The Amazing Brother Bob
MICKEY GILLEY

singing for Pearl Beer over Texas radio network

First in the heart of Texas.
Ask country singer Leonard Rodriguez how he likes being compared with Johnny Rodriguez and Freddy Fender and he replies, "It makes me want to quit."

The 20-year-old Leonard Rodriguez has nothing against either Johnny or Freddy, but he doesn't want to be categorized as a third Tej-Mex bi-lingual vocalist in an already overcrowded market.

Leader of a brand called The Mystic Cowboys, young Rodriguez is also operating without the use of one leg, but he won't even talk about the accident that cost him the limb.

Singing is Leonard's thing, and he aims to do it in his own way. And without sympathy because of his handicap, or any reliance upon his Mexican-American heritage.

Leonard, or Len as he is called by his friends, plays with his Mystic Cowboys six nights weekly at LB's Lounge on Route 78 in Schertz.

He discovered his singing voice when he sang "The Little Drummer Boy" in a first-grade Christmas program.

"I knew from then that I wanted to keep singing," he said.

Len lost his leg at age 14. He gets around so well with his prosthesis that his drummer, Rick Reynolds, said, "He's been working with him for a month before I realized he had a leg missing."

Len and his fellow Mystic Cowboys are about as helpless as one-legged men in an ass-kicking contest.

But Augie still harbors a few memories from those days when he was a chopper boy's bell. Some of the supercilious rug joint operators in San Antonio wouldn't even allow Action Magazine in their upholstered sewers two years ago are now flooded with bus loads of tourists in an effort to "countryfy" and get the cash registers ringing again.

"I never forget the first time we played in New York City," he said. "I had just left the hotel for a short walk when this old Jewish lady runs up and swings her umbrella at me. She said, 'You sonofabitch, why don't you go back to England and keep Austinites up on music.'"

AUGIE MEYERS, MY friend and one of the finest entertainers in the business, is taking his bus, his kid, his wife and his own pigtailed person on a road tour which will encompass the East Coast and such southern points as Austin, New York or even the cobbled streets of England, since he goes a bit beyond the legalities of it all. He is a "closet picker" for Waddell, and those who have called us would like to throw money out of this country!"

But Augie still harbors a few memories from those days when he was a chopper boy's bell. Some of the supercilious rug joint operators in San Antonio wouldn't even allow Action Magazine in their upholstered sewers two years ago are now flooded with bus loads of tourists in an effort to "countryfy" and get the cash registers ringing again.

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The Mystic Cowboys, like every new group, are trying to develop a distinctive sound, Rodriguez said.

Not that they don't have a damn good one already. Len's voice tends to be a bit Presleyesque, though very clean, solid country, rock and pop.

The band likes to mix old country with new country, Len said, and even tosses in a Mexican "cumbia" now and then. And they play pop as well. They've been together only four months, but they've definitely got it together as a group. Their sound is forceful without being loud on country rock numbers, and Rodriguez and his brother Eugene, in doubles on guitars, gives them a harmony that's not too bad.

Len started out in his hometown of Pleasanton singing with a group there. "You know, old western stuff like 'Home On The Range,'" he laughed. Then he decided to try singing as a single in San Antonio for about three weeks. It was working for him, but he felt the need for a backup group. He recruited his brother Eugene, hired Rick as drummer and later on found lead guitarist Portman "sitting around a music store in Pleasanton looking for a gig."

They haven't developed that "sound" that Len Rodriguez is looking for, but the sound they put out is clean, solid country, rock and pop.

"We pack 'em in on weekends," says Bob Jordan, owner of LB's. "We get a lot from Randolph, but they come from all over."

The Mystic Cowboys play every night but Friday, and after three months at LB's, they've had a good, enthusiastic following.

Jordan has put a lot of time and money into pushing up the place. Everything is done in red, from the carpet to the comfortable leather swivel bar stools. He seats 258 customers and offers 809 square feet of dance floor. Despite the storefront appearance on the outside, LB's offers elegance and comfort inside. On Friday nights, he brings in a different country group to give the Mystic Cowboys a break and to give his customers a little variety.

And do the Mystic Cowboys have aspirations beyond LB's?" "Depends," says Rodriguez. "Maybe some of the other clubs in San Antonio--bigger clubs with a little more pizzazz. Maybe even a set on stage at one of Sam Kindrick's promotions. Right now, though, we're happy here. We just enjoy the hell out of gettin' paid for doin' something we like so well."
Willie Opens Big Complex With Stars

Waylon Jennings, Emmylou Harris and Clark and others joined with Willie Nelson last month to officially open the Austin Opry House and Music Center—a Nelson project which could have more than small effect on the entire music industry.

