Karen Barbee Adkisson

BELLY DANCE QUEEN SAYS GIVE US A CHANCE

Photo by La Vieux Loop Photography
Live Music in June

6/3  FRI  Dallas Moore
6/5  SUN  Dale Watson
       plus Dallas Moore
6/10  FRI  Brandon Raderstorf
       & True Country
6/12  SUN  Intoxicated
6/17  FRI  Texas T
       & Shine Runners
6/19  SUN  Allen Torans
       & Misty Blue
6/24  FRI  Deuce Coupe
6/25  SAT  Will Owen Gage
       (plus BBQ cookoff)
6/26  SUN  Natalie Rose

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7-10

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7th  Tuesday 6-10pm
   Datura
12th  Sunday afternoon
   3 Man Front
14th  Tuesday 6-10pm
   Jesse Stratton
19th  Sunday afternoon
   Bo Porter
21st  Tuesday 6-10pm
   Bear & Friends
26th  Sunday afternoon
   Nelson
28th  Tuesday 6-10pm
   Andrea Marie

Daily Lunch Specials

★ MONDAY -
   CHEESEBURGER & FRIES
★ TUESDAY -
   REUBEN & CHIPS
★ WEDNESDAY -
   PHILLY & RINGS
★ THURSDAY -
   THICKCUT HAM
   SANDWICH & CHIPS
★ FRIDAY -
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Ron Young recalls *It's Only Rock and Roll*

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

The Editor:

Launched at the infamous Sex Pistols concert in 1978 at Randy's Rodeo, *It's Only Rock'n'Roll* magazine (1978-1982) was the brain child of Ron Young. Monte Martinez (former owner of Apple Used Records), and Jim Beal Jr. Born in the heart of San Antonio, "the Heavy Metal Capitol of the World," the free monthly magazine brought much needed attention to the local rock scene that the then two daily newspapers (the now defunct San Antonio Light, and the Express-News) were not doing. Eventually, the popularity of the rag's two main writers (Young and Beal) and its younger readership would force the dailies to feature more national, regional and local music as part of their regular entertainment coverage.

By hiring Young (Light: 1980-1993) and Beal (E&N: 1980-2014) as weekly music columnists, the changing of the guard was underway.

Saturday, June 11 (5-8 pm), the South Texas Popular Cultural Center (1017 E. Mulberry at Broadway) will present a symposium: "It's Only Rock'n'Roll--the Little 'Zine That Changed the Music Scene."

The event panel will include several former staff members including publisher/editor Ron Young, columnist Jim Beal Jr., founder Monte Martinez, photographers Clyde Kimsey and Robin Cresswell, musician Gary Davenport, and moderator Jerry Clayworth.

There will also be a photo display featuring the works of the magazine's two chief photographers Cresswell and Kimsey. Included in the display will be images of the historic Sex Pistols at Randy's Rodeo, and Bruce Springsteen's only San Antonio appearance, among others.

Following the panel discussion there will be a short film of the 1981 "Brave New Music Festival," that showcased many local New Wave and punk performers. The cherry on top will be a live concert by the popular '80s New Wave band Mannequin.

Ron Young

(The following letter was inspired by Sam Kindrick column, *The Death of Bulverde*, which is on the Action website.)

**Dear Editor:**

What a great article. My mother's family is from Texas and when my grandmother died in 1994 I moved to Houston from Texas and when my grandmother died in 1994 I moved to Houston from Texas and when my grandmother died in 1994 I bought a house in Kendall, off of 473.

I worked in Austin at the time and every night idling in traffic I would feel this wonderful sense of happiness. This vast landscape before me.

I still had a long way to go, but in my mind I was home. Back then 473 was just a regular FM that no one used except those of us who lived around there; now it's been widened 1/2 a dozen times. I now work in Kerrville and making the left hand turn on to my road is dangerous because of the curve and people driving too fast.

