Augie Meyers: The Texas Re-Cord Man
DAVID ALLAN COE
singing for Pearl Beer over Texas radio network

First in the heart of Texas.
IN MY HUMBLE opinion, Jan Reid is an irresponsible punk who is in love with his collection of adjectives. And by gunslinger.

Shutter Springs after he left Nashville for good, one might wonder just where in hell TM stands on the issue of fact versus fiction. And one might wonder why the Texas magazine is going out of its way to slap Nelson in the face.

But TM publisher Levy and editor Broyles should answer for the work journalistic cliche in the book as he strains and stretches and strains so hard to smear his name with what Texas Monthly is doing now.
Augie's Re-Cord...

By Sam Kindrick

It's been slightly more than a year since Augie Meyers formed his Texas Re-Cord Company.

Needless to say, Meyers' adoption of his own record label didn't exactly shake up the music world. However, independent labels are a dime a dozen in day and a dime won't even buy a candy bar. But with Augie Meyers and Texas Re-Cord, it's now a different tune.

Hundreds of struggling musicians have registered a label and begin to record to a bunch of radio stations, then give up in frustration and disgust upon learning that Columbia, RCA, ABC-Dot and other such giants of the recording industry enjoy 99 percent of the sales and play.

Augie knew all about this going in. The tall and pigtailed fellow with the occasional limp and impeccable smile has literally been down the well of the recording industry. He is an extension of the musician. And Texas Re-Cord is a legally-registered idea on paper. It is an extension of Augie's Re-Cord Company, which he later founded.

When he was just 15, August Meyers formed a rock-'n-roll group called Lord August and the Visions of Light. Fall and winter, he began to establish his first label—Douglas Records. However, his group didn't propel Augie or anyone else into the music charts, the girl he was seeing kid never lost the vision part of it.

At the outset, Texas Re-Cord was a legally-registered name; an idea on paper. And it is also true that hundreds of non-talents are responsible for independent labels failing so miserably across the nation. Any raggedy-fingered beginner can pick their label, cut one single, carried on such great million-sellers as Pearl and Little Richard, and make a record contract. Unfortunately, too many of them do it, the result being that independent labels are anathema to air programers and major companies alike. While it is not common, a major firm might sign a musician who first blossoms forth on his own label. This type, of course, is rare, and the rarity is due for the most part because we have too many clunkers who figure they are real talents.

Possessed with incredible determination, and blessed with more than a small share of patience and understanding, Augie Meyers has faced and dealt with each and every one of the aforementioned problems. Easily the best single augie has drawn on the San Antonio music scene, Meyers knows that his special blend of country, rock, conjunto Spanish and Mexican polka music is pleasing to the fans, both here and elsewhere. While Augie gets little if any local air play, his records are beginning to spin with some regularity in spotted areas of the country. Rolling Stone Magazine ranked a highly complimentary review on Augie's "High Texas Rider" album, and Pearl Brewing Co., officials have Meyers on contract to cut radio beer commercials. They have witnessed the Meyers charisma, and they know that a vast majority of people enjoy Augie's pleasing repertoire of sounds and songs. Even more important, the Pearl people recognize that Meyers is a local favorite. "I could have been on two major labels," Augie says realistically, "but I turned them down. I just decided that they couldn't do any more for me than I am doing for myself."

He is most likely correct, for Augie Meyers is doing a bunch at this time—both for himself and for some other musicians, who desperately need a push. In a bus he paid $5,200 for, then a couple of thousand more repairing, Augie travels across the country, playing his music and establishing ties with independent distributors for his Texas Re-Cord Co. At this time, Augie says, his records are being distributed in just about every state and in some foreign countries. "High Texas Rider," for instance, is currently riding at the number 10 spot on most music charts in Japan. And he is enjoying some good air play in some American cities.

The first album Augie produced on Texas Re-Cord was Denny Ezbas' "Greatest Hits From 4,000 Years Ago." While it hasn't been quite 4,000 years, San Antonians and Mexican aficionados in Mexico had some great hits at one time. The second Texas Re-Cord album was Augie's "Live At The Longneck," a disc which has already outlined the San Antonio music club it was recorded in. His third Texas Re-Cord album released was "Traveling Light," a fine record by a group of mountaineers known as The Lost Highway Band. Augie found the group—kids and dogs all piled into two pickup trucks—in front of Austin's Soap Creek Saloon. The last album out is one called "Wanted Alive," a nostalgic collection of songs by former Bob Wills piano player Al Stricklin. With the ghost pen of Fort Worth star Telegram scribe Jon McGee, Augie, "Brother Al" recently wrote a book titled "My Years With Bob Wills," which was published by the local Naylor Company.

Augie has also released eight singles on Texas Re-Cord, the latest being a tune called "Henrietta," and recorded by old running mate Doug Sahm (ABC is reportedly interested in this one). Meyers says he hopes to produce still other records for Sahm in the future.

At any day now, Augie's latest album "Finally In Lights" will be on the market, and he is working on albums for San Antonio's Joker Moon and Beaver Creek bands. Augie is also about ready to record some original works by Abwood Allen, an old cohort who has played with both him and Sahm. And there are plans for recordings on Texas Re-Cord by still other musicians.

"I am coming out with a single by Keith Adams," Augie said. "It's a fine tune called 'Just Want To Ride.'" Keith who?

"Keith Adams," Meyers repeated. "He's a fellow who walked up to me in a Handy-Andy store and said he was a song-writer, and that he had a good tune he wanted..."
Augie Meyers was a down-to-earth country boy who lives in a beautifully ramshackle farmhouse in the hilly town of Terlingua in Texas’ Big Bend. The morning was bright and icy cold. Hunks of wood had warmed up for our breakfast.

“Spanish Mountain range campfires were dead. They were packing their vans, and I sat near a campfire in the high country of the Texas High Plains. The morning was breakneck revelry. It was all whistle through the Big Bend. The morning was

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Lester Flatt & Sparse Crowd

By Marlene James

November was a bum month for country music concerts here. Claiming illness, Waylon Jennings cancelled a scheduled performance and San Antonio's reception for legendary bluegrass master Lester Flatt was far from what might be expected for one of the premiere names in country music.

Although he was admittedly suffering from a cold, the veteran Flatt didn't disappoint the sparse crowd at Trinity's Laurie Auditorium.

Performing with his Nashville Grass group, and joined by the Osborne Brothers, Flatt and his people put on a fast-paced program of wholesome entertainment with all the trademarks that a professional Grand Ole Opry troupe can bring.

The concert was the first to be sponsored by the newly-formed college organization in San Antonio known as ICSCAP—Intercollegiate Council on Student Activities Programming.

Trinity University, Our Lady of the Lake and San Antonio College are involved in the new organization.

Undaunted by the poor turnout for Flatt, the college coalition is planning yet another show for January 22.

According to Trinity's student activity director and ICSCAP chairman Paul Warren, the show this month will feature Willie Nelson, female entertainer of the year Dolly Parton, and Milton Carroll, a rising newcomer who records on Nelson's Lone Star-Columbia label.

Flatt and the Nashville Grass have a brand new album out titled "Heaven's Bluegrass Band."

This is the 16th album to be produced by Flatt and his band since 1970.

Flatt's professional career began in 1944 when he was hired as lead singer with Bill Monroe's Bluegrass Boys on WSM's Grand Ole Opry. More than a decade later the musical style formed by the coalition of Monroe, Flatt and Earl Scruggs came to be called "bluegrass," regardless of who was playing it.

In 1948, Flatt and Scruggs formed the Foggy Mountain Boys. Together they became one of the most famous teams in country music. When their partnership was terminated in 1969, the band elected to remain with Lester to form The Nashville Grass, a frame selected by fans in a nationwide contest conduced by longtime sponsor Martha White Foods, Inc. of Nashville.

