on the grass is not only a reluctant candidate but, quietly asserts his privilege to privacy.



Max Yasgur

Considered a usually cooperative man with the news media, Yasgur said Tuesday he recently contacted his attorney Hyman C. Levine of Jeffersonville in an effort to determine what could be done to stop the unauthorized use of his name. Levine he said, is currently probing the legal angle.

He emphatically contends the use of his name on the stickers was not authorized by him and denounced the presidential drive in no uncertain terms.

Yasgur said he first became aware of the campaign when he observed the bumper stickers in New York over the weekend. Adding to his political favor, is the wealth of publicity he received in the form of a picture and story in Life Magazine's special edition about the festival and from prominent stories in major newspapers in the nation.

In being named for the presidency although claiming his unwillingness, Yasgur joins the ranks of others nominated by hippiedom. Louis Abolafia, a Greenwich Village hippie who specializes in locating runaways for distressed parents, was the candidate in 1964.

Abolafia was shown nude on posters with the campaign slogan inscribed "I have nothing to hide."

Yasgur also has the dubious distinction of sharing the hippie's candidate list with a pig, nominated in 1968 by the Hog Farm, a New Mexico commune.

While the actual reason for the campaign to promote Yasgur is not known, among the possibilities is that he incurred the favor of the younger generation in his approach to their sometimes socially-unacceptable antics.

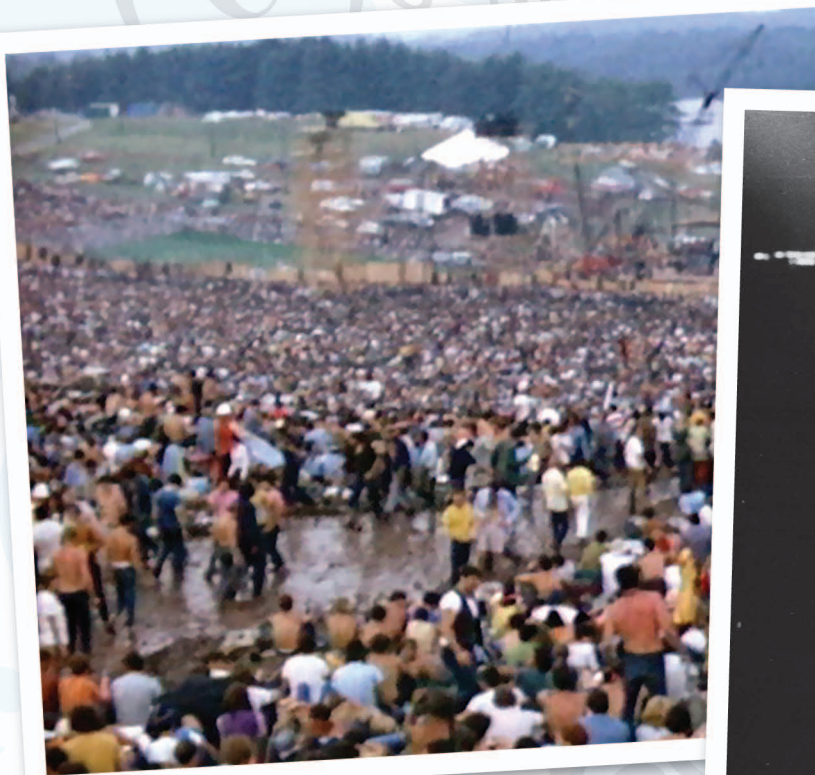
Other reasons are that the firms printing the posters and stickers stand to make a considerable amount of money, and that the festival promoters may want to keep the memory of the event alive in order to cash in on future ventures.

Among those known locally to have purchased the bumper stickers is Monticello pharmacist Emil C. Mott who said he wanted them because he knows Max and Mimi and thought the stickers would make a nice keepsake.

In a way, Mott is not unlike the legions of souvenir hunters who raided the Bethel site after the festival seeking artifacts, or the many thousands who bought copies of everything written about the locally-historic event.

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*A hillside of mud.*

*Photo by Derek  
Redmond and  
Paul Campbell*



*The Band.*

*Photo by David Marks (3rd Ear Music/Hidden Years Music Archives 1969-2009)*

Jackie Watkins recollects how her friend, Eric, had alluded all weekend that she was in for some kind of surprise, and she remembers being quite anticipatory. "I remember early Sunday morning Eric blindfolded me and sat behind me with his hands on my shoulders. At about 4 a.m., he handed me his powerful binoculars, released the blindfold, and said, 'This is my surprise to you. There's your angel,' and there he was—Stephen Stills—a blonde man wearing a blue and white poncho and a yellow shirt, a big gold watch, and a pair of tight jeans."

Watkins sat there, mesmerized. "He took my breath away. I will never forget the most immortal lines, when Stephen said, 'Thanks, we needed that. This is our second gig, man, and we're scared shitless.'" Crosby, Stills, Nash and later, Young, could have been called a new super group as it was a combination of the best music the late '60s offered: The Hollies, The Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, melding their harmonies together. For most, it was the first time hearing "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" and "Guinevere."





Photo by Leo Lyons

*Leo Lyons of Ten Years After in 2008.*

Forty years later, Ten Years After's Leo Lyons is still a working musician who loves what he does. "I feel lucky to have played Woodstock and, although I live in the now, the movie has undoubtedly helped sustain my career," he says. "Many people remember me from those few minutes in the movie and ask

what Woodstock was like. I tell them that Woodstock was a good example of something positive that was happening during those times. We wanted to change the world. We had our own ideals, music, and fashions. We imagined a world of love and peace where everyone got along."



Nick Ercoline and Bobbi Kelly were captured on film embraced in a blanket, and that picture has been immortalized as the couple on the front cover of the Woodstock album—with Herbie’s butterfly staff seen stuck in the mud. Bobbi points out that the actual picture is somewhat larger, and to her, the better picture can be seen as an oxymoron. To the right of them, lying on the ground, is their friend, Jim Corocran, a Marine who just returned from Vietnam resting peacefully in the field.

Ercoline and Kelly were married in 1971 and returned to Bethel years later on the anniversary of that weekend. “There were people out in the field, camping and celebrating, when we noticed a minivan that had a little fenced area holding two ducks,” remembers Kelly. “As we walked by, I said to Nick to go ask what the ducks’ names were, and they answered, ‘Bobbi and Nick.’ We were flabbergasted and, of course, the cuter, smaller duck was Bobbi.”



*Nick and Bobbi Ercoline today.*

*Photo courtesy Joanne Hague*





*View from the main camping area toward the concert hill, 1969.*

*Photo by John De Lorenzo*



*Photo courtesy James Riley*

*View from the main camping area toward the concert hill today.*



*View from the corner of Hurd Road and West Shore Road up the concert hill, 1969.*



*View from the corner of Hurd Road and West Shore Road up the concert hill today.*