Gatemouth Brown
MICKEY GILLEY
singing for Pearl Beer over Texas radio network

First in the heart of Texas.

Pearl Brewing Company, San Antonio, Texas
Action Magazine is exactly two years old with this issue. We continue to grow and enjoy more and more recognition. So I'd like to take this opportunity to thank some folks who have helped us along the way.

Musicians and many business people have been with us from the outset. And their numbers continue to grow.

I was recently given the run of back stage at the KEXL country music show on the river. Got recognized (me and the magazine) from the stage by program director Paul Morgan and morning Jock Fat Tallman, an old friend. Also by Max Gardner, Action's general manager Bill Rohde and the others put a lot of work into this annual extravaganza.

We were also heartily recognized over the PA by such notables as Darrell McCall, one of our favorite country people and pickers. It was also a pleasure to rap with such old friends as Johnny Bush, Stoney Edwards, Ron Knuth, George Chambers and many others we ran across.

It was all a nice tribute to what we are doing with the music and Action Magazine is trying to help.

And I would be remiss in not thanking Jack Newman for the fair and objective story he wrote about me in the San Antonio Light's Sunday "Super Star" section. The story was keyed from a picture on the front page. Some of my good old "redneck" readers out in the jingleweeds who once read my column in the Morning Express thought I had been fed before reading Jack's article.

A personality piece, Newman's story did deal with Action and the quality of its editorial content.

While I have been reluctant to mention this before (this sounds like a personal horn-blowing thing), Country Style Magazine (a national rag printed in Illinois) did a funny tongue-in-cheek article about me in connection with Lone Star Beer, KEXL Radio, the Texas Open Armadillo Races, and my lawsuit against Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin. The article appeared, complete with picture of me and world champion racing armadillo "Samuelito," in the December issue of the country music magazine.

With Action having reached a milestone with music and musicians, we are running more and more general interest features.

Discotheques and other clubs which don't feature live bands have been supporting the progressive magazine. While it is gratifying to promote the editorial quality of Action with syrupy personal rundowns on every club man who spends his hard-earned spending dollar with us, the idea is to strive for a publication which covers the night spot scene from front to end. With the exception of a very few egoist assholes who like to have their name in every other paragraph, Action has had the overwhelming support of the San Antonio's nightlife majority.

Most nightclub people are hard-working citizens who understand the rough business they are in. And while some of the so-called "straights" of our society might not be aware of the fact, joint owners are usually the most reliable of all people to do money business with.

I've been explaining, but you've got the facts. Let out of the sack at 5 a.m. to do a series of morning newscasts. I also write a weekly column for the Northside Recorder. The rest of my waking time is spent drumming up new articles for Action Magazine. And then there is the business end of the publication, another time-consuming occupation. So one can readily see that it is virtually impossible for me to hang in out in each and every club that supports the magazine. Wish I could, but there just ain't enough hours in the days and weeks and months.

Most of the club people, however, understand this. When the first issue of Action was printed in March of 1974, there were 15 pages and a 16th back page which featured the Lone Star Beer advertisement. Without former Lone Star Brewery board chairman Harry Jersig and people like Lone Star's Barry Sullivan and Jerry Retzlaff, there might not have been a real entertainment magazine in San Antonio. And we certainly don't want to overlook the overwhelming support we soon started getting from people like Pearl Beer's Lee Birdsong, Bob Marsh, Doug Strain and all the others there. Or John Monfrey, the world's largest beer wholesaler and major contributor who has backed us from the very first day we asked for his support.

Gay Meyers of Miller High Life has featured his product in Action. And Curt Mertens of Alamo Ad quickly placed Coors advertising in Action as soon as the Colorado beer moved into this area.

In recent months, Bob Failer of MCA Records has been advertising his artists and their albums in Action. And there are others, like Jim Veltri of Drive Electronics.

It's impossible, of course, to personally thank every business person who has helped this publication to its current status.

I've mentioned some of the biggies, but every single advertiser has done his part to put us over the hump. I hope that everyone who reads Action Magazine will continue to support the business people who support us. They're real folks.

Action Magazine, March, 1977 • 3 •

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**Armadillo Races**

Record crowds are expected for the third annual Texas Open KEXL Radio - Lone Star Beer Armadillo Race April 3 at the Lone Star Pavilion on HemisFair Plaza.

More than 10,000 showed up for the spectacular last year.

Once again complying with all guidelines set forth by the national Humane Society, the radio station and the brewery will host what has become one of San Antonio's largest single events.

An armadillo called Silverheels won the final runoff heat last year to claim the title. Samuelito, the recognized world champion, beat all armadillos which were raced by KEXL Radio personnel.

Country singer star Sammi Smith showed up for the races last year with her Tennessee racer. Her armadillo, however, didn't fare too well. It had been hanging around Nashville for a period of weeks, and the animal was sadly out of shape.

Numerous "heats" will be run in the case the last two years. The winner of each preliminary race will be pitted in a final drive to the finish line which will determine the fastest armadillo in Texas racing circles.

All contestants must be pre-entered. This is done by telephoning KEXL Radio. Registration begins at 11 a.m. on April 3, with the first race starting at 1 p.m.

There will be no painting of armadillos.

Armadillos will not be carried by their tails. The Lord did not put tails on armadillos to be used as handles.

No ropes, chains or strings may be attached to the animals.

 Handlers will carry the armadillos gently cradled in their arms. No baby armadillos will be entered.

All armadillos raced should be freed in the wilds immediately after the event.

Decision of the judge or judges will be final.

All rules will be exercised without prejudice.

The safest and surest method of catching an armadillo is with the use of a cast net.

There is no charge for attending the Texas Open Armadillo Race.

Vasquez is also the personal manager of Samuelito, the undisputed semi-retired world champion racer. Humane Society personnel have offered some tips for proper care of armadillos prior to race time.

The animals should not be penned up for a long period of time. They should be kept in a quiet, dark area. If possible, a place for them to burrow is ideal.

White is possible the armadillo may at first refuse to eat, it is necessary to provide water and the proper food. The diet should be a greet of wet, dry dog food and canned dog food with meal worms, grits, worm, and lean ground beef.

The handling period prior to race time should be as short as possible. Armadillos have a high stress tendency, and handling should be kept at a minimum. An armadillo caught closer to the race date is likely to run faster.

All three San Antonio TV stations used the armadillo race last year as their lead story. The event was also carried in both daily newspapers. And CBS exposed the nation to a filmed report of the now-nationally-famous Armadillo Race.

Coverage for this year's event will likely be even greater.

Get your entry registered with KEXL. Capture an armadillo and treat it with extreme care. You'll win again act as grand marshal and head judge of the races.

Vasquez recognized armadillo king from Uvalde, will once again act as grand marshal and head judge of the races.

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**KEXL**

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**Lone Star**

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**Armadillo races**
Gatemouth Returns

Brown Still Music Whiz

By Sam Kindrick

Gatemouth Brown may be heading back to San Antonio after a 13-year absence.