HEB is now in a new, bigger location (I am okay with that and I'm not even sure that Bealls is even open. In all these years the only thing that seems to have gotten better with all the progress is the Library, which I frequent. When they began expanding I knew the end was near. Thay was a time when mummies was actually out-of-town, but of course you know all of this.

I can still sit out on my front porch at night and see the stars, but if I look to the right I can see the haze of the valero at 3351 and 46. I still leave my doors open and unlocked for the most part, but I fear and believe that with this Singing Hills place and Walmart my safe harbour is on borrowed time.

In 2010 the census folks came around asking their questions. One of which was about the crime rate (non-existent). After that they kept coming back. Always checking up on that "crime" rate. Unfortunately, it would appear that by the next census we will have one and perhaps I will have bars on my windows and no longer sit on my front porch and enjoy the clean wonderful life around me.

Anyway, I am only writing because you touched me. When I moved here I didn't bring city life. I like the life that I found. If I wanted to live in a crime ridden, polluted city I don't have to drive very far.

Thank you. It's nice to know that I'm not the only one out here who isn't that pleased about "progress".

Paula Hatcher
Big John Oaks hung it up last month, leaving his venerable Hangin' Tree Saloon in the capable hands of longtime customer Skeeter Glover.

With a packed house for his retirement party, the affable and loveable Tomers were presented with a plaque of appreciation from his friends and customers.

“We all love you, John,” said radio personality Roy Holley in making the presentation. “You have done so much over the years.”

Big John displayed the retirement plaque of appreciation to his friends and customers gave him last month after he sold his 27-year-old Hangin' Tree Saloon to longtime friend Oscar Glover, pictured at left. Radio personality Roy Holley (right) made the presentation at John's retirement party.

Big John displays the retirement plaque of appreciation his friends and customers gave him last month after he sold his 27-year-old Hangin' Tree Saloon to longtime friend Oscar Glover, pictured at left. Radio personality Roy Holley (right) made the presentation at John's retirement party.
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Gender signs on toilets in the original Richter’s Antlers Restaurant in Spring Branch read thusly: Pointers and Setters
You don’t need a rocket scientist mentality, or even a bird dog mentality, to figure out what this is about.

If you are a pointer in the setters restroom, you had better be pointing, even if your pointer is aimed from a sitting position, or better yet, from a full knee-bend squat.

There is danger lurking here.
As David Alan Coe would put it, there are still a bunch of long-haired rednecks out roaming the hills of Spring Branch and Bulverde.

Not that anyone would really care what I think about the raging toilet bowl controversy, but I will get around to it in short order.

And even a bird dog mentality, to figure out what this is about.

Turn, reared his sanctimonious head to denounce thin.k about the raging toilet bowl controversy, but will get around to it in short order.

With the setters, provided they consider themselves egalitarian funding.

I have as much right to my cowboy predilections as a woman should be allowed to enter the public restroom.

What’s more, our presidente has declared that school districts which refuse adherence to North Carolina’s restrictive transgender law should be denied federal funding.

Texas Attorney General Dan Patrick has, in turn, reared his sanctimonious head to denounce Obama’s bathroom policy, and reassert himself in his demands for the job (if not the head) of Fort Worth ISD Superintendent Kent Scribner.

Scribner is from the camp which says a man or a woman should be allowed to enter the public restroom in which they might feel most comfortable.

When I was a kid growing up in Junction, Texas and others did, I didn’t have known a transgender human from a three-peekered billy goat, but I can say, without reservation, what would have befallen me or any other boy caught in a girl’s restroom.

Somebody would have beaten the coon dog shit out of us.
I did get an ass-bustin circa 1950s for what the lawyers would call misprision of a crime.

One of Junction’s lusty young caucasian males did, with lascivious intent aforesaid, take a handheld brace-and-belt to school for the express purpose of boring a hole in the girl’s restroom wall.
I didn’t bore the hole, but I was one of the boys caught looking through it, and I will never forget the punishment meted out at the hands of Superintendent John Long.

