Redneck Rock Hits San Antonio

A new brand of music has waited upon the San Antonio scene like a gentle spring breeze. It can’t be labeled and hung on a musical peg—nor can the untidy followers who pick and sing it.

Author Jan Reid tried to explain this musical phenomenon in his book, "The Improbable Rise of Redneck Rock." Yet this music and its creators and disciples just don’t fit into a mold.

They have one common characteristic: in some aspects, they’re all rebels. Nice rebels. Friendly cats in cowboy hats, willing to spurn their last swallow of beer with a "cross-country" brother.

Call it what you like—redneck rock, progressive country, or just plain, down-home, foot-stomping music. It’s here in San Antonio. And it’s going to bust the musical seams of this city before men like Willie Nelson, Rusty Wier, Steve Fromholz, Augie Meyer, and an army of others are through.

Some refuse to accept this new style of music for what it is—a loosely-knit combination of country, rock, jazz, blues and cedar stump story-telling.

But Willie Nelson, the king of it all, sums up the feelings of his beard, unshorn legions well when he grins through his red whiskers and says: "I don’t put music in

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THE ACTION NEWS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT OVER 500 RESTAURANTS, HOTELS, MOTELS, LOUNGES, NITE CLUBS AND LIQUOR STORES THROUGHOUT SAN ANTONIO.

IF YOU DID NOT GET YOUR COPIES OF "THE ACTION NEWS" OR YOU HAVE RUN OUT, PLEASE CALL 494-7457, AND WE WILL BEAM NEWS TIPS AND STORY CONTRIBUTIONS.

WILLIE NELSON . . . The Cross-Country King

San Kindrick

Let this column be an introduction to our first issue of "The Action." In this publication, you’ll find exactly what our name implies—"ACTION"!

You can’t keep a squirrel on the ground in timber country, and this staff doesn’t like flat land.

If you don’t know me, you’re lucky. If you do know me, I’ll sympathize with you. But I won’t apologize for being born, nor will I apologize for what we intend to be San Antonio’s number-one entertainment vehicle.

Sprawling San Antonio has been starved for a genuine entertainment publication. Here it is. "The Action" is designed for one purpose: To entertain.

We intend to keep the jokes flowing. This publication is not written for any clique. It’s published for all of the folks who love a good laugh.

"The Action" will cover the nightclub circuit. It will also offer some moody, gutsy reading material, complete with top-quality photographic art. But we’ll do more than sandwich a bushel of stiff-necked cocktail talk around our advertisements. It ain’t the meat, it’s the moose, brothers and sisters, and I’ll blow off both thumbs in front of the Alamo before I’ll allow this vehicle to bore anyone.

If it’s a big, fancy cocktail party, we might be there. If it’s an arm wrestling spectacle between Circus Face Flanagan and Jo the Dog-Faced Boy, I’ll guarantee you we’ll be there.

From my good friend Willie Nelson to the kid with holes in his tennis shoes and a rented flat-top guitar, "The Action" staff will listen. And we’ll report.

We will cover the clubs, we will cover the music scene of San Antonio and surrounding areas, we will cover anything that involves fun, frolic and folks—restaurants, concerts, armadillo races, or goat ropings.

San Antonio is filled with fine musicians who have never been given a fair shake. That’s what we’re here for. We’ve got a reputation for all sorts of things. Some bad. I’ve been colloquium-hugging knee-walking drunk, and so hungover some mornings I couldn’t make a fist until noon. But I’ve never been accused of failing to tell it like it is.

That’s exactly what this column and "The Action" will do.

My title is editor and co-publisher. But I always adhere to the adage that titles are no better than the man behind them. And most titles won’t buy you a short shot at Mom’s Battleground.

GRANTED, THIS ISSUE of "The Action" is not too large. It’s up to you, the reader, to help us expand and grow. This publication belongs to you.

I’ve been around pompous, hypocritical, rednecked typewriter jockeys most of my life. The majority of them are like guitar pickers with a tin ear for music. They’ve got a tin ear for living, breathing, human folks. And we feel that we can swallow a bottle of ink and swallow a better story than the majority of them can write.

Because "The Action" is where it’s all at—'with you the people.

We want this publication to be light and breezy, flip and factual, stern in some ways, and maybe a bit sophisticated in a down-to-earth literary entertainment.

This column will be dedicated to that end. And so will this entire publication.