Most young San Antonio music fans have never heard of the incredible Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown, and only a select few late-night and after-hours pub crawlers from the 1940s, 1950s and early 1960s will recall the musical magician who once packed the old Eastwood Country Club here. Former District Attorney Charlie Lieck would sit for hours at Eastwood in the 1960s,-listening and lamentsing as Brown literally smoked fiddle, guitar and an assortment of other instruments.

“What a waste,” Charlie would say. “What a goddamned waste. Here we have one of the greatest music artists in the country and the only place he can play in San Antonio is an after-hours club.”

Austin’s Moonhill Booking Agency has since busted half the live music joints in San Antonio by sending them young, noisy and inexperienced groups with inflated egos and tin ears. Gatemouth Brown has forgotten more about music than most of these wet-eared kids will ever learn.

A spectacualr showman, a talented vocalist, and one of the most versatile and polished instrumentalists in the country, the “Gate” is back in the after-hours after a tour which was arranged in Europe. Gatemouth is now based in Louisiana, it was only natural that this natural artist, I'm not a blues artist, I'm a country artist, I'm not a jazz artist, I'm not a blues artist, I'm not a Caucassian artist and I'm not a bluegrass artist. I'm a music artist who ain't afraid to try and to be right, and that's what I've always done.”

Admittedly pleased, if not downright astounded by the open-arms welcome he has received in Texas, the “Gate” is no stranger to great and receptive audiences on other continents.

Just back from an African tour as an envoy of the State Department, Brown played a soccer field which held a grand total of 20,000 howling music fans. Outside the gates, he said, there were another 20,000 screaming to get in.

“Did it just two weeks ago,” he said. “I had played the Washington D.C. Folk Festival, and some Secret Service guys seemed to like my style. They put the word on someone in the State Department, and it was off to Africa. I feel it was a beautiful trip. Africa isn’t like we are made to believe. It is very modern, the people are very intelligent, and they are up on a lot of things—except music. They have a hunger for good American music.”

While on tour in Japan, Gatemouth said police had to stop his show because the cops were busting through the walls of a huge concert enclosure. This was during a tour which was arranged in Europe. A native of Orange, Texas near the Louisiana border, Brown arrived in San Antonio when he was 18. Living in Denver Heights on the East Side, his first professional gig was at the Keynote Club, a black music joint which once showcased some of the best. From there, he moved over to the old Avalon Grill on Commerce Street, then out to Johnny Phillips’ Eastwood Country Club where he picked everything from what is now modern jazz to smoking country fiddle breakdowns as Tanya (Miss Wiggles) Patterson danced standing on her head in a straight-back kitchen chair. “Lumpy, lumpy” Gatemouth mused. “I ain’t seen Wiggles in sooo long. I first met that lady down in Georgia.”

While playing at a youth club the Keyhole Club, Brown met and was influenced to a degree by the great blues picker T-Bone Walker. Since leaving San Antonio, however, the “Gate” has covered a lot of country.

“I guess I left Eastwood about 13 years ago,” he said. “Left there and just went to drifting. I drifted to El Paso, lived and worked around there a while, then I went on to New Mexico. I left there and went to Kentucky, left Kentucky and traveled to Colorado, then headed on into Nevada. I worked for Nevada for a while, then went back to Colorado. About this time, one of my two marriages broke up.

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Brown was born in Orange, Texas, the youngest of seven children. Both Gate­mouth and his younger brother, James Brown (T-Bone) Brown, were taught the rudiments of guitar by their father. Since Clarence Sr., played strictly country and Cajun music, it was quite a change when Gate­mouth's first love became country and Cajun.

“My dadda played country, Cajun and bluegrass,” Gate­mouth said during an interview last month at the Cheatham Street Warehouse in Austin, where he was playing country when I was five. When I turned 10, I took up guitar.”

He said he and his brother got their nicknames while singing in church. “Guess we kept our mouths pretty wide open,” he laughed.

Although he dropped out of school when he should have been in a high school freshman, “Gate” is a self­taught student of music, refers to himself as a “master musician.” He says his father was also a master, although he worked for the railroads.

Pointing out that he reads, writes and arranges music, Brown recalls some of his better originals which were done when he worked with a 23­piece orchestra, space like the “Okie Dokie Stomp.” “It was a big beat. We were Mistrouted,” “Doing Work at the Crossroads,” “My Time Is Expensive.”

At Eastwood, says Brown, there were two - three times I was playing there with a house band, it was an after­hour kind of gig. At one time, there just weren’t many places that a black musician could pick in San Antonio.

Later, and further along his rough­musical road, Brown flanged together his orchestra. “I was the youngest big band leader in America at one time,” he said.

In 1947, while being a magician with both guitar and trumpet, Brown was playing on a road show, playing on viola, mandolin and harmonica, banjo, upright bass, and drums. If he didn’t have anything else handy, the “Gate” could likely make some mighty fine music with nothing but his voice.

It was also as a guitarist, however, that “Gate” marked his work, since he was the innovator of swing guitar. Some say that by 1947, T-Bone Walker had gained a reputation as a hot­shot. Albert King, for example, would steal T­Bone Walker’s crown as the most accomplished swing guitarist. But, Brown’s first big break came when Don Robey sent for him in Houston to replace a sick­looking T­Bone Walker at Robey’s famous New Orleans Blue Room Club in Houston. While “Gate” was to again return to San Antonio, he had to wind up on another continent. It was that show in the Philippines that Gate­mouth really got him cranked up and rolling.

His appearance was so successful that he received more than $600 in tips alone.

Don Robey recognized that he had a hot­hand talent. He promptly signed "Gate" to an exclusive recording contract the same night, even before Robey, as yet, had not formed a record label, nor did he know anything about the record business. By the following weekend Robey bought his man a new Gibson L-5 electric guitar and five sets of specialized­tailed tuxedos with tails.

Within two weeks after the signing, Robey flew Brown to Los Angeles to record for Eddie Meddler’s Aladdin label. The first release appeared in 1947 and among those were four solid hits, “Burglar Ramble,” “My Time Is Expensive,” “Guitar In My Hand,” and “My Time Is Fine.” Realizing that it was his artist who was responsible for the recording successes and not Eddie Meddler nor his Aladdin label (Robey then formed his own Peacock label, solely for the purpose of recording and marketing the smoking hot Gate­mouth to his growing audiences.

This move enabled Robey to capitalize on “Gate’s” long string of hits during his 17­year association with the Peacock Recording Co., and further allowed Robey to be successful enough to form Duke Records, an offspring company which would shape the careers of such piker­to­be Bobby Bland, Little Junior Parker, Amos Milburn and Big Mama Thornton.

This long association also allowed Brown to tour the U.S., leading his orchestra with electric guitar and violin, and established him as a jazz and jump blue star on the West Coast (he still sings country and Cajun in his soul). Cal Green, another hot Texas picker from that era, once said, “At the time I was forming my style, T­Bone Walker was more national, but ‘Gate’ had fired.”

The stamp Gate­mouth left on other Texas pickers such as Albert Collins, Govee Carter, and Earl Gillman and the reverence with which his lefties talked about, bears this hallmark. Even rock artists like Frank Zappa and Roy Buchanan have followed Gate­mouth’s due. Thus still records and tours regularly in Europe, Brown is now seriously working about settling down and working the hell out of Texas.