John weighed over 200, stood 6 foot or more, and the tool he used to discipline us would get a modern day school administrator sentenced to state prison for at least 10 years.
It was: “Bend over boys, and grab your knees.”
Long swung a paddle which had been whittled out of a 2-by-4 board, and I can still feel the pain as that giant paddle came whistling into my rump.

Three licks. Wham, bam, hot damn!
Today, this would be denounced as child abuse, and a modern day John Long would no doubt have been sued by some angry parents.

It wasn’t that way back in the 1950s. I learned I love Superintendent John Long. He taught me that I would be held responsible for my actions, and it is a fact that none of us ever peeped through a hole in the girl’s restroom wall after that paddling.

The bitter irony of it all was that none of us got to see anything. The girls all used a toilet stall, and all we could see through our peep hole was the gender listed on their birth certificate, or the day will flop “her” tallywhacker out in front of the wrong girl child.

I have to wonder why someone doesn’t ask columnist Gilbert Garcia.
In reference to Dan Patrick and U.S. Rep. Louie Gohmert of Tyler, both anti transgender law advocates, Garcia wrote in his column: Gohmert and Patrick apparently live in a modern version of the ‘Porky’s” movies in which we’re overrun by pathetic boys who’ll make up any excuse to gain entry inside women’s restrooms so they can get educated by peeping under the stalls. The reality is that transgender individuals generally want to get in and out of public restrooms as quickly (and unconspicuously) as they can, because they are the ones who face the threat of hostility or attacks."

I have to wonder why someone doesn’t ask Garcia why he knows so much about transgender restroom drudgers.

I know that Hunter Thompson was as crazy as a shit house rat, but the father of gonzo journalism had a way of rattling the establishment. And I have read every single one of his books.

Here is my gonzoistic take on the transgender issue.

People should use the restroom that matches the gender listed on their birth certificate, or the day will surely dawn when some ladies room transgender will flop “her” tallywhacker out in front of the wrong girl child.

Call me redneck, or gonzo if you please. But some father or grandfather of the kid in the restroom will wind up killing a transgender with male body fixtures.

Can you bet on it.
Belly dance school
Karavan plans big event show in July

By Sam Kindrick
Mayhem in the Middle East has done nothing to thwart or retard the burgeoning popularity of Karen Barbee Adkisson's belly dance business in San Antonio.

"We continue to grow," says Adkisson, owner-operator of Karavan Belly Dance Productions here, "but I know there aren't as many Arabic language clubs and restaurants as we had when I danced 20 years ago in the Houston area."

The wife of former County Commissioner Tommy Adkisson, and a San Antonio belly dance instructor for the past 28 years, Karen Barbee Adkisson is a fast friend of Stefania Balderaselli, a local belly dance pioneer who occupied the October 2009 front cover of Action Magazine.

"I met Stefania when I was 16...when I had my first belly dance gig at Palette's on Fredericksburg Road," Adkisson recalls. "There were pictures of Stefania all over the walls. It was neat and almost overwhelming. That was 1978 or 1979. When Stefania later opened her Nona's Restaurant on St. Mary's Street in 1983, she called me in as one of her first belly dancers. We have been friends ever since."

A mistress of midriff muscle control, Karen is a 54-year-old natural beauty with a toned, sculpted physique which is both an object of envy and inspiration for the hundreds of women she works with. Her belly dance routines incorporate the eerie music of the Middle East, the staccato click of castanets, and the mysterious rainbow of gauzy silk sexy costumes which may cost as much as a thousand bucks. But Mrs. Adkisson is quick to emphasize the hard work that goes into her daily endeavors, and the physical attributes which are the obvious result.