We want to be proud of this publication. And we can’t be proud of it unless you are proud of it. And you can’t be proud of it unless you are part of it.

"The Action" wants to blow and go like a big wheel in a South Texas cotton field. And we want you wheeling right along with us. It’s like Peter Cedar Stacker said: "This magazine will make a new brand of music for what it is—"redneck rock."" It can’t be labeled and hung on a musical peg—nor can the untidy followers who pick and sing it.

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"The Action" won’t crawl. We might walk. But we’ll genuflect before no tin god. And most of the time, we’ll be blowing out our last swallow of beer with a "cross-country" brother.

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The San Antonio Pod of the Chili Appreciation Society International has been formed, and some 200 chili cookoff squirrels are expected here soon for an official membership blowout. Then - later in the year - the SAP Pod will host the first invitational "Tournament of Champions." Robert (Yeller Dog) Marsh has been installed as the SAP Pod "Big Pepper," or president.

This chili cookoff craze has blossomed into a state-wide thing now. It all started in 1967 when the late Wick Fowler, a Texas newspaperman, and New York writer and humorist H. Allen Smith, decided to square off in the Big Bend ghost town of Terlingua to see who could cook the best bowl of red. That one ended in a draw, but it set the stage for a fun thing which has now reached Arizona, Colorado, and many other states.

Each November, the World's Championship Chili Cookoff is held in that abandoned quicksilver mining town. Prior to this, the Texas state championship is held in San Marcos. And every chili cookoff held must be registered with the San Marcos office of the Chili Appreciation Society of America (CASI) to be officially sanctioned.

The true nucleus of CASI is made up of those hardy souls who were rolling in the ghost town dirt some seven or eight years ago. They include the Yeller Dog, Hurricane Hal, the Onik Brothers, Allegani Jani, Tex Schoefield, Big John (Bad McFad Daredril) Raven, bull riders Tom Nail and Bob Wilson, Hondo Crouch, Chili Joe, and others.

It's high time that San Antonio joined Houston, Dallas, Austin, San Marcos and other cities in forming its pod of CASI, because some of the hardcore chili imbeciles who began this thing are from here.

Now, chili cookoffs seem to be in vogue. There are some 20 of them scheduled in various parts of the state this summer. The Houston Pods cookoff is slated for April 15, followed by one at Marble Falls on the 25th.

Some cookoffs, we might add, are not official, because they are not sanctioned by CASI. The one held near here last year was not a legitimate chili cookoff. It was a radio station, clique-type promotion, and those who set it up wound up winning.

The real chili cookoff people do truly brew the finest bowls of red in this world. And the late-comers just don't have the skill, finesse, knowhow or stamina to compete with those true chili freaks who were spawned in the cocoon and catclaw of the Terlingua country.

From hereout, no chili cookoff in the San Antonio area will be deemed official or worthy of note unless sanctioned by the SAP Pod of CASI.

And without the blessing of CASI, no chili cookoff would draw the circus-like characters who come from almost every area in the state.

A true chili cookoff follower must be qualified. He or she must be prepared to go for two or three days without toothbrush, bath or shave.

Other qualifications:
- Be physically able to drink tequila for days without rest.
- Be willing to sleep on a bed of rocks beside a mosquito campfire.
- Be able to eat nothing but chili for several days.

And there are other (non-mentionable) qualifications.

But, seriously, the chili cookoffs are truly great fun happenings. And the old crowd is made up of people who are now fast friends. People from all over the State of Texas.

We'll soon be hitting the chili cookoff trail again.

Big Pepper, Bob Marsh and wife, Nan, brew chili.
Redneck Rock Hits

categories. There's only two kinds—good and bad. You either like it, or you don't like it." Willie Nelson started it all when he denounced Nashville and moved his family to a little place near Dripping Springs in the Austin area.

Now that "Willie Nelson Family" has grown into a small army of individualistic artists—each a creator in his or her special way.

Willie Nelson is no stranger to San Antonians. He's played at Floore's Country Store at Helotes for years. And he hasn't exactly denounced Nashville and moved to the Austin area.

Make Jews Like Jesus Anyway?"

Jerry Jeff sings, "Up Against the Wall Redneck." Ten years ago, Kinky Friedman and his Texas Jewboys would have been run out of the country for their record titled, "They Don't Make Jews Like Jesus Any­more."