In paying more than $11 million for the old Terrace Motor Hotel, Restaurant and Party House—at one time a big convention center arrangement in Austin—Nelson has obviously trained his sights on something much bigger than a gargantuan picking parlor.

The Austin Opry House (once known as the Texas Opry House) is only a portion of the Take 6 project which has already installed a production company and record store in the main building which includes more than 40 telephones on both state and national watts lines. He also plans to build a top-rate recording studio on the premises.

Another obviously significant moment was the mail-order release of a Willie Nelson single and album on the Shotgun Records label. Nelson records now on his own Lone Star label, a stepchild of Columbia Records. But only Willie, his family and friends will benefit from the newly-released album titled "Willie Nelson—1961."

The songs on this album—all blockbuster tear-jerkers from days of yore—were on an original sound track tape which was dug from beneath the ruins of Willie's first ranch house in Ridge Top, Tennessee back in 1969. Willie's father, Ira, retrieved the tapes from beneath nothing but ashes and burned timbers. The tapes then bounced around in suitcases and car trunks until Larry Trader, a longtime Nelson friend and "family" member, discovered then priceless works at Willie's Pool Hall in Austin.

Since the mighties of the recording industry had failed to buy these grand songs recorded in 1961, the album and single ("Pride Wins Again") now belong to Shotgun Records, and it should be noted here that Trader is in charge of both Shotgun Records and Shotgun Productions.

"Willie Nelson—1961" is an album which will be promoted first on television and later through the print media, and it is available on both wax and tapes by mail only. The single is now being mailed to every juke machine operator with a license to work in Texas and other states.

Nelson hasn't come right out and told us this, but all signs point to the eventuality of a Willie Nelson label, recording studio and complete record distribution system right square in the center of Texas. We feel that the Columbia people would have been more than happy to release any one of the 20 songs on the four-sided Shotgun Records album. All Nelson originals, more than half the tunes have never been released by any company, and Willie didn't even recall writing a couple of the fine songs when Trader first played them the tapes.

The five-day Opry House grand opening was more than a success with Jennings, Harris and Willie bringing the roof down. There were festive times and the usual horseplay. Bee Spears, Willie's great bass player, handed the Red-headed Stranger a loaded "joint" which exploded in Willie's face, and the bossman retaliated by having a rooster concealed in a pillow case handed to Bee as he backed Emmylou Harris on stage. The chicken leaped from the sack and perched placidly on the neck of Spears' guitar, causing someone in the wings to holler, "Which one is the cock?" Willie joined Waylon in singing "Lucky Bachi" and "Good Hearted Woman," while Emmylou and Willie rocked the audience with "After The Fire Is Gone" and rousers like "Will The Circle Be Unbroken."

Directly from his Opry House opening, Willie flew to Tulsa to headline an outdoor July 3 bash which attracted an estimated 60,000 music fans. Playing in front of Willie on his $10-per-ticket extravaganza were Lynard Skynard, Jerry Jeff Walker, Waylon and Asleep At The Wheel.

Many Oklahomans equated this outing with Nelson's annual July 4 picnics which were halted after the fourth and last of these costly blowouts last year on the unfriendly soil near Gonzales.

Before they left Austin, drummer Paul English, who has been booking the band of late, said, "This will be the first damn Fourth of July for Willie to make any money."

Now back to Nelson's music complex and hints for the future.

In addition to the Austin Opry House and Shotgun offices, the complex will house a Texas Music Hall of Fame, featuring life-like busts and memorabilia from the personal treasure chests of Lone Star State personalities. Willie's wife Connie is in charge of this project, and she said the name is subject to change because artists of Texas not connected with the music industry might be included in the hall of fame.

"It seems that all artists from Texas should be included," Connie said. "By continued page 6
He Goes Where Angels Fear To Tread

By Sam Kindrick

Brother Bob Harrington never believed in hiding his light under a bushel. "I want the sinners to see me coming," the handsome ex-football player turned evangelist said in his deep and booming southern drawl.

They saw the Chaplain of Bourbon Street coming the stage last June to kick off Sam Kindrick's First Outdoor Revival and Music Extravaganza.

Wearing a $1,700 country music preacher getup which included gold satin rhinestone Bourbon Street lamp poles on the coat back and 16 karat leather legs, and stone-studded cowboy boots which shone like the bright sunlight, Harrington summoned the crowd of some 1,000,000 New Orleans' street people and amusing rasc for "The Lord's Whirlwind:"

"The thing that I was all prayed up about this morning was a new pair of shoes," Bob Harrington said. "I decided he needed "intellectual warfare," and it's a good thing.

"I told her to get back to her bosses. 'Why don't you preach in a church?' I said. 'I believe in taking my message to the people, not inside a church.'"

The flashy and flamboyant spellbinder cuts a mighty impressive figure wherever he goes. And he goes into the scum holes of the world.