"What a number of people don't realize," she says. Continued on pg. 12

Elise Taquino is a former Karavan belly dance student. She is now the graphics artist who puts Action Magazine together every month.
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chickenpox as a child to back Terry Bradshaw be shingles virus that seeking those who had suffered at the hands of NFL linebacker bulls like Pittsburg Steelers quarterback more painful than all of the blows combined that he suffered at the hands of Dick Butkus and Sam Huff.

Darrell McCall

Now add the name of country music legend Darrell McCall to the list of shingles survivors who say the flames of hades couldn't be much worse than the shingles.

"I got run over by a tractor when I was a kid, and I was in a full body cast for months," McCall said. "The shingles hurt a hundred times more than the tractor accident. Shingles are horrible, more painful than anything I can describe, so please, please, if you had chickenpox as a kid, get vaccinated for shingles immediately." McCall was hospitalized multiple times this spring with his skin on fire, while daughter Guyanne was on Facebook asking friends and followers to pray for her dad. "I tried to keep the updates going on Facebook," Guyanne said, "mainly to help my mom. She was being overwhelmed with messages from people asking about Dad's condition."

We are happy to report that Darrell is now recovered and back playing his honky-tonk gigs.

Wife Mona died, hopefully daughter Guyanne, McCall will play the Action Magazine 41st anniversary show at Texas Pride Barbecue October 2.

Adios Emilio

We will use this space for a belated goodbye to Emilio Navaira, the one-time Tejano music king who died at age 53 last month from a heart attack.

Emilio Navaira

Emilio occupied the February 2012 front cover of Action Magazine at a time when the mainstream media wouldn't touch him with a 10-foot pole. His drinking problem had caught up with him. Brain-damaged and trying to recover from the horrible bus crash that left him near death, Emilio was interviewed by Action editor-publisher Sam Kindrick at his Von Ormy home.

He was both gracious and humble, and we took an instant liking to him. Wreckage from his shattered life lay everywhere. Trash bags overflowing and wind whistling through a broken pane.

Navaira said: "I welcome this opportunity to let people know that I am back. I am grateful to God for my life and my friends and my fans, and I feel honored. Never before have I been interviewed by a writer for any publication."

The onetime Grammy winner and recording and performing partner with the legendary Selena, Navaira appeared ready for a serious comeback at the time of his death. He was past that awful period when he couldn't remember the words to his own songs. His recovery was apparent.

Best evidence is a Michael Morales produced album that was almost ready for release. It was just not to be. His death is a loss for untold thousands.

R.I.P., Emilio.

Main Street

Thursday night jams hosted by Jake Castillo are the big weekly feature at the newly refurbished Main Street Bar on Westmore Road, with live music on Fridays and Saturdays by some of San Antonio's finest.

Jake Castillo

Tony and Morgan Keogh have done a lot of improvements as new owners of the rustic cabaret, and Action Magazine welcomes them as one of our newer advertisers.

Check out the Main Street ad in this issue. And also check out the monster outdoor patio which the Keoghs have opened with the bar.

Goodbye Lucky

Too many of our friends are checking out, the latest being Anthony Wayne (Lucky Tomblin), a musician and lawyer who grew up on San Antonio's South Side in an apartment which housed him, his mother, and eight siblings.

Lucky Tomblin

Lucky died last month of natural causes at age 73. He christened himself Lucky when he found a bicycle.

We knew him from the 1970s when he worked for Mission Ice in San Antonio. From that job, Tomblin went on to obtain a law degree and open a highly successful law firm in San Marcos. He also owned a recording studio, and he performed and recorded with his Lucky Tomblin Band for years.

Tomblin was a friend of the legendary Doug Sahm, and he said it was Sahm who encouraged him with his music.

Enchanted Souls

A new all female motorcycle club called Enchanted Souls made a big hit last month with a fundraiser which defines their purpose in life.

Held at Javelina Harley-Davidson between Boerne and Leon Springs, the benefit was aimed specifically to help two breast cancer survivors, one being a member of Enchanted Souls.

