

Offstage Shows Are 'Out of Sight' at Music Festival

By MURRAY SCHUMACH
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BETHEL, N. Y., Aug. 16—Legends of tomorrow were formed here tonight.

"It's out of sight," young men and women told each other as they became more of a show themselves than the concert that brought them here.

They told one another of their feats in driving through stalled traffic, enduring the rain, foraging for food and water.

They told these stories as first-aid stations were being set up in large tents, helicopters were flying in food, and state policemen on horseback preceded stretcher-bearers on foot.

Blankets Their Pads

They talked as they sprawled on blankets on the muddy hillside, listening to rock and folk music. They chatted as they shared food generously or swam—sometimes in the nude—in a murky lake.

Nearly all were happy that they had come, though most said they wished the crowd had been smaller and the facilities better.

In a trailer, parked among cars and tents, Gail Strudle and Leslie Jacobs, both 20 years old, from Hillside, N. J., were overcome with awe as they looked back on their day.

"There were seven of us," Miss Strudle said. "We lost everybody. We had no food, no water. People gave it to us. We had hamburger and ice cream for breakfast. Everybody is nice to everybody. Everybody is sharing."

For a month the girls had been planning this trip.

"The advertisements were beautiful," said young Jacobs. "We thought it would be great to get away from home and relax. Our parents must be going crazy."

On a blanket outside a pup tent, where they had spent the night, an attractive young couple said they

thought it advisable not to give their names.

"My parents know I'm here," said the girl. "But they have no idea I'm sleeping in this tent."

The boy, who lives a couple of houses away from her, smiled.

"We'll be able to hear the music from here when the helicopters stop," he said.

Eleven youths clambered out of a U-Haul panel truck, pulling out sleeping bags, jugs of water, remnants of food. They had come from Boston, they said, and spent much of the day at a bar and grill or sleeping in the van.

One of them, Kevin J. Connors, 19, summed up his reasons for the trip.

"We like the music. But the atmosphere—just look!" He waved an arm at a dirt road cluttered with barefooted young couples.

On the hillside, among the thousands listening to the music, Hilary Hunter, 17, of Lawrence, L. I., recalled that

last night she was trying to sleep in the rain on the stage when some people invited her in.

"Seven of us in one pup tent," she murmured.

Another girl, sharing her blanket, did not know where the rest of her group was. She did not know where the car was.

"You can always hitch," she said, confidently.

She declined to give her name, saying: "I came here yesterday and my boss didn't know. I can't take any chances. I need the money for college."

Some were sorry they had come because of the crowd and the inconveniences. One of the bitterest was Mrs. Pat Considine of Buffalo. As she grilled hamburgers near the car she said angrily:

"My husband and I just wanted to see what it was. We thought it would be pretty music and pretty land to camp on. But it's terrible. I wish we could get out."

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