Meet Wolfman Jack
AUGIE MEYERS & The Western Head Band
singing for Pearl Beer over Texas radio network

First in the heart of Texas.
I get a big hunk out of the mixed reactions to Action Magazine. We know thousands love to read it, some hate it, and then there are a few annoabooba-types like the wealthy fellow who said, “I like your magazine, but I just couldn’t have my store connected with it. We do have an image to uphold, and I feel sure you can understand this.” He’s right. I do understand. Feeling something between pity and disgust for this insufferable soul. I tried to hail politely explains that I can hobble along without his redneck support.

Now that Action is being offered on a subscription basis (see adjoining article), the image class can have it mailed to their maid quarters, then sneak it out and read it in the John before flushing us down the duanicker. No one but the maid will ever have to know.

It seems that someone gets bent out of shape every time I open my mouth or hit a typewriter key.

I have been accused of leaning toward the outlaw or precision-type entertainers. If this be the indictment, I’ll just have to plead guilty, because I have written more than once that the Willies, the Waylons, the Emmylou and the Jerry Jeffs are so far ahead of the wenguin, flat, nasal, be-sequined Nashville establishment pickers that no comparison can be made.

From the local level to the national level, I love the Augie Meyers, the Willie Nelsons, the Emmylou Harrises, the David Allan Coes, the Kinky Friedman, the Waylon Jenningses and all the others who insist upon making good music in their own free way.

Back Scratching

Although Waylon Jennings was too late in asking that his name be withdrawn from the Country Music Association awards balloting, it is understandable that he didn’t want any part of this small, etnithas aspirations of Nashville musicians. The CMA is like the local Sigma Delta Chi journalism fraternity awards farce-stuttering Mel Tillis, And this isn’t to knock Mel. But and the Jerry Jeffs are so far ahead of the wenguin, flat, nasal, be-sequined Nashville establishment pickers that no comparison can be made.

While Jennings and Willie Nelson did capture three CMA awards with their “Outlaws” album and their single duo cut of “Good Hearted Woman,” neither of them was selected country entertainer of the year. This coveted honor was reserved for good, ole stuttering Mel Tillis. And this isn’t to knock Mel. But facts are facts. Willie and Waylon recently sold out the California Hollywood Bowl (it holds 18,000), and their New Year’s Eve show at Houston’s Summit set an indoor box office record for this country.

Mel Tillis couldn’t fill up Randy’s Rooster on a Saturday night. And, surely, in his heart, Mel knows that he is neither the writer, the song stylist nor an entertainer of the Nelson or Jennings ilk.

The traditional country people don’t like to hear talk like this. And it gallstheirass to read it.

Record sales, not the mutual admiration society of Nashville, are the criteria by which we must go in determining who is the true king of country music.

Match the Sales

Record sales, will give you an mighty good indication as to who the people are really listening to. And I will defy the belt buckle publishers to match Tillis’s album and single sales against those of Jennings or Nelson.

The CMA awards show a joke.

Columns with statements like this have a tendency to get the rednecks all riled and lathered up because the mortal truth often hurts.

People with images to uphold love to hear a Jennings or a Nelson song on the radio, but they damn sure don’t want their names connected with these raggedy assed weirdos bearded with the big voices and great talent.

This very subject lends itself to a redneck’s lament, and I’m just sorry that I’m about out of space and time for such a rendition.

Goddammit, ma, how come them dope-smokin’ freaks wearin’ earrings and tennis shoes sound better than our good guys on the Grand Ole Opry? How’s that for openers?

We might really stretch this subject into something that could be framed and hung in the the Farmer’s Daughter. But why bother?

There are some good musicians who must record in Nashville, and many of them are like the cat who figures his image is of paramount importance. Different strokes for different folks.

But don’t tell me that Mel Tillis is truly the country entertainer of the year. Kristofferson says it all when he sings about the outlaw of the outlaws… “If you don’t like Hank Williams, honey, you can kiss our ass.”

SUBSCRIBE TO ACTION!

Readers may now subscribe to Action Magazine.

Until this month, the progressive magazine has not been available on a subscription basis. While the magazine will still be distributed without cost in restaurants, clubs, hotels, motels and other people spots, it will also be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada.

Since Action’s birth almost two years ago, we have resisted the public’s insistence that a mailing and subscription list be compiled. And for what we felt were sound reasons.

Now-defunct publications like Texas Southwest Magazine and the River City Times have been pitched at the public with all sorts of big promises which never materialized.

Unfortunately, there are still some people in this area who paid money for publications which are no longer being published.

Action is on sound footing. It has been accepted by this community, and we continue to grow and expand.

Our initial feeling was to publish a magazine that would capture readers and advertisers. Both of these objectives were quickly accomplished.

We don’t need to throw out a bunch of ballyhoo as to what this publication is all about. Our thousands of readers can see what Action is.

The insistence that we start a subscription list came from people who don’t get into the clubs, from out-of-town residents, and from the many people who often miss the publication that is never left to gather dust in any of our many distribution spots.

To be quite frank about it, we’ve held off on the mail-out because mail-outs are a pain in the ass. Stencils must be cut, there is the hassle of handling, and postage fees must be paid.

But the insistence has now become a public outcry. Musicians, mamas of musicians, recording studios, radio stations, old folks who can’t get out of their homes, and thousands of fun-loving people who miss the magazine at regular distribution spots are yowling for subscriptions.

So here it is, brothers and sisters. Fill out the coupon, enclose the bread, and we’ll mail you the editorially sharpest and most honest magazine published in America today.

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Action Magazine, November, 1976 • 3 •
Wolfman Jack
Still Howling
In Visit Here

By Marlene James

Wolfman Jack doesn’t need a full moon to howl. Just hand him a microphone, provide a live audience, or lend a willing ear, and the ageless disc jockey will engage the mouth that has made him famous with two generations of rock ‘n’ roll fans.

While the 50s rock ‘n’ roll spectacular that Wolfman came here to head at the Convention Center Banquet Hall didn’t set any box office record, those who attended got rocked out of their socks.

We tagged along on the afternoon before the show last month as Jack did his thing on two local radio stations and one television channel.

Up since 4:30 that morning, the star of Midnight Special whose voice is now heard over more than 2,000 radio stations the world over arrived at International Airport ready to talk with the fans and clown for the camera.

“Don’t let the hamburger stand,” Jack rattled. Professing his age to be 38, Jack noted that he got his start in radio on the Texas-Mexico border in 1962, blowing end on Del Rio’s mighty 250,000 watt XERF.

The Brooklyn, New York native who never finished high school hasn’t slowed a bit since, and he was all the professional as the 50s concert promoters paraded him through radio stations KTSA and KSAQ here in San Antonio. The bearded father of kids age 13 and 15 also went on stand, “Jack noted that he got his three-hour oldies show every week which is American Air Force recruiting. When the 50s rock ‘n’ roll hits show.

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Give It Back To Ghosts

By Sam Kindrick

Terlingua died once to eventually become a respectable little ghost town. It's sad and too bad that the maggots of humanity had to go back and re-infest the place.

Now, I feel, it is time to return the beautiful ghost silver mining town of Terlingua to the ghosts who rightfully own it. Things as they seem, just ain't fit for much.

After that horrible fiasco last month which was billed as a world chili cookoff, I blew snid in the dirt, wiped my cold nose, and climbed back into the little single engine airplane which had brought me to a once-happy area of Texas and the world. Flying up and away through the clear mountain air, I looked back once to view the sorry remains of a festering people sore on the earth.

Yankee photographers and typewriter jockeys who had been sent to cover the 10th Annual Wick Fowler Memorial Championship World Chili Cookoff were beginning to wallow sickly in their sleeping sacks. Everything from redneck Tampons to the smouldering ashes of a dune buggy someone had set afire covered the earth. Between 200 and 300 lawmen belched, coughed, farted and strapped their loaded sidearms back on their hips. The hideous little iron bar animal cage they had set up as a temporary jail sat ludicrous beside the road leading down into Texas' Big Bend National Park.

The female peace justice who had held court the night and day before lay snoozing in her mobile home courtroom.

Texas newspaperman Wick Fowler and writer and humorist Ailen Smith are dead now. It's just as well that they were not on hand to see what the little outdoor cookout they started 10 years ago had degenerated into.

