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Valarie, a little more info about the **“Stuck in The 60’s Reunion Band”**.

Members of “Stuck in the 60’s Reunion Band”:

David Huggins (CHS 1967), Conway, Arkansas – Lead guitar
Lanny Barnett (CHS 1967), Carlsbad, NM – Lead guitar
Donny Spruill (CHS until 1965), Pensacola, Florida – Rhythm guitar/vocals
Mark Hutchins (CHS 1967), El Paso, TX – Bass guitar
Larry Gregory (CHS 1967), Carlsbad, NM – Lead and rhythm guitar
Margie Gregory (Larry’s wife), Carlsbad, NM – Key board/vocals
Jimmy Wiseman (CHS 1969), Albuquerque, NM -- Drums
John Roberts (CHS 1969), Las Cruces, NM – Lead and rhythm guitar
Ronnie Muncrief (CHS 1967), Cloud Croft, NM -- Vocals

Some Local Bands of the 60’s

“The Hustlers”

David Huggins (Lead Guitar)
Lanny Barnett (Bass Guitar)
B.J. (Bobby Joe) Conger (Drums)
Glenn Getings (Rhythm Guitar)
Mike Bartlett (Sax/Keyboard)
Larry Gregory (Lead and Rhythm Guitar)
Tom Riley (Drums)

“The Others”

Jimmy Davidson (Rhythm Guitar/vocals)
John Thomas (Keyboard)
Jimmy Wiseman (Drums)
John Roberts (Lead Guitar)
John Manganaro (Bass Guitar)
Deetle Muncrief (Lead Vocals)
Kenny Ross (Bass guitar/vocals)

“The Nomads” David Huggins (Lead Guitar)

Lanny Barnett (Bass Guitar)
Glenn Getings (Rhythm Guitar)
Larry Gregory (Lead and Rhythm Guitar)
Mike Bartlett (Keyboard)
Tom Lyon (Drums)

“John Burke Society”

David Huggins (Lead Guitar)
Mark Hutchins (Bass Guitar)
Jim Leslie (Guitar)
John Burke (Vocals)
John Thomas (Keyboard)
Eddie Patterson (Drums)
Tom Riley (Drums)

“The Detonators”

Larry Gregory (Lead Guitar)
Shelby Rogers (Guitar)
Glen Castleberry (Bass Guitar)
Jimmy Wiseman (Drums)

“Dudley and the Doo-Rites”

Glen Gettings (Guitar)
John Maxwell (Guitar)
Charlie White (Drums)

“The Imperials”

“The Sapiens”

There was another Band of this era and we looked up to them because they were a year older than we were. I can remember each of the players but none of us could remember the name of the band. I will keep searching for the name of the band these guys played in. **I just found a home movie clip of the 1965 Pecan Festival Parade in which several of the bands were playing as traveling down Canyon Street. The name of the band these guys were playing in was on the back of the truck carrying them.**

They were

“The Majestics”

Freddy Snow (Guitar/Vocals)
James Lee (Guitar/Vocals)
Ronnie Cannon (Bass Guitar)
Rickey Davidson (Vocals)
Charlie White (Drums)

“Unknow Name” All Girls Group

Georgia Payne (Guitar)
Cindy Payne (Guitar)
(Guitar)
(Drums)

A Little History of the “Hustlers”

I grew up in Happy Valley, just west of Carlsbad. The kids out there were a very close-knit bunch and we were all friends. One of those friends was another Arkansas transplant named David Oscar Huggins. Around the spring of 1962 David's parents bought him a “Silvertone” Flat Top guitar (\$15). I could not believe they had bought him such a wonderful thing. So I almost immediately begin begging my folks for a guitar. Finally with a little persuasion and one promise they bought me a Sears “Silvertone” western arch top guitar (\$32). The only promise I had to keep was to take music lessons. Not a problem for after all David was taking lessons, no big deal. So twice a week we went to Mrs. Batey down on 1st^d street and learned music theory and Classical music (Vulga Boatman, etc Remember David?) But we were learning and I have never regretted sitting beside her with my guitar and her on the old piano. Back in those days, the pre Beatles era a lot of the rock and roll music centered around instrumental groups like the Ventures, (Walk Don't' Run); Safaris (Wipe Out); Chantays (Pipeline); Fireballs (Tequila); Kingsmen (Louie-Louie). We would sit for hours listening to records trying to figure out songs and how they did certain things. Well as you might imagine, these groups and songs were completely unknown to “good ole” Mrs. Batey. In the fall of 1962, our music teacher planned a music recital for her students, piano, guitar, and other instruments. E..gads we have to play that long hair stuff in front of other people. Sure enough that was her plan. We pleaded and begged her to let us play something modern. Finally she gave in and said if we practiced and played her selections we could play two songs of our own choosing at the end of the recital but we had to do it as a duo (David and I). Well no problem we went to the best music store in town, Garvins Jewelry on Canyon street. They had all kinds of sheet music and best of all; they had wonderful, beautiful, perfect “Fender Guitars” of all kinds. We would go in there and drool all over the carpet in the back part of the Jewelry store where all the instruments were kept hanging on the walls. Imagine buying a brand new 1963 Fender Stratocaster for around \$300, or a Fender Precision Bass for \$286. As far as we were concerned it might as well been a million dollars. Well anyway we picked out a piece of music “The Ballad of Jed Clampet” Beverly Hillbillies theme song, but we couldn't find the music anywhere for the other song, Pipeline by the Chantays. We already knew the song but had to convince Mrs. Batey we could actually play it and play it right. So some fall evening in 1963 we played our first Gig at the Library Annex. (how ironic I now work there) After all the parents listening to all the boring long hair music the final presentation was David and I playing our two modern songs. Pipeline woke um up and by the time we finished (perfectly) the Beverly Hillbillies theme song the crowd was howling and clapping. That was all it took we were hooked, some recognition from a crowd to our playing. Not bad for a couple of 13 year old kids.