Kinky, incidentally, hails from Kerrville.

And a decade ago, who would have paid money to hear the snotty but amusing musical style of bearded, irreverant Ray Wylie Hubbard, author of "Up Against the Wall Redneck."

"Shotgun." Willie Nelson started that little fire which has raored into a musical inferno.

The little guy takes a taclturn delight in starting a little fire, then setting back on his haunches to watch it spring into a blazing inferno.

He thumbed his nose at Nashville, and he got away with it. He doffed his turban and banded in sequined outfits, exchanging them for an earring, cowboy hats that appear to have been run over by diesel-powered trucks, and denim rags which threaten to blow out the windows and roof of his new Mercedes.

Summer before last, he rocked the heart of Texas and the hearts of Texans with his naked bodies flashed for some and ecstasy for others. Naked bodies flashed in the brilliant Texas sunlight, a cloud of marijuana smoke hung like smog over the speedway, and people com­mitted the act of untrammeled sex on the tops of Volkswagon vans.

Willie, Leon Russell, Jerry Jeff Walker, Augie Meyer, Rick Nelson and hundreds of other musicians paraded be­fore the "Midnight Special" cameras. A story-high maze of electronic sound equipment broadcast the words of such weird musical talents as Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys.

When that one was over, and before the final beer can circled and signed the petition which implored the honorable Mr. Nelson to never again bring one of his picnics their way.

When he was here to sing the National Anthem on National TV at the ABA All-Star game the song it with a blue bandana knotted around his head, Willie grinned his Nelson grin and said, "Night as well go head on and do it again."

Plans are now under way for this July 4.

As mentioned earlier, Nel­son and his people have invaded the San Antonio area in force. The "cross-country" influence was really felt here with the union of Nelson and Lone Star Brewery president Harry Jersig.

Lone Star spent a third of its entire advertising budget to sign Nelson up for six, hour-long TV concerts, all of which will feature the type music and musicians we now refer to as "progressive country."

Now, in at least two San Antonio clubs, the men who created what was known as "the Austin sound" are picking and singing and being enjoyed by a growing Alamo City audience.

The "Austin sound" is swiftly becoming the "Texas sound," and San Antonio has become a big, bright and brassy part of it all.

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Blind George Sees With Soul

Jim Dunn walked into a dingy little strip joint in Austin about a year ago.
A frail, bird-like little man with blind, staring eyes was on the piano.
But this little man was making more noise than the Huns chasing the Christians.
Blind George McClain and his country soul show was in action.
"He was playing for peanuts," Dunn said. "So I signed him to a contract."
It was a good deal for both manager and entertainer.
Blind George has recently played San Antonio.
One must see and hear him to believe it.
He heals the ivers to bits.
He gets a drum effect with one calloused foot, and he haunts you with a
warm, soothing sound until the entire place is
pounding and jiving like crazy.

"I think people around Austin just sort of took him for a quarter once," Dunn said.
"That's the truth."
But those days are over.
Blind George McClain and the country soul show are off and traveling.
He was so busted that he played for next to nothing around Austin.
"He was so broke that he played for a quarter once," Dunn said.
"That's the truth."

Willie Nelson stepped to the stage after listening a while. Then
he whispered into George's ear: "I'm Willie Nelson. Do you know 'Whiskey River'?"
George was born blind. But
he wasn't born stupid.

They all but ripped the roof off the joint.
We'll be seeing more of Blind George McClain.

But not for a quarter.
George was born blind. But
he wasn't born stupid.

BLIND GEORGE McCLAIN

Over 450 Locations in the U.S.
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"ALL NUDE REVUE" Midnight Special
Present This At Door For $1 Off Admission
Specht's Store Booms Again

Specht’s Store doesn’t have to be put on the map. It’s already there. And it’s the only general store in Texas to be put on the map. It’s the only general store in Texas to be found on a state road map. Yet the general public isn’t aware of this ancient little store and cotton gin (now defunct) in the northernmost tip of Bexar County near Bulverde.

This, however, will soon change. People are beginning to move around Specht’s store. The ring of hammers on nails can be heard. There is activity in that German-American farm country out near the Bexar-Comal county lines.