Playboy Magazine's pseudo-sophisticates have splashed Terlingua between their biased interviews and gaping vagina photographs. It's just too bad that we couldn't have left Hugh Hefner's shriveled scrotum stretched on the Terlingua trading post wall for passing coyotes to snap at during the nights to come. Easterners like Hefner and the Yankee photographers and cameramen running around with 35 m.m. cameras hanging from their necks started giving the Texas crazies all sorts of publicity after four or five great chili cookoffs in the Big Bend. This all led to other things.

A few trouble-makers began to show for the chili bash, but these bums could have been weeded out right along with the foreigners who had no business in Terlingua to begin with. It would have taken only a handful of good lawmen who understood people, chili, and the land of Texas.

But such was not to be. A redneck clown by the name of Paul Vonn recently purchased the historic little ghost mercury mining town, and it was this idiot who actually requested security forces large enough to have whipped Santa Anna away from the Alamo. Not being one to disappoint the self-annointed "Terlingua Vonn," Brewster County Sheriff Jim Skinner mobilized a force estimated between 200 and 300 armed officers who represented the Department of Public Safety's sheriff's department of four counties, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Border Patrol, and the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Asked if he had enough officers to handle the estimated crowd of 3,000, including women and children, the old tush hog sheriff drewled and spat in the dirt: "I reckon I do. We just come down heah to keep the peace."

Unable to find enough dope fiends and other meancies to society, Skinner's forces contented themselves with roughing up people like the Lone Star Beer sound truck man who was jailed and beaten because he failed to turn down the volume of his music upon command. Others were snatched up for being drunk and riding motorcycles without head­ gears. Those who could pay cash fines were freed by the female kangaroo justice. Those who couldn't pay on the spot were either herded into the rusty little animal cage or hauled off to jail in Alpine.

Most of the lawmen were on foot, but some rode horses and carried rattle. None of the officers even bothered to help when a dune buggy was set blazing throughout the night. They all seemed more intent upon the possibility of roping, clubbing or plugging someone.

Terlingua Vonn, who charged concessionaires...
Sam Kindrick Does News on KEXL—104FM

NEWS THROUGH THE BLOODSHOT EYES OF A LONGHAIRED REDNECK

MON.-FRI.
6:50, 7:50, 8:50 & 11:50 A.M.

SATURDAYS
7:50, 8:50 & 11:50 A.M.
Terlingua Cookoff...

$100 to set up their booths, stomped around issuing such statements as, “I told everyone I wouldn’t allow a bunch of rowdies in my town!”

About the only enjoyable part of my trip was the airplane ride to the Big Bend and back with Buffalo Phil Kohne, a bush pilot and Texas rancher who raises bison; Jerry Johnston, the publisher of the Texas Trophy Hunter’s magazine; and Bob Marsh, publicity man for Pearl Brewing Co.

Before we took off from a west San Antonio air field, Buffalo Phil added up our combined weights to make sure we would have enough fuel to top the last mountain range before alighting on that little dirt airstrip near Terlingua.

Ahead of us, Pearl’s Marsh had sent a mobile home, and Buffalo Phil added up our combined weights to make sure we would have enough fuel to top the last mountain range before alighting on that little dirt airstrip near Terlingua.

So there we were the next day and cold night, watching the sorry spectacle which was the 10th annual Wick Fowler Memorial Championship World Chili Cookoff at Terlingua.

The self-important “Terlingua Vonn” was running off at the mouth. A yellow-toothed redheaded douche bag without underdrawers was heisting her skirt and “mooning!” Kent Finlay as his High Cotton Express Band worked during the afternoon. Lawmen and more lawmen strutted through the crowd like gamecocks. Finlay bedmouthised the fuzz from his band perch in front of the trading post. Everyone, for that matter, bedmouthised the fuzz. And the fuzz responded by hauling folks off to the little animal bar cage and the justice of the peace on wheels.

Before we took off from a west San Antonio air field, Buffalo Phil added up our combined weights to make sure we would have enough fuel to top the last mountain range before alighting on that little dirt airstrip near Terlingua.

The losers, I figure, were the real chili lovers who were in on the first few cookoffs. That isn’t what the late Wick Fowler and H. Allen Smith had in mind when they started the party 10 years ago. If there should be an 11th annual Terlingua cookoff, and this is doubtful now, it would be only fitting for a squadron of West Texas buzzards to fly over the ghost town and puke green globs on every sonofabitch stupid enough to be in attendance. Me included.
MenudoFest Was Great

The Fourth World's Championship Menudo Cookoff was a smashing success for Boys Clubs of San Antonio, but next year's event just cannot be held in Comal County. Sheriff Happy Feller and the redneck deputies on his staff have made it plain and clear that they have no sympathy for San Antonio music and fun lovers. While the El Tropicano Ranch near Bulverde was a beautiful site for the big two-day cookoff and festival, and while the El Tropicano Hotel people who own the ranch donated their land for Boys Clubs use, the Comal County rent deputies treated the festival goers like subhuman invaders from another land.

Comal County Commissioners Court forced the Boys Clubs directors to shut down the music at 11 p.m. on the first day of the cookoff and festival, and at 9 p.m. on the second and final evening.

Great musicians like Roy Head and Augie Meyers played the show which netted Boys Clubs of San Antonio more than $20,000 as crowds estimated upwards from 10,000 ate, drank, danced and whooped it up on Oct. 11 and 12. Hundreds of others donated their time and money to the worthy cause. Yet the largest expense accrued by Boys Clubs was the some $3,000 which had to be handed Comal County for "security."

The so-called security amounted mainly to harassment by deputies who Boys Clubs were forced to hire.

People were hauled in and ticketed for the most trivial of offenses—most of them involving traffic. Since the great cookoff and festival was started four years ago at Raymond Russell Park with Willie Nelson headlining the show, there hasn't been one incident of trouble that could even be considered half serious.

Boys Clubs directors haven't yet announced formally that they are seeking a site for next year's cookoff on friendly soil in Bexar County, but we...
...But We Gotta Move It

happen to know that they are eager and open to any offer from a kindly ranchman who might donate his land to help the underprivileged Boys of San Antonio.

However, it should be noted here that the festival organizers had one hell of a time even finding a rural spot to hold the big cookoff until last year’s cookoff on El Tropicano Ranch was a success, and one would think that the Comal gourmets would have lightened up for this year’s blast. But no. Some of the Tropicano neighbors lusted about the possibility of loud disturbing music, and it wasn’t definite until the final week whether the cookoff could be held at all in Comal. The men behind Boys Clubs of San Antonio had to stand with hats in hand before an alien commissioners court and make any and all concessions that Comal County demanded.

Despite all of the pre-festival sweat, the maximum parking tickets written, the pushing and shoving and glaring by Comal rent fuzz, the festival wasn’t a ripoff by the men behind Boys Clubs. The three winning cooks from a kindly ranchman who further donated to the cause.

The three winning cooks auctioned off their bowls of menudo to buyers who have been avoided, the maximum parking tickets written, the downtown busts which could have resulted. Country recording artist Johnny Bush, who had a team entered in the second cookoff, bought the second place bowl for $350, and Alamo Bail Bonds paid $150 for the third place entry.

Larry Van Horn and Ray Wilkerson paid $60 for a goat which was also auctioned off to buy Boys Clubs.

Top showmanship award went to the Anglers Club of San Antonio, Piedras Negras Municipal Jail was second, and the Outdoorsman was third.

Susie Tonetti and Jo Lynn Hubley of Ramiro Cevera Group

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Tumbleweed Station is one of the newest, most unique and possibly the most offbeat eating and entertainment spots in this area. It is a restaurant-bar-patio arrangement out near the University of Texas at San Antonio which combines a rustic open-air outdoor atmosphere with the warm elegance of an indoor eatery which serves everything from steaks to prime rib to home-cooked bread.

As for the obscurity part of Tumbleweed Station, owner Dennis Burkholder and his manager, Red Moehring, are swiftly working to acquaint the public with the place. Tumbleweed Station has its own coach—a fine bus—which is used to shuttle students to and from the eatery, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.

While numerous UT students have discovered the bar or patio area (usually small acts), the restaurant part is quaint and cozy, replete with people, dishes, customers, Dennis Burkholder compensates for his handicap by memorizing the sounds of a voice.

Moehring is a tall redheaded string-bean countryfied cat who tells every girl who applies for a waitress position: "If you don't really love people... then you won't like to work here for us."