The current Nashville Grass group consists of one of age. Marty Stuart, a singer who plays both mandolin and guitar, and who has been with Flatt since he was a mere 13: dobro player Charlie Nixon, upright bass-player Pete Corum; vocalist and fiddler Paul Warren; vocalist and guitarist Curly Sehler; and Kenny Ingram, the five-string banjo picker who also does vocals.

Fiddler Warren has been with Flatt for 23 years, while Sehler has played on and off with Lester since 1944.
Nashville’s entertainers are up in arms over the programming of what we know as country radio stations in America. *Action Magazine* has received a voluminous packet of material which was prepared by the two-year-old Association of Country Entertainers in Nashville. While it can’t all be balled up into a nutshell, the material’s gist seems fairly clear: Nashville’s established entertainers are now having trouble getting their records played by the vast majority of tightly-formatted radio stations; the Nashville regulars feel there is too much “impurity” in country music today; and the membership of ACE is really perturbed because too many stations are beginning to cross rock and roll music with what they consider to be ultra-modern versions of country songs.

Although Barbara Mandrell, vice president of ACE, says its membership has
nothing against the John Denvers and the Olivia Newton Johns, or the Willis es and Waylons and the other so-called outlaws from Texas, those music teams in country music city over the elimination from airplay of such old-line country music as Kitty Wells and Ernest Tubb. The younger member s of the country establishment are also concerned over their inability to get new and original stuff on the air. There was no ACE raising hell, however, when the Willis es and the Waylons and the Jessis were grubbing along in the shadows of such gilt-edged stars of yesteryear as Buck Owens and Faron Young. Nobody was shedding any tears at that time over great young stars such as Rusty Weir, Steven Fromholz, Jerry Jeff Walker, and real and vibrant female country singers like Emrylou Harris. But it is true that tight programming in all of radio is robbing the music loving public and some fine unknown musicians alike, although in this case, it might seem, the outcry stems from a Christian penguin on the other foot. Still, there are some points made here which are very real and valid, and we think most country music lovers should know what is transpiring.

Included in the ACE packet is a lot of material explaining the purpose of the Association of Country Entertainers, a text of a press conference conducted by Music City News. A bunch of irate country fans wrote, "Bully for Willie and Waylon and a few others who can be made to sound good." Of Station KSO in Des Moines, Iowa, came this comment: "I phone in requests and they tell me they don't have it or it isn't going to be played today. One, "I've a song going on Top Ten it's never heard again. They won't play a request, but if you call in and ask for a Waylon Jennings or Willie Nelson they immediately play it. In one afternoon one DJ was on from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. and I heard four Waylon and six Willie. Called in for a Rex Allen Jr., never heard it. Asked for a Freddie Hart, never heard it. So tried for a Mickey Gilley rock and got it..."

This came from a country music fan in Newarre, Ohio. "I listen to WKKN in Canton. Sure, they play 40 records, but only about 20 artists. In 26 minutes, I've heard Waylon, Waylon and Jessi, Waylon and Willie, then Waylon and Willie. They play no bluegrass, never Ernest Tubb or any of the older stars..."

There were a few letters like the one from a listener in Griffithville, Arkansas who wrote, "Bully for Willie and Waylon and a few others who got out of Nashville and their 'wholes' and proved it isn't the only place country music can be made to sound good." And an occasional fan letter which printed lauded the programming of a certain radio station. But most of the letters contained in our packet of information expressed resentment against tight programming, the crossing of country and rock music, and the absence of music by those who dominated the airways for so many years. While the Association of Country Entertainers prepared this packet of information, complete with letters denouncing the trashy folks from Texas and the advent of rock sounds in country music, the text of Ms. Mandrell's speech delivered at a press conference in November which signified the second anniversary of ACE is good and true. On paper at least.

"By the 15th of November in 1974, the pot was boiling, the bunch of irate country music personalities were in revolt-expressing dissatisfaction.
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While the American Indians may have had over a hundred uses for the buffalo, Wylie True of Weimar has found a unique use for the beef bull's vital organs. And that ain't no bullshit either. He takes the bull's yin-yang and stretches it into what he says is the "original cowpuncher's walking cane." The cane is now on the market as a Pizzler, which the 63-year-old True said is due to people often calling it a pisser.

Now if making these canes doesn't take balls, then it does to make the bottle glass or beer can holders that Wylie constructs from the area of the bull that is technically called the scrotum. Usually the nuts are just the right size to stretch the hide around a beer can; although he has made himself a container that hangs on the wall which is almost the size of a coffee can.

Wylie True sells his Pizzler to friends for about $7 each. He also ships some of them to Houston where he has a distribution outlet. So far, the longest Pizzler Wylie has constructed was 5 feet-5, and he explains that the dome-shaped pieces are usually about six inches longer before they dry and shrink up.

When asked if it was a prize-winning bull that produced the record Pizzler, he said no. He gets the parts from a hide house which is a division of the processing plant where he is a sales supervisor for the sausage produced here. True, who lives at 217 N. College in Weimar, has interests and objects which are unlimited. He got the idea for making the canes from writer Jack Glover, an authority on barb wire, has inspired various persons like True.

Wylie has improvised his bull canes so that there is a steel rod going all the way through, providing extra strength. The Houston Post published an article on Wylie's barb wire collection several years ago. He has enough different types of barb wire and fencing wire (in 2-foot samples) to cover the 200 square feet of wall in his shop without duplications. He also has a piece of "Maryweather Snake" fencing wire which was the first fencing wire ever to be patented and manufactured. It came from New Braunfels in 1853.

His collection of infiltration wire includes pieces from World War I and II, which are American and German. Also there is a piece of Vietnam infiltration wire. Someone also gave him a piece of the "Iron Curtain" which divides East and West Germany.

He started his collection of junk and stuff, as Wylie modestly puts it, about six years ago. He has more than 1,300 old tools on display in his shop. True said the word just got around and people started giving him a lot of stuff. He noted that the local postmaster brought an old tool by and told Wylie if he could figure out what it was he would give it to him. True learned that it is an old carpet stretcher that sold for 37 cents in his 1908 Sears catalog and at the last antique show he went to in Houston one sold for $25.

Along with the many old surgical tools he has on hand, there is an old hospital chair and operating table. And there is also a very old casket in the shop.

Out of railroad spikes and dating nails, Wylie makes all kinds of things, including desk sets and coat racks. The dating nails were used on the Santa Fe railroads to keep track of the year the railroad was constructed. Each railroad company developed a different style of nail for their company and also a different style for when they reconstructed parts of the railroad.

The set of Santa Fe railroad dating nails that True has is worth anywhere from $300 to $400. Originally from Oklahoma, Wylie True has spent a good part of his life in Texas. He adds a little something to the state's culture.

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MIXED DRINKS & BEER—NO COVER*
Pleasing The Rednecks

We don't mean to shock or offend the boys with big silver buckles and scars on their knuckles, but the regular Thursday night house band at Randy's Rodeo would rather play funky top-40 music than traditional country. Wheat Straw is the name of the band, a big eight-member group of versatile musicians who throw just enough country music at the Randy's crowds to keep the real hard-core rednecks from bounding out of their seats.

An outspoken bunch of pickers, the Wheat Straw guys say they might play one country song when performing elsewhere. But while entertaining the strong Thursday night crowds at Randy's, the band provides enough solid country to keep the natives seated and reasonably happy sucking on the necks of their beer bottles.

It's not that Wheat Straw has a disdain for real country music. The musicians can cut loose with a Cotton-Eyed Joe and handle it with the best of them. They would just prefer rocking loose with Bzo Scaggs, or maybe soulful along with Stevie Wonder stuff.

Perhaps the youthful Wheat Straw group—all in their early or mid-20's—are an indication that the Randy's Rodeo crowds are changing somewhat. Randy's operator Paul Botello has been leasing the big Bandera Road club out to independent promoters who have paraded everyone from Nitzinger to Dr. Hook to Willie Nelson through the place in recent months.