I believe in taking my ministry to the people who need it," Harrington said. "I don't preach in a church because the real sinners ain't in a church. They are in the bars and the strip joints and the hobo jungles."

The late actor Walter Brennan called Harrington pure dynamite.

Evangelist Billy Graham refers to him as "the Lord's whirlwind."

The high-style minister preaches the religion of success. Always a snappy dresser—even before he started mounting the stages of such country music shows as ours and Johnny Rodriguez's recent telethon in Corpus Christi—Harrington says, "God doesn't sponsor flops. There's nothing wrong with money. It's the love of money that's the root of all evil."

Harrington's press packets contain something I wrote years ago while working for the San Antonio Express. "Bob Harrington has got more moves than a grasshopper in a chicken peckin'. He's not a pious, button-down, Bible thumper who can't be rattled by some smart mouthed infidel. Harrington is a wit with a tongue as glib, if not as cutting, as comedian Don Rickles."

More quotes about Rev. Bob:

Billy Graham: "Bob Harrington is located right in the middle of hell. He goes wherever the people are."

Rey Hubbard: "Bob is the only personality I have invited for two repeat performances a year for the past six years. The reason is simple—Bob Harrington is the best stand up man with a crowd, big or small, religious or not, in America."

Walter Brennan: "Bob Harrington is dynamite! He could have made it big in Hollywood—and still could. He has a marvellous sense of humor and a fantastic sense of timing. He's dynamite!"

President Jimmy Carter: "I remember when we shared our testimonies together in one your Georgia crusades. I feel strong when men—men like us—join together to serve our faith in the Lord."

The former University of Alabama football player seems to have an answer for just about anything.

One evening while he was holding forth in front of a strip joint, a bartender lush hog rushed out and ripped several pages from the preacher's Bible while pouring a beer over the big man's head.

Harrington looked at the barkeep and said: "I'm glad you did that, because now I know I've been saved. If I didn't have the Lord in my heart, I would stomp you through the backstop."

Now ready to release an album titled "Bob Harrington Goes Country" on the RCA label, the evangelist is no stranger to the recording industry. His own New Orleans-based Chaplain label had rung up a gross of approximately $3 million by last year. He has more than 25 LPs in his Chaplain catalog, all of which glittered in the bright sunlight, Harrington stunned the crowd. "When the vows had been completed, I said, "The.RIAA long ago certified the package as gold."

He is an evangelist properly accredited by the Southern Baptist Church. Many of his appearances are in night clubs. He has preached in strip joints across the nation, and many of his personal friends are musicians like Pete Fountain and Johnny Cash.

"'Now I'm really going to take my message to the fans of country music," Harrington explained, "this is where the people are moving today. I go with the people."

Harrington is on the road 35 weeks a year. He has written several books, including "The Chaplain of Bourbon Street," a paperback he was passing out at our show along with handouts of Action Magazines.

Brother Bob got his start in the insurance business. He spent a short time as an associate with a southern evangelistic team before professing his faith in the Lord. Then he struck out on his own by running an ad in the lost and found section of a newspaper in Mobile, Alabama. It was an invitation for lost souls to telephone him and hear his message. Thirty-five persons accepted Christ from that lone ad.

During the next year, he organized his first crusade in Mobile. It was held in a drive in theater. His sound system consisted of the car speakers used for the movies. For the invitation, he asked those who had accepted Christ to turn on their auto headlights. The parking lot looked like a squadron of fireflies, according to Harrington.

After another year of preparation, he bought the conversion of about 5,000 souls, he decided he needed "intellectual seasoning. That's when he enrolled at the New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary. Ordained a minister, he served the First Baptist Church of New Orleans and promptly began his famous quest through the city's seedy side.

Eventually, he would up in the French Quarter where he opened his "Salvation Shop."

Brother Bob says faith led him to Bourbon Street where he rented what had once been a tattoo parlor and a liquor store. He set up a Bible display in the window, hung a red cross outside, and tucked a sign saying "Come In" on the door. From the family stereo with a special microphone, he spoke to the street. "The Old Rugged Cross" lifted strangely and hauntingly through the sounds of Dixieland jazz. Every inch of his tracts and window displays were torn down. Every morning he replaced them. Joint bokers yelled to passersby, "You didn't come down here to go to church." Still Bob preached regularly on street corners and in front of night spots.

Finally, Bourbon Street had to adjust. That "crazy preacher just wouldn't go away. He hung in with the tenacity of a bulldog on a gut wagon. The short and punchy method he used in deliverance of God's word eventually started attracting even the attention of bar operators. Some of them started inviting him into their establishments.

