

The following are the recollections of my time at KUCR radio, beginning in August of 1966 through graduation in June of 1970. I shall attempt to give a sense of the station and the role it played in the staff's lives as well as for our campus & non-college listening audience. From its humble on-air founding early in October 1966 through June 1970, KUCR exploded to become a 24/7 operation that was the largest staffed radio station (commercial or otherwise) on the West Coast.....and a nationally recognized leader in collegiate news.

Bob Stubenrauch

1966-1967

"HEY KID.....YOU WANT TO GET YOUR FCC 3rd CLASS BROADCAST LICENSE AND BECOME A DISK JOCKEY WITH YOUR OWN RADIO SHOW?"



Thus began my

introduction to the station. I was a new freshman, and had arrived in late August of 1966 - before we were technically supposed to be moving into our dorm rooms. The Bacchus Hall R.A. happened to be there, and mercifully told me to go ahead & pick a room & move in. I picked the very last room near the rear exit, figuring it would make ingress and egress more easy for any female guests & contraband items. The next day I wandered out into the rear parking lot and noticed a lot of people & activity going on across adjacent Linden street in one of the married student duplexes, so I walked over.

Hans Wynholds, Bill Farmer, Bob Clevenger, and Bill Elledge were there, moving in furniture & record racks, as well as crawling over and under the old Sparta mix board that a commercial radio station had donated. After hanging around for the afternoon and helping a little, Hans turned to me and offered a DJ slot, which I immediately accepted. Throughout the coming term of September 1966 to June of 1967 I found a happy place of freshman-year belonging there at the station - made all the easier by the fact that I could walk out my dorm room & be there in 15 seconds. It was a happening place to be, with a lot of enthusiasm and energy. My dorm hall also proved to be an abundant staff source for KUCR, totaling nearly 25% of the on-air personnel for that first year!

The aforementioned leaders' influence in bringing the station to life cannot be overstated. I think that had it been the 1968-1970 era staff that had wanted to create a campus station it might not have received approval from Chancellor Ivan Hinderaker due to our generally more radical political & cultural views. Hans, Bill, Bob, and Bill were able to bring not only the technical expertise but also the social and

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Hans, Bill, Bob, and Bill were able to bring not only the technical expertise but also the social and cultural outlook that was able to receive a green-light of approval & trust from the chancellor & the board of directors at UC Riverside. They were trustworthy, hard-working guys.

Our fledgling little UC campus had only 4,000 students in 1966. Our city, Riverside, was not what you would call a cutting-edge hub of social opportunity for young people like it was at Los Angeles, or San Diego, or Santa Barbara, or Berkeley. We didn't even have smog yet. But we had a bell tower!!!!!!!

KUCR was there to do a live remote broadcast of its dedication, and I observed that interest in our remote table broadcast set-up nearly rivaled the interest in the bell tower itself. I think that having its own campus radio station helped the college to feel better about itself, like somehow it had kind of more "arrived." KUCR's active presence around the campus was an asset & an enhancement to our feelings about being at UCR. The founders of the station did a marvelous job in that respect.

As far as news, Bill Elledge had immediately begun lusting after a UPI or AP news ticker teletype machine. Unfortunately, that dream did not come to pass that first year because of the monthly subscription cost. Our news, both campus, local, & national, was cobbled together through in-person interviews, newspapers, other radio stations, and a little television. It was tough to generate a feeling for a hard-hitting daily radio news report under such circumstances, but Bill did his best. He even made a copy on an endless-loop eight-track cassette of a news teletype machine which was always played in the background each time he did the news. It sounded cool to all of us. There he would be with his scripts, sitting at a table in the broadcast room in front of a table mic, peering over his glasses, looking through the soundproof window at the person running the mix board.....everyone waving their hands, holding up written messages, gesturing wildly, running back & forth, and trying our best to sound professional & make everything come off smoothly. Given our lack of experience and supporting equipment, I think we did pretty well. Little did we know that a year and a half later we would be live on the air from the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, participating in a newly-formed UC campus radio news network broadcast, and were probably first in the nation to announce the shooting of Bobby Kennedy as he walked through the kitchen - about 200 feet away from the remote set-up - live as it occurred.

That first year, KUCR played a good amount of jazz, classical, folk, and commercial pop music, plus a beginning amount of what might be called "alternative FM" rock. In retrospect, popular radio music programming itself was on the cusp at that time between two generational eras.....with a great transition already looming. FM Underground radio was just getting going on the East & West coasts.

The Beatles had given their last public pop concert at Candlestick Park in San Francisco, and now retired to the studio to experiment with new sounds, styles, and lyrics. The San Francisco & Los Angeles music scenes were awash with newly forming groups that had names like Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Doors, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mothers of Invention, Velvet Underground, etc. The music industry itself was undergoing a transition as well. All of these new groups that began to appear *wrote & owned* their own music (as differentiated from the Tin Pan Alley style songwriters who worked directly for the big record companies). For years, the big labels had the songs that *they owned*, written by *their employees*, and performed by *hired* singers & groups (ie: Righteous Brothers, Supremes, Bobby Vinton, etc) who had no ownership interest or control in the songs that they were making famous. Hence the record companies pretty much determined what was recorded & what was played. A tectonic shift was in the works regarding the music business.

Having come from the San Francisco Bay Area in high-school, I was somewhat familiar with the S. F. underground scene and had started to attend concerts at Fillmore, Avalon, etc. My musical emphasis at KUCR was to be on those groups. I called my show "San Francisco Sounds," but also included anything

from LA, England, and New York. During Easter Break of 1967 when I was up in Palo Alto, I learned that the Grateful Dead were having a release party in San Francisco for their first album. Not being shy, a couple of us showed up at the door with our "real radio" KUCR staff cards, and were admitted to the festivities as part of the media! Many members of the S.F. bands were there, and some good connections were made. I was especially sure to talk with the various band managers about our radio station, and got ourselves on their distribution lists for whenever singles or new albums were coming out.

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I cannot express how much I enjoyed being a part of KUCR. I became a pretty constant person there for three reasons: (a) I had already decided that life was too short to study much; (b) I lived 15 seconds away from the station; (c) I was just a cruddy & unconfident freshman who couldn't get anywhere with the girls.