He is currently drawing big crowds around his home base, New Orleans.

Over the years, Gate­mouth’s bands have had many personnel changes, but at various times the touring included luminaries as Plummer Davis, Paul Whiteman, Candy Johnson, Jay McShann, Al Grey, Bill Harvey, Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, Gene Ammons and Yusef Lateef. Many of Gates’ classic tunes have been recorded by other artists such as Cornell Littlefield and his recent rendition of the “Okie Dokie Stomp,” and Charles Mingus’ reworking of “Devil” on his latest album.

“Take what I consider,” he added, “to make the most attractive.”

Gate­mouth returned to Texas, and hitting the Austin thing wearing cowboy boots, and a western hat, is akin to the return of the “Prodigal Son.”

They have killed one fatted calf for this musical wizard, and others are being rounded up for future feasting. At the tender age of 52, it seems that the “Gate” may be on the verge of finally getting his just rewards in the country of his birth. After leaving an awe­struck crowd in Austin’s Soup Creek Saloon, and another at the Cheatham Street Warehouse in San Marcos, those in the Texas music center quickly became aware that Mr. Brown was many cuts above the average rugged­assed­picker desecrating upon the scene.

Gate­mouth was interviewed on KOKE FM Radio in Austin, and Lone Star Brewery officials wasted no time in signing the “Gate” to a radio commercial-cutting contract.

“I wrote and recorded three spots for Lone Star.” Brown said, “One is country, one is jazz and one is blues, so I have Long Star in three music markets now.”

The chain­smoking Gate­mouth was interviewed when he played the Cheatham Street Warehouse in San Marcos.

That first night, only a few college kids showed up, but his second night, word of mouth had done the trick. Kent Finch’s club was packed.

“That’s how it always is,” Brown grinned, “if I ever have a bad night, it’s the first one in a strange place. After that, we pack it.”

When I told Gate­mouth that I was at Old Eastwood where I first heard him play, he burst into a big grin and hugged me.

“Another one of them,” he laughed.

Yeah, yeah. He remembers little Doug Sahm and Chris Holzhaus, just kids in those old days. They grooved on Brown’s music, and many of the licks these musicians hit today on a guitar were learned hanging around the old Eastwood.

In addition to having all the important sound of soul on almost a good instruments and voice, Gate­mouth is a vital experience. He talks between numbers, but the rap is not puerile prattle which would bore anyone. He gears the crowd for the changing moods of his music, and the transition is slicker than greased owl shit on a Louisiana bayou beaver slide. At Cheatham Street, he opened with something he calls “$600 Song.” This tune has funkied it with a number titled “Frosty.”

Quickly, before the vibes of the funk music could really soak into anyone, Gate­mouth called out: “Here’s one for the Cajun lady we have in the audience.”

Then he cut loose with a Cajun classic titled “Louisiana Woman.”

From there, it was Kentucky bluegrass at its Gate­mouth best—a breakdown Brown calls “Up Jumped The Devil.”

Jazz, blues, funk, bluegrass, Cajun and country soon began to meld.

“When My Blue Moon turns to Gold Again,” Gate­mouth crooned.

Then it was a gimmick­down­titled “Gate’s Express.” Stretching the strings on his electric guitar, the “Gate” narrated with his fingers. The guitar howled like a pack of coyotes. Then it yowled like the hound dog that Gate­mouth said lost its tail. When the farmer in the truck was cut off at the railroad crossing by a train, the ditty ended on a guitar lick which plainly as day said, “sonofabitch.”

Gate­mouth did the “St. Louis Blues” in boogie­woogie style. He picked “El Paso,” and ripped through something he calls “Chicken Shift,” a crazy instrumental in which he makes the guitar cackle like a pen full of irritated hens. Mostly, though, he picked and sang great music, and he did it in such a way that no one present would even care to try putting a label on anything Brown played. They were all too busy yelling and laughing.
In San Antonio, you have to choose between three types of stereo stores.

Type 1: This is the specialty shop. Most of these are small stores. They generally carry a limited number of brands; and most will be very high-priced lines. Since their merchandise is limited, they will seldom have more than one retail store. Most of the high-end stores will maintain a service department for any needed repairs. Their relatively high overhead and low merchandise turnover will necessitate a selling price at or near list price.

Type 2: This is the normal discount operation. Each will have one brand they are very big in and will push very hard. Most will have two other brands of power equipment for a total of 3 to choose from. Many discounters will deal in private label or "house brands"; but most dealing will be in dumps and discontinued models. Most offer no service or repair for their customers. All merchandise will carry factory warranties, but they are of little use if there is no convenient service operation.

Type 3: This is the unique discounter. He will carry all five of the world's leading brands of stereo. There will be very few discontinued models in stock. There will never be any housebrands. A complete service department is functioning right in the store. Trade-ins are accepted. This unique discounter will offer service equal to a Type 1 specialty store at prices equal to or below those of a Type 2 discounter. As you may have already guessed, there is only one Type 3 discounter--Dyer the Discounter. Come and see what we have for you!

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6734 San Pedro
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stomping and dancing. As the gig ended, the Cheatham Street went wild, the black pickers a standing ovation.

"I demand to be respected as a man," Brown said, "and I get this respect."

Gatemouth Brown's brand of music was not easily fit into one genre. He was a renegade, a musician who didn't want to be pigeonholed. He typed all blacks as blues players, and he held the line. He played music that was geared for little kids, but when he went into the big city and the big clubs, he was thinking of a fast buck. He was making it in the music business, but he didn't want to play no second banana.

"I'll give you an example," Gatemouth grinned. "I've got 'em only a month, and you can hear and see where I've brought 'em. I give 'em hell in rehearsal. Sometimes we go for seven-hour stretches. I believe in getting up and getting it. Anybody can play slow. But not everybody can play fast. You'll notice that even my blues have a chop to 'em. I don't play no backwoods blues. I play orchestration blues. Maybe we'll call it Texas blues."

In response to a comment about his showmanship and constant movement (he moves fiddling and picking through his crowds), Gate said, "You got to have it. Goddamn it, most of these boy primadonnas learn a half a note and they think they're stars. They get a record out on the market and they figure all they got to do is stand up there with their nose buried in the microphone and sing. They hide behind that make 'cause they need something to hide behind. Right now, at this very minute, I ain't got a single record on the jukebox. I'm in this place. I'm playing. Watch 'em when I'm working. They know that I'm getting out."

Plagued with a cold when he started his San Marcos gig, a sweating Gatemouth puffed excitedly after his first break. "No more cold in me. I done worked it out. Now I'm ready to get back out there and really tear away.

Admitting that he left San Antonio's Largest.. (and most Elaborate)

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Antiques ‘N’ Stuff

Antique lovers are descending in increasing numbers upon Climer’s Rummage Barn in Poteet. What might be junk to some is a prize for others, and 67-year-old Glen Climer is really starting to cash in on a veritable mountain of old stuff. No longer does the lifetime resident of Poteet have to travel and search for the relics which he has been displaying since 1969. Now people come from all over to buy and sell and pick and poke through the Rummage Barn. Funky objects for decorating bars and restaurants are being sacked up and bought at Climer’s. Tourists from other states enroute to the Lower Rio Grande Valley haul away lots of Climer relics.

