Steve Silbas and Barbara Wolfe carry on a San Antonio tradition with historic Casbeer's Bar and Grille.

Article Page 6
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Ladies Night
FREE POOL for Ladies
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Waitresses wanted and girls can earn extra money working our Bikini Nights.
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WOW!
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7 days a week
Sundays & Mondays Free Pool All Day & Night!
Cheap Shot Charlie

Happy Fall, y'alls.
I'm writing this early cuz I'm skippin' town for Old Mexico—specifically a veggie hot springs resort in the Sierra Madres outside of Guadalajara. It's primitive and cheap and deadly boring.

There's no hooch served and the gate closes at 10:30 p.m.; but boring for two weeks is what I want; volcanic mudpacks, natural lithium volcanic pools, yoga, acupuncture, homeopathic medicine and fresh-grown organic fruits and veggies, etc.

I've packed a shitload of "suntan" and paperbacks, and am ready to shift into neutral. I've been practicing my Spanish by calling the banks and pushing the #2 button.

It's sorta like swallowing a dental floss rope—you floss your insides when it comes out the other end. I'll be breaking fresh wind (demo by appt.). I'm gonna be so healthy it'll make you sick. After months of exercise, proper diet, etc., I'll be a new man. I just hope the "new man" doesn't step in front of a bus. I'd really be pissed—dead but still pissed.

As Bobby (Night Train) Layne, U.T. all-american and hall of famer, once said: "When I die I want to be broke and sick." I'll be "high on life" but I hope to eventually build up a tolerance. ---

Well, folks, old Billy Clinton ain't gonna leave the Whore House (formerly the White House) quietly. His good ole boy bullshit and charm, along with endless amounts of whiskey, "blow" and "hos" would've been a hoot to hang with until you woke up face down in puke on the Oval Office floor with skull cramps and "putas" of all colors around you. And then you remembered who the party dog was who made all possible—our president. It's enough to make you puke, cry, and scream at the same time.

There are a bunch of nooses on his family tree. Clinton's so crooked he has to unscrew his socks to get into bed. Then there's Hillary the Hun (the first Vaginatarian) who is pure evil and colder than a pawn broker's smile. Why do you think Gore picked a Jewish VP? To help Hillary with the New York Jewish vote, of course.

---

Meanwhile, back to the bar.
To cut down on your drinking, only drink on days ending with "y" (why not?) Just say no to drugs. I'll drive the price way down. Drug dealers have so much heat that a bunch of them have started bootlegging regular cigarettes to the high schools. So you know the new name for cocaine? It's called "crack classic."

---

A word now about Time Warner (Slime Warner) cable...
My maid had her family visit from Mexico and the kids slept in my travel trailer and pulled all the credit cards. My maid had her family visit from Mexico and the kids slept in my travel trailer and pulled all the credit cards.

I called and talked to Time Warner management and they said the equivalent of "tough shit." I cancelled my services and told them they could pick up their equipment in the garbage can. So now what're they gonna do? Ruin my credit?

Life ain't no box of chocolates. It's really a can of jalapenos. You just never know what's gonna burn your ass.

Adios! Cheapa Shot Your "fall" guy

Editor's note: With some help from "John Barleycorn" and some other personal demons too sinister to even mention, old Cheapa Shot Charlie damn near went belly-up on us in early July. So here's wishing him a lot of luck with the volcanic baths and organic goodies featured at the Old Mexico health farm. It's like they told us back there in the fall of 1989—Looked up, covered up, sobered up. Take your pick. Life is A-okay, and we prefer cutting cedar in Bulverde to shopping cotton at Sugarland.

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Friday, September 1 - Robbie G. & Texas Road Kill

Saturday, September 2 - Sonny Boy Lee Blues Band

Friday, September 8 - Rhythm Kings

Saturday, September 9 - The Smith Brothers

Sunday, September 10 - Bluesland

“Hungry Sunday Blues Jam”

Cover Requested/Not Required

Friday, September 15 - S.A. Connection

Saturday, September 16 - Robbie G & Texas Road Kill

Monday, September 18 - Mem Shannon & The Membership

$3 Advance/ $4 At The Door (From New Orleans)

Friday, September 22 - Lightning Red & Texas Thunder Blues

Saturday, September 23 - Rhythm Kings

Friday, September 29 - Robbie G & Texas Road Kill

Saturday, September 30 - The Texas Saints (From Austin) $2.00 Cover Charge

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 7:30-9:30 PM

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DON’T MISS THIS ONE! THIS IS NO LONGER A MONTHLY EVENT!