Something big in the making. There is a current of excitement, an intangible thing. On April 13, all hell is due to bust loose at the little store and cotton gin that Ferd Hanz built in 1887, and sold in 1907 to one William Specht. Willie Nelson will meet the “Pure Prairie League” band at Specht’s Store. So he threw in "last October with two young San Antonio lawyers, Marshall Fein and Stan Burch, and the project was under way. They bought the store, cotton gin and four acres of property from Henry and Alberta Schmidt. Henry and Alberta still live on their farm adjacent to the store and gin. Henry farms and toadies about in his 1937 Dodge truck. Alberta cooks homemade bread and gathers her eggs. They both watch in fact turn away as sound system men fit their old cotton gin with the equipment necessary to carry the voices and instrumentation of the finest musicians in our land.

Henry and Alberta Schmidt probably don’t realize fully what is due to happen in their sleepy, little farm world on April 13. Nor do other residents in the area. With Shotgun Willie and "Pure Prairie League," there will also be Bulverde’s own Augie Meyer, crazy Ray Wylie Hubbard, Dale Jackson, “Man Mountain and the Green Skime Boys,” and many other bands. Marshall Fein, Stan Burch and Frank Spellman have penetrated the German-American "sauerkraut curtain," so to speak. They’ve won the respect and confidence of the farm folk. They’ve made the people around Specht’s Store an integral part of their daring plan.

Nothing in Specht’s Store has changed. The rustic old signs and equipment are still there. The auto parts department still contains gadgets which fit Model-A and Model-T Fords. Ledger books dating back to the turn of the century are still there. The cotton farmers traded their cotton for eggs, beans, straw hats and tobacco. Those entries are still in those dust-coated, priceless books. Ferd Hanz built the cotton gin and store in 1887, selling the properties in 1907 to William Specht. The Specht family operated until 1963. William Specht ran the store and gin until his death, and his son, Richard Specht, continued on until 1983. They sold to Henry and Alberta Schmidt. The bollweevil hit in 1936, and the cotton gin was closed. Richard Specht and his wife, in their late 70s or early 80s, still live in the New Braunfels area.

To reach Specht’s Store from San Antonio, go directly out Blanco Road and cross 1604. Nine miles past 1604, you’ll see Specht Road. Turn right on Specht Road and follow your nose. It runs right into the store and gin.

“We will have music in the gin,” Stan Burch said, “but we’re also building an outdoor stage in the big oat field next to the gin. We will be able to accommodate huge crowds.” Burch Fein and Spellman agree that they need help from the farm country residents. Said Fein: “They’re a part of it all. Their way of life has not changed from the farm country residents.

The bollweevil hit in 1936, and the cotton gin was closed. Richard Specht and his wife, in their late 70s or early 80s, still live in the New Braunfels area. They bought the store, cotton gin and four acres of property from Henry and Alberta Schmidt. Henry and Alberta still live on their farm adjacent to the store and gin.

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Henry and Alberta Schmidt probably don’t realize fully what is due to happen in their sleepy, little farm world on April 13. Nor do other residents in the area. With Shotgun Willie and "Pure Prairie League," there will also be Bulverde’s own Augie Meyer, crazy Ray Wylie Hubbard, Dale Jackson, “Man Mountain and the Green Skime Boys,” and many other bands. Marshall Fein, Stan Burch and Frank Spellman have penetrated the German-American "sauerkraut curtain," so to speak. They’ve won the respect and confidence of the farm folk. They’ve made the people around Specht’s Store an integral part of their daring plan.

Nothing in Specht’s Store has changed. The rustic old signs and equipment are still there. The auto parts department still contains gadgets which fit Model-A and Model-T Fords. Ledger books dating back to the turn of the century are still there. The cotton farmers traded their cotton for eggs, beans, straw hats and tobacco. Those entries are still in those dust-coated, priceless books. Ferd Hanz built the cotton gin and store in 1887, selling the properties in 1907 to William Specht. The Specht family operated until 1963. William Specht ran the store and gin until his death, and his son, Richard Specht, continued on until 1983. They sold to Henry and Alberta Schmidt. The bollweevil hit in 1936, and the cotton gin was closed. Richard Specht and his wife, in their late 70s or early 80s, still live in the New Braunfels area.

To reach Specht’s Store from San Antonio, go directly out Blanco Road and cross 1604. Nine miles past 1604, you’ll see Specht Road. Turn right on Specht Road and follow your nose. It runs right into the store and gin.