So with time to spare, I threw myself into radio and began to become a member of the inner circle of workers. Hans Wynholds & Bill Farmer were seniors that first year of the station being on the air, so they were about to move on. Bob Clevenger was a junior, and was slotted to take over duties as station manager for 1967 to 1968. Bill loved news, classical music, and engineering. Ric Fazekas (the artist formerly known as Rich Fazekas) took over as Music Director. I was picked to become KUCR's first ever Personnel Director, whatever that meant. I was soon to learn what that meant.

1967-1968

I had gone back home to Palo Alto for the summer, and returned to my same dorm room on Bacchus Hall as a sophomore for the 67-68 year.....and as Personnel Director of KUCR.

What I took my job to mean: find more people to do radio shows and expand our broadcast schedule.

That first year, KUCR was on each day from 2 pm until about 8 or 9 pm. Now back as sophomores, Ric & I began to actively approach our dorm-mates & acquaintances on campus about joining the station staff. My memory is vague, but I think by January 1968 (starting 2nd semester that year) the station was now broadcasting more like 9 am to about midnight each day. Plus, it was not uncommon for the late night guys to just keep broadcasting for another hour or so before signing off. This represented a more than doubling of the original on-air schedule. Bob Clevenger was Station Manager, and seemed content to watch the staff grow, plus be sure that all our technical & legal responsibilities as an FCC licensed broadcast station were met. He also did a good job in working with the campus administration to keep things smooth in that regard. He worked well with Chancellor Hinderaker, University Public Relations Director Art Sutton, and our KUCR Administration Advisor Jack Adame.

As Personnel Director, and because I still lived on Bacchus Hall (15 seconds away), I became by default one of the main "go-to-guys" when it came to scheduling & staff problems. Which is another way to say: if somebody didn't show up for their assigned time - I was often called in to take over & solve the problem. As a result, I spent an awful lot more hours on-air per week than my normally slotted one hour radio program. Bob Clevenger lived off-campus, as a senior. So whenever the dike sprang a leak, I was the one who usually came over & plugged it, as well as Ric Fazekas.



Here is a photo of my Bacchus room-mate Wes Krause running the control board with Ric Fazekas in the broadcast room.

Speaking of news, I think it was during the 67-68 year that Bill got his news wire teletype machine. I walked up the 5 steps into the station one day, and there it was - clunking & chattering away in the former living room. Bill was so thrilled. Now KUCR had *REALLY* arrived! Not only did it make Bill's preparation for the nightly news far easier, it also allowed us to announce "breaking news" whenever something hot came over the teletype. The machine was a beast. It stood about 4 foot tall, 2 1/2 feet wide, had to be plugged into a dedicated 20 amp line, consumed large amounts of off-white cheap paper rolls that were loaded in its bottom half, plus it produced a good amount of heat. It didn't run non-stop 24 hours per day.....only when something was being sent over the dedicated phone line. This meant that whenever it started up, we were always drawn to go over & check out what was coming over the wire to see if something newsworthy was happening. Anything good, we tore off the sheet & put it in Bill's in-box. This way he wouldn't have to sort through hundreds of feet worth of print-outs each night. That news teletype made us feel even more like a real radio station. I mean, walk in the front door & there it was - churning away & barking at you.

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In retrospect, the first year (66-67) of KUCR had been very serious for us. We really wanted to pull it off - to be a *real* radio station, college or otherwise - to have quality news broadcasts covering timely subjects - to represent our college to itself - to develop music shows that appealed to & were related to by our campus audience - to show the administration that we were up to the trust that had been placed with us. We were dead serious about this challenge. This was *real radio* to us, and we were going to do a proper job! But that didn't mean we weren't having a good old time. As exemplified by.....

Bill Elledge was the coolest guy, in a totally un-hip way. He was old school, previous-generation culture, but fortunately not in any way uptight. This was in contrast to the fresh group of us who were new-school, current hip generation & definitely counter-culture. Bill would benignly tolerate our politics, our music, and our generally wacked-out selves. Therefore, one favorite activity was:

Tormenting Bill. A couple of us had expanded our consciousness one night & were talking about Bill (affectionately of course). One thing led to another, and we started talking about how we could rattle his cage. The next night during his news broadcast as he looked through the glass window at the control room, we started making idiotic faces while he was live-on-air reading the news. No response. He just glared at us & didn't miss a beat. Well, of course you know, this meant war (to quote Groucho or Bugs Bunny). The next night, we pantomimed a great fight scene, with punches thrown & various chokings, all of this going on while he tried to get through the live news. Still no reaction. I next had the idea of taking his old background news teletype loop cassette and after the news began one night I started slowly but steadily turning its volume up & up & up. Soon Bill was literally yelling the news in order to be heard above the very loud recorded teletype track. We even had one session where we had 2 guys embracing & making it look like they were making out. Even being semi-mooned while on the air didn't phase him. He just sat there & slowly and silently wagged his finger back & forth at us through the window, as if to say, "Naughty Naughty!" The man was like Gibraltar. In desperation, I seriously considered bringing in a young woman to unbutton her blouse in front of him, but didn't, and ceded the field to Bill. Final Score: Elledge one, Freaks zero.

The 2nd year of the station, now under Bob Clevenger's leadership, continued the same way as the 1st year. But now, we were a more established facet of campus life, and we were growing steadily. We built upon the good foundation that was laid the year before.....and now we took it (or it took us) to the next level. Adding the news teletype, doubling the broadcast schedule, increasing the staff - it was like KUCR was growing up before our eyes. We were now a major & accepted part of campus life & culture. As exemplified by.....