Donald Yena, a local artist of note, finds all sorts of rustic items in the junk barn for use in his western paintings.

Open daily except Sunday from 9:30 a.m. until 5 p.m., the Rummage Barn specializes in nothing and everything. People buy metal saddle horns for use as hat racks, or cylinders from rusty old pistols that are used for paper weights and pencil holders. If you need an old nail keg for something, Climer’s got it.

Climer’s Rummage Barn is located at the intersection of Highway 474 and FM 16, approximately 40 miles south of San Antonio. A former restaurant and produce man, Climer is confident and adamannt when he sets a price on any object.

Climer noted that a Dallas man recently purchased $1,650 worth of odds and ends for decoration of a bar. Not to be confused with Climer’s is a spot just up the road called C.J.’s Trading Post. Operated by C.J. Coffee, this place also specializes in antiques, but Climer goes in more for the really junk junk stuff.

Piles of old pots and pans clutter Climer’s place. One must often dig for a particular item.

There are enough wagon wheels and old buggy parts at Climer’s to construct a stagecoach.

There are Mexican sombreros, Boy Scout uniforms, milk containers, books, golf clubs that might have been dredged from a lake bottom, antique sewing machines, wine barrels and bits to fit most any horse or pony.

Glen Climer Relaxes With Rubbish

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(SORT OF A COUNTRY CLUB WITH INDOOR TOILETS IN SAN MARCOS)
By Marlene James

Greezy Wheels made tracks for San Antonio last month to play two nights before a jammed Village Inn House. The popular band from Austin made a whole pack of new San Antonio fans.

Before their Friday and Saturday night shows at Village Inn, members of the group had performed years ago at the old San Antonio Ballroom. They also made an appearance last summer at Floor's Country Store in Helotes.

The Village Inn gig, however, exposed the “wheels” to an entirely new group of music buffs. Cleve Hattersley, the 29-year-old lead vocalist and guitar player for the group, described the music as the "latest thing since Alice Cooper."

Hattersley is one of the four original members of the six-year-old band. Other vets who started with him include bass player Mike Pugh, drummer Tony Laier, and fiddler Mary Hattersley, the lady Cleve married three years ago.

Cleve’s sister Lissa and gospel swing. happened to romance ... "Greezy Wheels has high

Austin made a whole pack of drummer Tony Laier, and Radials” -- Greezy Wheels play two nights before a year-old band. Other vets With two albums now on the life - a little rain must by Gary Speers of Austin. appear last summer at Egly has recently started mighty good impersonation guitar. Her voice is

group had performed years Hattersley later joined the At the Village inn,” Wheels” Lissa has been playing hopes of soon returning to

year ago at the old San Antonio group as Like many contemporary Floor Elevators. Mexico State University Cleve Hattersley smiled:

new San Antonio fans. f(ddler Mary Hattersley, the smacks an audience with a got to wise up to him, size up groups as the Flying Burrito

doesn’t like labels, and the comic, Cleve Hattersley violin and singing as a child. which I enjoy, I like to play

drummer for the group, groups, Greezy Wheels An improviser and a half- voice professor, was playing “Besides the challenge,

“wheels” to an entirely new Casual and the old Man 60s, i.e.: Rocky Ericson’s

The popular band from

A couple of other good blues numbers he does include "Dirty Lies" and "Star Is My Guitar." Hattersley calls on him for a

The song, “Country Music and Friends,” written by former Greezy Wheels guitarist Pat Pankratz, starts off “Cocaine, country music as though he would have no

While it may be hard for some to comprehend, Hattersley makes up words as Bette Midler, but with the same effect, she sings, “They say that in everyone’s life a little rain must ... "They say that in everyone’s life a little rain must by Gary Speers of Austin.

"I have a two-month-old they may say something or play something the audience has never heard before."

Cleve Hattersley smiled. "Besides the challenge, which I enjoy, I like to play new stuff, just to please the old Boogie Man"

Hattersley is one of the four every right to perform without a stamp. With two albums now on the market — “Just Love Don’t Greezy Wheels,” and “Radio Radials” — Greezy Wheels smacks an audience with a musical potpourri of blues, rock, bluegrass, country, and gospel swing.

At the Village Inn “Wheels” did everything but come off. Cleve Hattersley did a mighty good impersonation of Presley with Jailhouse Rock. The group also did some of Austin’s own psychedelic music from the 60’s, i.e.: "Rocky Ericson’s "I Had To Tell You." a number made popular by The 13th Floor Elevators.

An improviser and a half- comic, Cleve Hattersley intros every song. "We’re going to do a song about drugs. This is everyone’s favorite." The song, “Country Music and Friends,” written by former Greezy Wheels guitar picker Pat Pankratz, starts off "Cocaine, country music as through the window of People Neighborhood theaters. "Wonderland" is being re-issued with an R rating for scenes deleted so it may be re-issued with an R rating for neighborhood theaters.

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X-RATED ALICE

Alice Cooper has been signed to appear in an upcoming X-rated film version of “The Wizard of Oz.”

General National Enter- prises, a company which has reportedly grossed $20 million off its recent X-rated remake of “Alice in Wonderland,” says the same formula will be used for “The Wizard of Oz.”

Joining Cooper in the remake of the movie about the yellow brick road will be former football star Jim Brown. Both will play cameo roles.

In the meantime, the X-rated film “Alice in Wonderland” is being re- edited, with a couple of scenes deleted so it may be re-issued with an R rating for neighborhood theaters.

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The spirit of Hondo Crouch attempts to live on in the tiny hamlet of Luckenbach. Although the imaginer died this past summer, those who admired his wit and ready humor seem bent upon maintaining the Luckenbach (population 3) image. A benefit performance was held last month at the Cheatham Street Warehouse in San Marcos. Money from the event will go to erecting a marble bust of Crouch at Luckenbach. So will funds raised during the "hug-in" and "non-talent" contest staged recently by Hondo’s chili-cooking compadres.

The next scheduled Luckenbach event (not counting the semi-monthly visit by the potato chip man) will be March 19. In Texas and internationally, March 19 will be celebrated as "When the Mud Daubers Come Back to Luckenbach Day." Any money raised during this celebration will also be applied to the monument fund.

Since California tried unsuccessfully to steal away the world championship chili cookoff, it is unimportant that March 19 is also St. Joseph’s Day, and that they claim a bunch of swallows are supposed to return to a place called Capistrano.

Cathy Morgan, first lady of Luckenbach, has appointed Jack Harmon to chairman of the mud dauber return celebration. According to Harmon, he and Crouch had discussed such an event before Hondo’s death.

