FEATURE ARTICLE

Rocking the Sixties on the North Shore

In 1964, the year that the Beatles appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show greeted by throngs of screaming girls, boys all over America found themselves dreaming of being in a rock-and-roll band. It wasn’t all that difficult to do. Here on the North Shore, bands sprouted up all over the place, mostly among kids who knew each other from school. Dave Cleland remembers Larry Meyerson, the drummer from a new band called The Marauders, stopping him in the hallway at New Trier High School to persuade him to join the band as lead singer. Cleland wasn’t sure he was good enough, a bit of modesty that Larry quickly brushed aside: “All you gotta do is sing ‘Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!’ How hard is that?”

In no time, he and the band, in their British Invasion uniform of Edwardian jackets and boots, joined other suburban bands like the Chosen Few, the Dharma Bums, the Dell-Vetts, the Vandells, and the Manchester Guardians in rocking the network of teen clubs all over Chicagoland. The club closest to home was the Rolling Stone (aka, “The Stone”) in Winnetka, at Lincoln and Green Bay Road, where lines on weekends stretched around the block. Most bands played Top 40 hits, seizing upon the weekly Silver Dollar Survey from WLS or WCFL’s Big 10 Count Down. But a few were more ambitious: Chet Nichols wrote several popular songs for his band the Chosen Few, while the Dharma Bums, led by Phillip “Flip” Bimstein, actually put out a record, an early psychedelic 45 rpm single that visitors can hear in the Museum’s new Sixties exhibit.

By 1967 or so, many of these garage bands had called it quits, undone by college or the draft. But while they lasted, they enjoyed—and created—a lot of fun times. Many thanks to Phillip Bimstein, Don Campbell, Dave Cleland, Chet Nichols, and everyone else who shared with me their memories and photos of those times.

Patrick Leary