The Wheat Straw band
consists of Mark (Daddy) Hilbrich, vocals, lead guitar and occasionally bass; vocalist Keith (Duck) Taylor; Francisco Cortinas on sax and flute; Benny Garza on guitar; Mark Jones, vocals, keyboards and percussion; and John (Smiley) Reynolds, the drummer.

Hilbrich, Taylor and John Hayes, the group's manager, were formerly with the Kustoms, another regular Randy's group until Wheat Straw took over the house chores about a year ago.

Noting that the original Kustoms were a far cry from traditional country, Taylor said, "We were one of the first ones in Texas to come into a redneck place and play rock music and wear our hair long." He says that more and more longhairs are beginning to show for performances at Randy's.

"We like to play regular top-40...funky music," Hilbrich said. "In some places we play, well, we might do only one country song all night long." Hilbrich earned his nickname Daddy because he was the one most instrumental in organizing the band some two years ago. Except for the drummer, John Reynolds, who was with Johnny Bush's band, all members of Wheat Straw have been together since the band's inception.

Aided by Darrell Marshall, their own sound tech, this group plays for varied crowds four or five nights a week in different areas of the state. On Wednesdays, they are at a place called Sun Valley in Victoria. Asked if the group was seeking a more stable situation, Taylor said, "We don't mind the traveling around because we enjoy playing for different crowds." Members of the band hail from all parts--Goliad, Del Rio, Poteet, etc. They all have varied musical tastes, and the wide variety of tunes they play makes it all but impossible to classify the group.

While performing at Randy's, they will exhort the customers to shake their booties one minute, then tell them to kick up a storm the next.

Taylor admits the group doesn't command the respect here that it gets in areas where the musicians can play exactly what they want to play.

The Randy's crowds are really treated to a cross of music and styles. Wheat Straw does everything from heavy rock like "Sail Away" by Deep Purple, and "Young Blood" by Bad Company, to country favorites like "What Goes On When The Sun Goes Down," to Roy Head's version of Elvis's "One Night With You." While the group performs no original work during public appearances, they are working on some real Wheat Straw music. With more practice, they figure, it will be on to a recording session.

Keyboard man Mark Jones is the musical vet of the bunch. He has been tickling the ivories for 14 years, and Jones does a good impression of Peter Frampton. Hilbrich has been at it for 11 years, and the others for at least a half dozen years. Each member of Wheat Straw has played professionally with other groups. And what varied backgrounds they have.

Keith (Duck) Taylor, the black member of Wheat straw, played mostly soul music before joining the band. Cortinas and Garza were into Spanish music. Mark Jones was a straight rocker. And the others leaned somewhat toward progressive country.
Nashville's Contenders

By Marlene James

Trinity University's Radio KRTU featured another live band broadcast this past month by The Contenders from Nashville, Tennessee. While it might come hard for some to believe, the Nashville band produced their show from the little Bijou Club, a spot noted mostly for jazz, blues and ultra-progressive country music.

Originality is the trademark of The Contenders, and their music can't really be classified. At least 90 per cent of the work they render is written by one of the five members of this lively group. Guitar player Tommy Goldsmith described their music as somewhere between the bluegrass sounds of Bill Monroe, and the soulful rhythmic blues of Otis Redding. Goldsmith also plays fiddle. Each member of the group does vocal work, and every picker in the group is a songwriter, so it is easy to understand how their shows can be almost 100 per cent original. Maybe not commercial at this time—but definitely original.

With Goldsmith in the talented fivesome are Walter Hyatt, rhythm guitar; Jimbeau Walsh on drums; Steve Runkle on bass; and Champ Hood, who plays both guitar and fiddle. While The Contenders call Nashville home, they have...
rattled around Austin in recent months, and Goldsmith was a member of Marcia Ball's original Misery Brothers. He was also with Alvin Crow's band at one time.

Walter Hyatt described their music as "half under the influence and half out of the influence." This could have something to do with the musical influences they were under when they met five years ago in Nashville. They were all members of different bands. It wasn't until February 1, 1976, that they formed The Contenders.

Hyatt and Hood are from Spartanburg, South Carolina. Goldsmith and Runkle are from Raleigh, North Carolina. And Walsh is from Chicago.

Hyatt said they decided to be called The Contenders because, to gain the recognition they feel they deserve, the band will have to fight for it.

Steve Runkle says this means they have to contend with the good and the bad, whether it be the audience or other musicians.

"We're the people's band," Runkle added.

Runkle's voice is special—soulful and bluesy. Some say it has a plantation-sending value.

There is definitely an old-Southern flavor about this bunch. On one number, without instrumentation, all five of them stand and chant—"I believe this whole world is in bad condition and the people ought to serve the Lord."

Runkle wrote a song recorded by Spanky & Our Gang which is titled, "Long Range Affair." He was surprised when someone at the Bijou requested it, since the number isn't one of Spanky McFarlane's more popular recordings.

The Contenders—in summation—produce music which often relates to love's sweet sadness. They don't send the audience down into the dumps. Instead, they do happy stuff, often adding a rhumba beat.

Some of their better originals include "Whatever Reason You Had For Leaving Me" by Champ Hood; "Taller Than Timber" by Runkle; and "If You Got Money" by Tommy Goldsmith.

Goldsmith said they plan to be up in the Carolinas around the first of the year, but hope to return for more engagements in San Antonio.

Since KRTU is the only San Antonio radio station producing home-grown concerts for air listeners, we'll continue to cover some of the better ones. Hopefully, in the future, other radio stations and still other live music clubs could work out like arrangements.

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Michelle Phillips, formerly of the Mamas and the Papas, is in London making her film-acting debut in the movie "Valentino." Phillips is playing opposite ballet star Rudolf Nureyev, who plays the lead in a biography of the legendary silent movie hero.
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Patsy & Beaver Creek

It has been about 10 years, since Patsy Coleman was singing at the old Junction Club on Blanco Road with the late Lee Harmon and his Harmonaires.

"I was waiting tables at Jim's Coffee Shop six nights a week and singing four nights," she recalled with a short laugh. "Boy, you talk about growing up fast. I grew up in the old Junction. When the boys started fighting, Lee would just pick up the tempo and tell me to keep on singing."

When Harmon shut down the Junction in the late 1960s, Patsy quit singing professionally to "have babies and be a mama."

Three years ago, however, mama came out of retirement to re-emerge on the San Antonio club scene with a talented group known as Beaver Creek.

Now divorced and working full-time as a musician, the 32-year-old Ms. Coleman says she and Beaver Creek are almost ready to record their first album. It will be produced by Augie Meyers and distributed on his Texas Re-Cord label.

Sharing lead vocals with Patsy are Beaver Creek band members Bubba Brown and John Santos.

Brown, rhythm guitarist and the author of Beaver Creek's original stuff, is Patsy's co-manager and booking agent. A veteran musician who has played with such notables as Denny Ezar, Ronnie Baker and Bobby Blackmon and Joe Thomas, Bubba is perhaps the inspiration behind Patsy and the others. He is a serious musician who has written such tunes as "Sunny Side Of My Life," which was recorded by Roger Miller.

Santos is Beaver Creek's bouncy, jovial harmonica player. When not singing either lead or harmony, he works out on an assortment of harps which he carries in a leather belt around his middle.

At this writing, Cam King of Joker Moon was filling in as the lead guitar, soon to be replaced by a big regular lead picker they call "Bear."

William Robert (Billy Bob) Bear Midleton informed that he hails from West Columbia, Texas.

Robert Miller, formerly with Augie Meyers' Western Head Band, is the bass player. Jimmy (The Bird) Rose, an ex-member of Man Mountain and the Green Shime Boys, is the drummer.

Patsy and Beaver Creek have built a good regional following, and that following continues to grow as the group plays such clubs as The Shadows, the Waterhold in Kerrville, the Cabaret in Bandera, and the KC Hall in Schulenburg.