*4* Action Magazine, September 2000
Willie Nelson once told me to never turn down a loan. Borrow as much as you can, and from as many lending institutions as possible, getting as deeply as possible into the bank vaults, loan companies, or anyone else who might be willing to front money with little, none, or imagined collateral. Do this rapidly and repeatedly and in as many locations as you can. And don't worry about paying much of it back too quickly.

That's what the "Redheaded Stranger" told me. We were both relatively young at this time in the early 1970s. Nelson's blockbuster hit album Readheaded Stranger was just being released, and Willie was yet to roll in the mega-millions and meet his eventual day of reckoning with the United States Internal Revenue Service.

Despite all the hoopla about Nelson's IRS troubles, and the "IRS tapes" he recorded and reportedly sold to pay off his gargantuan tax debt, I seriously doubt that he ever imagined collateral. Do this rapidly and repeatedly and in as many locations as you can. And don't worry about paying much of it back too quickly.

There were considerable thousands in air fare to pay back, and when I got the last dime finally covered, I made confetti out of those credit cards with a solemn oath that I have never broken to this day.

I would never again touch a credit card, and I would never again buy anything on credit unless I was starving to death and there was some fool available to loan me a biscuit.

This, of course, was the philosophy of a singing and songwriting talent who well knew he had hits and more hits in his song sack, some of them capable of rocketing him into the millionaire ranks reserved for superstars and the elite of Hollywood. But had Willie been without a single salable song and still living from hand-to-mouth and from first one whistle stop to another, I still believe he would have embraced the same policy about borrowing all the money possible and without one fleeting moment of concern or genuine worry.

My scrotumless delusion

Unfortunately, or maybe the word should be "fortunately," I was never able to adopt such a laissezfaire attitude about the borrowing of money. Maybe it was because I didn't have any hit songs, but most probably it had something to do with my scrotumless delusion that some big and hairy boogie man would descend from the throne room of high finance to kick my ass and gobbled my head for failure to pay my bills.

I hate to be dunned for money even more than I hate being broke, and it was in the late 1970s that I took a large pair of household scissors to the only two credit cards I ever had in my possession—Mastercharge and Visa. This was a time when I rode with the Nelson entourage on an East Coast tour of state fairs. Willie picked up all tabs, of course, but I chose numerous weekends to fly back to San Antonio for reasons I don't even recall, and on most of those weekends, Nelson's travel agency offices were closed. So I used my own credit cards without much thought about the eventual bills.

Since those years, I have paid cash for my trucks and most anything else I needed to buy. If someone asked what kind of truck I drove, I always answered that I drove a paid-for one, the best kind there is.

21st Century neanderthal

I know what they say about the porous American economy. This country runs on credit. I heard this talk, but I never really realized the sick truth of it until last month when I ventured over to the Sprint outfit in the Quarry to buy me a cellular telephone and sign up for some high-tech communications service which my friends and peers have been saying that only a 21st Century neanderthal could do without.

I picked out an old-style and rebuilt cell phone, and was all set to sign up for the minimum number of monthly hours when the lovely blonde sales clerk asked to see a credit card or some evidence of established credit.

I supplied my social security number, and she forthwith conducted a computerized credit check which revealed (horrors upon horrors) that I had no credit rating. The reason I have no credit rating is because I haven't bought anything on credit for years, and I don't owe anybody anything for anything.

I wrongly thought this to be a good thing. It's a bad thing. Having no credit seems to be even worse than having bad credit. I had everything backwards. My grandpaw always told me to never buy anything that I didn't have the money to pay for. He was wrong. If everyone did this, then there wouldn't be any lending institutions left standing, since these people operate on the interest they charge people who subsist on credit. I guess my grandpaw didn't give a shit whether there were any lending institutions or not. He s.naked hand-rolled Bull Durham during the week, then splurged on "ready-rolled" Lucky Strikes when he had some extra change on weekends.