“We will have music in the gin,” Stan Burch said, “but we’re also building an outdoor stage in the big oat field next to the gin. We will be able to accommodate huge crowds.” Burch Fein and Spellman agree that they need help from the farm country residents. Said Fein: “They’re a part of it all. Their way of life has not changed from the farm country residents.

The three developers are like little kids on an Easter egg hunt. They continue to find valuable relics from the past as they poke and dig through the rubble which is being carried away.

They are proud of everything. The iron, pot-bellied wood-burning stove still functions in the store. What was once the telephone switchboard for Bulverde, Texas, is still affixed to the wall of Specht’s Store.

At one time, when one wanted to call a resident of that area, they had to place the call to Specht’s Store. The store operator connected the caller.

The three developers admit they are taking a gamble. But they feel that it will pay off.

You’ll be hearing and reading a lot more about Specht’s Store. But remember, you read it first in “The Action.”
Chicken Ranch Dies,  
A Star Is Born

It was back in 1973 that a San Antonio columnist (we'll let you guess what columnist) first wrote about Ron Rose. Here's what was written: "The La Grange chicken ranch, Texas' oldest and most reknown brothel, has now been immortalized in song."

And the tune, titled "La Grange," is done by none other than 'Man Mountain and the Green Slime Boys.' Don't let the name of this singing group mislead you. It's a misnomer. Ron Rose, Don Cass, Dave Hill and Jimmy Fuller have more hair on their heads and faces than Tasmanian devils, but they are not a hard rock group. "Man Mountain and the Green Slime Boys," who appear Thursday nights at Jake Casanova's Towne Pump, actually play country bluegrass music, and they play it well, utilizing guitars, mandolins and banjo.

"La Grange" may not make the hit parade, but it's a catchy tune.

"They sing, 'Just 90 miles from Houston, 120 from San Antonio, etc., etc., etc.'" "Ron Rose of San Antonio has regrouped his bluegrass band--Man Mountain and the Green Slime Boys--and they have officially recorded their song about the now-defunct La Grange chicken ranch . . . ."

It turns out that the song '"La Grange" turned out to be a little more than just another catchy tune. They play it all over the Southwest now.

Now the names in Ron Rose's group are different. Jim Rose sings and plays the drums. Butch Denny sings and plays acoustic and lead guitar. Joe Sarli is on bass, and Bob O'Neil plays piano.

Ron (Man Mountain) Rose picks anything with strings on it--guitar, mandolin and banjo.

Rose calls his outfit "a down-home, foot stompin', good time band that bridges the gap between country and rock."
The Foxy Lady
Plays A Witch

A 6-foot-2-inch vixen is one splendor. A 6-foot-5-inch female fox. Big, blonde Carol has been around San Antonio only about two years. But just about everyone has seen her. How could you miss this mountainous mama? In “Race With the Devil,” Carol plays a witch. Yet few San Antonians know Carol’s background. Before coming here from Fort Worth, she was a high school Spanish and social studies teacher. She speaks three or four languages, and she graduated from just about that many institutions of higher learning. “I once took 60 Spanish students to Mexico City,” she laughs. “They had the time of their lives. My students always loved me.” Carol also produced an artsy little entertainment publication in Fort Worth.

In “Race With the Devil,” Carol did her thing buck naked. The filming took place around Tarpley and Castroville. “I almost froze to death,” she said. “It was cold, cold, cold.”

The movie opens with Warren Oates and Peter Fonda witnessing a witch ritual. Carol and other witches are dancing around a Texas Hill Country bonfire. All in the raw, Joy Gandy, who works for Carol at the Foxy Lady, is another of the witches. “Warren Oates and Peter Fonda are watching us witches through binoculars.” Carol explains. “We do our dance, rip off her dress, and kill her with a knife. They see this human sacrifice. That’s when they start through all of these little Texas towns, trying to make people believe the story of what they saw. “All the white, we witches are causing weird things to happen to them. Finally, in the end, we manage to destroy both of the men. It’s all real crazy. And it was all a lot of fun.”

If they had to be wiped out, Warren Oates and Peter Fonda couldn’t have found a better looking bunch of witches to do them in.

CAROL CONNORS

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CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

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About Our Editor

Antonians and South Texans. He wrote some 16 years for a local daily newspaper. Kindrick’s “Offbeat” column was probably the most popular daily feature in the southern part of Texas.