Starting Beaver Creek as a duo, Patsy and Bubba Brown soon began to build a band. In 1963, Bubba's "Sunny Side Of My Life" was recorded and made well-known by Roger Miller. Brown also recorded the tune on his own Beaver Creek label. Although Patsy cut a tape in Nashville numerous years back with Willie Nelson and Johnny Bush running the session, her only waxed record before now is a tune called "Yesterday's Memories" which she put on the local Joey label upon her return to music three years ago.

Both songs will likely be recorded on the Meyers-produced album, along with Brown's "Dusty Roads," which has been recorded by Meyers himself, and a Jerry Blanton tune by Patsy called "In The Arms Of Your Cold Lonely Bed."

Says Patsy, "I can say one thing for this group. Everyone works hard."

The slender brunette Ms. Coleman started singing in the kitchen with her mother and sisters. This is where she learned the harmony that she sings so tightly with Santos and Brown.

In 1963, she was in the old Castle Hills Town Lounge with husband Jimmy. Bobby Martin and the Rhythm Mustangs were doing the musical honors.

"My old man had been drinking a little," Patsy recalled. "He walked up and told Bobby Martin that I could sing. That's when I first got up in front of a group of people. The crowd didn't want me to stop, and I can tell you that I was in hog heaven. I was really in outer space when Lee Harmon told me he was opening the Junction, and that he wanted me to sing with his group. Sing for pay! Wow! I couldn't believe it. I sang four nights a week, and waited tables at Jim's six days a week. I saw my first fight between two women when I worked at the Junction. Boy! A big brunette had a blonde down in the street and was really pounding her head. I saw a lot in that old club, and I met a lot of fine musicians. I guess it just got in my blood."

A quiet, studious sort, Bubba Brown has been writing songs since he was in junior school. A drummer for a dozen years with such continued on page 22
IN SOME QUARTERS, this item would merit a banner headline.

Larry Trader was arrested, jailed and subsequently fined $100 in Beaumont for smoking a Salem menthol cigarette.

It seems that Willie Nelson lieutenant and part-time booking agent Trader was caught two feet within the "no-smoking" boundary at Beaumont's Convention Center where he had a Nelson show booked.

Just two tokes over the line, Sweet Jesus, and Cool Hand Luke was only smoking tobacco. Despite his pleas for mercy from one of the security agents he had to pay. Trader was ordered to strike that familiar old position.

"What position?" he cried innocently.

"Up against the wall with your hands high and your legs spread", commented the fuzz.

"Oh," Trader said. "You mean like those guys who get frisked by the cops on TV."

In a flash, Trader was on his back, paying his $100 fine. Trader growled: "And they wouldn't let me take my hands off the monkey."

"The franchise deal is a good one," Danny said. "And I am interested in talking with anyone who is sincere. I just want the locations in college towns, and near a college or a university. Give me the right location, and I know how to do the rest."

FOR DANNY LEVISON, the monkey ain't dead and the show ain't over. It's only beginning. Levison's Brass Monkey pool and game emporium on Main Avenue is doing such a fantastic business that Danny has started to franchise Brass Monkey establishments in college towns and cities throughout Texas. He already has one started in San Marcos, and plans call for another soon in Corpus Christi.

"It's a good deal for me, and it's also a good deal for someone who wants to make a good solid living. I furnish the building, the game machines, the pool tables, the air-conditioning and heating system, and what ever. In other words, I put it all together and the buyer pays me X-amount of dollars. I collect a reasonable rent. We split the revenue from all of my machines, which I will service completely. And the proprietor makes a lot more than the "berry bar," Levison said.

Leviston says the Brass Monkey crowd hasn't hurt business at his pool hall just down the street, and he notes that people are literally falling out of the Monkey.

The franchise deal is a good one," Danny said. "And I am interested in talking with anyone who is sincere. I just want the locations in college towns, and near a college or a university. Give me the right location, and I know how to do the rest."

Freddie Lahood features Louisiana spinach at his Poorboy Pantry on San Pedro. Even for non-spinach eaters, this dish is intriguing. It consists of lemon, onion and fresh spinach all rolled browned.

Vice Squad Captain Jimmy Despres no longer has to fret over the old Midnight Special nudie joint on San Pedro. It is no more.

Tom Simpson of Amarillo came in, took the place over, gutted the interior, and put it all back together as a nice and respectable disco called Bobby Magee's. A real pro who has successfully operated discotheques in Amarillo and the city.

Simpson's Bobby Magee's features a sound system which produces loud, foot-moving music in the dance floor area, yet patrons sitting away from the dance area can still carry on a normal conversation. The secret to this is volume control.

And we are happy to report that Hank Williams Jr., otherwise known as Bocephus, is doing such a fantastic job with his Band of Cowboys that the hospital and looking great following another cosmetic facial repair job. This one got Hank's right eye back where it belonged. Bocephus, as most know, had every bone in his head crushed more than a year ago when he plunged hundreds of feet from a mountain while sheep hunting in Montana.

If there is a young lady desiring credit in the club dodge it's Darlene Hicks, the blue-queen who now converted her One-Eyed Jacks on Austin Highway into a first-rate discotheque. A full partner with Jack Mikulenko in the club, Darlene worked her way up through the ranks since she started out several years ago as a floor waitress.

Emphasis on a custom-made sound system from the boys at Back Stage. Ms. Hicebush has expanded the club by taking over office space which was once the office of John Cootey and his associates.

With a comfortable and relaxed atmosphere, Darlene is starting with a mixture of music-traditional disco stuff, rock, and progressive country (she wishes Willie and the so-called "outlaws" of Austin). "I have that ever the crowd want," Darlene says, "that is what will be played. I believe in democracy."

Her newly-done place features game tables a separate area, an ample dance floor, two bars, and some of the most colorful patrons ever to be found in a San Antonio niterie.

Johnny Bush has been burning the midnight oil, according to his manager and man Friday Bobby DeHay. According to Bobby, John will soon travel to Nashville where he will cut a single to be released on Willie Nelson's Lone Star Columbia label.

Troubled with a nervous condition which affected his voice, Bush is reportedly getting stronger and sounding great.

Says DeHay, "Just getting the opportunity to record for Willie seems to have released him. He's sounding great."

Still blowing and going with their popular Cow Shed on the south end of the city.

Guy Caparelli and Joe Yorline are now beginning to offer their famous Joe Yorline name entertainment. This month they will feature the Royal Joe Yorline, and in February, pianoSGEinopng wild man Larry Lee Lewis will be shaking the Cow Shed rafters.

And speaking of wild men, the wildest of them all is now pounding the piano at Ed McCrever's Sundown Saloon on W.W. White Road. We are talking wild R's Libert. An X-rated entertainer who does everything from comic relief to nude magic tricks. In his off hours Libertos ruffles rackets, makes Indian jewelry, and collects anything weird. The former brother-in-law of Johnny Cash, Ray co-wrote a hit song in the 1950s titled Wicked Woman. This hit is recently being released now by Freddy Fender in Spanish.

Ronne Branhman has now added $4,000 cappuccino machine, a $30,000 hand-made Auburn Boattailed Speedster (pink on both inside and outside), and he now announces that he will soon unveil the newest and most exclusive discotheque this side of the River Seine. As a matter of fact, Branhman says he will fly in a New York disco designer who just completed the snazziest disco in the Panhandle city. The designer will go to work on Branhman's Last National Bank. When the wife is all done, the place will be known as Deja Vu (that's French for something like "the feeling that you've been there before").

In event that some of this may sound a bit foreign and confusing, a cappuccino is a non-alcoholic steamed drink, but the gadget at Sugar Daddy's -- the chili, hamborger and stew disco-makes alcoholic cappuccinos known as "cappuccino d'amur," meaning, according to Sugar Daddy's manager Joe McClure that six secret liquors are steamed and boiled and rolled in the outfit.