Said Moehring of his bubbly girls: "These girls I've hired really love people. I do too. I just have a thing about waiters and waitresses who walk up to your table, stand there stiffly, and say something like, 'Good evening, ladies and gentle- men. I am so-and-so and will be your waitress for the evening.' I would much rather have a waitress who can walk up to a table and say, 'Hi, y'all, we're mighty proud to have you out here at our place. And I mean one who means it when she says it.'

Little more needs to be said about management.

Dennis Burkholder (left) and Red Moehring

---

**Menuco Cookoff... concluded**

Miss Menudo 1976. On the first night of the cookoff (a Saturday), Augie Meyers put on a great show with his Western Head Band. And Roy Head didn't let the crowd down on the final night. Wearing the silks and satins from his rock 'n roll days, Head, who is now considered to be a country performer, did it up brown. He joked with the crowd, working well with "The Flight Combination," his backup group from San Antonio which had no chance to practice with the recording stars.

Dumbfounded when told that he had to shut his show down at 3 o'clock sharp. Head told his screaming audience: "I'm very sorry that we can't keep right on going. But there just seems to be people in this old world who don't like to see other people have a good time."

Ramiro Cevera's orchestra performed both days, along with mariachis and other fine country groups who donated their time and talents to the cause.

Boys Clubs of San Antonio directors have not formally announced that they are seeking a new site for this fine community project. They can't afford to shut the door at this time on the El Tropicano Ranch and Comal County. But a site is sorely needed, and we feel that the men behind this project would jump at a nice place in Bexar County could be reached.

Surely we can hold our own Fifth Annual World's Championship Menudo Cookoff in our own county. With lawmen working security who have a soft spot in their hearts for a bunch of young boys who direly need the help that this great function can provide.

Why keep bucking the odds, we ask, and continue the risk of Sheriff Happy Feller and his redneck pistoleros ruining one of the finest projects ever created for the Bexar County and San Antonio community?
The big change has hit San Antonio at the Bijou, "where progressive country meets jazz," in the point in entertainment that Don Earl Harding and the rest of the club’s management presents weekly. For someone who recently quit playing for Joker Moon after four or five years, Don seems to have gained other musical interests that, backed with his experience in the business, will benefit the Bijou. He’s already making plans to book the father of blues himself, Lightning Hopkins. Starcrost and The Point are the most talked-about groups we’ve had for jazz night on Wednesdays. Starcrost performed for the benefit the Bijou had for Trinity’s radio station KRTU on October 25, 26, & 29. During the benefit the live radio broadcast line, which goes from the Bijou to KRTU, was first used. The line will broadcast live entertainment from the club regularly as long as they have the public’s support.

Starrost introduced to San Antonio on KTRU. David King, KRTU disc jockey, first heard of the group when Mike Mordecai brought three newly-released albums to the station. Mike is the business-minded trombonist in Starcrost.

All jazz oriented, the albums were productions of 47 Times It’s Own Weight, Starcrost and Steam Heat recorded on Fable Records. Mike Mordecai and planner Patrick Rockhill started Fable Records in Austin in order to provide an outlet for jazz in Texas. Since Fable was formed in the later part of 1975 they have been providing work for un-employed jazz musicians, and now handle at half-dozen jazz acts under its subsidiary, BBA Management. Among the newcomers signing on with Mordecai’s jazz company are three progressive country acts—an indication, perhaps, of how the scheme of things is beginning to change.

The two key groups of music that definitely deserve some credit in the development of the Austin jazz scene, Mike said, were the Electromagnets, were easily identifiable with the rockers which provided an audience interested in 47 Times It’s Own Weight, who were definitely jazz, he said. Starcrost was playing cocktail jazz along the Herby Hancock and Duke Ellington line at the time, around the end of 1974. Mike explained. Though the money was good doing cocktail jazz, once the group saw an audience was ready for the spontaneity they had to express in their own style of jazz, they got out of the cocktail racket.

“Emotional communication directed to the sense of audio is what it’s all about,” said Mike, who has played with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra, The Temptations, and other national and local groups. “There are only twelve notes you can choose from in our society’s music, and the fact that those notes can be arranged in so many different and unique patterns is what makes music beautiful and exciting.”

“We are not competing with progressive country,” Mike explained. Yet as Don Earl Harding puts it, there is a change in the trend of musical appreciation and as it begins to include more jazz the Bijou will provide more jazz nights. Starcrost plays at the Bijou frequently not only because they like the management and the people that go there but also the smallness of the club makes it easier to communicate, Mike said.

Starcrost will be back at the Bijou November 10 and for a three-day weekend the third weekend of this month. The vocals of Liza Farrow separate Starcrost’s entertainment from other jazz groups. She has developed a tone in three

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**Starcrost Trombonist Mike Mordecai**

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**Jim Spector Plays Bass**

---

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**SUGAR DADDY’S DELIGHTFUL DOGS**

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**Burgers**

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**Chili Dogs**

1.75

**Chili Cheese Dogs**

1.85

**Homemade Pimento Cheese Sandwich**

1.45

** Bryce’s Salad**

75

**Apple Pie**

95

**This Pie is Made Fresh Daily**

**Coffee**

SUN TEA

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**SUGAR DADDY’S DELIGHTFUL DOGS**

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1.35

**Burgers**

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1.75

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**Homemade Pimento Cheese Sandwich**

1.45

**Bryce’s Salad**

75

**Apple Pie**

95

**This Pie is Made Fresh Daily**

**Coffee**

SUN TEA

“Order Of $3.00 or More...

---

**SUGAR DADDY’S DELIGHTFUL DOGS**

**HOT DOGS**

1.35

**Burgers**

1.35

**Chili Dogs**

1.75

**Chili Cheese Dogs**

1.85

**Homemade Pimento Cheese Sandwich**

1.45

**Bryce’s Salad**

75

**Apple Pie**

95

**This Pie is Made Fresh Daily**

**Coffee**

SUN TEA

“Order Of $3.00 or More...
years which is instrumental as well as lyrical. Liza tunes the listener into the wood winds as her voice follows the tone of the trombone.

The only music major of the group, she studied at Baylor and U.T. in Austin where Starcrost got together. "I came to a deadend in the serious music," Liza said, meaning there just wasn't the challenge there that jazz seems to provide. She started singing with Starcrost in 1974, about three months after the band was formed.

Liza said she can also be heard on KRTU Wednesday night from 8-9 as she disc jockeys the Fable jazz hour. She'll most likely play some Starcrost, who shall be heard on more stations across the country. Fable records near the beginning of the month sent out Starcrost's album on a nation-wide spotting release basis. Mike Mordecai said, "I'd give you a hand, but I'm with you in this Quicksand."

Action Magazine, November, 1976
Kenton's Plastic Girl Balled Earl

Singer and song-writer Kent Finlay of San Marcos has finally got "Plastic Girl" on wax. It's a hilarious single recording with a really catchy tune about Wendy—a "wife-size, life-size, full-blown blowup plastic girl" who does just about everything a man could ask for.

Finlay sings about his mail-order plastic bedmate with the feeling and conviction of a sex and love-starved country boy who thought he had found Valhalla on the ground until he caught sight of Wendy balling his best friend Earl.

Before friend Earl hopped in the sack with the "wife-size, life-size, full-blown blowup plastic girl," Wendy would stay inflated when Finlay had her plug in, and when he pulled it out, she would "go down." Finlay, a co-owner of the Cheatham Street Warehouse in San Marcos, has more than a fair-to-middlin' songwriting finger on the pulse of the market serious songs, the former college professor decided to try for some novelty stuff.

"Plastic Girl" is definitely a fine and original tune with an age-old story and lyrics which will crack up most listeners. And in comparison with some of the fit injected into our hard rock platters of the day, "Plastic Girl" is a mildly-titilating sound and word treat which shouldn't spook many progressive FM radio program directors.

Wrote Nat Henderson of the Austin American-Statesman: "Plastic Girl" written by Finlay and played in what he calls "Texas music" style, was recorded on the Maverick label in Nashville and will be distributed later this week to area radio stations. If your favorite station doesn't have a copy, ask them to get it, because this record is too funny to be missed. The Maverick label belongs to Finlay and his maverick producer, Darrell Staedler of Liano and formerly of Nashville. A nationally-known song-writer himself, Staedler is best known in the business for his "Honkytonk Stardust Cowboy," a tune recorded by the late Lefty Frizzell and others.