Once inside the joints,
Willie......continued

artists, I mean anyone with creativity who has left a mark—painters, movie actors and actresses and even writers. So we might consider a name in the future other than the Texas Music Hall of Fame. Maybe just the Texas Artist Hall of Fame.

The entire complex encompasses 14 acres near the downtown area of south Austin. It includes the main convention center complex, some 300 apartment units which will be leased out, and the Backstage Restaurant which was opened during the festivities last month. The restaurant is separate from the main building—located at Congress and Academy avenues. The Opry House, hall of fame area, offices for Shotgun Records and Shotgun Productions, a rehearsal hall for musicians to rent on a daily basis, and other music industry related office space will all be housed in the main structure.

While Trader will head up Shotgun Records and Shotgun Productions, Willie's full partner in the rest of this huge undertaking is personable Tim O'Connor, a veteran night club impresario who has worked on the Nelson road crew and within the Nelson organization over past years. O'Connor had a live music club in Colorado before coming to Austin with the progressive music wind which started blowing in the early 1970s. O'Connor and a partner started with the Castle Creek Club in Austin, which started blowing in the early 1970s. O'Connor and a partner started with the Castle Creek Club in Austin, and Shotgun Productions, a rehearsal hall for musicians to rent on a daily basis, and other music industry related office space will all be housed in the main structure.

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Willie Nelson bassist Bee Spears freaks as chicken emerges from sack on stage at new Opry House. Bee calms down in second photo to pose with rooster which was slipped his way as a gag. In third photo, Bee and Emmylou Harris beam as bold cock takes perch on neck of Spears' instrument.

I'm Going To Lose A Lot of Teardrops” “No Tomorrow In Sight,” “A New Way To Cry,” “Both Ends Of The Candle,” “The End Of Understanding,” “The Shelter Of Your Arms,” “I Hope So,” “Everything But You,” “I’ll Stay Around,” “Face Of A Fighter,” “Broken Promises,” “Is There Something On Your Mind,” “Country Willie,” “Happiness Lives Next Door,” “Let’s Pretend,” “The Ghost,” and “Some Other Time.” It would be euphemistic to say that somebody goofed in not scooping these songs up when the redheaded struggler was all but begging for a taker. The minds of Nashville, however, must be clicking to what Nelson is obviously pointing to by mail order distributing this album which belongs only to himself and that loose aggregation of humanity known as the “Willie Nelson Family.”

Johnny Goode & Craig Sawtell
Thank all the new people for coming out this summer & invite all the folks we haven't seen in a while to come back & see the improvements we've made.

Still serving the best soups, salads, sandwiches & nachos in town.

Look out for our 2-year Anniversary party coming soon!!

SUMMER HOURS
OPEN 3 P.M.-2 A.M. (MON.-FRI.) SATURDAY AT 5 P.M.

HAPPY HOURS 3 P.M.-7 P.M.
(MON.-FRI.)
(Closed Sundays For Private Parties And Special Functions)
Kitchen Open at 5 p.m.

AUGUST
BAND SCHEDULE
5-6 King Peach
12-13 Paul Ray & The Cobras
18 Cooder Brown
19-20 The Howlers
Appearing Every Thursday (Except the 18th) Claude Morgan & The Buckboard Boogie Boys. Appearing every Wednesday - Fork In The Road.
Will Nelson distribute this album himself and let you in at that, or is he intending to try it again after this shot? We will just wait and see.

Meanwhile, those interested in the sounds of Willie Nelson from 1961 may order both albums and/or tapes by calling Shotgun Productions Inc., at 1-800-252-9506, or writing to P.O. Box 3771, Austin, Texas 78704. The albums, tax included, are $8.40. Cartridges and tapes, tax included, are $10.50.

...and Tim has since been associated with clubs such as Bull Creek Inn and a little bar known as Squeeze Inn. While at Castle Creek, he noticed performers in the outdoor concert dode, meeting Willie Nelson and succumbing to the red-headed Stranger’s charismatic personality somewhere along the way.

Trader has known Nelson much longer than O’Connor. He was booking Ray Price and doing road work for the old Cherokee Cowboys Band when Nelson was associated with these great musicians—some of whom may be heard of in the world “outlaw” ever crept into the country music lexicon; drummer Willie Ackerman, now a Nashville studio musician; guitarist Ray Enderton, another giant of the industry; and Bob Moore on bass.

In his letter of introduction, Shotgun Records jefe Trader writes: “Dear friends and fans: Enclosed you will find a double album that was recorded in 1961. These were Willie’s first songs to ever be recorded. All the musicians on this session have gone on to become greats in their own field.”

“Nobody’s perfect.”

With his troubles mounting in 1969, Nelson did what comes natural for him: Aided by longtime friend and song writing compatriot Hank Cochran he sat down and expressed his exasperated state in a song titled: “What Else Can They Do To Me Now?”