Homecoming in the Spring of 1968. All the dorm halls built floats for the parade in the parking lot right outside the end of our residence buildings. Even the women's Lothian Hall wasn't on chastity lock-down for the event! It was an all-night affair, rain-free and a cool but clear evening. KUCR set up a spontaneous remote broadcast table in the parking lot, which consisted of playing on-air music over some portable speakers, taking requests, and between songs interviewing scores of excited & well-lubricated students.....asking the ancient question, "Which dorm hall is the best?" Before putting them on-air we made them promise to NOT use any profanity, and mercifully, everyone honored our request even though many were bombed out of their minds (we hadn't put tape-delay into practice yet). The station was truly known, respected, and accepted as a vital part of campus life. There must have been nearly 1,000 students in the parking lot that night, and KUCR was at the center of it all. They loved us. On a personal note, after a particularly unpleasant reaction in the early morning hours, I swore off from drinking Red Mountain Wine ever again.

Meanwhile, the music scene was exploding. By 2nd semester, we had a ton of new albums to play.....and an ever-widening group of DJs to play them. While the station continued with folk, jazz, and classical - it was in the arena of underground rock where we really took off. Because Riverside had no other radio stations that gave playing time to that type of music, we found to our surprise that we were building a niche in the radio market of our town. We didn't know how many, but people out there were listening! They were calling in! "Who are you guys? I was searching the radio dial and accidentally found you. I love your music! Keep it up! Do you take requests?"

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This development, in which we began to receive a steadily growing number of listener calls from the surrounding city, was another important evolution in the station's life. Suddenly, our early desires & efforts to become a real radio station were catapulted beyond our initial focus of mainly just the campus.

We now realized that we were providing news, offering commentary, and playing music for the public!!!!!! It represented a whole added dimension & meaning to our work at KUCR. This will shock you, because it certainly blew our minds.....but a regional radio listenership survey group (Hooper) pegged us as the 2nd most listened to radio station in Riverside that year! This was a transformational moment in the life of KUCR, especially for being in only its 2nd year of existence.

If you broadcast it, they will listen.

It was to our stunned & great delight that we showed up so high in Riverside radio listenership (pun intended). That was not a goal that we had set for ourselves. It was just another unpredictable development in the amazing growth of KUCR. Our good ratings served to further confirm our sense of mission, especially when it came to playing underground rock & presenting good hard news. The commercial radio stations in town were disgusted. We exulted in it. And all we had were 10 measly watts! As an added surprise, we started getting calls from 50 or 60 miles away, like from Ventura, telling us that they were regular listeners each evening - and that somehow our little signal was bouncing along the canyon walls to them and coming in loud & clear!

By the end of the 2nd year of the station, June of 1968, we were playing the following groups & albums (to name a few): *Beatles* - Rubber Soul, Revolver, Sgt. Pepper's; *Stones* - Aftermath, Satanic Majesties, Beggars Banquet; *Mothers of Invention* - Freak Out, Absolutely Free; *Jefferson Airplane* - Takes Off, Surrealistic Pillow, After Bathing at Baxter's; *Doors* - 1st album, Strange Days; *Jimi Hendrix* - 1st album; *Greatful Dead* - 1st and 2nd album; *Janis & Big Brother* - Cheap Thrills; *Quicksilver* 1st album; *Cream*; *Yardbirds*; Velvet Underground; and of course, *Bob Dylan* - Freewheeling, Bringing It All Back Home, Highway 61, Blonde on Blonde.

Sign On and Sign Off: That 2nd year of operation, KUCR still had a period each day in which it was not on the air, from around midnight until about 9 am. Hence, we had to follow FCC requirements regarding formal station identification and sign-on & sign-off procedures. By our second year, somehow playing a conventional version of the "Star Spangled Banner" seemed a little out of context & out of touch to us. So we got creative. The standard format for sign-on & sign-off is to play some kind of music (usually patriotic) while you provide the station call sign, frequency, location, etc. I learned that there were a few students who actually had their dorm radios already on to our frequency when KUCR hit the airwaves each morning. This represented a marvelous opportunity for us to get freaky. Some of our favorite sign-on songs became: "Break on Through" (Doors); "Purple Haze" (Hendrix); "Tomorrow Never Knows" (Beatles Revolver); "Trouble Coming' Every Day" (Zappa & Mothers); "Times They Are A'Changing" (Dylan); "Everybody Must Get Stoned" (Dylan); "Good Morning" (Sgt. Peppers); plus one of my favorites: I had somehow gotten a record of an actual Nazi WWII military marching band playing a rousing salute to der Vaterland. Without you hearing it yourself I can't really explain to you what it was like.....but I can still to this day play it in my mind.....and it was a heck of a way to start off the broadcast day as a sarcastic shot at our war-oriented government. Nightly sign-off was just as fun. Some of the songs we used: "The End" (Doors); "Somebody To Love" (Airplane); "The Fool" (Quicksilver); "Tamborine Man" (Dylan); "A Day in the Life" (Sgt Peppers); and one of my favorites, in which I would say, "And this song goes out to all you girls over at Lothian Hall," and play "Chrystal Ship" by the Doors - "*Before you slip into unconsciousness, I'd like to have another kiss.*" A few months into the 68-69 year after Hendrix did his electric wah-wah feedback version of the Star Spangled Banner at Woodstock we would always use it whenever we had to sign off for a period of time like for Spring Break, Christmas, or to take things down for repairs.

So far so good: KUCR's 1st & 2nd years of existence had been successful. I was slotted to become next year's Station Manager.....and the political, social, and music world was about to go into over-drive.

1968-1969



I stayed in Riverside that summer, spending time getting ready for the Fall Semester of broadcasting, which coincided with the beginning of my Junior year. I camped in the adjoining duplex of the station, the former Credit Union, into which we had just expanded. Once the school year began I lived off-campus with my best friend Jon Gindick. Ric Fazekas was now Program Director, Jeff Thelen became Personnel Manager, and George Kastanas was Assistant Manager. Bill Elledge moved over to The Highlander and the Yearbook - and Steve Tincher took the helm of news. There were presently no longer any of the original people in leadership from when the station was first organized to go on the air. The inmates were now running the asylum. Here is a picture of me at KUCR during my first year as Station Manager.