"We've pressed a bunch of test copies," Staedler said, "Hopefylly, we can get some good airplay with "Plastic Girl," and later really get something going. It's happening right here in Texas, and I feel that talents like Kent are long overdue some recognition: 'This is a fine recording of a fine tune,' Well I know I had to have her and I sent off in the mail. When I saw her picture in that magazine...

And when the postman brought her I thrilled as I blew up. The prettiest plastic girl you've ever seen...

Well, I called my new girl, Wendy, and Wende blew my mind, "Cause no one ever had her before me...

And girls like that are gettin' awful hard to find. So I planned to keep her til eternity. She's a life-size, wife-size, full-blown blowup plastic girl... And nothing's missed...

And she's more than just a friend—she never has a headache or bad breath when you're kissin'. And she's there when you need her, and she doesn't have a dog. And her skin's as smooth as a pearl. She's a life-size, wife-size full-blown blowup plastic girl. Now I didn't tell nobody except my best friend Earl: "Cause you can't trust just anyone you see. And every night when I come home all tired from making pizza, Wendy would be waitin' there for me...

And she always left me breathless every time I blew her up, the way she filled out that see-through gown.

And when I pulled it out then she'd go down...

And the one I always thought would always be just mine, Layin' there with Earl, my best friend...

Well I never dreamed that Wendy would be the cheatin' kind. And I didn't think that Earl would let me down...

But you don't know what will happen in these mixed-up times...

'Cause there sure are lots of weirdos runnin' round...

On she's a life-size, wife-size, full-blown blowup plastic girl...

And I'm gonna miss her...

But a man must have his pride, so I can't take her back now...

Not after catchin' her and Earl, my life-size, wife-size full-blown blowup plastic girl...

Finlay, who leads a band called the High Cotton Express, wrote the song after seeing an ad about a plastic balloon which blew up into a shapely young woman. He even ordered one of the balloons, and Wendy is now lounging behind the bar at Finlay's Cheatham Street Warehouse.

Test copies of "Plastic Girl" are now being distributed to area radio stations.

Finlay and Staedler both know how rough it is to get radio play if you aren't on a major label, but Finlay is hoping that "Plastic Girl" will carry itself onto the turntables when the programmers hear this catch of a novelty song.

Finlay, we might add, has written another song which gets wild response at some parties, but this one will never be recorded or offered to a radio station. It's titled, "How Do You Tell A Nigger You Don't Love Her Anymore..."

DRUG OK?

Doing drugs and smoking pot seems to be okay with security digs at local concerts (the Convention Center and Municipal Auditorium) when municipal cops will benefit. But just let the kids light up at some promotion on private land, and down comes the righteous fuss.

Smoke Problems?

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THIS JOINT ALWAYS HAS SOME SORT OF ACTION AND WE DON'T MEAN THIS PAPER JACKSON...

The Boys At The MAZZ Think Sam Sucks And We Don't Mean Tourname Poop!
Latino Film To Premiere Thanksgiving

Latino Festival—a film on music produced by artists of Mexican-American heritage, many of them from San Antonio—will premiere here this Thanksgiving at local theaters.

Stars which will be in the movie made in and around San Antonio include Johnny Rodriguez, Freddy Fender, the Lennon Sisters of Lawrence Walk champagne fame (they are a quarter Mexican-American), Rene & Rene, comedian Jimmy Martinez from the Tony Orlando Show, El Curro, ventriquist Oscar Zamora, Tex-Mex singer Ruben Ramos and the Chicago crooner known by all, Trini Lopez. And there are many others.

Tony Calderon, the former activist who angered more than a few "gringos" around here during the late 1960s and early 1970s as head of the federally-funded IMAGE organization, is the creator of this film which was produced by his IMAGE Productions.

The original IMAGE stood for "Involvement of Mexican-Americans Engaged in Gainful Endeavors." It was a non-profit organizations devoted to blasting anyone who portrayed a Mexican-American in the old burro-riding, ass-sitting, tequila-drinking stereotype. Many felt Calderon pushed a bit hard by sticking the film Bandido off national television, but the IMAGE man did get everyone's attention.

Now, however, Calderon points out the IMAGE production is a profit-making, Hollywood-based operation which is dedicated to helping the Mexican-American artists, himself and others connected with his production make dollars. As many dollars as possible.

"The old IMAGE thing was good," he said. "It was a non-profit organization which, I feel, accomplished what we set out to accomplish. Now we are in business to promote our people and make money at the same time."

Fifty per cent of the take from this premiere, however, will go to the West Side Boys Clubs, according to Calderon.

He went on to say that the performers on film sing about 90 per cent of their work in Spanish and the other half in English.

"It is pitched at the Mexican-American audience," Calderon said; "but can be enjoyed by the general public. We have some really dynamite acts on this show.

"Ils dressed all this is not a movie with a plot of any sort. It is strictly a concert-type show on film," he said, "and it will be shown outdoors on the San Antonio River.

San Antonians Rene & Rene open the show with their great song "Peasants." Ironically and appropriately, Freddy Fender, once known as Baldemar Huerta (the Bop Kid), closes the film concert with an old hit song which was jointly written by Calderon and San Antonio's Ray Liberto who also recorded the number titled "Wicked, Wicked Woman."

As Baldemar Huerta, Fender recorded the tune in Spanish years ago (in Spanish it is 'Mala, Mala, Mala). And he sings it in Spanish on the film.

Liberto points out that Fender has the recording on his soon-to-be-released album.

Calderon said the locations for the premiere will be announced soon.

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Dave’s No Pro... He’s Just Better

By Gloria Delgado

All good musicians are not band members. Some are like Dave Fisk, a guy who enjoys just fiddling around.

And most weekends Dave Fisk wins trophies for his fiddling. Winning 12 out of 12 fiddling contests this year ain’t too shabby for a man who doesn’t read a note of music.

Fisk, an installation control foreman with the telephone company in San Antonio, entered his first contest three months after he learned to play the fiddle.

“Fiddling is very relaxing. You can let all your troubles go—there’s no doubt about that,” he laughs.

Although it’s an enjoyable hobby, Fisk admits he never picks up his fiddle except when he’s in a contest or jamming and picking with his friends in his front yard.

“I’d rather spend a day playing for people’s enjoyment than anything else,” he said.

During the summer and early fall Fisk spends most weekends competing in contests all over the state. And most Sundays he comes home a champ and ready for the next contest. He usually wins a trophy or a plaque and a cash award which goes to pay for the trip’s expenses for him and his family.

“More important than winning trophies is the pleasure of getting together with friends and family at jam sessions,” Fisk pointed out.

No two fiddlers play any tune alike, either, according to Fisk. “Each one adds special melodies to tunes. Most music is passed from father to son and each adds a little something of his own.”

Fisk believes country and western music is getting to be as popular as any other type of music. “The nostalgia kick is responsible for bringing back the oldtime music,” he said.

Fisk, who has 10 years service with the phone company, now has more than 25 trophies and plaques and 10 ribbons he has won.

But he has no plans to fiddle professionally. “I enjoy just playing at my own pace. It’s just a hobby to me because my family comes first,” he said.

It’s a seesaw victory every year for the world fiddling championship. Fisk beat the world champion in 1969, and he figures he might capture the title again.

But Dave Fisk isn’t all that gungho to be the top amateur. His main concern is the re-emergence of fiddling as an art.

“Fiddling is coming back. People are getting back to old music,” he said. “Oldtime music—not just amplified music.”

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GAMES ON
SUNDAYS

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PERIOD
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THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

conducted a poll which showed the Madison, Wisconsin Capital Times to be the only daily newspaper in America to print the statement in full which caused Earl Butz to lose his job as Secretary of Agriculture. AP did put Earl's raunchy ethnic slur on its wires, but the daily editors chose to substitute euphemisms, blanks, dots, and other edit symbols that daily editors feel are better and less offending than the cold, stark truth.

Since Earl Butz was a high official in President Gerald Ford's cabinet, and since <editorial> Ford is running for re-election as President of the United States, and since dots and dashes and little euphemisms just don't get it in a case like this, and since we don't feel that a pre­

brained, newspaper editor has any business deciding what the people of this country should and should not read when it comes to high government business, and since we consider our readers to be as mature and intelligent as any daily newspaper hacker, here is exactly what Earl the Pearl's mouth when singer Pat Boone asked the secretary why the Republic­

an Party couldn't attract more women.

"I'll tell you why you can't attract colored," Butz said. "Because colored only want three things. I'll tell you what colored want: it's three things: first, a light pussy; second, loose shoes, and third, a warm place to shut. That's all!"