The Auburn Boattailed Speedster is a hand-made automobile (Branham has only made yearly, and that he has been on the waiting list for four years). The exterior is cotton candy pink, while the interior is hot pink.

"Now," says Branhman, "I'm looking for a bumper sticker that says, 'It's All Pink Inside.'"

Oh, year one more thing. When Branhman pushes the horn button, the damned thing says, "Somewhere My Love."
After his scheduled show, Trower set up a few more 'Jacks, Torchys, and Curys.

**THE MERGER** Of Lone Star Brewery with Olympus from Washington State still is a lot of folks guessing as to what will happen on the local front. And like he didn't shed much light on the matter, Lone Star distributor Jack Burkett noted that he is now adding 20 new route trucks, and searching for more warehouse space.

Burkett is a personable fellow from LaGrange who purchased the local Lone Star distributorship from Charles Huey. In LaGrange, Jack distributed white beer, operated a cattle feed lot and a grain elevator. When Lone Star Brewing Co., first let it out its distributing business to an independent, then the outfit was known as Lone Star Beer Co. The past, Lone Star Distributing Co. has been Lone Star's West Side outlet. Now, will Buck Owens be president and Jerry Barton acting as vice president and general manager, all Lone Star distributed in San Antonio and Bexar County is done through Apache—with general offices and warehouse on San Antonio street.

**DEP sift by the may writer jockeys of our nation as a 300-pound longhair, Willie Nelson has heard a few folks last month by showing up with his hair slashed off in the back—some camps might put it, plum up above the hairline. Asked about his rough and ragged new look, Willie laughed: “Me and myaul English, his drummer,” were just sitting around with nothing to do, so we came up with a little haircut with a piece of a busted beer bottle.”

**ALTHOUGH RICHARD Holbrook and Joe Malin admittedly serve a smorgasbord of restaurant appetizers to their great Mam-Mam turkeys on West Avenue, there is no truth to the story that we set fire to the Great Mam-Mam. We just misplaced it for a spell. While there is no Great Mam-Mam in this Action, we want to let it be known that we still sell advertising to turkeys and turkeys.

The truth is that Holbrook didn’t start the Great Mam-Mam copy in on time. He was too busy whirligigging around the city in an attempt to buy up those popular little 24-carat Bangkok gold chains which are the sort of thing great Mam-Mam turkeys like. Little turkey Richard now figures that he has been cornered the gold market chain.

**IT'S BEEN A MANY year since Grinne Hall rocked with a New Year’s Eve blast. But this year’s may be the best ever held in Texas’ oldest dance hall with downtown bunch known as the “River Ratz,” has moved his operations north to manage the Court Yard Club. If you haven’t heard of the “River Ratz,” no nevermind. They are ultra-exclusive. But for those who dig a real Vegas-like floor extravaganz, there is nothing exclusive about the leaning flames, quivering bottoms and shimmering grass skirs of the Coco Grove Hawaiian dance troupe now working the Court Yard. Almost everyone gets off to a visual performance which feu teurs both talent and lots of bare female membra.
groups as Denny Ezba and the goldens, the Five-Wheel Drive, and other rockers from the sock hop era. Brown got a shot in the arm when Miller recorded “Sunny Side Of My Life” in February of 1972. Meyers has recorded both “Dusty Roads” and another Brown tune called “Memories.” Singing school teacher George Chambers also recorded “Dusty Roads.”

Although she and Brown met only about three years ago, Patsy says the two of them lived only a few blocks apart and attended the same school.

Said Patsy: “Augie and Bubba have known each other for a long time. I feel that Augie’s interest in us stems largely from Bubba. I also feel that Augie’s Texas Re-Cord company could be the very beginning for a lot of musicians from San Antonio and this area of Texas.”

An effervescent showman, harp player Santos is also a serious musician who has bounced all around. The son of a Portuguese shrimp boat captain from Aransas Pass, John said he had plenty of time to practice on the harmonica while working on his father’s boat—the “Bubbie & Zadie,” a name which means grandma and grandpa in Greek. While in the Army and stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, Santos played with a soul and blues group known as the Other Half.

“I was really into blues and soul stuff then,” Santos said. “Me and the lead guitar players were the only white guys in the band.”

Hanging out and blowing his harp at Port Aransas in such clubs as the Moby Dick.
Santos made numerous friends from San Antonio, one being a musician by the name of Fernando Esparza. Without even having a name for their duo, John and Fernando opened Muldoon’s Saloon here, and Santos recalls that he spent a good deal of time down at Devine with a fellow by the name of Eugene (Pinto) Bean. Unannounced and without an introduction, John Santos mounted the stage with Patsy Coleman and Bubba Brown when Beaver Creek was packing Mitch Battros’s Town Crier Club slightly more than a year ago.

“He just hauled out his box of harmonicas and started playing,” Patsy recalls. “We didn’t know who he was. But we knew he could play a harmonica from that moment on. And so did the crowd.”

Asked his opinion as to the world’s greatest harmonica player, Santos said, “Paul Butterfield.” He calls Mickey Raphael, Willie Nelson’s harp man, “just fantastic.”

Of all the contemporary female artists, Patsy lists Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris as her favorites.

Together, and complemented by Bubba Brown, Patsy and Santos and the other Beaver Creek members have a better than good combination of their own going right here in San Antonio.

And their music, well, maybe only the audience should judge. It is definitely country, although Beaver Creek plays work by the Eagles and The Band. Patsy sings Summertime, and John Santos will never get the blues out of his windpipes.

Let’s just call it good Beaver Creek music.

Presley’s Guard

Fred Stoll has seen fans of Elvis Presley arrive in crates and disguised as maintenance people. Stoll is a fan of Presley but being a guard at Graceland, Presley’s lavish mansion, is just a job.

Fred is the “other guard” at Graceland. Of the three watchmen at the rambling estate in Memphis, the quiet dependable Stoll is the one not related to Presley.

He was hired by the superstar’s father 12 years ago and, along with Uncle Cousin Vester Presley and Cousin Harold Loyd, keeps the fans out of the mansion and out of the entertainer’s hair.

Stoll calls himself an ordinary man working for “the most famous and popular entertainer in the world,” although he concedes his work is “like any other job.”

He said he got the job in 1964 on a lucky tip. “I just came along at the right time and his father hired me.”

The 56-year old Mississippi native is, of course a fan of the swivel-hipped entertainer and a proud owner of about 15 albums by the poor boy who parlayed raspy utterances and suggestive quivers into a multimillion dollar business.
MUSIC & MADNESS
...In The Mornings
“Nice Guy Nick” & “The Other One”

SAM KINDRICK—NICK ST. JOHN
6 A.M.—10 A.M.

KEXL-104
Album Radio
The Lost Gonzo Band... "The Last Gonzo" is an absolutely outstanding album. It is a good protest record and a great country rock record. It is a good record for anyone who likes good music. The best cut on this platter is "Fire Ball Mail," a country folk tune. The other cuts on it are "Brown Woman," "Sweet Little Lily," "Life In The Pines," and "Lonesome Cup Of Coffee." The best cut on this platter is "Dead Armadillo," a lazy little tune. The other cuts, "Relief" and "Daddy's Money" are pretty fair. One doesn't have to listen to this whole album to enjoy it. You'll like it.

Alexander Harvey... "Preshus Child" is a damn good album. The best cut is "Catfish Bates," a slide guitar, banjo pickin' country tune. "Lonesome Cup Of Coffee" is a good heartbreak tune written by Alex Harvey and Coach Darryl Royal. "Tennessee Woman" is another good country song. Another real fine song is "Highroller," a song about the rise and fall of a big money hooker. The other cuts, "So I'm Down, But Ain't Out," "Till The Fiddles Come Out Of That Wall," and "Play My Cards" (Wherever They May Fall)," are all good. If you've never heard Alex Harvey, grab this album and you'll know it right.