"We decided it was time Luckenbach stopped being so modest," Harmon said. "We’ve always been the mud dauber capital of the world, but we hid our light under a chili pot. We never let the world know that every March 19 the mud daubers come back to Luckenbach. They come back–swarms of them–all rested up and ready to put their little daubers to work on creating wonderful mud sculptures. It’s a morning, afternoon and evening delight." It is certainly true that...
Texans outdo Californians and Yankees in everything. Since California has so little, Crouch had never made a big deal before about the mud dauber return. Now it has been decided that California can just go to hell. The miracle of the mud daubers will be celebrated henceforth the world over on March 19. When Cheatham Street Warehouse co-owner Kent Finlay announced last month that he was hosting a Hondo memorial party, musicians who loved and respected the Hill Country character literally lined up to donate their time and talents. Forgive us if we miss a few of those who performed at the maddening Cheatham Street party (one could hardly breathe in the jammed warehouse). We do recall that Hondo’s friend and admirer Jerry Jeff Walker showed up to pick, sing and play his harmonicas without a backup band. Finlay, who also entertained at the “hug-in” dance in Luckenbach later in the month, performed at Cheatham Street with his High Cotton Express band. Others at the Cheatham Street show were Marcia Ball and the Misery Brothers, Ace in The Hole, Joe Bob’s Bar & Grill Band, Lee McCullough and some we can’t recall. Thousands are expected to spend the March 19 weekend in Luckenbach. Said the chairman of this event: “It is unfortunate that the mud daubers return comes on the same day the swallows are supposed to come back to Capistrano. One swallow does not a summer make, but one mud dauber is a creative force in any season. We’re going to sit up all day and into the night waiting for the first mud dauber to come.” Crouch would have said this a mite better. But one can get a fairly good idea as to what is about to transpire. First lady Cathy has also invited all manufacturers of officially-sanctioned Bicentennial Administration souvenirs to sell their leftovers in Luckenbach—the town proclaimed as America’s first Non-Bicentennial City. Ten percent of the sales price must be donated to the Hondo Crouch “I Told You So” Memorial Fund. In deploring the commercialism attached to the American Bicentennial, Hondo dreamed up his Non-Bicentennial blasteroo which attracted thousands. He also dreamed up the “chili bust” for women only. A creative individual with a knack for making something out of nothing, Crouch’s act will be a hard one to follow. To keep the man’s spirit hovering there in Luckenbach with the roosters and guinea hens, it will take the combined efforts of every friend, fan, groupie and admirer the imagineer ever had. It seems that they will all work to maintain what can be maintained.
HAPPY ANNIVERSARY
SAM!

The only sale of its kind.

Style 110 PUMPKIN
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Style 111 SUNDAN
$29.00

Style 400
$15.00

Style 200 NATURAL
$32.00

Style 401
$25.00

This sale is unique because the Earth® brand shoe is unique. It is the only shoe of its kind. The shoe that works as your partner to glide you along easily, powerfully and comfortably. Try the most comfortable shoe you've probably ever worn, at great savings.

GIFT CERTIFICATES AVAILABLE

earth® shoe
WINDSOR PARK MALL
(LOWER LEVEL)

(512) 653-5862
OPEN 10 AM - 9 PM
Two Austin groups making serious attempts at success are Baronesse Fault with their tour to California and Molino with a tour of Mexico. Stay with it muchacho. The breadscene for musicians is just as bad in Austin as it is in San Antonio, but the musicians are “mota-vatin’” more than ever before. Paul Ray’s Cobras are my pick for best blues band, even tho’ the bass is weak at times. I’ve always loved Bobby Band, B.B. King, and little Jr. Parker, and nobody is singing it like Paul Ray. Cobra’s drummer Rodney Craig sat in with Lucky Roach y Jalapeno at Soap Creek, and the foot stompin’ never let up. Keep up the fine drummin’. Wish Bro. John Arenal could see you now. That meskin would be really proud.

•••

Greezy Wheels undergoing personnel changes with Pat Pankratz (piano) and Madrell (Wilson) Chevere (congas and tambale) taking a powder for some other trips. Wilson has been hanging out in Boston with Lucky Roach and helping the Jalapeno with booking acts.

•••

Happy birthday to Carlene Maier at Soap Creek. Steve King (of the Squeeze Box) Jonion and Doug Sahn with his Texas Tornadoes made it a party (that’ll go down in a musical history). Might be the real birth of ‘conjunto’ music in Austin. Wow! Caramba!

Gypsy Eyes don’t gig at Gemini’s and spending mucho time in the studio playin’ good ole Texas rock & roll at its finest. Bassist Alan Monsarrat (A.K.A. Willie James) real excited about a new band’s new sound. Johnny (Too Bad) Staehely, replaced by John Holston on guitar and vocals, and Tony (No Reggae Yet) Murillo back on drums after a short absence. The band has lots of spirit and generates plenty of excitement. All I can say about Mike (Bucky) Kindred, Gypsy Eyes keyboard player, is that he plays his ass off. Steve Snields (Gypsy Eyes Mgr.) and fam-ed independent record producer Michael Brodsky have combined efforts and remodeled the old Oddsey Studio. The improvements have added a brand new 24-channel mixing console—que viva la musica. Pecan Street Studio will be Oddsey’s new name with the location remaining at 308 W. 6th in Austin.

•••

Inner Sanctum Records has a great rep. Always hitin’ the groove circles. Joe (Joel) Bryson is the hombre. Jalapeno hoping to work with Joe and company in promoting “conjunto and reggae” recording groups. It is now time for San Antonio and Austin musicians to unite and share their musical knowledge and compare musical notes. Jalapeno needs to audition funky reggae drummers. If you can beat them drums, call me in Austin at 472-0078 or 451-6707.

•••

Made a trip to Corpus Christi with three Tesicans—Richard “Eh-Eh” Elizondo, Joe Nick Patoski (he writes for Texas Monthly, Rolling Stone Mag, etc.) and country music’s Nelson Allen. We visited the home of the conjunto king Steve Jordan. He entertained the four of us beautifully and gave us the grand tour of Corpus Christi (the body of Christ) in his giant yellow school bus. At age 37 and weighing mere 97 pounds (before the showers), Steve sez he’s “ready.” Esteban, que pases mucho exito por el lado Americano—just give your soul to the people and stay high and kool and you’ll make it
can.

•••

Jack Barber (professional grower) and bassist with the Texas Tornadoes getting his cookies off on Lucky Bridgewater’s drummin’. Idea for salsa nites with Jack Barber, Wilson Chevere, Charlie McBurney, Louie Bustos, Rocky Morales plus Lucky Roach y Jalapeno is soon to become reality.

•••

Blondies in east Austin has conjunto king Steve Jordan, bein’ set forth by El Molino’s drummer Richard Elizondo—Taco West Side meskin. Rumors are circulating that Elizondo has recorded a 45 entitled “You Are The Eh, Eh, of My Life.” The recording was made on a tortilla. In case you don’t like it, you eat the sucker. Right on, Rich. Keep ‘em laughin’.

•••

Edna Rodarte (my 17-year-old singer) has joined a band called Raven, and I must say that I was really impressed. I just love a young band with energy and projection. Everyone at the Grand Hotel was groovin’. “Mija,” I like your band better with Raven than with Sugarjammer. Try to stick together. Henry Lee is like me, too old. Mucha suerte Mija and keep givin’ ‘em hell.