You see the Most Unusual People at...

Paul English Chats With Lovely Admirer

Why Do They Pick Action?

Why do so many club owners and other business people advertise in Action Magazine?

It isn’t because Action has a slick-talking sales staff. It isn’t because we cater to an elite crowd of pseudo-sophisticates.

It isn’t because we call ourselves a young adult magazine, an old adult magazine or a middle adult magazine.

It isn’t because our editor and publisher has his hair curled.

It isn’t because Action Magazine is printed on slick paper.

Advertisers choose Action because it is read...by people...from cover to cover and from month to month. Action Magazine is the people’s magazine. And without people, any advertiser would be no advertiser at all because that person would be flat busted.
World Finds Luckenbach

The rest of the world is swiftly discovering Luckenbach, Texas. Lone Star Beer filmed four great music shows in the old Luckenbach dance hall this past month for prime time television viewing this fall, while other July activities at the tiny Hill Country hamlet included everything from Pop Nelson’s birthday party and a horseshoe tournament to a picnic jointly sponsored by Lone Star, MCA Records and Record Hole stores of San Antonio.

Gary Stewart with San Antonio’s Drug Store Cowboys, Johnny Paycheck, Johnny Duncan and Joe Ely rocked the guinea hens from their roosts during the TV filming on both July 16 and 17.

Ely was filmed first on the 16th. His show was immediately followed by Stewart and the Cowboys. The capacity crowd of invited guests inside the dance hall whistled, hooted and hollered for more. Duncan’s portion was filmed first the following day, and the crowd once again went berserk as Paycheck brought the weekend to a close.

On the previous weekend, a picnic was held by MCA, Record Hole Stores and Lone Star for winners and their guests who drew lucky numbers during a promotional Record Hole sale of Jerry Jeff Walker’s newest MCA album titled “A Man Must Go On.” This is the great album which includes the late Luckenbach creator Hondo Crouch reciting one of his poignant poems. Barbeque and Lone Star beer was served. Ann Gaines, Curt Eddy, Dale Kidder, Steve Kidder and other Record Hole people were there, along with Jerry Retzloff of Lone Star Beer and MCA Records reps Bob Falleur and Ken Rush.

Winners of the drawings who were allowed to bring a total of some 80 guests to the party included Pat Frost, Glenn Newbauer and Jody Lopez.

Johnny Paycheck

Joe Ely

PETE’S
BITS & PIECES

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AUGUST BAND SCHEDULE

3 Drug Store Cowboys
5 Stardust
10 & 11 Bandoleros
12 Augie Meyers
13 Cooder Brown
17 Drug Store Cowboys
18 Southern Magic
19 Drug Store Cowboys
20 Bandoleros
24 & 25 Kinky Friedman
& The Texas Jewboys
26 & 27 To Be Announced
31 Vince Vance & the Valients
Sept. 1, 2, 3 & 4 Vince Vance & the Valiants

Happy Hour
4-8 P.M.
The official July activities at Luckenbach began on the first weekend of the month with a horseshoe tournament pitting Willie's Pool Hall in Austin against the regulars of Luckenbach.

This was no contest. While horseshoes are played daily behind the pool hall operated by Willie Nelson's parents, those from Willie's went against a bunch of ringers (no pun intended) who were sneaked in to keep Luckenbach in the winner column.

The hour-long Lone Star TV specials, each featuring two artists, are earmarked for prime time viewing this fall. Dates will be announced later. Coordinating the Lone Star shows was LS promotions manager Jerry Retzloff, while Lone Star vice president in charge of marketing Barry Sullivan was on hand to oversee the total production.

Sullivan said tentative plans call for regular monthly television shows by Lone Star featuring the greats of Texas music.

With thousands of tourists moving through the tiny town during the month-long hive of activity, the Lone Star shows also attracted people like recording star Roy Head, University of Texas athletic director Darrell Royal, and representatives of several national magazines.

Dillon Ferrero, manager and spiritual advisor for Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys, attended the second Lone Star filming with the latest addition to this wild and wooly band which is scheduled to begin a sweeping Texas tour this

Continued on page 12...

Hank Williams Jr., has returned to Cullman, Alabama after honeymooning on the very ranch in Montana where he was almost killed in a long mountain fall which broke every bone in his head.

The ranch is owned by Dick and Betty Wile -y, parents of the young boy who helped save Hank's life after the near-fatal accident.

Hank Jr., otherwise known as Bocephus, was married in June to Rebecca White in Mer Rouge, Louisiana.

James Smith, Hank's personal manager, served as best man.

Universal Pictures has purchased motion picture rights to Loretta Lynn's best selling autobiography, "Loretta Lynn, Coalminer's Daughter.