Speaking of inmates, I cannot overstate Ric Fazekas' influence in KUCR's growth. On multiple fronts, he labored mightily to develop the station. About once a month he would take a car-load of students into Los Angeles so they could take their FCC 3rd class license test. While they were at the 1/2 day test, he would go around to the record company offices - both major & minor - tell our story, talk about our listenership being 2nd in Riverside, and promote the station as a good place for them to send out singles & albums (free of charge to us, of course). His efforts

ultimately resulted in a weekly deluge of vinyl arriving at the station in the mail. Soon record racks covered every available wall in our building to hold it all. The bad music we received got tossed into the bathtub in the Executive Washroom. As far as the record companies, Ric put us on the map. He also was very prolific in worming his way back stage into various concerts & shows to get the group members to record promos for the station. I think most have been lost, but probably the most significant promo went like this; "*Hi, this is Janis Joplin, and you are listening to KUCR FM radio.*" My understanding is that her promo is still used to this day.



Ric, (photo at left) like I, was also active in finding more people to join the broadcast staff. When the station signed on at the beginning of the 1968 - 1969 school year, we were now a *24 hour per day* operation! This was unbelievable. All those beginning efforts to build a serious radio station over the last two years had come to full-throated fruition. We were no longer trying to be a real radio station, we *were* a real radio station - that possessed a growing clout with the music industry and a serious level of listenership. Again due to Ric's efforts, we actually were sometimes given pre-release albums (Canned Heat was one of them) to play in our market as a test for the record company to evaluate listener response, commercial potential, and initial press quantities for the album. KUCR

was widely known & highly respected in the record industry. We didn't need them now as much as they needed us.

Jeff Thelen, as Personnel Manager, perfected the system that I had somewhat begun the year before when it came to people who couldn't make their scheduled show. We now had an on-air DJ staff of 75, and there was no way that we could keep up with filling in for the people who couldn't make their assigned program slot for one reason or another (illness, cramming for a test, a really hot date, hung-over, or just generally bombed out & depleted from last night's consciousness-raising experiment). He fully instituted the "make your own substitution" system. If you couldn't make your show.....you called another DJ and simply traded slots with them. I have to say - the system worked great, everyone took the responsibility for their assigned program seriously, and we rarely had to intervene to solve a dead-air

the "make your own substitution" system. If you couldn't make your show.....you called another DJ and simply traded slots with them. I have to say - the system worked great, everyone took the responsibility for their assigned program seriously, and we rarely had to intervene to solve a dead-air problem.

KUCR was now the largest-staffed radio station on the west coast, commercial or otherwise. Our complete staff numbered right at 120 souls. In terms of listenership, I firmly believe that we became the #1 station in the Riverside market that year, as well as the next year, but never could get a hard confirmation because Arbitron bought out Hooper, and it was Arbitron's policy to not include non-commercial stations in their survey results. Perhaps this came about because the local 20,000 watt boys didn't like being out-listened & therefore embarrassed by a pukey little 10 watt college station run by a gang of freaks. In the Spring of 1969 Ric & I did a live remote broadcast from a local public Junior High School during a noon-time sock-hop. We were surrounded by about 400 adoring young people, who were convinced that the gods themselves had come down to entertain them & show them the way. So what kinds of songs did we play? Was it, "Yummy Yummy Yummy I Got Love in My Tummy?" No.....how about Velvet Underground's "Heroin," or the Beatles "Tomorrow Never Knows" ("*turn off your mind, relax, and float downstream.....this is not dying.*") These were the kinds of outreach that continued to accelerate our listenership. We had a ton of middle school kids now listening as well as many high school students. Without question, KUCR was the most dynamic & influential radio station in the Inland Empire. The bumper stickers didn't hurt the cause, either.

Frank Zappa & The Mothers of Invention's 2nd album had the phrase "Kill Ugly Radio."

It was the inspiration for our orange & black bumper sticker. Soon there were about 1,000 cars driving around Riverside with the sticker on their back bumper saying, "Kill Ugly Radio - listen to KUCR 88.1 FM." It was fabulously successful. Another catchy phrase came about from a conversation that a few of us had at the end of the previous year. We were talking about coming up with some kind of on-air cutesy slogan. Because we were at the absolute lowest possible FM frequency on the radio dial, someone suggested "KUCR - bottom of the dial." At which point, I added, "Bottom of the Pile." After laughing ourselves nearly sick, we realized our great call slogan had been born: "You're listening to KUCR, 88.1 FM, bottom of the dial.....bottom of the pile." We also used, "You're listening to KUCR 88.1 FM, at the *extreme left* on your dial."



And now it's time for the history of our call sign itself: KUCR. When Hans & Bill & the gang were working towards formal FCC approval, they submitted for the name "KUCR," because of the obvious connection to our campus, UCR. A challenge arose, because there had already been a prior radio operation with the same call letters assigned to it. As it turned out, it belonged to a radio system located on a commercial ship that worked the waters between South America and the southwest United States. Unfortunately, the ship had sunk back in the 1950's off the coast of Chile I believe.....and taken the KUCR call sign with it to a watery grave. Our station founders had to jump through all kinds of legal hoops & procedural motions to finally get the FCC to revoke the former ship's call sign & allow us to use it. So now you know the rest of that story.

Steve Tincer worked with 4 or 5 other UC campus radio stations to create the UC Radio News Network. Our first efforts were in the 2nd semester of the 67-68 school year, but it really bloomed in the 68-69 year as student unrest & protests continued to spread & grow. Through the use of no-charge inter-campus T-1 lines, we began a thrice-weekly combined news show that involved a live on-air report from each campus radio station. It was quite powerful to hear about what was happening at each university around the state several times a week. It made us feel like we at Riverside were somehow connected to the greater things that were happening all over. I have already mentioned about the UC Radio Network live broadcast from

radio station. It was quite powerful to hear about what was happening at each university around the state several times a week. It made us feel like we at Riverside were somehow connected to the greater things that were happening all over. I have already mentioned about the UC Radio Network live broadcast from the Ambassador Hotel lobby in Los Angeles when Bobby Kennedy was shot & killed by Sirhan Sirhan, walking from the lobby through the kitchen. I am certain that as students throughout the state UC system listened to information about demonstrations, shut-downs, etc at each campus that a sense of solidarity was powerfully reinforced.