Look for Raven and Edna at Austin’s Boon Docks in March.

•••

Austin’s Texas Sun has begun its second annual reader poll to determine who has the badassest band around. Pick up a copy and register your ballot in the different categories. If you have a favorite performer not listed, you can enter his or her name. Send in your vote. It’ll be fun to see who wins.

•••

It is possible that the Boon Docks and the Dillard Family are taking over the entertainment spotlight in Austin! With the hustle behind Lorraine Dillard and sons, that is very well possible. The nightclub concert establishment’s seating is designed to accommodate 1,000 to 1,500 persons with huge lower and upper decks. There is a game area, dance floor and three bars. And the stage is designed in such a way that the audience can get a perfect view from any seat. The Boon Docks is definitely a contender for the best new club of 1977.

•••

Robert Gomez (S.A. songwriter) has organized a group to begin cutting a demo tape for the

D.O.M. news
San Antonio’s Newest Adult Book Store
You’ve Seen The Rest...Now See The Best
Open 10 a.m.-11 p.m.
730 Hildebrand (Between San Pedro & Blanco Rd.)
San Antonio’s Newest Dance Hall
Live Country Music
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK 11:30 til 2:00
• Cover Charge on Fri. & Sat.
• Mixed Drinks
• Reasonable Prices

THOUSAND DRINKS
THOUSAND DRINKS
12114 Nacogdoches Rd.
Phone 653-9022
Party Room Available
Just Enlarged
Seats over 300 People
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Bourbon Street
CLUB
San Antonio’s Newest Dance Hall
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OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK 11:30 til 2:00
• Cover Charge on Fri. & Sat.
• Mixed Drinks
• Reasonable Prices

LADIES’ DRINKS 35¢ ALL MONTH!
Mixed Drinks $1.00

Are You Sick of the Disco Scene & Rowdy Rock & Roll Joints?
THEN TRY US...

Action Magazine, March, 1977 • 13 •

Stevie Wonder people. Gomez should have ru problem, as his material is solid buena suerte cannon!

•••

Richard Villa singer from the Las Vegas Star magazine is planning a trip to Austin. I’ll be taking a copy and register your ballot in the different categories. If you have a favorite performer not listed, you can enter his or her name. Send in your vote. It’ll be fun to see who wins.

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CRAZY DARYL’S
Live Entertainment...
WED., THURS & SUNDAY
TISH
FRI. & SAT.
John, David & William
Straight from Virginia
3600 Fredericksburg Rd.
In Northwest Center
732-9829

Are You Sick of the Disco Scene & Rowdy Rock & Roll Joints?
THEN TRY US...

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EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY
SAN ANTONIAN ALEX Habeck will officially open his Rendezvous Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas on April 1. Now we can lose our money to a local boy.

Alex was waxing eloquent about his Vegas venture during big Carroll Cannon’s recent blockbuster birthday party out at “The Big House” off De Zavala Road.

The casino grand opening had been planned for an earlier date, but was delayed as the Nevada Gaming Commission investigated Habeck all the way back to his cradle days.

“They want to know where every penny of your money is coming from,” Alex grinned. “Of Vegas, he sighed. “Man, there’s nothing prettier than money to a local boy.”

Habeck about his Vegas venture during big Carroll Cannon’s recent blockbuster birthday party out at “The Big House” off De Zavala Road.

COACH DARRELL ROYAL, Doug Strain of Pearl Brewery and country recording artist Moe Bandy stepped, by Gene Miertschin’s Shadows Club the night before Ash Wednesday. Moe took the opportunity to ring a few numbers with Patsy Coleman and Beaver Creek.

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IN ITS LITTLE San Antonio entertainment roundup, the February issue of Texas Monthly lists Medicine Man Charlie’s as “a laid back, no hassle discotheque with friendly personnel and a band of music that’s more Texan than usual. Occasional live bands. Doesn’t bust your wallet, either.”

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IN EVENT THE old customers at Mitchell's in N. Austin are wondering what happened to the place, we would like to note that Dennis McMann has left his lease in the mall. And ...
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
Alvin Ain’t A Redneck

Alvin Crow will join the old pros of western swing March 6 at Austin’s Municipal Auditorium in a show which is supposed to commemorate Bob Wills’ birthday. Promoted by Rod Kennedy of Kerrville, the 7 p.m. Western Swing Festival will also feature Leon McAuliffe, Hank Thompson, Laura Lee McBride, the Light Crust Doughboys from Burris Mills and surprise guests, Leon Rausch and Smokey Montgomery will be with McAuliffe and the Texas Playboys.

Crow, the youngest and maybe the best of the lot, has just signed with Polydor Records for his first national recording contract. He produced his own first album and had good luck with it on a regional basis. While Alvin is a favorite of ours, it is sometimes hard to stomach the flavor of Kennedy’s so-called press releases. While flying under the sheet of hard-drinking Bob Wills’ ghost, Kerrville’s producer-promoter can’t resist a backhanded slap at the non-redneck contingent of musicians when he promotes any type show.

Even Alvin will get a honk out of Kennedy’s release which says: “Crow, who has been on the Austin scene since 1972 playing country music and western swing in the midst of all the ‘progressive’ and ‘cosmic’ musicians, has leaned more strongly toward the music of Hank Thompson and Bob Wills than Willy Nelson (that’s how they spell it) or Jerry Jeff Walker, and he is now emerging as one of Austin’s best received and most refreshing musical groups.”

Ironically, Crow himself told Action last summer that he had tried and failed to get on Kennedy’s big Kerrville show because Rod had decreed that he was “too progressive.”

At that time, Alvin told us, “Progressive? Hell, I haven’t hit a rock lick since we formed the band.”

A close friend of the late Wills fiddler Jesse Ashlock, Alvin has been playing tight western swing music since he hit the Austin scene. Harmonica player Roger Crabtree is now back with Alvin after a stint with Waylon Jennings. Alvin’s brother Rick picks lead guitar, Herb Steiner plays steel with Crow’s Pleasant Valley Boys, John Holly plays drums and Gary Roller is on bass. Bobby Earl Smith, the group’s manager, also plays rhythm guitar.

Record companies, writers, professional tub-thumpers and music hype artists are the boys who have hung the labels on country music and musicians. It’s great that Alvin is on the move. He should be getting more recognition than he is getting. It’s just too bad that some typewriter jockey who spells Willie Nelson’s name “Willy” is allowed to even make an attempt to plaster a label across Alvin’s back.

Without the talented Crow on his show, Kennedy would be presenting Leon McAuliffe, Hank Thompson, The Light Crust Doughboys from Burris Mills and Laura Lee McBride. We don’t want to rap on old greats like McAuliffe and Thompson, but this lineup isn’t apt to cause any box office stampede.

NO MORE COFFEE

Coffee has gotten too expensive even for the soap operas. Last year, on the 10th anniversary of the TV program “Days Of Our Lives,” the producers report that they culled through the scripts of 2,826 episodes about the Horton family and discovered that the show’s characters had downed exactly 1,023,200 cups of coffee. Because of high coffee prices, however, producer Betty Corday says that the coffee klatches are over.