Immediately assigned to the project was writer Tom Rickman who began his assignment by spending two weeks with Loretta on her farm near Hurricane Mills, Tennessee.

A tentative time schedule calls for a first draft screen play to be completed by late August and then casting will begin. Universal would like to start filming in late fall, with much being done on location in Nashville.

Patrick Shannahan has replaced Spencer Dryden as drummer for New Riders of the Purple Sage. Dryden will now spend full time managing the NRPS.
THE NEW WAREHOUSE
GRAND OPENING

FEATURING THE GREAT
ROY HEAD

with
SAN ANTONIO'S DRUG STORE COWBOYS

August
12th &
13th

Immediately followed by
Rainey Haynes

The "Lady Outlaw" direct from
Memphis, Tenn.

Rainey & Ritz Rhythm to appear 6
nights weekly beginning August 16.

The New Warehouse Club
will proudly present San
Antonio only the Finest in
Live Entertainment. Our
kitchen opens at 11 a.m. Dally
- Food prepared by our
German expert - Laurie
Ordry.

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134 W. Turbo
342-1901 - 342-8583

Exit left off San Pedro on
Braniff at the Warehouse sign
- then follow your nose to the
Music Spot.
George Has Hoed A Hard Row

George Jay wrote and recorded a hit instrumental tune called "La Pachuca" when he was 14 years of age. The Chicano crossed over into the Anglo market and became a standard much like the great Chico Bambã, and it is still spinning on radio station turntables today—some 16 years after George wrote and recorded his tune on an obscure label in the Lower Rio Grande Valley. Although the instrumental was later recorded by numerous artists on both the Peerless and RCA labels, the 30-year-old Jay has received not one cent for this work.

This is the main reason for Jay's determination to form his own song publishing company in San Antonio.

"I've been screwed so many times that it doesn't even hurt anymore," Georje grimaced. "That's why I want my own publishing company. I want to help other teenage musicians avert what happened to me."

A band member who sings, dances, impersonates and plays a half dozen instruments, the kid born Jorge Alberto Andrus Balli in the coastal city of Corpus Christi is perhaps San Antonio's finest all-around male night club performer. He mixes the many original works he has created with everything from soft shoe steps to "Mister Bojangles" to impersonations of people like Tom Jones, Elvis Presley, Freddy Fender, Johnny Rodriguez and Fats Domino.

"I was about 12 or 13," George recalls. "There were seven members of the Royal Jives. They each paid me $1 a night, and I was working three or four nights a week. That was real money for me."

While toiling as a band boy, little George did more than just lug the instruments and other equipment. He found enough time to learn piano, organ, drums, valve trombone, baritone horn and trumpet. But he didn't really know that he could sing until one night when band leader Casares took sick.

"He told me to get up and sing," George said. "I told him I was crazy. Then he offered me an extra $10 to get on the stage. I did it and the crowd ate it up. So here I am today."

Casares was soon drafted into the service. George then picked up a couple of members of the Royal Jives and formed a band he called George Jay and the Rocking Ravens. They stayed together until George graduated from high school.

After a year of college, Jay went into the service. Upon his discharge from the Marine Corps, he formed a group he called The George Jay Show. They stayed together for a short time. Jay later did television production work and wrote radio news copy. He has also worked as a fashion model.

His group "Something Special" was formed this past January. "La Pachuca" was the first song Jay ever recorded. He explains: "I was only 14, and my mother had never done anything about my status as a minor. A fellow just took me into a little McAllen studio with the song where I recorded it. It became a hit. I know the record sold more than 250,000 on a regional basis, and it was later recorded to people on the Peerless and RCA labels. It was number one on KTSA here in San Antonio for a long time. But I have never received a penny for any of it."

When Jay gets his own publishing company in operation, he plans to approach the people who initially put his hit on the market and ask for some sort of relief.

"I guess I just want a little something for it all," he said. "But mostly, I want to keep this sort of thing from happening to others. I want to help musicians learn about copyright laws and the rights they are entitled to. And someday, if the money ever comes, I would like to have my own recording studio."

Jay will return to Corpus Oct. 2 where he will headline his first outdoor concert—an affair to be held with 10 bands on the bayfront near the coastal city's coliseum. While this will be Jay's first experience as a concert headliner, he is no neophyte in the entertainment world. He has worked night clubs and lounges across a dozen states, including Hawaii, and George has showcased in Vegas for such entertainers as The Brothers, Freddy Bell and an all-female troupe known as "A Bare Touch of Vegas."

A working picker, Jay now performs with a group he calls "Something Special." All veteran musicians, the band includes Barry McKinney on bass and vocals, Ralph Chavez, vocals and percussion; and Steven Wayne Robischua, piano and organ.