To understand what was happening at KUCR you need to understand the context in which we were operating and growing. Here, in a nutshell, are some of the events that shaped our country's culture, our personal attitudes (and therefore KUCR) from 1963 through 1970:

Aug. 1963 - Martin Luther King speech "I have a dream"
Nov. 1963 - JFK assassinated
Nov. 1963 to Jan 1969 - Lyndon B. Johnson presidency; Robert McNamara - Sec'ty. of Defense
Vietnam War ramping up & up under the Democratic Party
1964 through 1969 - race riots, segregation demonstrations all over the country
1964-1965 - Berkeley political Free speech Movement & protests
1964-1968 - Birth control pill becomes widespread in use
August 1965 - Los Angeles Watts Race Riots - 34 dead, 1000 injured, 35,000 involved
1966 - Marijuana use spreads to white, middle class young people
June 1967 - Monterey Pop Festival
June 1967 - Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club album released by The Beatles
January 1968 - Tet Offensive by North Vietnam
1968 - LSD made federally illegal
April 1968 - Martin Luther King assassinated
June 1968 - Bobby Kennedy Jr. assassinated
September 1968 - Democratic Party Primary violent demonstrations in Chicago
1969 - Peak of Vietnam War - 500,000 young U.S. soldiers sent; 1 in 10 will die
January 1969 - Richard Nixon presidency begins
August 1969 - Woodstock
November 1969 - My Lai massacre of nearly 500 Vietnamese civilians comes to light
December 1969 - Vietnam draft lottery held - a breathtaking moment for our young men
December 1969 - Altamont Stones concert. "War, children, it's just a shot away."
January 1970 - War incursions into Cambodia
February 1970 - Isla Vista Bank of America burned down by UC Santa Barbara protestors
May 1970 - Kent State demonstration & killing of 4 students by young Nat'l Guard soldiers
May 1970 - National Student Strikes & Protests at over 400 colleges across the country

**"YES, TO DANCE BENEATH THE DIAMOND SKY WITH ONE HAND WAVING
FREE, SILHOUTTED BY THE SEA, CIRCLED BY THE CIRCUS SANDS, WITH
ALL MEMORY & FATE, DRIVEN DEEP BENEATH THE WAVES; LET ME
FORGET ABOUT TODAY UNTIL TOMORROW. HEY MR. TAMBORINE MAN,
PLAY A SONG FOR ME."**

And now I must write about the music. I firmly believe that as each new generation enters young adulthood it embraces the currently popular music as the soundtrack of its time. Leaving home, seeking romance, developing one's own persona, career, & the greater culture of those new times - - music has always played an important role. I have no doubt that each generation can easily feel that "their" music is/was the best. It's only natural, because the music of the time becomes a marker for all those formative experiences & memories as each generation makes its way into independence & adulthood. Rarely, however, does the music actually *shape & direct* the generation and the culture of its time. The late 60's was one of those rare times.

Against the backdrop of all what was happening that I just listed above, the music of the counter-culture

was one of those rare times.

Against the backdrop of all what was happening that I just listed above, the music of the counter-culture was more than simply the soundtrack to our particular young-adult period. It was, for many, our life: clarion call, prophecy, pied piper, marching orders, vision, worldview, faith, desire, passion, hope. When a new album came out, we didn't just put it on the record player while we did other things - we laid on the floor with our ears between the speakers & drank it in. Every note. Every song. Every word. Every meaning. It's like we were receiving each album release as a revelation of our newly unfolding life. When Jim Morrison sang, *"Try to run, try to hide; break on through to the other side,"* we did. When Mick Jagger sang, *"Everywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boys; 'cause summer's here & the time is right for fighting in the street, boys,"* we made ourselves ready. When The Airplane sang, *"We are all outlaws in the eyes of America,"* we felt that way. When Bob Dylan penned, *"Come mothers and fathers throughout the land, and don't criticize what you can't understand; your sons and your daughters are beyond your command, the old road is rapidly aging; please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand, for the times they are a-changing,"* we felt all the more alienated for it. Racial equality. Economic equality. Resistance to the Government War Machine. Sexual freedom. Free political speech. Long hair. Sideburns and moustaches. Pancake make-up free. Long skirts. Bell bottoms. Young men & women longing to "get back to the earth;" and live simply. The Doors said, *"What have they done to the earth? What have they done to our fair sister? Ravaged and plundered and ripped her and bit her; stuck her with knives in the side of the dawn.....tied her with fences & dragged her down."* Against all this was (to our view) a largely corrupt, selfish, narrow, up-tight, alcoholic, hypocritical, shallow, racist, imperialist American culture. Buffalo Springfield sang, *"Something's happening here, what it is ain't exactly clear; there's a man with a gun over there, telling me I got to beware."* Country Joe MacDonald wrote, *"Come on mothers throughout the land, send your boys off to Vietnam; come on fathers don't hesitate, send your sons before it's too late; be the first one on your block to have your boy come home in a box."* Grace Slick proclaimed, *"One pill makes you larger, and one pill makes you small; and the ones that Mother gives you, don't do anything at all."* John Lennon said, *"Newspaper taxis appear on the shore, waiting to take you away; climb in the back with your head in the clouds and you're gone."* And many opened their minds to chemical expansion. Dylan sang, *"And me I sit here so patiently, waiting to find out what price, you have to pay to get out of going through all these things twice,"* and we further despised the status quo.

I could fill page after page with lines from all those songs - they are embedded in my mind forever. My brain is still filled with the albums & the lyrics of that time. Yes, I have moved on in life, and am now a senior citizen (turning 65 in 2013). My views of many things have changed as I have gone on through my life experience, but this is the early foundation upon which I built. If you were to pass me on the street today, all you would outwardly see is a thin veneer of civilization - - hiding a free-grazing, range-roving anti-establishment radical who disdains both major political parties: the Evil Party & the Stupid Party....although IMO they each trade appropriate name appellations at various times back & forth.