THE FERTILE TURTLE

Beautiful Go-Go Girls
1 P.M.-2 A.M.
HAPPY HOUR 5-7
Call & Bar Drinks 75¢
Can Beer 55¢
Draft Beer 35¢
3345 CATO Jr.
Moore owner
333-9823

THE DISCO WITH A SOUL

ONE-EYED JACKS
2376 Austin Highway 656-2154
The Disco With A Soul
Visit with Darlene
Playing The Very Best
in Rock-Funk-Progressive Country
HAPPY HOUR 4-6
25¢ BAR DRINKS & BEER
EVERY TUESDAY
8-11
25¢ BAR DRINKS for Ladies at all times
Push-Up Champion Hot To Go

Humping Henry Marshall, San Antonio’s diabetic world push-up champion, is gearing for yet another public spectacular. On April 25, Henry says, he will do 500 push-ups with a 115-pound girl sitting on his back.

The event will be sponsored by the San Antonio Dodgers, and Marshall says it will be staged at V.J. Keefe Stadium behind St. Mary’s University. A 165-pounder who takes polaroid pictures in San downtown Riverwalk bars and restaurants, Marshall makes his living selling photos to the customers.

The remainder of his waking hours are spent in an unending quest to bust more push-up records. Already the recognized world champion in two recorded Guinness Book categories, Marshall claims numerous other push-up marks which are yet to be finalized in ink.

As a matter of fact, Marshall says he has already broken one of the two records he now has logged with Guinness. In the one-handed push-up category, Marshall’s world record of 124 push-ups bested the former record-holder’s 72 mark which was done in only 65 seconds. Henry says he recently busted that record by doing 144 push-ups in 63 seconds.

His other Guinness book mark is 1,700 non-stop push-ups which topped the former champion from Japan who had managed 1,227.

The 31-year-old Marshall, a native of Falfurrias, injects the maximum dosage of insulin daily for his diabetic condition. But humping Henry is anything but an invalid.

He attributes his push-up prowess to mind control, or “psyche.” Henry says he psyches himself and those around him.

In explaining this, he refers to famous athletes he has met, including Muhammed Ali, Roger Staubach and Julius Ervin.

Marshall says many famed athletes have heard of him and his push-up endeavors. Also other celebrities such a Charlie Pride, Johnny Rodriguez, and Frank Zappa, who Henry says played a guitar on his back during a push-up exhibition.

Hospitalized with his diabetic condition 15 years ago, Marshall was told by doctors he couldn’t expect to live much past age 25. Fresh from his hospital bed, Marshall notes, he began the marathon push-up sessions. Inspired by this scene, Marshall’s brothers got the athletic bug. He says one is now a good boxer, one is a wrestler and the youngest has done some motorcycle racing.

Marshall and wife Carmen are expecting their first baby in May. Of her husband, Carmen asks proudly: “Have you ever seen anyone like him?”

A character - sort who wears a flamboyant hat and T-shirt emblazoned with “World Push-up Champion,” Marshall is a familiar sight with his camera on the river. Like Bongo Joe and others who work in the city’s heart, Henry is one of San Antonio’s biggest boosters.

“I promote San Antonio at all times,” he said.

While he lives modestly in a home plastered with pictures and articles about him, Marshall is quick to push-up and push even more for worthy causes such as...
as the muscular dystrophy fund. A physical fitness buff, Marshall neither drinks nor smokes. "That's right," he said. "I'm a straight dude all the way." He has done demonstrations for such professional organizations as the San Antonio Fire Department. On occasion, Marshall admits, he has been challenged to fight by rednecks who take offense to his T-shirts and funny hats. He manages to avoid the frays, however, by controlling his emotions. In working to break and re-break his own push-up marks, Henry compares his zest for championships to a zest for life. As long as he is still striving for some record, Marshall figures the diabetes will never overcome him. And while Marshall is a solid but peaceful fellow who donates his energy and time to worthy causes, he hasn't dropped his lawsuit against KTSA Radio. The top-40 bubblegum station may have let its monthly DJ's overload the station management's giveaway budget when KTSA offered $500 to anyone who could break a Guinness Book record. According to Marshall, he received a total of $500 for breaking five records. He goes on to say the station reneged on a goldfish-swallowing girl who gulped 315 fish for a new record. Also on a karate team which wrecked a six-room house in five hours and two minutes to better the world record of six hours for hand demolition of buildings. Marshall admits that it's tough to get a record made official, but his attorneys are still working on the KTSA case. Henry says they have already refused a proffered settlement of $1,500. "It's not so much the money," Henry says, "we want the truth to come out." He says the karate cats who wrecked the house were given a case of beer, and that the girl was given a dollar for each fish she swallowed. "They were supposed to give her a dollar for every fish she swallowed short of the record," Henry grumbled. "She swallowed 315 fish to beat the record of 300." According to Marshall, TV script writer Rick Greene is considering a book on Marshall's life which would be entitled: "Muhammed Ali, Eat Your Heart Out—I Am The Greatest!" Meanwhile, Henry prep for his exhibition with the girl on his back, and talks of still other feats to be accomplished. "It's a fast pace in this world," Henry smiled. "If you slow down, you're stuck."
The Power Of Behemoth

Behemoth may be one of the best disco bands in these parts. Performing every night except Sunday at the Bwana Dik Club on the San Antonio Riverwalk, the 7-piece group adds a ruthless and throbbing sound to the exotic night spot which features an African motif. Tourists from out of the city as well as regulars fill the night club on a regular basis. They are quickly greeted and seated by a giant of a man known as Bwana Willie. Then the powerful and amplified sounds of Behemoth soon have the Bwana Dik's multi-level dance floors shaking with human bodies. Behemoth members, all native San Antonians, have become an integral part of the San Antonio Riverwalk scene. Their jovial and friendly personalities, a trademark of their Tex-Mex backgrounds, goes over big with both tourists and regulars alike. Lead vocals are handled by Gus Salazar, Rick Rodriguez and Frank Diaz. Salazar says that during the week the majority of their audience consists of tourists. On the weekends, however, there is a mixture of out-of-towners and local Bwana Dik fans. Salazar sings and plays congas. The power and depth of voice that Gus has acquired over his 12 years as a professional musician carries the low vocal range. His singing might be compared with Lou Rawls, who Gus does a rather outstanding impression of. Covering the high vocal range is Rick Rodriguez. Somewhere in midstream lies the vocal range that Frank Diaz projects. A remarkable cross between Boz Scaggs and Gino Vanelli, Frank's voice does wonders to Elton John's song "Sorry Seems To Be The Hardest Word." Diaz also plays timbales, a little Latin percussion instrument. With the addition of the four other musicians, Behemoth is able to produce what Gus Salazar describes as an adequate big harmony-something like Three Dog Night once had. A group of this size (seven mouths to feed) may cost a bit more than some of the smaller bands, but Salazar modestly says, "We're worth it." Bwana Dik owner Dick Dykes must agree, because he's had the big disco band blasting away in the club since last September. In addition to the three vocalists, Behemoth's rigorous instrumentalists include Leonard Wong, Ruben Pena and...
They Move The Bodies

drums; Ruben Pena, bass guitar (he played with the Platters for two years); Manuel Sanchez, lead guitar; and Sparky Montoya, keyboards.