A veteran newspaperman of some 20 years, Kindrick has worked as a columnist, a feature writer, and has covered everything from police to courthouse to bars and clubs.

Author of a book, “The Best of Sam Kindrick,” and numerous magazine articles, the writer has received more than 30 awards for outstanding journalistic works.

I've got one room papered with 'em,” Kindrick said, “but the whole wad won't buy you a cup of coffee. Still, the writing business is what I love.”

Kindrick is a controversial figure. His readers either hate him or love him—there is no middle ground. But they read him.

Sam Kindrick, editor of "The Action," needs no introduction to most San Antonians. He tells it like it is. Even if he must mash a few toes in the process. But he is noted for his honesty in reporting, and his honesty in dealing with people.

“I guess that’s why I’m usually the tramp,” he laughed. “I’ve often made the mistake of taking people at their word.”

A rebel since he was a kid in Junction, Texas, Sam Kindrick has a unique style of writing. He gets with the people he writes about, and the characters literally live and breathe on the printed page. Kindrick left a local daily last June.

“And I didn’t let the door hit me in the rump when I left,” he laughed. He quickly started writing a column for the popular Northside Recorder, and later became news director of KEXL Radio. At KEXL, Kindrick has established himself as the voice of the young people. He knives into the establishment on poignant issues which delight his young listeners.

Still with the Recorder and KEXL, Kindrick decided that San Antonio needed a first-class entertainment publication. So he got with Bob Fuller. And "The Action" was born.


What started as a lark, the cook-off mushroomed into the largest and most successful promotion in San Antonio history. If one considers that Kindrick did it all within the span of a couple of months and with limited financial resources.

A personal friend of signer and songwriter Willie Nelson, Kindrick brought the Songwriters Hall of Fame winner to headline the show. The rest is history. The community went wild over the idea, and cars were backed up for two miles during the two-day cook-off and music fest.

He turned his cook-off over to Boys Clubs of San Antonio last fall.

Kindrick has chopped cedar in his youth, dug post holes, and worked part-time as a radio commentator before becoming KEXL news director. He graduated from high school in the Hill Country hamlet of Junction. He attended Sul Ross University for two years, later graduating from Southwest Texas University in San Marcos with a BS degree in education and journalism.

“If you’re a pussy,” Kindrick said, “then you don’t belong in the news business.”

And few will deny that Kindrick is a regular rockhead when he believes he is right.

He has covered the last three major hurricanes to hit the Texas Gulf Coast. But his homespun, brassy and slangy column technique is what has made his name a household word in San Antonio.

The 40-year-old Kindrick is now toying with a book about the daily newspaper business. Of this venture, he grins broadly and says, “It would make hellacious reading.”

A rough-talking fellow who minces few words, Kindrick was asked about his plans for "The Action:"

"Hell," he said, "I think we can build it into a top-rate entertainment publication.

And not one of these little rags that must kiss every advertiser’s butt. My feeling has always been this: The advertiser goes with you because you have a product that will sell his product. And I know that ‘The Action’ will be a real raw-meat product that people will appreciate.”

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Leo Lubel, Chairman.
Doug Kershaw
Heads Sun-Fest

Some 30,000 persons are expected this Sunday (March 16) for a star-studded country music festival near Sayers. Headlining the show will be Doug Kershaw and Sammi Shore.

Other fine bands to perform are George Chambers and the Country Gentlemen, Man Mountain and the Green Slime Boys, Sun Fighter, Kustoms, Dakota Jackson and Water Oaks. Also Stardust.

It’s the “Country Under the Sun Fun-Fest.”

This festival will be held on Boots Shaner’s back porch. And this is the same spot which drew to much flak last October when “Arron” and Augie Meyer played.

Neighbors did a bit of complaining and one of the daily newspapers ranted and raved about all the dope freaks who attended.

Everything was blown out of proportion, but the lousy publicity didn’t dampen owner Shaner’s enthusiasm for fun beneath the sun.

High wire right around, ran for the East Central School District Board, lost the election, and started another outdoor blowout.

Here it is. Sammi (Help Me Make It Through The Night) Smith, and Doug (Louisiana Man) Kershaw.

A motorcross and dune buggy race starts at 9 a.m. The music cranks up at high noon and will last until 10 p.m.

There will be plenty of food and cold suds (you can’t tote your own in).

Here’s how to get there. Take South Loop 410 to Highway 87 — approximately five miles from the loop to Sun Country.