ZZ Top... "World Wide Texas Tour" Some of you may wonder what a "ZZ Top" is doing here. Well, I like boogie rock and ZZ Top is a good band. This disc is a collection of tunes from ZZ Top's four albums. It's got the goodies on it like "Brown Sugar" and "Backdoor Love Affair." Other real good cuts are "Nasty Dog and Funky King," "I Got My Mind Made Up," "Precious and Grace." The other cuts, "Waitin' For The Bus," "Miss Clawdy," "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers," "Blue Jeans Blues," "Truckin', "Heard It On The X," and "LaGrange," are all typical high energy ZZ Top rock 'n' roll good album.

George Chambers and the Country Gentlemen... "Feelings" Who is George Chambers? Chambers is one of the biggest rockabilly artists we have here in San Antonio. This album is a fine example of George Chambers and the Country Gentlemen's talent. The first cut, "Fire Ball Mail," is a pretty instrumental. "Ribbon of Darkness" is an excellent instrumental. The best song on this disc is an Alex Harvey tune entitled "The King of Oak Street," about a couple who break up and are reunited. The other tunes, "Teach Your Children," "Barcarole of Her Undying Love," "Whispering Pines," "Within Your Crowd," "Bloody Mary Morning," "Wakin'," and "A Stranger In My Place," are all good. Now don't ask, who is George Chambers?

The Charlie Daniels Band, Chuck Leavell, Junior Hall, The Marshall Tucker Band, and Dicky Betts... "Volunteer Jam" This is a fine rockin' record live on the campus of Middle Tennessee State University at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. "Whiskey" is a bluesy rockin' song about the mind bending illustrous amber fluid. There's also "Birmingham Blues" and "The South's Gonna Do It Again," two pretty well known Daniels tunes. "The Thrill Is Gone" and "Sweet Mama" are also good numbers. The last cut is an extremely good rendition of "Mountain Dew." If you like Marshall Tucker or Charlie Daniels, this disc is for you.

Weylon Jennings... "Weylon Live" You're probably thinking, "Oh, shit, not another Waylon Jennings album!" But this one is alright. The best cuts are "I Feel It," "Rainy Day Woman," "Bob Will Is Still The King," "Pick Up The Tempo." This time, and the great immortal "House Of The Rising Sun," the other songs are all decent: "The Last Letter," "I'm A Ramblin' Man," "Good Hearted Woman," and "Me And Bobby McGee." Also on this disc is Willie's "Me And Paul," which Waylon has perverted into "Me And Tompall." This is a good live recording and of course we all know Waylon is really pretty good.

Barefoot Jerry... "Keys To The Country" This is an absolute collection of country and blues. This disc has the best version of "The Battle of New Orleans" I've ever heard. "Summit Drive" is an excellent instrumental. "Acapulco Fever" is a fine soft tone. "You Can't Say It Ain't" is another good one. There is a fine bluesy religious number, "My God (Is Alright With Me)." "Woes of The Road" is a hilarious tune that most musicians can relate to. "Wilma Lou" is another funny one. The other cut, "Tomitee's The Nite I Do," "Georgia On Mind," and "Unk's Pen" are all well worth listening to. Most of you have heard Barefoot Jerry and the C.U.B. But haven't heard them. Well, now's your chance.

Action Magazine, January, 1977 • 25+

Grinderswitch... "Pullin' Together" Alright! Here's a damn good bunch of musicians and an excellent album. "Higher Ground" is a southern rocker with some hot guitar licks. Two good love songs are "I'm Satisfied," and "That Kind Of A Woman." "You're So Fine" is a country rockin' blues tune. "Open Road" is a fine number, "Kill The Pain," "Fact of Life," "Nobody Can," and "As Sure As Tomorrow" are musically fantastic. Your collection of albums would not be complete without this disc.

Garley Gilley... "Gilley Smokin'" Gilley is alright even if he is a Southern rocker. The great Jerry Lewis. "Don't The Girls All Get Prettier At Closing Time?" is a piano pounding rocker. "There's A Song On The Jukebox" is a beer drinkin' bear jerek. "Lowly Miss Clawdy" is a good tune but Joe Cocketer didn't do better. Another fine tune is an old favorite of mine entitled "Who's Laughin' Now?" "Keys To The World" are another fine. Gilley's other tunes are alright: "L-O-V-E," "What Is It," "My Babe," "Just Can't Get Her Out Of My Mind," and "I'll Fly Away." His platter is worth a listen.

THE ARMY CAN HELP YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER SAVE $3100 FOR COLLEGE OVER THE NEXT THREE YEARS.

INTRODUCING A NEW EDUCATIONAL ASSISTANCE PROGRAM.

Starting January 1, 1977, your son or daughter can accumulate up to $8100 for college or vocational-technical school during last 36 months in the Army.

Under this Educational Assistance Program, they can save from $50 to $75 each month, with their savings matched 2 for 1. And that adds up.

FOR EVERY DOLLAR THEY SAVE IN COLLEGE, TWO WILL BE ADDED.

By participating in the new program, a young person gets three dollars back for every dollar saved toward college or vocational-technical school—the savings plus the additional two dollars of matching funds.

If the maximum of $75 a month is saved ($2700 over 36 months), $5400 will be added for a total of $8100. If the minimum of $50 a month is saved ($1800 over 36 months), $3600 will be added for a total of $5400.

HOW DO THEY COLLECT?

Assuming your son or daughter has finished the basic training in the Army and has been deployed, for example, to the educational fund each month, the $8100 accumulated under the program will be paid in 12 monthly installments of $225 each for four months of college or vocational-technical school completed.

If they decide not to continue school following the Army, they get back all the money saved. The matching funds will be paid only if used toward completing up to four years of college or vocational-technical school. The extra $5400 matching amount becomes a strong incentive for a young person to continue with school.

THEY CAN ALSO GO TO COLLEGE WHILE IN THE ARMY AND WE PAY UP TO 75% OF THE TUITION.

If your son or daughter enlists in today's Army, all kind of educational opportunities are open for earning college or vocational-technical credits right on post with the Army paying up to 75% of the tuition. Under Project AHEAD, for example, a young person can enlist in the Army and attend in college or vocational-technical school at the same time. Over 1000 colleges and universities around the country now participate in Project AHEAD. It's a great chance for a young person to get a jump on the future.

YOUR LOCAL ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE IS THE PERSON TO TALK TO NEXT.

This new Educational Assistance Program, along with all the other educational benefits the Army offers, will help your son or daughter in their career building — as soldiers now, citizens later. There's no better time to start getting that education than now.

Your local Army Recruiting office has full details on all the educational and other opportunities for young people in today's Army. Or, if you'd like to send this information to you, just mail the coupon. Or call 800-431-1976 toll free.

In NY, call 800-243-5614.

Army Opportunities

P.O. Box 1776
Mount Vernon, NY 10550

Please send me more information about the new Educational Assistance Program, and other educational opportunities for young people in today's Army.