Sparky Montoya eliminates the need for a horn. He effectively displays special arrangements with the synthesizer and string ensemble. It gives Behemoth a refreshing sound.

Formed almost two years ago, Behemoth is a mixture of musicians from other groups. Of their house gig at Bwana Dik, guitar player Manuel Sanchez said, "Traveling all the time gets old after a while."

Salazar admits there are drawbacks. The steady work load keeps the group members from writing and arranging more of their own stuff.

At least two members of the band utilize what spare time they have in non-musical endeavors. Vocalist Rick Pena is an ambitious little fellow who moonlights occasionally as a carpenter's helper. Drummer Leonard Wong spends his time and money attending Southwest Texas State University in San Marcos two days a week. He is a music major.

There are caged go-go girls who dance in the Bwana Dik 'lub. But the get-down sounds of Behemoth seem to put most of the customers in action as well. Songs by Earth, Wind and Fire such as "Saturday Night" and "Getaway" are tunes which get the bodies moving. Also the dramatic songs "Sing and Dance" and "Baby You're The One" by David Clayton Thomas. Throw in some Bee Gees, Boz Scaggs, Lou Rawls and Stevie Wonder, and you have a sampling of Behemoth's outstanding choice and range of fine disco music.

For variety they slip in a Spanish polka on occasion. So take a trip to the river and Club Bwana Dik if you dig live disco.

Behemoth won't disappoint you.

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DEAR EDITOR:
I want to thank you for the excellent coverage story Action ran on the Howlers in your February issue. Harvey Woods is a really courteous and attentive journalist and I doubt if we could have bribed a better story out of him.

His piece will be an integral part of the press packet we’re trying to get together and, on behalf of the rest of the group and myself, I’d like to thank Harvey and Action for the service y’all have done us, as well as for the service you are doing the clubbers and musicians in the San Antonio-Austin area. We appreciate it.

SAM: Bobby Field
The Howlers
Texray Productions

I was more than just a little bit surprised when I learned that my poem was to be printed in your magazine. I was also extremely impressed with the overall attitude in which the article, including the poem, was published. The open-minded way that your magazine is published is in my opinion a tremendous asset to the San Antonio area.

If more people, particularly people of influence such as yourself, would accept the realities of day-to-day living in this same way, then the problems of society such as mental health and drug addiction would be much easier to deal with. At any rate, I would like at this time to extend my gratitude to you and all the others who have chosen to give of their support and energies to the betterment of mankind.

Sonny Sanchez
EDITOR’S NOTE: Sanchez is the young drug addict who wrote us a poignant poem about the living hell he has endured. At this time, the young man is working to “kick” the monkey from his back with help through the Patrician Movement.

DEAR ACTION:
In your December issue, you featured an article on a band called Caught In The Act. Could you possible give me information as to how I can locate either Bill Francis, Mike Garrity or Kyle Harris. I knew these three gentlemen when I lived in Phoenix a few years ago and am interested in contacting them.

Shirley Yates McKenna
EDITOR’S NOTE: Sorry, but we’ve lost contact with this group. And we hear that Caught In The Act has temporarily disbanded.

TO LIVE MUSIC CLUB OWNERS:
It’s a shame that the days of handshake business appear to be gone—but they are. In the short time I’ve been in the live music club business I’ve tried to deal that way and had enjoyed good luck until recently. Twice in the last few weeks bands have just flat-assed failed to show up—namely Ambush (a duo) and Ace In The Hole (an Action feature band).

When Ambush was finally tracked down, their excuse was that they were too “laid back” for my club. Damn! I thought maybe I should decide that. Ace In The Hole, after receiving a mild reprimand for quitting 30 minutes early on their previous booking, just decided to say, “Screw old Gene.” This after I had spent a tidy sum on a local radio station promoting the ill-fated appearance of the touted Ace In The Hole.

So, club owners, beware when dealing with the likes of Ambush and Ace In The Hole. They shake hands with gloves on. Better go the contract-with-teeth route, because it is right em-bracing when a house full of eager folks start asking, “Where’s the band?” Uh, ah, dah, well—I shook their hand rather than have them sign their names.

Gene Miertschin
The Shawdows Club
EDITOR’S NOTE: It was Sam Kindrick of Action Magazine who “touted” Ace In The Hole on poor old Gene.

--~---c~ffl·

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DRINKS 2 FOR 1
being hijacked outside one of my favorite drinkeries by a bunch of Z Z Top freaks and locked in a room for two days and nights with nothing to eat or drink but two half gallons of tequila with headphones strapped to my head playing this disc over and over at full volume. I have decided this record ain't so bad after all. The best cuts are "Pan Am Highway Blues" and "She's A Heartbreaker." This album still has some not-so-good songs on it but everything considered it's pretty good. See, even us experts can be wrong (sometimes).

WENDEL ADKINS..."SUNDOWNERS"

This guy sounds exactly like Waylon Jennings but has a style all his own. The best cut on this record is a song about the country music awards show entitled "Willie Didn't Win," "Desperate Cowboy," "Laid Back Country Picker," and "The Morning After The Night Before" are extremely good tunes. "I Will," "Show Me The Way," "Flying Too High," "Texas Moon," and "I Don't Like Leaving You" are real ear-pleasers. In the words of Willie Nelson, "Wendel Adkins--a man very much into what's going on with a natural sound all his own."

THE RUNAWAYS......"QUEENS OF NOISE"

This album is a sloppy second. Some of the cuts are bearable but all in all this disc is 100% commercial. Don't waste your hard earned bread on this one. JOHNNY DUNCAN..."THE BEST OF JOHNNY DUNCAN"

This disc is a collection of some of his better songs including "Stranger," "Gentle Fire," and "Jo And The Cowboy." "Baby's Smile, Woman's Kiss" is a Spanish sounding tune about a guy, his wife and kid. The other cuts, "Scarlet Water," "Taking With My Lady," "Sweet Country Woman," "Fools," "Hard Luck Joe," and "Holiday Woman," are good easy listening country music. If you like Johnny Duncan get this album.

Augie & Doug In S.A. Show

Progressive music at its best comes to the downtown Texas Theater during the month of March.

For the first time in years, Augie Meyers and Doug Sahm will be appearing together on the same stage in San Antonio.

Augie Meyers

Augie teams his Western Head Band with Doug's Texas Tornadoes on March 11.

Then, on March 18, B.W. Stevenson will appear at the Texas with Denim. Both shows start at 8:30 p.m.

B.W. Stevenson

RIPOFF THWARTED

Rock music fans have been saved from a possible ripoff. This time, however, the fans were saved by an Arizona judge.

The judge issued an injunction to stop sale of tickets to a rock concert extravaganza that was being billed as "bigger and better than Woodstock."

Three rock promoters had been circulating literature and selling tickets for the three-day, 48-hour affair throughout parts of Arizona, California, Texas, Nevada and New Mexico.
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.
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