David and I continued to play together and were joined by another 13 year old guitarist named Larry Gregory. David and I tried to remember how we met Larry and we couldn't. We were Happy Valley boys and Larry lived near the Country Club, not a likely combination back then. I have just recently asked Larry how we met each other

and begin playing and he can't remember either. We three knew something was missing but didn't know what it was. Some how (a lot of this is just a blur) we met Tommy Riley who had played drums for the Eisenhower Junior High Marching band. Tommy had persuaded his Mother (Simmie Riley -- local school teacher for many years) to buy him a set of drums.. One thing I will never forget is the first night we ever played with a drummer. Now we knew what was missing. When we went to Mid High School in 1964 we found out a lot of guys had the same ideas and dreams of playing Rock and Roll. Around this time we became aquatinted with another couple of Musicians Glenn Getings and Mike Bartlett. Bartlett played sax and organ with us. Glenn's mother and my mother were aquatinted and Glendale began playing guitar with the "Hustlers" He was a great addition to our band. We practiced at each other's houses and everywhere we practiced we drew a crowd of people, after all we were only 13 and 14 years old. I can't remember exactly why Tommy Riley had to leave us, something to do with moving or leaving town for a extend time, but we quickly found a young kid (12 years old) who could play a set of drums like crazy, this was Bobby Joe Conger Conger was great and his older brother was Billy Conger, a great drummer we all had heard of. So there is the original "Hustlers" the best I can remember it. We played around town and made pretty good money for 12, 13 and 14 year old kids. We made enough money to buy some pretty good amps and guitars. For the next three to four years we would play with this person or that person as this band or that band. Eventually girls, work and other interests overcame our desire to play. We went off to college and parted our own separate ways.

After I graduated High School, I went to Denver to school. Came back to Carlsbad, got married and went into the work force. I didn't have time to play anymore, just too busy raising a family and making a living. So I just laid it down for 20 + years. In 1990 when I went to work for the City of Carlsbad, I met Rees Lucas, a local musician who also worked for the City. Rees got me interested in playing again so I would just sit in my sound proof shop and play by myself mostly. Because anyway, who wanted to listen to that old 60's stuff.

I had always told my children I played in a Rock and Roll Band when I was a kid. And their reply was "sure dad." But the reality of what I told them came to their eyes the evening of July 3rd, 1997. I had always thought of trying to get all of us back together to play one more time but just never could get it all together, until just before our CHS 30 year class reunion.

I knew that a lot of former band members would be in town for our class reunion. I made some phone calls and everyone I talked to seemed very excited about getting together again. We made plans to meet at Tom Riley's house on north 6th street on the afternoon of July 3rd for a jam session and to see if we could actually still play together. This was the same house we practiced in many times before. Tom had moved out of town and made a career in the Army, but had recently moved back to Carlsbad after 30 years and still owned the house he grew up in. Talk about de-ja-vu, we walked into that house that evening and the best way I can describe it "it was like turning the clock back 30 years" I have told everyone. Even Mrs. Oney who still lived next door came out as we were carrying equipment in and asked as she had many years ago "are you all

going to make music tonight?” Tom Riley, David Huggins, Larry Gregory and myself were there alone because we weren't sure how it would go. After the usual tuning up and goofing around for a couple of minutes, I started it up with one of our favorites from years before “Gloria”. We never missed a beat just like we had never quit playing. What a “blast from the past.” We had played for about 30 minutes, when we saw this guy walking up to the front door with a guitar case in hand. We all looked at each other before he rang the doorbell, asking each other who it was? None of us could identify this guy, but when he rang the door we let him in and greeted him just like any other long lost classmate. This guy got his Guitar out plugged in and said “I was told you guys were jamming over here and wanted to come join in” we all shook our heads with approval looking around at each other still wondering who this guy is. He looked familiar, but we didn't have a clue. He could sense that we were struggling a bit and said, “you guys don't have any idea who I am – I am Donny Spruill.” We all nearly lost our teeth with surprise. (Actually, Tommy Riley knew he was coming, but never told us!) David, Tommy and I had gone to school with Donny at Monterrey Elementary School. Donny left to go to school at New Mexico Military Institute in the 11th grade, so we lost track of him. He didn't really start playing guitar until he went to NMMI, but didn't get serious about it until later years, now he plays pretty well. Don, a retired Navy Lieutenant Commander, now lives in Pensacola, Florida.