Unfortunately, the three desires listed by Butz will apply to some of the ink-stained daily newspaper ciphers who sit around a press club telling each other just how smart they are.

***

WE WOULD LOVE to push with advertisements about each and every business person who advertises in the progressive mag. But every single eater had the most fantastic food this side of the Pearly Gates, and if every joint was jammed to the scuppers seven night a week, it's doubtful that we would even be here. The truth is that some of the live music joints are having a pretty rough go of it.

Take Romo, Vela and Gerald Grasso as a case in point. They opened Dr. Chaser's Medicine Show (the old Longneck Club) with Balcones Fault, a premiere show band which is destined for big things. But while the place was packed the third and final night, Balcones didn't draw as expected those first two evenings.

Robert Whiteaker's Caroline Alley off Wurzbach probably did better the past two months than any of the live music joints in the city. As a matter of fact, Whiteaker has doubled the Alley's business since taking over from Tom (Mr. Wonderful) Mathis. With solid country, entertainers like Bubba Littrell, Mike Lord and Darrell Harkins, and sliding Darrell McCall in at least once monthly (he'll be here again Nov. 7), Whiteaker manages to hold old customers and still attract new ones.

"I work at it," he smiled. "There ain't a joint operator who works at it harder."

Indeed, Whiteaker busts his ass. His brother T. Bone steals one day a month, gives the meat to his customers, and sells them beer for a quarter each.

As Action was going to press, Whiteaker wasn't sure if they would be open the next day. It seems their promotion money had just about run out.

Meanwhile, on San Pedro, both Medicine Man and the Bits-N-Pieces joints had closed their doors.

In Austin, Craig Killis of the Monthly Bookings Agency has noted that never in his outfit's history have so many clubs canceled bands in one week as has been the case of late.

We hate to even write about live music clubs going down the drain, but facts are facts.

***

LYNNOR ROHR'S girl at the Rubbush Club is Pat Smith, one of the finest chicks who ever worked a San Antonio skull orchard. Danny Dana was once the top draw when Jack Mikuleika had the Ball-N-Jack Club... And speaking of Jack, he and Gary Brasiecke have told their Croaker Jack to David Combs... KEXL Radio gave up on its goodwill concerts at Randy's Rodeo. Just not the right spot for a Sunday afternoon. And Callico didn't even bother to show up for that pig which opened (and closed) with the Joker Moon... Have you seen the rock 'n' roll sheet put out by Boulevard Bar? Jack only says "Magic Dave?" Some figure "Magic Dave" is really Las Roz of KMACK-KISS Radio.

***

CHILI CHEF GEORGE Lambkin is back at Art's Atlas Muffler on Fredericksburg Road, bitching about the Terlingua fiasco. Ed Samila and Don Alexander say they must shut and listen to it all... Would Cheech Wizard please report for jury duty with Vince Jackson and the 410s... Ed Kope has decided he needs no stage for his half naked go-go queens at the new Chicken Roost on Fredericksburg Road. The girls do their thing on the floor, with keyboards on the stage, and what have you at direct eye-level with the panting customers. The Chicken Roost has progressed from Sammy's Cocktail Lounge, in the 1950s, to the Shell, To Gilligan's Island, To Charley's Bar... And here are three bands to watch for this month at John Goeder's Village Inn-Panama Red and the Smokers, Caught In The Act, and the Shivas, Hoo-Ha and Texas Brain Fry..."

Cheech Wizard has decided he needs no stage for his half naked go-go queens at the new Chicken Roost on Fredericksburg Road. The girls do their thing on the floor, with keyboards on the stage, and what have you at direct eye-level with the panting customers. The Chicken Roost has progressed from Sammy's Cocktail Lounge, in the 1950s, to the Shell, To Gilligan's Island, To Charley's Bar... And here are three bands to watch for this month at John Goeder's Village Inn-Panama Red and the Smokers, Caught In The Act, and the Shivas, Hoo-Ha and Texas Brain Fry..."

STEFANIA PACK will throw a belly dance festival starting at noon on Nov. 7 at the Grand Hotel. Highlight of the event will be a gala Middle Eastern floor show from 7 to 9 p.m. And that uncomplimentary story in Playboy Magazineubb... The Great Willie Nelson Commando Hoo-Ha and Texas Brain Fry" is quite understandable. Larry King, the asshole who wrote the article, was thrown out of the press trailer at Austin Regional July 4 picnic. Mr. Playboy wasn't even afforded a room at Austin's Municipal Booking Agency. The Texas writers, and nobody backstage bothered to kiss King's ass, were even once...

***

LANA SEEKATZ, the bikini and pregnant head mama of the Courtyard Club, has purchased the old Tainted Lady from Tom Head, changed the name to Coconut Grove, and installed a pair of scantily-clad waitresses who hop around in leis and sarongs. The head conoconut at Coconut Grove is Lana's hand-picked manager June Hagar, a cute bullshit artist who can hold a day crowd in the fashion of the one she ran herself.

"It's different and unaccustomed to stay around at the time now," Lana said. "And when I ain't part of the excitement, I have to take care of." Lana's no stage for his half naked go-go queens at the new Chicken Roost on Fredericksburg Road, bitching about the Terlingua fiasco. Ed Samila and Don Alexander say they must shut and listen to it all... Would Cheech Wizard please report for jury duty with Vince Jackson and the 410s... Ed Kope has decided he needs no stage for his half naked go-go queens at the new Chicken Roost on Fredericksburg Road. The girls do their thing on the floor, with keyboards on the stage, and what have you at direct eye-level with the panting customers. The Chicken Roost has progressed from Sammy's Cocktail Lounge, in the 1950s, to the Shell, To Gilligan's Island, To Charley's Bar... And here are three bands to watch for this month at John Goeder's Village Inn-Panama Red and the Smokers, Caught In The Act, and the Shivas, Hoo-Ha and Texas Brain Fry..."

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OF ALL THE weird folks at the Terlingua chili cookoff, Professor Smoke Mouth Jack Harkey gets the top weird award. The professor explains that it takes his chili while it is being. And back from Nashville after gorging duties with Vince Jackson and the 410s... Ed Kope has decided he needs no stage for his half naked go-go queens at the new Chicken Roost on Fredericksburg Road. The girls do their thing on the floor, with keyboards on the stage, and what have you at direct eye-level with the panting customers. The Chicken Roost has progressed from Sammy's Cocktail Lounge, in the 1950s, to the Shell, To Gilligan's Island, To Charley's Bar... And here are three bands to watch for this month at John Goeder's Village Inn-Panama Red and the Smokers, Caught In The Act, and the Shivas, Hoo-Ha and Texas Brain Fry..."

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T. GOSNEY THORNTON, picking here last month at the Village Inn, says Lana was one of 27 artists accepted for the National Entertainment Concerts Showcase in New Mexico. Representatives of all five of the states and universities in the states of Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Arkansas and Louisiana packed the place. The entertainers, who were franchised, would be broadcast throughout these states. The Big Lake, Texas native worked the West
Coast college circuit as a single act, but now Thornton is on the road with his own band. And Atwood Allen, song-writer and a singer and father figure to a number of visiting artists, has returned to his home in San Antonio, and is now featuring together a group of his own. Auggie Meyers, an old friend and fellow musician, has managed to produce Atwood and some of Allen's original material on his Texas Re-Code label.

**AND HERE'S ONE you won't find in the publications handed out to apartment dwellers in San Antonio. It's about the beastly female who lost her job as an apartment complex manager because she had a habit of getting juiced, then using a hook to break into apartments inhabited by single men. And maybe there is nothing unusual about female apartment managers screwing their tenants, but, in this case, the tenants didn't want the sweat hog landlady's blubbery butt between their sheets.

WE WOULD LIKE to say a word about the Emma Charity Band, a group of musicians who hail from downtown Bulverde. There is no mention anywhere of them this many years ago. Charlie Wood, lead singer and country-tinged guitarist, named the band after his great-grandmother Emma.

WITH CLOSING OF the Wildfire Club, Vince Castro has escaped a surge of new business at his Warehouse Club, but he has drifted back to the rock music patrons by booking such bands as Helenium, Dead End and others. Allegani Jani Schofield is now Mrs. Lee McCullough. The former world champion chili cook married guitar-picking Leo of the McCullough Saw & Co. Band during the ladies' club's annual Luau last month... The Key To The Mint is no more. Jack Miller and partner Darlene Hicks have changed the name of their outfit to One-Eyed Jacks.