"I named them "Something Special" because I really feel that they are something special," Jay smiled. "They are great performers and they are not afraid of work."

Neither is George. He does two-floor-type shows nightly at clubs he works, and plays two or more sets of good variety dance music.

"I get into comedy and impersonations and dance stuff," George said. "I like to know my audience. I talk to the audience, and on many nights I make them a part of the act."

"I have recorded two albums and about 40 singles," Jay said, explaining: "Most of them are all in Spanish. I have recorded on ARV, Peerless and the Falcon labels, and I have done some stuff on my own independent Balli label. I have also written material for other artists."

Regional Chicano stars such as Carlos Guzman have recorded some of Jay's songs. His latest single—released this past month on Jay's label—is a bilingual country tune called "After The Loving Despues Del Carino." The flip side is a Spanish disco number titled "De La Shine."

The son of a migrant farm laborer and oil field swammer, Jorge Alberto Andrus Balli was only a child when he worked in Corpus as a band boy for Bobby Casares and the Royal Jives. Jay currently performs at the great Ollie Otten's Swiss Chateau.
Like Jesus Anymore."

Since the hit record "Luckenbach, Texas" started spinning on the airwaves of the nation, literally thousands of tourists have descended upon the little town near Fredericksburg in Gillespie County. And while the local constabulary has been keeping a close eye on all the activity, Luckenbach co-owner Cathy Morgan has done a beautiful job of keeping everything peaceful.

Personable security policemen from Austin are on hand to direct traffic and ensure the peace. Deputies from Gillespie County are also utilized for special occasions, and Ms. Morgan, who was the late Hondo Crouch's partner in the operation before his untimely death, is doing everything possible to insure the continuing fun and games and big-name entertainment which has literally put little Luckenbach on the national map.

Roy McNett, former editor of the Beeville Bee Picayune, has been employed to stay on the property and keep things secured during slack periods and at night. A personable young man, McNett lives in what was once the Luckenbach "egg house" adjacent to the store and bar. Mrs. Morgan has also contracted for the services of a professional food caterer to prepare barbecue for the hungry visitors.

Ms. Morgan, who now shares ownership of Luckenbach with Crouch's children, is also furnishing the finances for production of a record album which will feature the talents of Luckenbach—those dedicated musicians who have been making their own special music out under the spreading oak trees long before Luckenbach's rush to national prominence.

"The album will include those musicians who loved Luckenbach and Hondo long before we became so famous," Cathy said. "It will be all acoustic. Just guitars and harmonicas. Jerry Jeff will be on it. Others will include Kent Finlay, Maggie Montgomery, George Strait and Darrell Staudter."
Jerry Jeff

Staedtler, a song-writer who wrote Lefty Frizzell’s “Honkytonk Stardust Cowboy,” will produce the album.

Meanwhile, the legend of Luckenbach and the imaginative who bought a dusty little town in the Hill Country and converted it into a spiritual heaven for everyone, is spreading far and wide.

Jody McCormick, his brother John, and a fellow by the name of Bob Stanton have opened a bar in Houston named “Hondo’s” after the late Crouch. They are sponsoring a chili cookoff there on the 27th of September which is sanctioned by the Chili Appreciation Society International—meaning that the winner will be eligible to compete in the world championship near Terlingua this winter.

The grousing and griping among longtime Luckenbach regulars seems to have subsided somewhat. Those who loved Crouch and the tranquility of the place he developed are now realizing that Luckenbach has become a national tourist attraction, and it is to their credit that everyone seems to be pulling together now in a joint effort to help Cathy Morgan maintain.

Motels in nearby Fredericksburg are booked solid. Restaurants there are booming. Yet there are those in the said old German community who resent Luckenbach and the intrusion of money-spending tourists it is bringing to their area.

Jim Luckenbach, whose great-grandfather established the old store and bar which was once a Comanche Indian trading post, is one of Luckenbach’s staunchest supporters.

“I just hope,” he said, “that our local law will take it easy on this place, and that the stiff-necks over in Fredericksburg will eventually realize that Luckenbach’s boom is the best damn thing that ever happened to Gillespie County. The LBJ Park is nothing compared with Luckenbach as a tourist attraction, and God knows that Fredericksburg can use all the help it can get. The town hasn’t grown by five people over the past 10 years, while Kerrville has doubled in size.”

---

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Just over the hill is where I live.

Don't worry if you can't see it from here. That's what makes it nice living at Chase Hill. I'm surrounded by acres of open hill country. Miles of cedar and oak. And oceans of quiet. I jog in it. Hike in it. And bike all around it.

When I want to be by myself. When I want to be surrounded by smiles and bikinis, however, I just hang around one of Chase Hill's pools. With all the other people who want things like dishwashers and disposals and shag carpeting. Just as long as Loopworld's noise and rush-hour traffic don't come with them.