Bubble balloon finance

When the Sprint lady informed me that I would have to put up a $125 deposit for the cell phone service I realized that I was being penalized for living free and independently and within my means, a rather "dumb" way to go in this age of hot-air credit and bubble balloon finance where pennyless punks drive luxury vehicles in exchange for their souls and every dime they can scrape up.

If not for Stacie West-Gonzalez, the personable and charismatic communications consultant at the Quarry Sprint office, I would have walked out sans phone, and after telling the Sprint people just where they could put their deposit, and just how high they could shove it. But like I said, Ms. West-Gonzalez is a very special and courteous and ultra-helpful person, and a super likable lady whose business card identifies her as a "Pinnacle Club" member and at the "platinum award level." I don't know what a Pinnacle Club member at the platinum award level is, but I assume it is an employee with enough snap, zip, and untrammeled charm to sell a battle-scarred old goat like me on a $125 deposit which is imposed simply because I don't owe anybody anything.

In all honesty, I don't believe I even need a cell phone. But Stacie West-Gonzalez somehow made me feel the necessity when she purled, "Your deposit will be refunded after one year, and with 4 percent interest tacked on."

And somewhere during the transaction, Stacie revealed that she is an avid reader of Action Magazine. So here I am in the 21st Century, walking around with a cell phone on my belt, and looking everybit as hip, slick, and cool as many of the credit customers who don't have a paid-for crock to piddle in or a window to throw it out of.
They Love This 68-year-old Tradition

Casbeers is more than a historic bar and grill. It's a tradition and a San Antonio landmark which thrives and battles today with new faces and a renewed current of energy provided by relatively new co-owners Steve Silbas and Barbara Wolfe.

If those 67-year-old walls in the 1700 block of Blanco Road could talk, the most attentive front-row listeners would be Barbara and Steve, for the young people are enthralled with this magical historic setting which has survived and stood strong since pre-prohibition days.

"We really love the place," said Ms. Wolfe, formerly a retail buyer for both Frost Brothers and Dillards. "It's been a real challenge, and Steve and I are dedicated to keeping as much of Casbeers alive and in its original state as possible."

Silbas, a restaurant hand for most of his life and a former chef at Josephine Street Bar & Grill, handles the cooking chores which include preparation of the world-famous Casbeers enchiladas, a delicious "triple bypass" concoction of homemade chili and melted cheese which has given birth to such descriptions as "truck stop enchiladas" and "white boy enchiladas."

Barbara Wolfe said she and Silbas were fortunate enough to obtain the original enchilada recipe from Lucille Casbeer Bazar, daughter of the late Newt Casbeer, onetime San Antonio street car driver and entrepreneur who constructed in 1932 what was then known as The Casbeer Center.

Although Lucille has been away from the business for a number of years, she still drops in to eat and chat with the young couple who have added top-flight live music on both Fridays and Saturdays, plus televised sporting events on a big-screen television.

"But we still have the domino players," Silbas said. "They came with the place and we wouldn't trade them for anything. Sometimes they come in and play for hours on end."

Lucille Casbeer Bazar, whose husband Jim Bazar died in 1985, recalls that her father, Newt Casbeer, had originally constructed a center which included the bar, a grocery, a drug store, a barber shop, a liquor store, and a plumbing supply store--a forerunner of the modern-day "strip center" which was then laid out in the 1700 block of Blanco Road.

The bar--always known as Casbeers--was a full-service saloon once frequented by gamblers, racehorse owners, and the political movers and shakers of that era, according to Lucille, who revealed that her father was a racehorse owner and a good friend of the late Senator V.E. (Red) Berry, who always said that his education came from "the school of hard knocks" and "horse college."

Stuffed deer heads, one of them wearing an Augie Meyers bandanna, line the walls of Casbeers, along with 25 brands of beer which are displayed on a shelf for prospective customers.

Barbara and Steve, both "army brats" who originally met at Josephine Street where Silbas was working, said they first read about Casbeers in a newspaper.

"We stopped in to eat, and immediately fell in love with the place," Barbara said, going on to explain: "That was about a year ago, and the owner and operator of Casbeers was Carlos Quesada, a fireman who had bought the property eight years before from Lucille. He was burned out on running the place, so we leased the property from him and took over the business."