We played for a couple of hours just having a ball. I guess my wife or someone told my 2 youngest daughters about us jamming so here they come up to Tom's house. When they came in and heard us playing their mouths dropped open. I had always told them about playing but now it was show time. They quickly called my Wife Kenni and a bunch of their friends to come over. Soon the house was full of people, just like the old days. My wife brought the video camera to record forever this jam session. My wife finally drug me out of there about 2:00 AM fingers hurting, no voice but totally in awe of how it used to be.

The next day, July 4th we were all down at the Pecos River Village setting up tables and chairs for the Class Reunion events to be held that day. It seems as though the word had gotten out to several of classmates about the Jam session. The pleading began for us to play for everyone at the Banquet that night. All of the players had made a deal the night before that we would not be persuaded to play for any public event because of the fear of embarrassing ourselves. Well, our classmates would not take no for an answer and we finally agreed to set up our equipment that afternoon and play a couple of songs that night. We played about 5-10 songs that night and it was a hit. These people had listened to us 30 years before and liked our music, but this night we could do no wrong. They were screaming and clapping for us to play more. Needless to say it was a very rewarding time of my life.

After that weekend all the “Hustlers” went their own way again but with a commitment this time to get back together and play again sometime soon. Soon wasn't until the summer of 2003. The Class of 1968 invited 1967 and 1969 to a reunion in Carlsbad on 4th of July weekend. Spruill called me and I called Huggins, here was the chance for all of us to jam again. We were all planning to come to the class reunion – David Huggins,

Donny Spruill, Jimmy Wiseman, Jimmy Davidson, Mark Hutchins, John Roberts, Ronnie Muncrief, Deedle Muncrief and Glen Castleberry (Gregory was out of town) me. What a pleasure it was to see Mark Hutchins and John Roberts again after all the years and not only to see them again, but to actually get to play with them again. John Roberts reminded me that he also took music lessons from Mrs. Batey the same time David and I had taken. Needless to say we entertained the classmates that 4th of July. Once again we promised each other we would get together again soon and Jam.

Fast forward to early January 2004, I get the following email from my old friend David Huggins:

I WONDER IF WE COULD GET TOGETHER AND PLAY AT CARLSBAD OR PENSACOLA (DONNIE 'S PLACE) . I WOULD LIKE TO GET TOGETHER AND JAM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS OR DO SOMETHING SOME WHERE WITH A BUNCH OF US OLD FARTS, WHILE WE ARE ABLE. NEW MEXICO OR WHAT EVER, IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME . IF ANYONE WANTED TO WE COULD RENT A PLACE , OR JAM IN A CARDBOARD BOX, I DON'T CARE!! WE CAN RENT EQUIPMENT , OR DO WHAT WE MUST!! WE ARE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER... SEE IF ANYONE ELSE FEELS THE SAME WAY, OR I WILL TAKE MY BRAN FLAKE AND SLOWLY SLIP AWAY. BUT HAPPY VALLEY BOYS DON'T NEED TO FADE, WE NEED A BIG SPLASH!! HUGGINS PLEASE REPLY, SO I CAN HELP YOU MAKE PLANS OR PUT MY POOR GUITAR UP PERMENANTLY .

How could I turn down this request? I started contacting all the players and everyone seemed up to it maybe in May or June, but where. We considered Florida, Dallas, Little Rock, but Carlsbad seemed to be the likely location. Some of our classmates intercepted our emails and began wanting to come wherever we played. I started looking for a building, back yard, patio just anywhere to jam for a while. The solution to our finding a place to play is contained in the following email I sent to the players.

>Subject: Just had a call... Here WE Go!

>Date: Thu, 22 Jan 2004 21:37:30 -0700

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>Hey Guys,

>

>Out of the blue I had a call this evening from Kay Doss. Seems she has heard about our little get-together.

>

>She was wanting to know what we thought about this idea.

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>She is on the Board of Directors at Riverside Country Club. She told me they were in a bit of a bind being able to get things going out ther as of late.. This may work out and be great, she is going to talk to the board about us using the Country Club on Memorial Day weekend, Get this, Exchange for us playing for that weekends golf tournament and the people they will have. She understands we will have people coming also. So there is the Place, no problem with the liquor and the whole nine yards.

>

>Only thing is, I think we would need to get together a couple of days early

*> somewhere here in Carlsbad and line out some songs, kind of like we did the
> day before the reunion. Now all this is leaning on the Board and what they
> would want to do, but the way Kay talked they were not able to pay a band
> so they had been just doing without lately.*

>

*> To me this sounds like the ideal situation if you guys think it is OK.
> Let me here from you and I will get you Kay's email address so you can talk
> to here via email.*

>

*> Pardon the spelling I'm doing this without my glasses The "ole Lady"
> won't let me do IT with them on!*

>

> Huggins Kiss the Taylor goodnite, Pat the other thing and go to Sleep.

>

> LanMan

Since this email we have been practicing via email sending songs and sound bites back and forth compiling a song list getting ready to play at least one more time.

More to come

Lanny W. Barnett, aka LanMan