KUCR was the voice of the counter-culture in our area. Not one song was ever put onto a turntable lightly. It was an exhilarating feeling to sit down in front of that mix board, as the final song of the show before you or the ending of the news was coming up - placing your first record on one of the turntables, and when you went on air, it wasn't about you - it was about the music, the moment, the message. It was a powerful feeling knowing that multiple thousands of radios were turned to you. It was an intoxicating experience knowing that you were going to take your listeners on a journey for the next hour or two. Whether it was to be by theme, by group, by style - you were in the broadcast driver's seat, sending out a message of the new culture.....the new way.....taking your listeners on a mind-journey of your design. This was not a job to us, it was a calling. KUCR wove a tapestry of music-based messages that went out 24 hours per day, 7 days per week. We were a part of something that had meaning, importance, and impact. The social & cultural upheaval of the time, the amazing songs being written & played as an alternative to all the madness - this indeed is



that had meaning, importance, and impact. The social & cultural upheaval of the time, the amazing songs being written & played as an alternative to all the madness - this indeed is the basis of what made KUCR go from being just another little student radio station on trainer wheels to a powerhouse on our



campus, in our local community, and somewhat in our nation. You have to realize that during this time, there were no computers, internet, cell phones, iPods, iTunes, Youtube, Facebook, Twitter, etc. For the Inland Empire, KUCR was the voice, the only voice, of the new generation/new music/new philosophy/new culture values, etc. Our large & growing audience of junior high & high school students found us the only source to which they could have access for something outside the establishment voices.

We often received albums & singles before their official release date. Sometimes we played them before we were supposed to. I remember the day we received the Beatles "White Album." We told our listeners that afternoon that we had it - and would play it in its entirety that evening after dinner. When the time came, we put it on and proceeded to play non-stop all 4 sides of the two-record album.....without any breaks, public service announcements, or interruptions of any kind other than giving our call sign at the top of the hour & telling people what they were hearing. I think we were the first on the West Coast, or maybe the nation, to play it. Now tell me, what other radio stations had the freedom to do that? The commercial stations (even FM) certainly didn't. They had advertisers to please & listenership ratings to worry about. We had none of those things. It was our very freedom in these matters that made us the most listened-to station in the Inland Empire. We were, indeed, killing ugly radio. We showed the record business & the broadcast industry that our little David could most certainly slay their Goliath.

Here's a case in point of how things were changing in the music & radio business. When Bob Dylan, who I consider a key player in it all, recorded his magna opus, "Like A Rolling Stone," it got no airtime. Good grief, after all, the thing was over 6 minutes long (instead of the usual 2 minute & 20 seconds), it had no musical break in the middle, and had the most gritty & pithy lyrics that knocked you off your world. *"Once upon a time you dressed so fine, you threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you? People'd call, say, beware doll, you're bound to fall, you thought they were all kidding you? You used to laugh about, at everybody that was hanging out: now you don't talk so loud, now you don't seem so proud, about having to be scrounging your next meal! How does it feel.....to be on your own.....with no direction home.....a complete unknown.....like a rolling stone."* Nobody in pop radio wanted to play this monstrosity. They were certain it would sink like a stone and take their ratings & advertisers with it. But then, a couple of New York DJ's got a hold of it & started playing it. And the listeners took notice for the way the song gave new voice to many of their own feelings like, *"Pretty people, they're all drinking/thinking that they've got it made,"* and *"You've never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers & the clowns when they all did tricks for you; you never understood that it ain't no good - you shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you."* Columbia Records was so freaked out by their former folk star's record that they actually initially released the 6 minute song as an "A" and "B" sided single - with the first 3 minutes on one side & the second three minutes on the other side. Gross! But none of the industry's efforts to escape the impact of Dylan's great tome prevailed. Soon radio stations across the country were being swamped with requests for the song in its entirety. The times, indeed, they were changing. Dylan simply said it & sang it with a clarity & a power heretofore unknown. It was always such a gas to be listening to a typical commercial "pop" AM radio station in late 1965 and be lulled into a soft reverie by the pablum of a Supremes or a Bobby Vee song - and suddenly hear that crashing first drum trap sound as Dylan's less-than-commercial voice, shall we say, began wailing out those brain-deranging lyrics. It was heady stuff for a generation that Frank Zappa called, Hungry Freaks. *"Mr. America walk on by your schools that do not teach; Mr. America walk on by the minds that won't be reached; Mr. America try to hide, the emptiness that's you inside; when once you find that the way you lied, and all those corny tricks you've tried, will not forestall the rising tide of Hungry Freaks, Daddy. They won't go for no more great mid-western hardware store; philosophy that turns away from those who aren't afraid to say what's on their minds, the left-behinds, of the Great Society."*

KUCR's junior (3rd) year of existence was about to conclude. LBJ had refused to run again, a broken man. The Vietnam War was at its peak. Chicago had been turned into a war zone between police and protestors at the 1968 Democratic Party convention. Richard Nixon was elected on a platform of

KUCR's junior (3rd) year of existence was about to conclude. LBJ had refused to run again, a broken man. The Vietnam War was at its peak. Chicago had been turned into a war zone between police and protestors at the 1968 Democratic Party convention. Richard Nixon was elected on a platform of withdrawal from Vietnam. College students everywhere were turning on, tuning in, and dropping out. A Draft Lottery was going to be held in December of 1969 to provide more young male fodder for Robert McNamara's unwinnable war in Vietnam. There was a palpably toxic atmosphere growing between the military/education/government complex and the students. Something had to give.

1969-1970

The same group of us continued in our leadership roles at the station for the following school year. Everything concerning the day-to-day running of the now established & successful 24/7 station was well in place, and only required an occasional tweak. KUCR continued to further expand its broadcast audience in the town. Woodstock Festival took place the month before school started, and was a further catalyst for college students & young people all over the nation to band together in our minds & hearts.

The sense of conflict with the establishment government/war complex had significantly accelerated with the earlier announcement of a planned December national draft for the Vietnam War. This, combined with Nixon's early 1970 incursions into Cambodia, made many feel betrayed. Instead of the war winding down - we saw it escalating beyond its original boundaries, and now many of us we were going to be drafted and forced to go fight it! In preparation for their possible draft induction physical, many guys started practicing drooling, nervous tics, bedwetting, Tourett's Syndrome, and a host of other non-military type behaviors.