If you really need explicit directions, head this: Go south on Loop 410 until you hit 87. Go out 87 six miles past Loop 410. Then turn right on FM 1622. Follow your nose for a mile-and-a-half and you’re there.

Charlie Beiden, who once sang with Adolph Hofner’s band, is producing the show, along with his partner, Jack Walker.

Their outfit is called “Shade Tree Enterprises.”

Emceeing the show will be Sam Kindrick, editor of “The Action” and news director of KEXL Radio.

Advance tickets may be purchased for $4 at Foodway, L&L and Harry’s Western Wear. Tickets at the gate will be $5.

Bijou Is “Good Funky”

These words are emblazoned on the men’s room wall: “Twenty years ago I was a man and my mother’s womb. Now I’m a complete vegetable.”

This sign hangs askew over the bar: “Railway Express Agency.”

Buffalo, bear and Javelina heads glare balefully from the walls.

Living ferns dangle above the bandstand.

A cedar telephone pole stands in the joint. Wires from this pole meander over heads of the patrons. The wires are draped with Spanish moss.

A “Mr. Natural” rolling papers machine is affixed to one wall.

Add bearded, effervescent Romy Vela and balding, motor-mouthed Sidewalk Sam Noin, and there you have The Bijou.

Oh, yeah. There are bands.

Worlds of them. From Blind George McClain, to Ray Wylie Hubbard, to Plum Nelly, to Dog Tooth Violet, to Doak Snedig to Sun Fighter, to Kenneth Threadgill . . . need we go on?

The little Bijou is a funky joint (good funky).

It’s folks are just folks — warm, relaxed and always ready for the best. That’s what the Bijou people have been accustomed to. The best.

Kenneth Threadgill gave the late Janis Joplin her start. And everyone knows that Willie Nelson has dropped by from time to time. He’s a friend of Sam Noin’s, and Willie has mounted that Bijou bandstand on occasions.

Operators Noin and Vela caused some temporary discomfort when they took over the Bijou. Regular patrons didn’t know if they’d dig these two “older types” in their head-style hangout.

They just didn’t know Romy and Sidewalk. Now everything’s cool.

Everything in the Bijou is low profile. The customers stomp the boards and raise hell when the vibes are working in that direction. But the Bijou is the sort of joint you’d let your mother walk into—alone.

It’s funky, rustic and homely. The Bijou is one of the few skull orchards that is pleasant at high noon, and right after Sam and Romy open the doors.

Most drinking establishments in the glaring light of day look something like that fat, mascara-stained beast that Zeb Poopoo awakened with one morning after a week-long drunken.

But the Bijou even looks good the morning after. Maybe it’s the cedar-scented incense.

The place is separated into two sections. One part contains the bar, seats and tables, and the bandstand. The other section has pool tables and other game machinery.

CONCERT ACTION

San Antonio:

March 20: Brownsville Station, Al Stewart and Queen, Municipal Auditorium. Tickets $5, $4, $3—Jamb & Jelly General Store, Record Hole, Josie’s, Flipside, Convention Center Box Office.

March 21: Humble Pie’s farewell concert with Robin Trower, Municipal Auditorium. Tickets at Josie’s.


April 4: Guess Who, Municipal Auditorium. Tickets $6.25 and $5.25—Convention Center Box Office, Jam & Jelly, Record Hole, Flipside.

Austin:

March 15: Tim Weisburg, Ritz Theater.

Houston:

March 29: Marshall Tucker, Houston Music Hall.

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Pool — Free Snacks 4:00 PM

OPEN 10:30 AM- 2:00 AM

MON. - SAT.

12:00 PM - 2:00 AM

Sunday
Longneck Books
Big-Name Bands

How do you open a night spot in San Antonio and hope to succeed when all around you clubs are closing their doors? An interesting question, right? The secret to success is the combination of the right people and the right place, blended with guts and imagination.

The people are an unlikely admixture. The big guy is Ron Singleton, all 6-4 of him. He runs the place. His main qualification for owning a nightclub is intestinal fortitude. Secondly, he has the courage and cash to back up the first. He is a little nervous because he’s never spent much time behind the bar. He is, however, getting a rapid education in the dos and don’ts of running a club. The don’ts are readily self-evident; the dos are much harder to figure out.