Clay Meyers, whose father Augie had been taking him to Casbeers...
for years, is a close friend of Silbas and Wolfe, and it was Clay who told them that the enchiladas they had started with were not the same "white boy" style in the twin piping-hot plates which had made Casbeers famous. "We asked Lucille for help," Barbara said, "and she was only too happy to furnish us with her original recipe. And since then, we have been featuring the same great enchiladas, burgers, steaks, and more, which have made Casbeers a tradition."

Lucille, who still lives in the neighborhood, said the secret of the enchiladas was really in the chili. "I got the chili recipe from my mother," she said.

Lucille recalled that Casbeers was partially damaged by fire in 1962. She and her late husband had taken over the bar in 1954. "We fixed it back up, me and my husband Jim, and it was in 1963 that I first started serving food. I told Jim that I thought we could make it with the food. He said he would wash the dishes if I would do the cooking. And that's how we got in the restaurant business."

Los #3 Dinners had a packed house rocking and jumping when we visited Casbeers last month, and we were amazed at the number of young sprouts who knew some history of the place. "We've just got to hold onto places like this," said a young fellow who pulled up on a new Harley. "There are not many Casbeers left around the country."

In 1991, Doug Sahm and Augie Meyers filmed a Texas Tornados video in Casbeers, and there have been a number of noted musicians pass through the old saloon and eatery over the years. Lucille Casbeer Bazar said the place will always hold a special spot in her heart, and she couldn't say enough nice things about Barbara Wolfe and Steve Silbas.

"They love Casbeers as I do, and they are doing a lot to preserve the old atmosphere and the food. I'm really happy that they have the place."

Wolfe said she and Silbas will proudly carry on the traditions started by the Casbeer family.
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LIVE IN SEPTEMBER

1st - Between The Lines
2nd - Dale Dawson
7th - Hot Response
8th - The Damn Band
9th - Toe Jam
14th - Toman Bro’s.
15th - Inside Out

16th - Blues Land
21st - Rumblefish
22nd - Hot Response
23rd - Annie O’Moss
28th - Toman Bro’s.
29th - Mad House
30th - The Zone

Frankly Speaking:
Have you noticed how many teachers and church officials have been caught molesting kids lately? Someone should pass a law keeping these sleazy businesses (churches & schools) away from us upstanding citizens!

Also, have you tried to buy a new car lately. A few dealers have their “Best. No Haggle Price” on the windshield – Bullshit! – I bought a car at a different dealer for less and told them about it. The “No Haggle” dealer told me I should have said I was serious about buying. What a rip off. Shop around – and save!

Frank

Where To Find Action

NORTHEAST
Augie’s
Blue Room
Bravo Billiards
Buster’s Bar & Grill
C.J.’s Scoreboard
Cocktails by George
Cootesy’s
Copper Dollar
Danim & Diamonds
Dillon’s
Double T’s
Easy Street
Eisenhauer Flea Market
Elbow Room
Fasco
Finnegan’s
Gold Club
Hang’in Tree
Hooters
Jack-N-Around
Jeff Ryder Drums
Jerry Dean’s
Knuckleheads
Kramer’s Laboratory
Liquor Mart
Main Street Bar & Grill
Make My Day
Marty’s
Medieval Nights
Me & C.A.
Midnight Rodeo
Observatory
Our Cocktails
Our Glass Cocktails
Papa Woody’s
Phantasy Tattoo
Phoenix Room
PI’s Show Club
Planet K
Pour House
Rascals
Recovery Room
Remember When
Rod Dog’s Saloon
Scandals
Sunset Club
Tiffany Billiards
Tin Roof
Tommy Wilson’s Barbeque
Top O’ The Strip
Waldo’s
Weimore City Limits
Weimore Store
White Room
Winston’s
Wizards

BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB
Bonnie Jean’s
Bradley’s
Broked Oak
Calcutta Coffee House
Calico Club
Caribbad Tavern
Casteers
Coco Beach
Fatsos
Galaxy Billiards N.W.
Giorgio’s
Grill on the Hill
Hollywood Cafe
Honest Charlie’s Tattoos
Hill’s & Dales
Hooters
I Don’t Know Yet
Iguana Bay
Infamry
Jiggers
J’Vincent’s Pub
Knights of Oldie
Knuckleheads
Lindy’s
Longhorn
Olly’s Beef & Lobster
O’Malley’s
Orphan Annie’s
Planet K
Pressure Cooker
Rock Daddy’s
Roseland
S.A. Infirmary
Sharkleys
Shennanigans
Smithy’s Pub
Town & Country BBQ
Turtle Creek Tavern
Whiskey’s
Wings