The My Lai village massacre of 500 women & children & elderly happened in March of 1968, but never came to light in the news until November of 1969. We were furious. Protests & demonstrations were now becoming a weekly event at colleges everywhere. Our UC Campus Radio Network was in full swing, with daily live reports from each campus concerning planned protests, sit-ins, disruptions, police response, arrests, etc.

For many of us, both KUCR & the staff was ready to move to the next level. We no longer worried about becoming a *real* radio station.....we were one. As thrilling as it was during those first 3 years, it was no longer enough to be just playing counter-culture music for a growing audience 24 hours per day. In the light of what was happening in our land, KUCR now needed to become an even more active participant & voice in the struggles for what we believed was an out of control government waging a war that it would not & could not win. And more than that - it was a political and cultural battle for our generation & the future of our country. The establishment despised us, and we despised them. The Airplane sang, "*In loyalty to their kind, they cannot tolerate our minds; In loyalty to our kind, we cannot tolerate their obstruction.*"

We were a key founding part of the state-wide UC Campus Radio Network, but it went not much beyond that in terms of other colleges across the country. I can't remember who or where, but at some point one of our news people got an extended interview with radical revolutionary Angela Davis. The tape of that interview went across the nation to some college stations, and KUCR got its first introduction on the national scene as we sent it out. The Davis interview was picked up & played all over the country under KUCR's byline. It's not that we endorsed everything she promoted, but she was a news-making voice at that time.

When the Draft Lottery was held, we had quite a crowd of nervous young men there at KUCR who were following the birthdates that were being randomly selected.....as the news teletype printed them out after they were picked. My birth-date was selected near the end of the process, and so I was not going to be called up. For the guys who knew they were going to face possible draft induction into the army, the

My Lai massacre news & the early 1970 expansion of the war into Cambodia were frightening & horrific developments.

On February 25th of 1970, protestors at UC Santa Barbara burned down the Bank of America building. This was in reaction to the firing of an outspoken anti-war professor at the college as well as the expansion of the Vietnam War into Cambodia, the draft lottery, and My Lai. A young man who was already known by the SB police as a trouble-making protestor joined a crowd of demonstrators. He was

This was in reaction to the firing of an outspoken anti-war professor at the college as well as the expansion of the Vietnam War into Cambodia, the draft lottery, and My Lai. A young man who was already known by the SB police as a trouble-making protestor joined a crowd of demonstrators. He was carrying a bottle of wine. The police thought it was a molotov cocktail. They proceeded to arrest & take him into custody - but he resisted. The police began beating him with clubs. This was witnessed by hundreds of other protestors, and in their anger the whole scene escalated to rock throwing at the police & property destruction around that part of the town. The Bank of America had its windows smashed in, and an unknown person did throw a flammable item into the building. It burned to the ground. For the nation, I think Santa Barbara was the first major destructive turn that the protests took.

During the period that we were sending out the Angela Davis tape interview, an unexpected revelation came to light. KUCR was not receiving a long-distance phone bill! I don't know how this happened, but somehow we were getting lost in the greater university's phone costs. No one from Administration had ever approached us about it. Armed with the knowledge of our seemingly invisible long-distance bill, we began calling college radio stations all over the nation, asking them to tell us what was going on at their schools. We became a primary news gathering & dissemination source for campus radio stations all over the country. Harvard, Yale, New York University, University of Chicago & many others were onboard to give & receive news clips to & from KUCR. When we learned about something that happened (or was about to happen) at one college, we provided it to all the colleges with whom we were in contact. So for a brief period, maybe from February through June of 1970, KUCR became the national source & clearing house for campus radio protest news. I have since been told that our *monthly* phone bill reached & exceeded \$10,000 plus, but we were never yet called on the carpet for it. Again, it wasn't something that we necessarily set out to create - it just evolved & happened. Believe it or not, KUCR's entire budget was around \$3,500 per year (which included my annual golden-parachute salary of \$200, which I calculated worked out to about 3 cents per hour based upon the 40 hours or so that I spent working at the station each week).



So now, KUCR was covering live college radio news from campus stations around the country. But more than that, we were disseminating that same news out to other college radio stations around the nation. Campus stations waited each day for us to send them recorded audio of what was happening around the country so they could make it the cornerstone of their local nightly news. This was heady stuff, but we just took it in stride as the very next & natural thing that should be happening at KUCR. Locally, Chancellor Hinderaker did an good job of working with the students at UCR, keeping an open ear to them, did not do anything provocative, and was largely able to avoid any serious

confrontations between students & police at our college. The same unfortunately cannot be said about Kent State. This was the watershed event that fully broke open the festering situation between students & government across the country.

Organized protests began that Friday May 1st at Kent State. The ROTC building on campus was set on fire, and there was property damage in the nearby town areas as students & police clashed. The mayor & governor called for the Ohio National Guard to be deployed to disperse the crowd for the large planned demonstration on Monday May 4. Timeline and

details are still debated, but the net result was that 4 students lay dead and 9 others wounded - one paralyzed for life - shot by National Guardsmen. 2 of the students who were killed did not even participate in the demonstration - they were simply walking to classes over 250 feet away.

With this news, college students everywhere freaked out. 450 colleges across the country were completely shut down by student strikes & protests. Demonstrations - some violent & some non-violent - took place at each campus. Over 4 million students participated. A few days later over 100,000 gathered in Washington D.C. to protest. The 82nd



violent & some non-violent - took place at each campus. Over 4 million students participated. A few days later over 100,000 gathered in Washington D.C. to protest. The 82nd Airborne was called in to protect & defend the Capital buildings & the White House. President Nixon was secreted off to Camp David for his protection. This was America at war - but with itself. 3 more student protestors were shot & killed by police different places around the country. A dozen or so others were wounded with bayonets by Guardsmen during demonstrations. Bayonets! The situation had escalated into a total mess, with each side blaming the other & each side escalating the response to each other.