Ron does have help. He’s not standing totally alone against the world. The help comes in the form of two people. They are Larry Trader and Buzz Williams. Larry is imminently qualified to counsel on the operation of a club, having sent the major portion of his life before the bar. He knows all of the don’ts and a lot of the dos about running a bar. What Larry doesn’t know is covered by what Buzz Williams knows.

Buzz comes to San Antonio from Austin, where he has gathered quite a bit of experience from such notable establishments as the Alliance Wagyard and the Texas Ottery House. Buzz is a wizard at booking talent. If you’ve been keeping up with the entertainment that has been appearing lately in San Antonio, you already know that this guy has some pull with the managers of some of the biggest names around this part of the country.

If you hadn’t guessed already, the place we’re talking about is the Longneck. It’s in a spot in San Antonio and hopefully the name of the old Diablos.

Light Show Slated

Rock fans, here it is. It’s “Nektar,” a Germany-based British group which brings San Antonio a music and light show of the kinds which has never been pre-

sent in Texas.

In Europe, these cats are known as “the lords of light,” and they’ll be turning on here March 28 at Municipal Auditorium.

This is the first American tour for “Nektar,” and their type show cannot be adequately described in print. Perhaps it was more of a fate which drew Derek Moore, Roy Albrighton, Alan Freeman, and Ron Howden to Germany in 1968.

They were sick of British rock radio, which played the same 20 songs over and over. It could well be just a coincidence that those four extremely talented musicians all happened to stroll in for a jam at the famed Star Club, Hamburg’s most renowned rock venue.

They got it all together, and “the lords of light” are ready to show us their stuff. “Nektar’s” stage presentation is something quite unique, as it includes the most intricate light show that the world has yet seen.

Using laser beams and equipment which looks like something out of a science fiction movie, Nektar manages to project three-dimensional images into the audience.

Imagine sitting in your seat watching a concert when suddenly a person appears dancing above your head.

Said Derek Moore, “With us, the lights are another instrument and are used to try and paint pictures of our music.”

This promises to be a real freakout.

KEXL’s Allen Grimm will introduce the show, which also includes music by “Psyche of Dog.”

Tickets are priced at $4, $4.50 and $5.50. They may be purchased at Jam & Jelly General Store, the Convention Center box office, Record Holes and Flipside.

Cocktails - Wine - Draft or Bottle Beer
SUGAR SHACK
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CLUB FOR LEASE with low equity! 674-4024 - 341-4577.

LOUNGE: Rent or Sale. Phone 655-3047 or 653-9007.

DUE TO RECENT operation owner must sell lounge in popular Northside Mall. Serving beer and mixed drinks only, no food. Call Tommy, 342-4584, 344-5764.

WANTED: Mexican food kitchen cook-helper. 923-4722.

SOUTHSIDE MUSIC CO.

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THE GALAXY

BOB MICKEY, (OWNER)

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Cold Beer - Pool - Games

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WAITRESS, nights 7-2 a.m. Call 923-9439. 10:30-Noon. Busiest Club In Town! Grossing $90,000 Plus per year. 8¾ percent loan, $15,000 down. Beer, wine, foosball and pool. 344-7157.

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FROM YOUR FRIENDS AT KEXL

EXLECTIC ROCK FROM
"THE RADIO STATION"
**DIAMOND SALE**

**DIAMOND EARRINGS IN 14K GOLD**

- 1/4 O. Sugg. Retail $19.95 ...... New '99 Lapidary
- 1/3 O. Sugg. Retail $29.95 ...... New '129
- 1/2 O. Sugg. Retail $39.95 ...... New '179
- 3/4 O. Sugg. Retail $59.95 ...... New '279
- 1 O. Sugg. Retail $79.95 ...... New '399

Choose White or Yellow Gold

**DIAMOND SOLITAIRES**

- 1/4 CARAT ...... $99
- 1/3 CARAT ...... $1,197
- 1/2 CARAT ...... $1,397
- 3/4 CARAT ...... $1,997
- 1 CARAT ...... $5,997

**LOOSE (unmounted) DIAMONDS**

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**LADIES' 19 DIAMOND 2 CARAT Ring**

- Sugg. Retail $995.00
- NOW $497

Choose White or Yellow Gold

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- SAT. 9 'Til 6

**OPEN WEEK DAYS**

- MON.-FRI. 9 'Til 9
- SAT. 9 'Til 6

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