** TOMMY **. A well-known bartender and most recently a manager at Medicine Man Charles, is now selling land... Bob Rohan, one hell of a fiddler and a cartoonist for Action Magazine, is getting his own group together in the Houston area. Rohan had been with Houston's popular Dogtooth Violet. And three bikers stopped the little guy who sells turquoise jewelry for Ray Liberto. They snatched three necklaces away from the kid, who is trying to work his way through college. Needless to say, piano playing is more than a little hot about the incident.

** THOSE CLUB OPERA- ** tors have recently purchased an ounce of cocaine had best be careful. News of the deal is being bandied openly around a number of joints. Photos of nude women adorn the men's room walls at David Moscow's Haven Skarne Club, and this has been done before. But you ought to eyeball the ladies on their decorations.

Snuff queens may perch upon the thunderump and be at direct eye level with photos of well-hung males.

FORMER PATRONS OF the Rogue Pub now take, one quick look around, then sit down. Scotty Blair and Ed Reeves have converted the old kid joint into a classy dining and drinking lounge which is attracting some folks with spending money in their pockets. Now called Scoogies, the San Pedro Avenue club is, in Blair's words, "the kind of place people can really relax." Scotty, who also owns the Wet-N-Wild on Main Avenue and majority of the Knothole Saloon on West Avenue, had wanted to open a club that he would enjoy retreating to for a peaceful drink.

** DISCO LOVERS ** are piling in to check out the spanking new Sugar Daddy's over by the Crystal Bakery Special. Rosieley and Ronnie Braman have added a new twist to their posh new joint by selling both chilli and hamburgers at late hours. And we knew that Bill Carol, co-owner of San Antonio's cleanest dirty book store, the Adult Zone, was up to something of late. Turns out that wild Bill is working to establish a string of bathhouses between here and the New Orleans area bathhouses for gays. "You wash money, gay, and I'll wash you,"... ** FOX LADY CAROL ** is now the Bijou girl dy . And the big, tough, kind of operator of the old Foxly Lady Saloon is starting to grow long fingernails after evening biz in the San Pedro progressive music spot. What's more, Don Far Hard and Mark Abernathy have started a Bijou luncheon special which includes homemade chili, beans and gigantic hot dogs... And Joe Malin and Richard Holbrook, the creeps who operate the Great Mazz Manor on West Avenue, should change the name of their upholstered sewer to The Golden Douche Bag Cocktail Lounge and Stopper Club. If this is what you would write such things about our advertisers, just check the Great Mazza ad in this issue of the mag. Malia and Holbrook may even be handing out used toilet tissue from their donairers for bar napkins, yes. Larry Ball finally went totally down the drain at this Bull Brothers Saloon down on Euclid.

** YOU CAN HOCK ** just about anything but your old lady with Steve Hibdon, Eddie Roberts and Jessie Garcia, the fun-loving folks who are now doing big business at Thompson Pawn and Jewelry on Fredericksburg Road. While these guys cut a lot, they are full of business when it comes to servicing the customer with everything from rifles to fur-lined feet.

** NEAL PAHL ** is now keeping his Recovery Room on Fredericksburg Road open on Sundays. This month, Pahl is featuring Southern Comfort, a versatile band which plays standard country, progressive country and some 50's rock... And Olly Otten has moved his Swiss Chalet from its San Pedro location into the building which housed Yesterdays on the loop. Excited about getting out on the "strip," Olly is offering some fine entertainment this month with Bank and the George Jay outfit.

** AND HERE'S OUR ** teaser of the month. Watch for the grand opening sometime this month of Cooter Brown's out near UT. Jim Glass and Rick Kupyer are winding up work on what is to be the dynamic club of the near future. Mark Abernathy of Bijou fame will handle Cooter's food biz. We'll have more about this place in the next month's Action. And Dr. Hook fans will be thrilled to hear that the band will be appearing the sixth of this month at Randy's Rodeo.

** AND FOR THOSE ** fans who remember the days that Vernadea Lewis was blowing away crowds at the late Rudy Limon's old Loser's Club, the little chick with the mighty lungs is now singing at Club Manacor with a group called Warrock. Club Manacor is the joint on Bandera Road which was once the troubled old Playpen West... Danny Levon, proprietor of Danny's Pool Hall on Main, has now opened The Brass Monkey just up the street. It's a gigantic pool and game room which features 11 pool tables, 10 football mac-

hines, and 15 other electronic games. It's one hell of a joint.

*** 75 PER CENT OF the worlds population have horrid memories, because the other 25 per cent are perfect Ass notes.***
Some Notes From Peter Cedarstacker

Since the death of Luckenbach imagineer Hondo Crouch more than a month ago, every hack who ever spoke to the man has rushed to a typewriter and cranked out one of those I-knew-Hondo-when opuses. It happens every time a famous or even relatively well-known person passes along. We'll call it the nobody syndrome. Nobodys love to identify with people they figure might have been somebody, so we'll dwell on another line. Crouch, it just so happens, was a brilliant writer, although his works never got much further than the pages of the little Comfort News. A student under the late writer J. Frank Dobe at the University of Texas, Hondo displayed a marked talent for putting ideas, situations, and anecdotes down on paper—replete with a mixture of pathos and humor necessary to capture that old intangible we call feeling. His understanding and insight into the lives, funnies, miseries and times of the now-forgotten Hill Country cedar-chopper people were obvious in the amusing and poignant columns he once wrote for the Comfort weekly newspaper. Hondo was also a philosopher.

Cedar-choppers and their families as Hondo knew them are no more. These were the so-called “poor white trash” people of the Texas Hill Country who moved from ranch to ranch, living in tents and chopping cedar posts which were later used in fence building. Since not one sprig of grass will grow under a juniper cedar bush or tree, the ranchmen of those days were content to allow the poor cedar cutters to work on their land. The cedar whacker, though, was ineffectual in actually clearing the sunlight-choking cedar brakes, for he cut down only the trees which had long, straight trunks or branches which might be suitable for corner posts or stoves. By the early 1950s, the cedar camps (tents, snout-nosed kids, axe-swinging women, etc.) were all but extinct. Bulldozers with cables stretched between them were neatly ripping down hundreds of acres of cedar brake, and chain saws and cedar mills were swiftly replacing the illiterate laborer who swung a double-bit axe.

Hill Country cedar-choppers were real people. They were poor, and hard-put. They loved hard, worked hard and fought hard on the Saturday nights they had enough money to hit town and get drunk. Mostly, though, their lives were hard and simple.

Crouch’s columns in the Comfort newspaper were signed: Peter Cedarstacker—Writer. They were real people columns, and, with Hondo’s permission, Action printed several of them as the progressive magazine was getting started. There are maybe a hundred or more of these fine works in the old files of the Comfort News. For those who never read the works of Peter Cedarstacker, writer, or Hondo Crouch in real life, we will now re-print some of the columns we liked the best. Deliberate errors and all.
...Hondo’s Legend Will Never Die

CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS, SEPT 71:

Me and Mama spend Wed. of this week in Luckenbach standin’ by the flag pole waitin’ at airplanes. You know not many folks do that anymore.

While at the Luckenbach post office beer joint Mr. Wurstbottom postmaster gave us a brief history of Luckenbach. "It was started a long time ago" he said. I said that was very good and Mama said that was very brief.

Miguel Schultz (pure Indian) said the first citizens of Luckenbach were his cousin Indians, 'bout the time Custer was off somewhere havin’ an all nite stand. And that the present Principality of Luckenbach was nearly a part of the United States but when the Washington politicians and statesmen came down to look over the proposed annexation they threw a whole of a slag party with girls. In the commotion they all signed what they thought was a deer huntin’ lease and freed us.

John Lyles, a way off lawyer is now tryin’ to get Luckenbach in the United Nations as a Thiefdom, or perhaps somewhere havin’ an all nite stand. And that the present Principality of Luckenbach was nearly a part of the United States but when the Washington politicians and statesmen came down to look over the proposed annexation they threw a whole of a slag party with girls. In the commotion they all signed what they thought was a deer huntin’ lease and freed us.

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If you get about three jiggers in a bottle I prefer drinkin’ it. We haven’t found a place to buy in Luckenbach for the price we sold our house and ranch in Cedar Creek. When the little inconspicuous real estate man in purple clothes and yellow spats told us he had a place in Luckenbach for sale he forgot to say how much. Now mama wisht she hadn’t given him 200 dollars back.