Ms./Mr./Mrs.
Address
City
State
Zip
Phone

The telephone number and address of your local Army Recruiting Office is on the Yellow Pages under "Recruiting." Join the people who've joined the Army. It's an education, too.
Members of that loosely-knit conglomeration of folks who Willie Nelson refers to as his "family" were notified by phone only a day or two in advance last month. Get into the pool hall on the night of Dec. 15th for the Christmas party. The pool hall, of course, is the one on South Lamar in Austin called "Willie's," a true pocket billiards emporium operated by the singer's parents, Mom and Pop Nelson. The occasion was Nelson's semi-private yuletide party which he plays only for the enjoyment of his friends, family and himself. Needless to say, the show Nelson puts on in this environment is beyond description. Almost everyone knows everyone else. There is no need for security or formalities. And Nelson, enjoying a brief respite from the gigantic concert crowds he faces almost nightly, comes completely unglued as the people who know him best respond in like manner. There are no mindless groupies to be dragged back from the stage. As a matter of fact, there is no stage. Willie and the band set up in one corner of the pool hall. "Family" members are eyeball-to-eyeball with the king of progressive country music. Between verses of his songs, Willie shouts greetings. He burns cigarettes from those nearby. Others step between members of the band to fire up those cigarettes. Paul English, Bea Spears, Jody Payne, Mickey Raphael, Rex Ludwig and sister Bobbie Nelson eat their respective instruments alive. Nelson goes completely bananas on his battered and initial-scratched old lead guitar. This year's party was no exception. If anything, it was crazier and greater than the last. Willie tested out two new songs he has written on the "family" crowd. One, without question, could be a million-selling smash when it is recorded. It's hard to say about the other. Will forgot the words halfway through the tune, but fellow vocalist and backup lead guitarist Jody Payne laughingly took the mike to fill in the missing spaces. Naturally, there was no admission charge for this show of shows. It was no concert. It was a sharing thing. The little Christmas show is Nelson's way of sharing his success with those he cares for. Although he has detractors because of his refusal to conform to the mores and standards set up by some, Nelson is now a recognized giant in the music business. Yet to those who really know Willie the
man, he is an unselfish country boy with a sense of innate humility and fairness that goes beyond the bounds of ordinary men.

Halfway through the party, Nelson's father walked onto the stage with a money sack to announce: "When we have entertainment here in the pool hall, we always pay the musicians. And in cash. Willie is playing this gig for twelve-five tonight, and I want everyone to see him get paid right now."

With that little speech, Pop Nelson counted out of 12 $1 bills and one 5-cent piece which he dutifully handed his grinning son. Attired in formal Christmas wear, Nelson was resplendent in a new pair of Lee overalls, his old straw hat, a striped Charlie Brown polo shirt, a bandana around his neck, and white and blue tennis shoes.

He played his great hits. He ripped the pool hall apart. He sang until sweat poured from his nose and beard. Sister Bobbie Nelson worked on her piano just like she did in the days that she and little brother Will were playing four-stool beer joints. Bass man Bea Spears, maybe the greatest ever to thump the instrument, got plumb frenetic. Alternating on one drum set because of space limitations, Paul English and Rex Ludwig all but ruptured their snares. Mickey Raphael made his assortment of harps cry until it seemed that the harmonicas might actually bleed between his cupped hands. With all of this behind them, Willie and Jody Payne built to a screaming crescendo as they picked "Under The Double Eagle" like the old instrumental has never been picked before.

Willie sang "Pretty Paper," the great Christmas song he wrote years ago. Then he wished everyone a merry Christmas, and told the crowd how much he enjoyed playing and visiting with each and every person present. Needless to say, we were impressed.

Others were also. Some of the "family" members were wiping tears as they walked, smiling and shaking their heads out of little Willie's Pool Hall.

"ATHLETIC COMPETITION SURE HAS CHANGED SINCE WE WERE KIDS... EH, MARTHA?"
faction over many events, circumstances, and conditions. But the most rage seemed directed at such specific targets as the Country Music Association and some 1974 CMA Awards Show Winners, Olivia Newton-John, John Denver, Charlie Rich, and on and on.

The pot was boiling—and in public. It had, in fact, boiled over, and we're still trying to clean up the mess it made. The problem was that well intentioned people were starting to make demands rather than going after causes. They were trying to yank up the thorns one by one instead of yanking up the weeds by the roots.

"But at least they got a start and encouraged others to follow suit. The culmination of it all was formation of the Association of Country Entertainers. However, they formed ACE without having a fully refined or defined set of objectives or plan of attack. They just knew something was wrong, and that something had to be done about it.

Well, some of the original founders of this association have gone on to other activities since November, 1974. But those who've remained behind—and, most importantly, those who've climbed on board since then—have been digging down to those roots. We're ready to start hacking. Now we almost have them exposed to the light of day. We're ready to start hacking. "Since the beginning of this year we've been taking a long, hard look at today's country music industry and what we think is needed to improve it. While digging, we've run across many a thorn and rephrase some opinions originally expressed during our organization's formative weeks. You see, some of them have developed into awful misconceptions, and we're trying to yank them out by the roots."

"We've yowled a bout some of it all was formation of the Association of Country Entertainers. However, they formed ACE without also acknowledging that something had to be done about it. Well, some of the original founders of this association have gone on to other activities since November, 1974. But those who've remained behind—and, most importantly, those who've climbed on board since then—have been digging down to those roots. Now we almost have them exposed to the light of day. We're ready to start hacking. Since the beginning of this year we've been taking a long, hard look at today's country music industry and what we think is needed to improve it. While digging, we've run across many a thorn and rephrase some opinions originally expressed during our organization's formative weeks. You see, some of them have developed into awful misconceptions, and we're trying to yank them out by the roots.

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"Well, who'll decide what's honest country? We believe there is only one judge and jury when it comes to country music. The fan. He's the only person who should decide on what's good or bad, and he should cast his vote in the record stores by letting us know by letter or phone when we come in contact with him in his home town or ours.

"The problem is that even though he's been trying, the fan isn't getting the chance to perform that function. He's become a figurehead; others have taken his responsibilities away from him. This means the country music industry is not being given its chance to develop according to the laws of the free market. Product wanted by the consumer is not being exposed to public scrutiny; it's being pushed down his throat, and he's being told he likes it.

"In the beginning country music was the picker of the front porch performing for neighbors, family, and friends gathered 'round. It was the producer-creator and fan-consumer, a simple, direct chain of communication, the kind of relationship never since equaled in mutual regard, longevity, and loyalty. The most men eventually entered the chain of communication brought superb rewards as they took the music out of the hills and into every nation of the world. But we've paid a high price. This is a reflection new. We've known about, tolerated, and have paid a high price for it."

"ACE has formed as a 47 state organization who've climbed on board since then—have been digging down to those roots. Now we almost have them exposed to the light of day. We're ready to start hacking. Since the beginning of this year we've been taking a long, hard look at today's country music industry and what we think is needed to improve it. While digging, we've run across many a thorn and rephrase some opinions originally expressed during our organization's formative weeks. You see, some of them have developed into awful misconceptions, and we're trying to yank them out by the roots.

"Well, some of the original founders of this association have gone on to other activities since November, 1974. But those who've remained behind—and, most importantly, those who've climbed on board since then—have been digging down to those roots. Now we almost have them exposed to the light of day. We're ready to start hacking. Since the beginning of this year we've been taking a long, hard look at today's country music industry and what we think is needed to improve it. While digging, we've run across many a thorn and rephrase some opinions originally expressed during our organization's formative weeks. You see, some of them have developed into awful misconceptions, and we're trying to yank them out by the roots.

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managed to connect. But it's getting harder. We know, because it's our job, that to be a performer, one has got to be a fan. We know our work is hard and that we have to be the seats in front of it. But now we're going to be about what we think, but glee knew no bounds. We managed to connect. But it's gotten harder. We know, because it's our job, that to be a performer, one has got to be a fan. We know our work is hard and that we have to be the seats in front of it. But now we're going to be about what we think, but glee knew no bounds. We

Soon we saw our industry as we thought it was happening, I rejoiced at every announcement. No one knows to someone greatly needed, it is supposed to determine what takes place in our free market system.

We've been tabulating our incoming communications. We've been tabulating our incoming communications. We've been tabulating our incoming communications. We've been tabulating our incoming communications. We've been tabulating our incoming communications. We've been tabulating our incoming communications. We've been tabulating our incoming communications.

1. Apply the brakes to any further expansion of the top 40 formula or tight playlist format to country radio, at least until everyone has looked at the concept in depth and with full voice given to all viewpoints.