CURLTOWN & DOWNTOWN
Alamo Music
Banana’s Billiards
Bomay Bicycle Club
Boardwalk
Broadway 50-50
Dick’s Last Resort
Espuma Coffee Shop
Goodtime Charlie’s
Joey’s
Little Hipp’s
Luther’s Cafe
Migliorito
The Mix
Planet K
Rainbow Spirits
Rusty Nail Saloon
Salute
St. Mary’s Brewing Co.
Spanish Armada

Taco Land
Tycoon Flats
White Rabbit

SOUTHSIDE
B.J.’s Southside Music
Bud Jones
Flip Side Record Parlor
Herb’s Hat Shop
Jigger’s 2000
Missie’s Lounge
Mustang Sally’s
Planet K
Shady Lady
Sugar Time Lounge
The Other Woman
The Steer
The Trap
Villa Club
Wild Turkey

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BULVERDE AREA
Antler’s Restaurant
Exxon – 46 & 281
Iron Skillet
Specht’s Store
Tatco 46 & 281
Texas 46

CANYON LAKE
Goofy’s
Little Brown
Lyman’s
Sunset
Sunset
Wagon Wheel

CONVERSE
Billie’s Irish Pub
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EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY IN ACTION MAGAZINE

Don't be A Pussy.
A Redneck Rest Stop
Kerrville, Texas, a redneck bastion and home of the original "Bubba" mentality, is well represented by a roadside Exxon and "convenience" stop just off IH 10 which goes by the unlikely handle of Kerr Villa Kountry Store.

If there was ever a customer hostile joint, the Kerr Villa must get the distinction.

Rest rooms are for "paying customers only" and a sign over the joint's single table warns: No littering. Maximum 30 minutes.

And if all this isn't enough to send strangers quickly backing out the door, there is another message over the cold drink machine which admonishes: We charge for water, ice, and cups. However, free water may be found in the creek due east of the store. Feel free to drink at your own risk.

C.J.'s 'Busted Flush'

C.J. Berkman, cowboy poet and former managing editor of the almost monthly Roadhouse Magazine, writes: "Well, I drew a busted flush again. I'm through with Roadhouse Magazine and Mike Murray, the little (expletive deleted) who owns it...

Berkman says Murray hung him with VoiceStream which heers.

"finding"

This double-dome dreamer's real name is Bankole Johnson, and his notion that felony dope users would call up and give their real names is about as way-out and off-the-wall as his new pill for the cure of alcoholism.

Editorial people at the Express and News are obviously as ignorant on the subject of alcoholism as Dr. Bankole, for they publicized his newest "finding" on page-one of the paper.

Johnson, it seems, has discovered that a nausea drug can also curb the destructive cravings in young alcoholics, enabling them to stop drinking or cut down significantly. Or so says the newspaper.

Real alcoholics have been reading such shit
for years, and most of them know that no drug has ever been found which can give the alcoholic any lasting relief.

The university needs to find something worthwhile for Dr. Bankole Johnson to work on.

Bulverde H.E.B.

The gigantic new Bulverde H.E.B. at Highway 46 and 281 should be selling groceries sometime next month. And the latest rumor in the Bulverde area is that a Jim's Coffee Shop will soon take shape just down the street.

All of this on Texas 46 west of 281, an area already being glutted with garish 3-story roadside, signs, cheap little eateries, upholstered septic tanks with bar stools, take windmills gushing recycled water, and billboards touting everything from antiques to Jesus.

Horny Henry returns

The Express and News twits and twitter over the return of former Mayor Henry Cisneros in a manner which suggests that the newspaper brass must be believing its own bullshi… about a possible Cisneros gubernatorial run.

Wait a minute, Jack. With the Spurs preparing to move out of the Alamodome and into a new basketball arena, let's not forget that it was Cisneros who all but promised a NFL franchise here as he slipped the dome deal up voters' butts without benefit of vaseline or K-Y.