We’ve been here in Luckenbach two weeks now lookin’ for a kinda flat place to settle down. Grass is getting green because it rained and everyone is finally happy. Everyone cept me and Mama. The ditch she dug around the tent to keep the water out, kept it in. And that nite it rained I was dreamin’ someone was throwin’ darts at my water bed. Kind, old Trapper Gutenlewski visited us and just because Mama has a remedy of turnips and coal oil for the distemper, he left his sick dog. Here we are, sittin in a wet tent, no land, a visitin’ sick dog, wet matches and poor little Jay Elbie has a sore throat and his nose sticks together. Peter Cedarstacker

Remember: Fight something today.

CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS, JUNE 71:

From Luckenbach.

Nothing more has happened here in Luckenbach this week. Mama went to the store and bought some Golden Relief medicine for her hurting back. It’s real good medicine because you can either rub it on you or drink it and it makes you feel good. Well, you get about three jiggers in a bottle. I prefer drinkin’ it.

Mr. Spite has saw what a good job I’ve did with the Cedar Creek kids in teachin’ ’em to plike. He wants me to teach lost adults how to plike. (Plike is when you plike you’re a aviator, plike you’re a engineer or plike you’re a nurse.) You see, children can’t laugh at their ownself or their little humorous errors so to have fun some of them plike. It is my job to teach all children to plike.

Many adults who grow plump up never havin’ plike never learned to laugh at their funny ownself. This is bad said Mr. Spite, White, and it sometimes causes war. (That must mean some adults are still children.)

That’s not true here in Cedar Creek. We go to the Post Office in the evenin’, drink a beer, suppose we’re rich and plike we’re smart and laugh at each other in the face. No one gets mad or them on the war path ’cause we all grew up pliken’. Plan to attend the Supposium in Grapevzent and see adults pliken’. Suppose you come home happy.

Suppose you’re fat. Suppose you’re a bear and plike I throw a pie in your face! Aint that funny and that’s what life’s all about. Peter Cedarstacker

Remember: Fight Mental Health

CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS, SEPT. 71:

Me and Mama walked to Luckenbach again last night and bought some flour at the post office-beer joint. Mama said she sure wisht she had a

Hondo Wowed Audiences

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NOTE: NOW tear out this calendar so you can figure it all out later if you need to.
Hondo... continued

She smiled. All the Luckenbach men agreed that womenfolk should have more rights like cookin' a chili in a contest, scrubbin' the floors, diggin' the garden, sloopin' the hogs, guttin' the deer and milkin' the cow. They have the babies too.

What we don't like is when the women want to ride in the front of the pickup. Mr. Spite水上 Rodrigo and all. Now, every time it rains she wants to ride in the front with her husband and dog.

Man has been pickin' on women ever since he figured out they weren't men, so us here in Luckenbach have decided that the menfolk and let them have a place of their own to cook chili and show off where nobody'll see 'em.

Peter Cedarstacker Writer
Remember: Fight the Rib
CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS OCT 21 71:

(Dear Editor, I'm writing this at Trapper Gutowsky's house. I broke my pencil and he won't let me take his out the house.)

Things are kinda quiet round 'ere Luckenbach since the lady's Chili Bust was held. Nearly everybody who cared went home.

The winnin' chili was called "Jersey Lily Chili." Then there was "Hot Pants Chili," "Dark Horse," "Javalina Haunt" and "Rocket Chill". Any bowl would make you take off.

"A woman's chili cookin' contest is where you make one that the lady happy and five hundred mad."

(Editor, I gotta go. The rats are cleanin' off Trapper's phone like they want to use it.)

Peter Cedarstacker Writer
Remember: Right Re­ solutions
CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS OCT 15 71:

...Grandpa Wurtsbottom died, Trapper Gutowsky broke in and Elbie is still with us. It looks like an old house, but it is home.

Ssat. Mama took Jay to the Post Office-Beer Joint and bought him a pair of school shoes. It's too late to send him to school this year, then. But we do not know how old he is, so we put 'em up high in the livin' room where he can look at 'em till next year. He likes 'em and watches 'em most of the day. Ain't that keen?

I took Jay to the creek yesterday and we wore skippy, dirty. We had a water fight and I taught him to swim underwater. He tried it on top but it didn't work. When he stayed underwater too long I stood still with mixed emotions. Don't tell Mama.

He caught a big green frog and put it in my hat to take home. I asked why he wanted to take it away from its mother and he answered, "To show him my new school shoes."

As we lay there on a big flat rock to off Jay, I asked me if I knew where the cotton gin came from. Well, when you know all the answers you don't learn nuthin', so I laid I haven't the slightest idea. "Once upon a time," he said, "When God made all the babies, he took 'em out the oven and, like Mama does the bread, went down the line pokin' each one in the tummy sayin' "You done, you're done, you're done."

Peter Cedarstacker Writer
Remember: Fight youth
CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS JUNE 13 68:

Lenny Birmingham Jones, Jesus McNeil (pure Indian), Migue Schultz (pure Indian) and me visited Trapper Gutowsky at the head of the canyon Sunday and celebrated the invention of the cotton gin. We thought Sunday was his birthday but it's a long way there.

While we were visitin' Trapper I noticed two young moccasin dogs so close together they were touchin'. Thoughtful little dogs givin' their respective fleas a chance to get acquainted so I did.

Aunt nature wonderful! That's nature's way of imposin' a breed of fleas. When they're housed on the same dog and graze in the same pasture for years bad things happen. That's nature's way of provin' incest is relative.

Nature likes dogs that are friendly to each other because they keep mother nature from strainin' herself and another mutate for this already mixed-up world with animals, species and the same specie even fight each other. Genuses too. We can't stand divin' our animal kingdom into still more complicated groups of similar lineage; they don't understand different races, phylums, degrets, strains, kingdoms, and species already are. (Do you understand your Plynum neighbor?) That would put a strain on any strain.

Aunt nature probably felt that if friendly dogs produce healthy fleas they will also produce more dogs which puts out the Capitol on top but it didn't work. When he stayed underwater too long I stood still with mixed emotions. Don't tell Mama.

Ringo Starr is not very happy with Capitol Records latest repackaging of some of the Beatles old hits called "Rock 'N' Roll Music." Ringo took a swipe recently at E.M.I. Records in London which puts out the Capitol in that country, says he would "like some power over whoever it is at E.M.I. who's putting out these lousy Beatles compilation albums, and the album covers."

RINGO UNHAPPY

Ringo complained that the Beatles were never even consulted by Capitol about "Rock 'N' Roll Music." Things got to the point that when John Lennon asked E.M.I. if he could draw the album covers and E.M.I. said no, John Lennon told him to "piss off."

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Peter Cedarstacker Writer
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CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS JAN 11 68:

The Wurtsbottom family Sunday with relatives spent in Big Flat. San was a Indian Summer day here in Cedar Creek. There's snow on Cedar Mountain but here in the canyon the temperature was warm rock to dry off Jay me visited Trapper Gutow­

Office-beer joint where I rested on a big limestone bowl would make you take off.

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here and make memories. She mumbled something so I couldn't understand and I understood. She was acting like she wanted to forget her memories but you can't forget memories. She likes to act. It was quiet in the canyon and I touched the back of her hand while she was fast talking. I touched the back of her hand while she was fast talking. She said we were out of wood and that she had to wash and that it was a long way home. That was "Bird Talk." Like little birds do in the spring when they keep flying away from each other, but not too far, then without warning stop and touch their fidgety bird lips together. I can figure out (some say detect) bird talk a mile off.

The walk home, like mama said, was long and all uphill. I chopped enough sticks for the wash kettle and wood stove. Mama washed and rubbed my arthritis with coal oil and lemon juice. That's "out all we did Sunday.

Peter Cedarstacker
Writer
Remember: Fight youth
can-

CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS, HB.

Still no rain here in Cedar Creek but the Postmaster said it thundered in Bear Creek. They have all the luck. Mr. Spite (White) took Mama shopping in Big Flat Wed. of this week. Just cause she was shopping with Mrs. Spite. Mama bought some mushrooms, anchovy paste, two papayas, wild rice and some frog legs. Yikes, we don't eat that stuff in my life. Then she sneaked away and bought me some long underwear. I like the two-botton flap kind.