The founder and president of the club is Katie Sepulveda, who goes by the biker handle of Twisted.

Angela (Boxer) Minton

Angela is vice president and the club cancer survivor.

"Not hard to pick me out," laughed Minton. "I didn't get this burr haircut because I like the style."

Other Enchanted Souls members are Kerri (Untamed) Staty, sergeant-at-arms; Amy (Hot Wheels) Solis, secretary; Sky (Thirsty) Sexton, road captain; and Kimberly (Keeper) Mitchell, treasurer.

The show at Javelina Harley was the club's first benefit, an outdoor gala which included live music, food vendors, a silent auction, and two super comedy cabaret dancers who were the biggest show of the day.

The company they represent is called Dancing for Pleasure.

The Enchanted Souls officers provided us with a printed manifesto which defines the club and its members:

Enchanted Souls is a female only motorcycle club with a mission to provide women with a source of sisterhood and independence through our love of riding. Our club is strictly law abiding and family friendly.

We strive to be a positive influence within our community and work with the military community as well as local womens and childrens organizations. We also involve ourselves in fundraisers that help our area. Our name is derived from a combination of both enchantment and soul. Enchanted means unique and soul is the Continued on pg. 14
Belly Dance continued from pg 7 says, "is that we work ourasses off to get the results we get."

The belly dance is basically an isolation of muscles from the chin to the waist, and the energy it consumes was not obvious when Rita Hayworth wiggled her way as the Biblical Salome for poor old John the Baptist's head.

After a regular Wednesday night Karavan performance last month at Demo's Greek Restaurant on North St. Mary's Street, Karen was dripping wet with sweat.

"I try to stay in the best condition possible," Barbee Adkisson said, "but belly dancing comes as natural to me as walking. I work out regularly in a gym when not conducting dance classes. I love to lift weights, skip rope, and do the treadmill cardio stuff that keeps everything moving. This is all important for women who come in to lose weight, but the weight won't go away without adherence to a proper diet. I try to stress all of this. Belly dancing means you are working with a muscle group which is independent of everything else. It is an exercise in itself."

Karen is the youngest of four children, her father being career Air Force, and her older sister, Barbara Edwards, being one of her earlier influences.

"My older sister was a hula dance instructor who picked it up when my dad was stationed in Hawaii," Karen said. "A number of people associate hula dancing with belly dancing, although there is little real similarity. But Barbara was an inspiration, although I first started taking tap and ballet when I was really small. I was really shy at first and my mom figured dancing would pull me out of it. I started belly dancing at age 10. I was looking for my niche, and belly dancing was it."

Karen's bio material has this to say about it:

"Over four decades and after years of professional performance, Karen has developed a teaching methodology for this ancient dance form based on technical precision, soulful innovations, and cultural respect.

Having begun her study of belly dance during the 1970s, a period of limited explanations, she developed her own. Her background in Systems Analysis enables her to analyze movement, decompose that movement, and explain it to others in a logical way.

A pioneer in online Middle Eastern dance instructions, Karen has introduced and populated a library of online instruction that now teaches dance technique, combinations, choreographies, and other classes from special guest instructors.

Adkisson has operated Karavan Productions here for 28 years in various locations, her current studio address being 331 W. Mulberry.

She has directed numerous staged productions of Middle Eastern dance, studied and performed in Egypt and Lebanon, and has worked with some of the most highly acclaimed musicians in the business. In addition, she has produced several instructional DVDs, music CDs, and has trained some of the country's leading professional dancers.

"I have taken this art form serious from the very beginning," Adkisson said. "I have worked and studied with some of the greatest belly dancers who ever lived, including Nagwa Poud, Fifi Abdo, and Sohair Zakri, all in Cairo. In Lebanon, I was introduced to Samara Amn. In the Middle East, Adkisson said, the pros you see dancing are never teachers.