Further distinguished for his inability to keep his tallywhacker in his britches, and then for lying to the FBI about the amount of money he was paying his former concubine, Cisneros returns now to build housing for the poor with a prodigal son buildup in the daily fish wrapper.

He might win election for some local office. But don't believe for a minute that Cisneros is dumb enough to run for governor...
Carlsbad Tavern
11407 WEST AVENUE & PATRICIA • 341-0716

LIVE MUSIC IN SEPTEMBER

FRIDAYS
1st - The Zone
8th - Ruben V
15th - Randy Garibay
22nd - Rosie Ledet
$10 Advance - $12 at door
29th - Party Bone & the Squeezetons

Saturdays
2nd - Smith Bros.
9th - Kinky Friedman & Little Jewford
Performance & Book Signing
$20 Cover
16th - Rhythm Kings
23rd - #3 Dinners
30th - Jimmy Spacek

ROBERT DEMEL EVERY TUESDAY
SOUTHERN RAIL EVERY WEDNESDAY
KARAOKE - MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, SUNDAYS

COMING ATTRACTIONS
IN OCTOBER
6th - The Hang Dogs (New York & Shanachie Records)
13th - Jimmy Spacek
14th - Sofa Kingdom
21st - Skunkweeds

Full Service Bar • Daily Drink Specials
Pool • Darts • Big Screen TV
We Now Have Both Soft & Steel - Tipped Darts
OPEN DAILY 12:00 P.M. TIL 2:00 A.M.
Caroline was worth the wait

Caroline Herring was miffed and stressed as she reached her Specht's Store gig several minutes late and in a mild state of confusion.

For a Mississippi lass with no experience in wandering through the country roads and goat trails of the Texas Hill Country, Miss Herring had no small amount of difficulty traveling from Austin to the Bulverde landmark known as Specht's.

The Specht's diners were unsuspecting players in a scene which would soon have them gawking and gaping at a tall blond singer-songwriter who was described by the Atlanta Journal-Constitution as "a waif-like beauty with an alto voice that's a cross between Rosalie Sorrels and John Baez."

The comparison obviously amuses Caroline, who describes her musical roots as deep south country, bluegrass, rockabilly, and some gospel.

She has a rich and meaningful voice which Justin Showah of the Daily Mississippian described thusly: "Some people have pleasant voices. And some people have voices that resonate in our minds long after they're done singing. Caroline Herring has such a voice."

She also has one of those voices which can stop a fork halfway between plate and mouth, and immediately transform a diner into a listener.

It happened on the Specht's outdoor patio, for it took Caroline only a couple of songs to loosen up and recover from the angst of losing her way. And the original songs she delivered from her 5-song demo tape and from a personal store of some 25 others made it quite evident why she has already created a stir among her peers on the Austin music scene.

A resident of the Texas music city only one year, Caroline has already been invited to play with such notables as Ray Wylie Hubbard, Tish Hinojosa, and Peter Rowan, to name a few.

I've been really fortunate to meet and play with such fine musicians," she said. "Ray Hubbard is absolutely fantastic, and the same goes for Tish and Peter." In Oxford, Mississippi, Caroline played with a bluegrass group known as the Sincere Ramblers. And she has already formed the Caroline Herring Bluegrass Band in Austin with a lead guitar, dobro, fiddle, upright bass, and acoustic guitar.

"When I was with the Sincere Ramblers I played piano, mandolin, and guitar," Caroline said. "Now what I do is a sort of cross between bluegrass, old country, and my own stuff which might have rockabilly and gospel influences as well."

At the Specht's show, Caroline worked as a single.

"Obviously I can't do bluegrass when I'm working by myself," she smiled. "But I have a lot of songs which seem to work well in a solo act."

Inspired by the likes of Kate Wolf and rockabilly singer Maria McKee, Caroline Herring said she came to Austin for both the music scene and for another level in her climb up the educational ladder.

While too many members of the half-starving Austin musical colony will play for nickels, dimes, and sometimes free beer, Miss Herring is a step removed from the unwashed minions who still believe in a "golden recording contract call" which just doesn't exist in the musician-poor capital of Texas.