KUCR continued to seek, gather, and disseminate college news around the country. Our huge phone bills apparently still went unnoticed. The resulting total shut down of 450 colleges after what happened at Kent State became the beginning basis for a shift in public opinion regarding the Vietnam War. There were fears of total insurrection in our land. In what is probably the fastest song to have ever been written, recorded, produced, pressed, and released - Neil Young's "Ohio" hit radio stations within about 4 weeks after the Kent State shootings. *"Tin soldiers & Nixon's coming, we're finally on our own; this summer I hear the drumming, 4 dead in Ohio. Gotta get down to it, soldiers are cutting us down, should have been done long ago; what if you knew her and found her dead on the ground, how can you run when you know?"*

I don't know the national impact of KUCR's work in gathering & disseminating college news around the country for those few months, but I do believe that we played a role. To my knowledge, no other student radio station did what KUCR was doing. Perhaps part of this was due to the fact that the KUCR student staff had total autonomy concerning the running of the station. Yes, we had an administration advisor, Jack Adame, but he had been told by Chancellor Hinderaker to pretty much let us run the station as we saw fit. The only station rules that I imposed upon the staff were worked out together with Jack. Those rules were: no profanity, no drugs on-site, and no incitement to anything that was a crime. Most college radio stations were heavily monitored & partly to largely governed by college admin personnel. We were quite unique in this regard. Chancellor Hinderaker deserves great credit for this. I know he didn't care for many of the directions that the station took - but he wanted us to do our thing.

The Department of Defense announced in March of 1970 that they wanted to send 4 or 5 nationally leading college media students over to Vietnam to provide their own personal observations & coverage of the war to the university communities. I was selected to go. Suddenly I was filling out Injury/Death liability release forms, Passport & Visa forms, Immunization requirements, etc. We were going to be flown over on military transport planes, and be embedded in various units over there. I am sure that the goal of all this was to "rehabilitate" our army's image of the war in the eyes of college students after My Lai, as well as to show that we faced an enemy backed by the Communists that had their sights on taking over that part of the world. I had a pretty exciting few weeks getting ready for all this. But then, someone higher up at D.O.D. abruptly decided to cancel the project, with no explanation. I was quite disappointed. My other near-miss that 2nd semester of my senior year concerned "UCR Student of the Year." I was told by an administration insider that I was on the 3 person short-list, but someone else (I think it was the Editor of the Highlander Newspaper) was chosen - and the reason for my being not chosen was because the Chancellor felt I was too radical.....plus my grades weren't that great. You could say I didn't excel in class attendance either. Nor was I much on studying. I was actually happy to have escaped with an overall GPA of B minus. I guess the 40 hours or so each week I spent at KUCR took its toll on my academic laurels. I didn't really care. My experience at the station was worth more than anything I ever took away as an Econ. major with Drama & German minors. Jawohl!

My final event as Station Manager of KUCR was to see that everything went smoothly in broadcasting live our 1970 graduation ceremony. William F. Buckley, the rising voice of conservatism, was our commencement speaker. Someone decided to smuggle in a young pig for the ceremony. When Mr. Buckley rose to speak, the pig was released, and what ensued was about a 15 minute Keystone Cop swine chase. It made for great radio, as you could hear the high squeals of the pig recurring regularly as it was nearly caught & then kept escaping over & over, running up & down the aisles of all the folding chairs that were set up for the event. Buckley thought it was hilarious. The UCR administration didn't find it so funny. For me, it was a great way to go out - a nice hookend of the two live broadcasts in which I started

nearly caught & then kept escaping over & over, running up & down the aisles of all the folding chairs that were set up for the event. Buckley thought it was hilarious. The UCR administration didn't find it so funny. For me, it was a great way to go out, a nice bookend of the two live broadcasts in which I started & finished - the belltower dedication in 1966 & the graduation ceremony under the shadow of the bell tower in 1970. My 4 years at KUCR were now over. The most formative of my life at that point so far.

So what is my generalized retrospective of KUCR, 88.1 FM - bottom of the dial, bottom of the pile - for its first 4 years from 1966 to 1970? A convergence of many new trends plus events - all a perfect storm - created a very unique time in our country and our culture. KUCR was swept right along with all these trends & events & the new music that went with it, and grew into a powerful & widely known college radio station. It would probably be more accurate to say that the times and the music took KUCR for the ride - rather than to credit us with taking KUCR for a ride of our own prior design & planning. Each new trend & development just seemed to lead us into our next phase of growth & expansion. That, combined with an outstanding staff that handled every new development with style & guts, is what propelled us along so dramatically. It truly was a great ride.

I apologize now in advance for any errors, omissions, memory-lapses, etc. After all, it's been 47 years since KUCR went on the air! You are welcome to email me at **stubenrauch@hotmail.com** for any corrections, anecdotes, unpaid phone bills, court summons, death-threats, or happy memories. I have been married to Anne for 40 years now, with 3 excellent & successful grown sons, and retired up in the outlands of Southern Oregon after living in the Bay Area since graduation.

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current photo - thin veneer of civilization included at no additional charge

current photo - thin veneer of civilization included at no additional charge

"We'll be fighting in the streets, with our children at our feet, and the morals that they worship will be gone; And the men who spurred us on, sit in judgment of all wrong, they decide and the shotgun sings the song. I'll tip my hat to the new constitution, take a bow for the new revolution, smile and grin at the change all around; Pick up my guitar & play, just like yesterday, then I'll get on my knees & pray - we don't get fooled again.

The change it had to come, we knew it all along, we were liberated from the fold, that's all; And the world looks just the same, and history ain't changed, 'cause the banners, they are flown in the next war. I'll tip my hat to the new constitution, take a bow for the new revolution, smile & grin at the change all around; Pick up my guitar & play, just like yesterday, then I'll get on my knees & pray - we don't get fooled again.

I'll move myself & my family aside, if we happen to be left half alive, I'll get all my papers and smile at the sky, though I know that the hypnotized never lie - do ya?

There's nothing in the streets, looks any different to me, and the slogans are replaced by-the-bye; And the parting on the left are now the parting on the right, and the beards have all grown longer overnight. I'll tip my hat to the new constitution, take a bow for the new revolution, smile & grin at the change all around; Pick up my guitar & play, just like yesterday, then I'll get on my knees and pray - we don't get fooled again. Meet the new boss - same as the old boss."

Pete Townsend & The Who