"To teach means you have retired from dancing in the Middle East," Karen said. "The greatest dancers over there continue on into their later years as working performers. Then they teach."

Karen Barbee Adkisson was born in San Antonio where she attended Saint Gerard's High School. She later graduated from Texas State University in San Marcos, and went from there to a computer programming job at USAA which lasted 10 years. During all of these years, she continued to belly dance, both here and in Houston where, in her 20s, she says she "got caught up in the culture of the Middle East style of dance."

Adkisson calls the 1970s Arab club scene otherworldly. "There were restaurants where everyone spoke in Arabic," Karen said. "There were some great bands as well, and there are still some good ones in Houston. With the political climate being what it is today, there are not as many clubs, but not everyone on the scene is Muslim. One of the greatest vocalists on the Houston scene today is a Christian from Jerusalem."

Karen Barbee married Tommy Adkisson 22 years ago. She was the dancer and he was a lawyer with political aspirations which will always find ways to advance his causes and the same goes for me. We

Continued on pg. 13
Belly Dance continued from pg 12

talked about having children on several different occasions, but the discussion always led back to the basic question: Who was ready to make the big sacrifice that it would take to be responsible parents? We both put in 12-hour days and more and we only do things we love to do. So who would be ready to give up a really fun career for parenthood? We always came back to square one. It might not have been fair to the children if we had arrived at any other decision.

Karen’s work load and energy level is both heavy and high. She teaches group classes from 6 p.m. until 10 p.m. Mondays through Thursdays. Fee for the group sessions is $10. She gives individual lessons for $70 per hour, with one hour free if a patron signs up for four sessions.

“I have students ranging in age from 8 to 80,” Adkisson says. “Most are working girls with husbands, their average ages varying from the late-30s to early-40s. And I have 250 online students. They are from all over--Korea, New Zealand. I attract a number of them with U-Tube sample classes. They see the techniques I have to offer and that draws them in.”

Although she has a few children students, Karen says belly dance is usually too intricate for the very young.

“Most don’t have the attention span for it,” she said.

Mrs. Adkisson also works the road on occasion, both teaching and performing at studios and restaurants in other cities.

Continued on pg. 14
continued from pg 4

"I don't really know anything about music," Big John once said. "I rely on the musicians to bring me what I need and what my customers want. We have had a bunch of good ones out here. They include Dale Watson, Pauline Reece, James Hand, Gerontimo, Gary P. Nunn, The Cones Sisters from right here in Bracken, and our regular Saturday group The W hoosits. We also featured the Vinyl 45s, the best rockabilly band in America today." John sold a construction firm in 1992 to go full-time into the saloon business.

"This old building is 107 years old. It was a 9-pin bowling alley when I bought it," John recalled. "It was a landmark in old Bracken, a railroad town which was pretty rough in its day. There was an old saloon with housing upstairs, and I figured there had to be a hanging tree around somewhere."

An old, half-rotten, lightning-stripped hackberry tree in front of Big John's saloon said it all, along with a hanging sign which proclaimed: Big John's Hangin' Tree Saloon. The old tree finally succumbed to old age and had to be removed.

Billed as an authentic Texas saloon, John's advertising says, Now that you've found Luckenbach, where the heck is Bracken? "People from all over the world have dropped in on us," John said, recalling a female DJ from Denmark who fell in love with the place.

Although Oaks really stepped up Hangin' Tree benefits after his cancer scare, the first major effort was 11 years ago when he started the Megan Stendebach Memorial Golf Classic for thyroid cancer research.

Megan was a musician who played regularly at the Hanglin' Tree, and she even filled in as a waitress on occasion when Oaks needed extra help. Her valiant battle with thyroid cancer and her unselfish willingness to help others was awe-inspiring, and we featured her in Action Magazine on more than one occasion.

Upon Megan's death, Big John vowed to keep her memory alive, and the golf tournament was started. "This is our biggest and most professional vendor." At this time, the focal point of all the belly dance excitement at Karavan centers on the 20th annual belly dance recital to be held in July.