2. Encourage broadcasters advertising time buyers to take another look at their country music demographics, the real ones and not the ones they'd like them to be. We think the country music demographics revolve around the concept of the fan being a hard-working middle-class American with a family to support, with bills to pay, and in the middle of blessings as well as moments of strife. We think the kind of music he wants and the mode of presentation he wants must be compatible with him and his circumstances. We think too much is being done to drag him back into adolescence. At the same time we think the youth, when they're ready, will accept our music on those same terms; they're growing faster these days, it seems. We just want to say this is the best programming approach after all.

3. Encourage more response from the public. We've been tabulating our incoming communications from fans, but we feel our results will have more validity after we alert the world to what we're doing. On the basis of what we see coming in from the fans, we expect to see a lot of misunderstanding cleared up. We'll see more evidence to prove that the fans are not dumb. You will see in this materials that the vast majority of these letters are intelligently written, that they display an uncanny familiarity with the inner workings of both the radio and the record industries. They show an awareness of what's happening to lyrical content and instrumental composition of records, and they're beginning to demand further opportunities to express themselves to policy-makers. We demand for more autonomy for the performer, and we will abide by their verdict.

4. We hope we'll find some fans who want to defend the broadcast operations against criticism. Until now, what we've received has been the opposite.

5. Most of all, we'd like to know the broadcasters' reasoning behind the standardization of sound. If the programmers who insist on using the tight playlist in country radio can prove to us that what they're doing is what their listeners want, then we'll shut up.

6. Encourage a long overdue closer relationship with the advertising departments of all print media; we've enjoyed a solid relationship with the editorial departments for years ahead as the death knell for America's country music.

We think the problem has reached crisis proportions. We think we're taking a meaningful first step towards correcting the problem. We don't believe everyone is being hurt by the industry. We think we're helping it by demanding a return of the music to the fans and by eventually causing the relocation of people who really have no fondness for the music and who are forcing changes the fans don't want.
What's Country?

conf. from page 29

who matter to us, the fans. We think everyone else should also. We fully expect the inevitable charge to again surface, that we're only referring to the position again surface, that we're only emergence as a new female artist whose work was also expressed a year ago by ACE was formed to fight this, she's a fine artist. She's not to blame and I'll be a part of anything hurting her or anyone else who deserves success. I've made many. I've had my hits and I don't really need to work any more. But I'm afraid for young people who want to follow them. They're not going to get a chance unless we clear a path for them."

"Ernest joined ACE that night and in the months following has become one of our most active members. He works tirelessly to apply the philosophy he expressed during that meeting. By the way, he might even wind up on our board of directors. He's been nominated."

This concluded Ms. Mandrell's address, and a good thought it certainly is. If the artists of Nashville are not to lose their arms to the young musicians who struggle on the outside of that Tennessee curtain, we believe it is a wonderful gesture. Certainly the playlists of most country radio stations are too limited. Only there are DJs who don't know their business. And most certainly, there are slickies at every turn who stand ready to make a buck at the musicians' expense. It is also true that many program directors know little about the music they are literally running on, and that many others care less. To almost every change made, we will agree.

Assuming now that Nashville's inner-circle of artists, will welcome the Denvers, the Newton-Johns, the Nelsons and the Jenningses, we must examine the letter request garnered by Music City News and later mailed out in press release form to the media. From the letters in our press kit, we would have to assume that the fans we have now heard from have no use for the so-called "progressive" musician. Most of them want to hear songs by long-dead artists, older artists who no longer make many records, and former big sellers like Billy the Kid who had a record on the charts in four years. The fan response released by the Association of Country Entertainers leave us wondering if the great masses of music fans are being represented here. While we agree that playlists are too tight, and that most programmers are doing too well, that the so-called fans who are represented by the above letter are just exactly the type people Ms. Mandrell castigated in her speech.

Those represented go straight into personalities, knocking the artists who are trying to express the country music-those so-called 'outlaws' who dare to rear up and buck the Nashville norm. Keeping in mind that Ms. Mandrell had a lot of fine things to say, we must assume that she meant them from the bottom of her heart. But for those fans of country music who are so widely quoted by the Nashville Association of Country Entertainers, we can only say that if playlists must be tight, they are tightening up on the right end for a change.

Do the masses of country music lovers-young and old-pretend Kitty Wells over Emmylou Harris? Do they prefer Buck Owens over Waylon Jennings? Do they prefer Faron young over Willie Nelson? Do the masses of country music lovers-young and old-pretend Kitty Wells over Emmylou Harris? Do they prefer Buck Owens over Waylon Jennings? Do they prefer Faron Young over Willie Nelson? Do the masses of country music lovers-young and old-pretend Kitty Wells over Emmylou Harris? Do they prefer Buck Owens over Waylon Jennings? Do they prefer Faron Young over Willie Nelson?

We don't think that anyone-not even the Association of Country Entertainers-needs to have these answers spelled out in bold type. They already know the answers.

Although Barbara is right about radio restrictions, etc., we wonder where the ACE or another organization like it might have been when Willie was selling Bibles and vacuum cleaners in Nashville, hanging out and just hoping that, someday, some way, one of those bighouse flowers on his shirt and Elvis-like hipster could rise strong enough to hear a song by the redheaded guy from Texas. Maybe Barbara and her people formed their association too late. Maybe they should have done it back when a bunch of Texas outlaws were out peddling vacuum cleaners and pumping gas.

David can't de from page 5 up David's life-style. But while he might not have cared for the standards many men set up for themselves, David Crawford knew and always cared. Throughout the little jive was an expression that mortal mortals made for themselves in those turned times, David Crawford always cared about his fellow human. Even a total stranger in some remote area, Crawford seemed to have a kinship in his bright blue eyes and a genuine smile on his face. For lack of a better expression, I will call David Crawford a true admirer. His friends and associates will tell you that he was a fun loving free spirit who liked everyone and had no enemies. I would prefer to say that David was one of those rare and exceptionally unselshand individuals with a knack for finding something to admire in almost every person he met. After all, you have no doubt already learned or heard this.

The young man now had robbed and brutally murdered the husband of his wife Oaxaca, Mexico. The hot climate makes the interior of Mexico, a land that he dearly loved. A picker and formerly a yarm-spinner supreme, the 34-year-old San Antonio native had been there for almost a month, buying up some of the rare objects of art in Guatemala and the area round Oaxaca. But I'm afraid for the philosophy he expressed in his letter which says about Country, his friends in the Bijou Club and the Union in San Antonio, and his many friends in the Bijou Club and the Union in San Antonio, and his many friends in the Bijou Club and the Union in San Antonio, and his many friends in the Bijou Club and the Union in San Antonio, and his many friends in the Bijou Club and the Union in San Antonio.

They found his van stripped of everything. A small caliber bullet had gone out of one arm. Another, the fatal one, had gone into his heart. Even the simple little pieces of rustic jewelry that David had picked clean by his body.

Lucien Collins, David's brother in law, and the one delegate from the Oklahoma delegation, said it appeared that the windows of Crawford's van had been smashed out possibly with rifle butts. The loveable, courageous little man was fluent in Spanish, a language spoken by many Mexican laborers on his father's ranch in Menard County. On that awful night near the Isthmus of Tehuantepec road, however, he was out of expertise with the lingo proved useless.

Being from Junction and Kimble County, which adjoins Menard County, I felt close to David Crawford. We shared the same background, an old cowboy by the name of Crawford. In fact, one would use the word "red-headed" to describe anyone who would give you the shirt off his back. In Junction, I went through school with Crawford's cousins, Sandra and Rob Roy Spiller. David and sister Cussy often visited members of their family in my hometown, and when I was a sprout, I had a major crush on Cussy. Never. Never. Never. Never. With this, the kid crush was there.

Just a few days before throwing Crawford's book, I received a postcard from David. It was mailed from Mexico. The short note said, "Hi, Sambo. Just writing to keep in touch with the natives. They sure could use some Action Entertainers. I'll be seeing you soon." His daughter, David's widow Christena is due to bear their second child. We're all laughing, singing, David Crawford is now gone. And it's too late for a lot of people to learn from the life and death of the late David Crawford.
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