After that shopping spree we will have quite a bit of money left over after the end of our month. And that's partly because a dollar won't do much for you anymore. And that's wholly because folks won't do much for a dollar anymore.

The little old man that carried out groceries, when he felt like it, at the Post Office—beer joint died. Trapper Gutowsky asked the Postmaster if he could take his place and he said it would be OK with him but he'd have to make arrangements with the undertaker. Me and Mama went to the funeral and party afterwards and had a ball. Mrs. Wurstbottom, president, was there and said if anyone bought her a casket that expensive, she'd die.

Peter Cedarstacker
Writer
Remember: Fight something.
The Great Texas Hope

Willie Nelson has now hauled off and acquired a heavyweight fighter, Lookout. Muhammad Ali. The Great Texas Hope is in training and spooling for a fight. Managed and advised by the king of country music, see next page.

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9033 Aero Lane
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512-828-5214
the 26-year-old, 200-pound Sonny Kissman is wired, inspired and ready to strap it on with anyone and everyone.

Ask what in hell is he doing with a heavyweight fighter, Nelson smiled that great Willie smile and said, "Like Willie sings, "Miracles Occur In The Strangest Of Places.""

So who knows? Like Willie sings, "Miracles Occur In The Strangest Of Places." Besides, the fight game is ready for a new and colorful face. Muhammad Ali VS the Outlaw Tiger from Texas. Forget the late Sonny Liston. Remember the name Sonny Kissman.

After his first fight and loss, with his opponent wobbly legged and seeing stars as he accepted the trophy, big Sonny decided to take some measure of vengeance.

"That unpopular decision made me only more determined to make it in this highly competitive sport," he said.

He was working with Medrano and Earls in 1969 when he won his first Golden Gloves championship. The Austin native was runner-up in the heavyweight open division class in 1970. He was awarded a football scholarship to Ranger Junior College in 1971, but continued with his fighting.

In 1973, Kissman was runner-up on the Austin open class heavyweight division. He avenged his 1973 defeat by regaining the Austin heavy title in 1974, then going on to win the South Texas A.A.U. open class championship in 1975. Other fighters advised Kissman to lose weight and fight as a lightly heavyweight. He did so and won the lightweight runner-up title. But Sonny feels that he has now matured into a full-blown heavyweight, although he lacks the size and reach of some of the fighters in this division.

"I've never been hurt or knocked out," he said. "And there isn't a fighter alive I'm afraid to try."

As a professional, Kissman will be using the heavier gloves, and he feels this will give him a greater advantage with his dynamite punch.

He notes that Nelson is financing what will be the only professional boxing gymnasium in Austin.

"Willie has given me the motivation to continue a career as a professional boxer," Kissman said. "He has agreed to manage me. With my positive attitude and Willie's dynamite influence, and with a little help from the Man upstairs, I feel that we can go all the way to a title fight."

It is true that Kissman is just a fraction of an inch under six feet, and that he weighs about 20 pounds less than most heavier. It is also true that Nelson was written off by the brains of the music industry when he left Atlantic Records and moved to Austin. Who knows?"
Who In Hell Is Milton Carroll?

A number of people around here still ask, "Who in hell is Milton Carroll?" It shouldn't be this way, but Milton will be the last one to get perturbed about the fact that he hasn't exactly been a box office sellout in San Antonio.

"I like San Antonio and the people," Milton says. "The ones who come out to see me are just great." The Lone Star recording artist just hasn't had enough of them coming out to see him. Maybe it's because he hasn't had the right type hype in these parts, or, as the old scufflers would say, maybe he's just snakebit in San Antonio.

While Carroll won't sit still and be serious about hardly anything, he is dead earnest about his music. This, coupled with the fact that he has real talent, is what prompted Willie Nelson to sign Milton on the Lone Star label and produce his "Blue Sky" album which is getting good airplay in areas other than San Antonio.

"It's doing pretty well," Milton said of the album. "And I am hoping to get another one out soon." They say Milton Carroll takes only two things, seriously, his wife Sherri and his music, and that everything else, himself included, is fair game for a big joke. Ask him a straight question and you get an answer something like this: "I play your regular honkytonks, massage parlors, sidebars, garages and bathrooms."

Carroll's mother and brother Bill live in San Antonio, but his exposure in these parts has been limited. More than a year ago, Carroll joined others who played to blank walls in the now-defunct Bo Jangles Club; and he was one of those unfortunate on that rainy show almost two years ago which featured Nelson and Pure Priaire League at Specht's Store. His crowds have been better of late at the Bits and Pieces Club, but not good enough.

Milton Chesley Carroll was born to a Waxahachie traveling salesman and his wife in 1946. The family moved to Georgia when Milton was eight, and it was there, a couple of years later, that he first heard Del Shannon on the radio.

He heard Shannon singing a song titled "Runaway." That was all it took. Milton became one. Four years later, armed with a guitar he got from his parents, Milton hit the road at age 16. He later took up residence in Miami, nextdoor to singer-songwriter Fred Neil. For three years, he played the clubs in Miami and Coconut Grove and inherited an appreciation of blues from his sessions with Neil. It was in Coconut Grove that someone heard the duo Milton had formed with another singer, and suggested that they try out for Ted Mack's show. "We went down there, and there was no..."
audience or nothing, just these two dudettes in mohair suits at this little table," Carroll recalled. "We played for them and won. Shortly after, I got fed up with this guy I was playing with and went out on my own. Ted Mack said to us we were supposed to go to big national wingding, but I never showed up. I figured if I had won that much, that was clean."

After a two-year hitch in the Army, Carroll returned to Miami. He was 21 then. To stay alive, he took a series of odd jobs, working for a time as a bricklayer, carpenter, truck driver and zoo keeper. Eventually he put together a country band and landed a spot on a local television station with "Sergeant Jim Foster of the highway patrol" and a contract with Minerette Records, the label on which a series of recordings like "Hippie From Mississippi" didn't exactly set the chart afire.

Soon, though, Carroll's Miami followers introduced him to the folk at RCA Records. "Collectables" LP. Willie was impressed with Milton's talents, and the "Blue Sky" LP is the result. About his music Carroll will say little, preferring to let it speak for itself. Influences he will credit are Haggard, James Taylor, Fred Neil, Walker and Nelson.

Carroll says he has no overriding philosophy driving him to make music, other than the desire to make another record after each one is finished. "Basically, I'm just trying to touch myself," he said. "I don't know if there is any philosophy in that or not. Carroll and his band members are a fun-loving, loose and energetic bunch who project in a club atmosphere. The sidemen include lead guitarist Fred Walter, bass guitarist Jess Yaryan, steel player John Dubin and drummer Ronny (Doc) Hudgens. James Aderholt is the erstwhile road manager.

Traveling in a van and a pickup truck, Carroll and his guys are constantly working. Booked by Moon Hill of Austin, they play as many as five nights weekly in as many states. Music fans in San Antonio who haven't yet heard Milton's special voice owe it to themselves the next time he passes through these parts.

ROACH CLIPS
There is an acute shortage of hemostats, scissors-like clamp instruments used in surgery. They have disappeared in great numbers from operating rooms in Bexar County. The reason, of course, is that the instruments make excellent roach clips for burned-down joints.

MORE BABIES
Kim Fowley, the estranged creator-producer of those teenage girl rockers, The Runaways, has formed a new competing band. He's named the group Venus and the Razor Blades. Members range in age from 14 to 19, and it's not another all-female outfit. Venus is an 18-year-old boy and there's another male among the five.

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**Building A Nation**

By Scooter Reel

**MOXY—Moxy II — San Antonio favorite MOXY has come up with a credible second effort in MOXY II. Already reaching the top on the national charts with their single "Take it or Leave It," in Canada with their favorite," MOXY—Moxy II will no doubt enjoy a great deal of success.**

**MOXY, has a formidable following from MOXY and will definitely want to see MOXY II which is ten times better than its predecessor.**

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I wish to report that the "Take it or Leave It" in Canada is enjoying huge success. The band has a formidable following from MOXY and will definitely want to see MOXY II which is ten times better than its predecessor.

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For more than a decade John Monfrey has been America’s largest Falstaff distributor. And then through the years with the addition of such fine brands as Pabst, Carta Blanca, Bohemia, Colt 45, Tecate, Hofbrau and most recently Pearl, Pearl Light, Country Club Malt Liquor and Texas Pride, the Monfrey firm has become the largest of its kind in Texas. Yes, there has to be a reason. Products of the highest quality coupled with service and integrity.