Activities will be July 15, 16, and 17 at the Josephine Theater, 339 W. Josephine Street.

The recitals are titled Give Belly Dance A Chance, and they will feature both Karavan performers and Arabic-style performers from the Houston area.

The Friday and Saturday night performances, set for July 15 and 16, will start at 8 p.m. with a multimedia show featuring Karavan online students.

On Sunday, July 17, live music by the Byblos Band of Houston starts at 6 p.m. with special guests Naser Musa, Georges Lammam and star singer Jobour Bokla. Open dancing will follow.

Tickets are $20, and more information may be obtained by going to www.karavans.com/gbd-ac-2016-recital-performance.

"This will be our biggest and best recital ever," Karen said. "My sister Barbara will be here for the weekend, and my 80-year-old student is flying in from Maine, I am so excited.

The museum was launched with a tribute to the late Doug Sahm, and this 4th year Tex Pop party will feature a Doug Sahm film titled All About the Groove.

Directed and produced by Texas Monthly scribe Joe Nick Patoski, the film is said to have captured the music soul of San Antonio.

Also on tap for the anniversary party is an exhibit by artist Joel Aparicio, a San Antonio native who made a name for himself on the West Coast photographing musicians, many of them from Texas. Aparicio images are to be exhibited include Sahm, Augie Meyers, Lucinda Williams, and Joe King Carrasco.

Live music for the party will be by Mitch Webb and the Swindles with Rosie Flores, a San Antonio native who left her at an early age to become an L.A. punk rock queen.

The Tex Pop party will run from noon until 7 p.m.
"Dos Amigos"

The world famous painting "Dos Amigos" created in the mid 70's by renowned western artist Clinton Baermann is available once again.

- 16x20" $100.00
- 16x20 matted $150
- 12x16 $20.00
- 12x16 matted $50

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"WINKIE THE PUTA!

I'M THINKING OF REWRITING A CHILDREN'S BOOK FOR ADULTS. IT'S ABOUT A PROMISING FEMALE BEAR WHO WILL DO "ANYTHING" FOR A JAR OF HONEY. I'LL CALL IT "WINKIE THE PUTA!"

I'M FAT SO I TRIED SOME DIETS. ONE SAID JUST DRINK LIQUIDS FOR A WEEK AND WALK TWO MILES A DAY. WELL, I ENDED UP FOURTEEN MILES FROM HOME AND HUNGRY. NEXT ONE PROMISED I WOULD LOSE 5 TOTAL BODY INCHES IN TWO WEEKS. WELL, I'M THREE INCHES SHORTER IN HEIGHT AND MY PECKER IS TWO INCHES SHORTER — GUESS IT WORKED!

SO THEN, I WENT FOR A WALK IN THE WOODS WITH FRIENDS FOR EXERCISE. HAD TO USE THE "BATHROOM" WHILE SQUATTING I WAS BIT ON THE END OF MY PENIS BY A SNAKE. I CALLED MEDICAL HELP HOTLINE AND THEY SAID I NEEDED TO GET THE POISON SUCKED OUT. I KNEW HAVING GAY FRIENDS WOULD PAY OFF SOME DAY!

AND LAST, A TRUE 'FOOT IN MOUTH' STORY — FRIEND OF MINE, FRED, WAS AT LUCKY EAGLE CASINO — SITS NEXT TO A GUY PLAYING SLOTS. "HOW YOU DOING" ASKS FRED. "ABOUT EVEN" THE GUY SAYS. "WELL THAT'S BETTER THAN A POKE IN THE EYE WITH A SHARP STICK" SAYS FRED. GUY TURNS HIS HEAD SO FRED CAN SEE HIS WHOLE FACE. THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS FACE HAS SCARS AND AN EYE PATCH. "YEP SURE IS" HE SAYS. OOPS!

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