With a bachelors degree in history and English and a masters degree in southern studies, both from the University of Mississippi, Caroline is currently working toward her doctorate in American literature from the University of Texas at Austin. And she is gainfully employed by Texas Folklife Resources, a nonprofit organization dedicated to supporting folk artists.

continued on pg. 14
Scatter Shots cont...
not. He would be swallowed alive in a state-wide election.
Night Club noise
There are several hot musical shows scheduled for local bistros this month. Kinky Friedeman and Little Jewford Shelby will perform at a show and book signing Sept. 9 at Carlsbad Tavern. Shelby was the miniature trumpet player in Kinky's old Texas Jew Boys Band, a picking hot outfit which rocked and socked audiences during the 1970s and early-1980s with such advanced and sophisticated Friedman works as "Asshole From El Paso, They Ain't Makin' Jews Like Jesus Anymore," and Old Ben Lucas (he had a lot of mucous, running right out of his nose).

Lucky Tomblin, the San Marcos attorney and musician who now heads the Lucky 13 Band, was scheduled to hold grand opening of his Lucky Club Sept. 1 in a special tribute to old friend Augie Meyers. The club, which (this is a fact) has been the Lucky Club for the past 40 years, is located on Acme Road at Hobart on the city's far West Side. While Tomblin bankrolled the operation, his girl Friday and executive secretary, one Denise Boudreau, is officially the owner, and old sax great Spot Barnett, a member of the Lucky 13 Band, is serving as co-manager with Ms. Boudreau. "We want this club to be the unofficial home of the San Antonio musician community." Tomblin said. "And this community includes the men and women who play the music, and those of you who help support live music in San Antonio and South Texas."

In addition to Tomblin, the lead singer, and Barnett, the Lucky 13 group includes such musical heavyweights as Louis Bustos, Joe Hernandez, Al (Footsie) Caylan, Al Gomez, Rocky Morales, Billy Bull, Mike Zeal, Sauce Gonzales, Rocky Rodriguez, and Lucky's wife and daughter - Becky Tomblin and Tiffiny Carnes - singing backup. Also included as a member of the musical family is Alwood Allen, a talented songwriter and longtime friend of Augie Meyers, the late Doug Sahm, Tomblin, and most of the others.

Tomblin has also been instrumental in promoting and arranging the upcoming Texas Border Fest, which will be Sept. 30 at Fiesta Texas.

Included on this live music extravaganza (see Action's back cover) will be Asleep At The Wheel, Augie Meyers, Lucky 13, Rick Trevino and Joy Eric.

And the big September show scheduled at Wanda Seela's Wings Club will feature Mem Shannon and The Membership, an awesome blues master straight out of New Orleans who has wowed audiences all over the world and won about every blues award that is possible to win.

Shannon is a singer-songwriter and guitar-squeezer whose music has been described as bluesy New Orleans funk.

Shannon won best blues artist at the Big Easy Entertainment Awards this year, and he won best blues album with his CD Spend Some Time With Me.

Messages Wanda Seela: I saw Mem in a New Orleans blues bar a few years back and really enjoyed the show. When I heard that he wanted to play San Antonio I couldn't pass up the opportunity to book his band into Wings. He's got a funky blues style that I know will be appreciated by San Antonio blues lovers.

Mem Shannon and The Membership will perform at Wings Sept. 18. See the Wings ad in this issue of Action for details. This should be one of the prize blues shows of the year in these parts, so don't forget to mark your calendar.

Caroline cont...
"I run an apprenticeship program for the organization," Caroline said.

It is said that Caroline travels a wide range of songwriting traditions, winking from Appalachia to Nashville, from the delta to the valleys of California. Cynthia Shearer, author of The Wonder Book of the Air, wrote:

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Any female vocalist can bleach her hair and vamp the public for pay; Caroline is something rich and rare, and hers is a voice that can carry the weight of history.

Like other rare musical gems who have rolled out of Austin and onto the Specht's patio, Caroline admits that the lure of Austin's musical colony probably had as much to do with her moving here as did the educational opportunities.

How Kate Mangold, owner of Specht's Store, manages to lure such quality talent is a well-guarded Bulverde secret which stokes envy in other club and restaurant operators. Kate gave the famed Bad Livers their start in this area, and there have been many other startling talents, both local and from other locales, who obviously dig playing the quaint saloon and restaurant.

"I love it here, and I hope to be back," said Caroline.
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