Don't get me wrong, though. We're not exactly at the ends of the earth around here. UTSA's only a five minute walk away. And of course, my job at the Medical Center's right nearby, too.

That gives me a chance to rise and shine a little later in the morning. Which is great. I may live in the country. But there are some city habits I'll never give up.

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Beggar's Blast Near Helotes

Record crowds are expected for the sixth annual Beggar's Banquet rock show to be held August 20 and 21 at Villarreal's Ice House and concert grounds near Helotes. Coordinated by Stephen Allen Griffiths and produced by Yellow Rose Enterprises, the two-day show is reportedly a non-profit venture dedicated to the exposure of raw and fresh rock talent which is often overlooked.

Young Griffiths, himself a musician, started the Beggar's Banquet concept several years ago in New Jersey. The New Jersey show--at Califon--and a Beggar's Banquet at Nederland, Colorado will be held simultaneously with the festival at Villarreal's just a couple of miles past Helotes. Musicians and workers are compensated for their efforts with tickets which they are allowed to sell to the public. Other ticket locations for the upcoming show near Helotes include Flip Side Records, Calamo Music, Caldwell Music, Reed's Red Derby, Hair, the Comic Strip, Main Street Pub, Paul and Wanda's, all Joske's locations, The Knave, Electric Machine, Lozano's Ballroom in Seguin, Pickers Paradise in San Marcos, Cactus Bar in Boerne and the San Antonio College book store.

Some of the groups and single acts scheduled for this year's festival include Dr. Ed Stone, Ken Blair, Stinger, Fresh Air, Island, Shade Tree, Rick Carver, Sweet Savage, Devil-May-Care, Sly Jones, Back Alley, Stephen Allen Griffiths, Revolver, Wicked Step, United, Magic Mushroom, Steven Pollock and many, many more.

Emcees for the rock and roll marathon include former KEKL DJ Nick St. John, Chris Edwards of KZFM in Corpus Christi, Russ Barrington of KTFI in San Antonio, and Action Magazine publisher Sam Kindrick.

Because of various and sundry ripoffs last year, the Beggar's Banquet near Helotes was a loser. This year, hopefully, things will be different.

The show is not supposed to be a capitalistic endeavor, although tickets are selling for $4.75 advance and $7 at the gate. Steven Griffiths says the banquet is an outlet for festering ambitions and a united cause to preserve and encourage original groups.

Should profits be realized, Griffiths said, they will be placed in a special fund for the perpetuation and betterment of the tradition.

During the concert there will be provided sanitation facilities, medical aid, armed security guards who are reinforced by workers on the grounds, and various concessions.

Action Magazine feels that the kids working on this project are honest and sincere in attempting to give some semblance of dignity and propriety to the rock scene, and to gain a reputation as a buyer's market for shoppers in related areas of entertainment.
FIDDLE WHIZ RON Knuth who has been with everyone from Faron Young to Hank Williams Jr. and most recently the Buckboard Boogie Boys--has joined George Chambers and his County Gentlemen. At least one night weekly, Knuth and school teacher Chambers have been working as a duo at the Oxtail Inn. It is a reciproc for Chambers, a solid musician who usually works before a dancing crowd. He and Knuth do stuff by Jimmy Buffet and other country gits. Lee McCullough, a picker who lives on the LBJ Ranch near Stonewall, is recovering from a truck wreck which left him with a smashed arm and some facial lacerations... and Gary Allen and Frank Wright haven't sold their Waterhole Club in Kerrville as rumor had it. They are doing some construction work in Rockport, carrying on between the coast and the Hill Country.

RICK CASUAL BERESFORD and wife Robin celebrated their second wedding anniversary last month as Rick picked for the Villager's last folks. There was cake with trimmings for the party. And we still feel that Rick is an original and most of all the most neglected of the recording business...I was duly reported here that David Allan Coe would bust up his band, buy a boat and go treasure hunting through Quiet Valley Ranch near Kerrville. The crowds were very small, and Kennedy is putting it out that he lost untold thousands on this benevolent venture. Maybe it's time for old redneck Rod to haul off and start booking some of those dope-smoking musical renegades who have a habit of drawing great hordes of money-spending fans... Pat Hicks is not longer working for Port Aransas party boat owner Bill and Eddie Shepherd (Wharf Cat and Scat Cat). He says he may soon take an off-shore oil rig job which might eventually lead him to the North Sea.

Since George Ellis started dumping Action Magazine in the trash bin he has been on a vendetta against Wurzbach, patrons of that establishment who has been moving across the street to Gasoline Alley to pick up their copies of the progressive magazine. Now under the able management of Bob Faulier the newspaper continues to boom as always. Packed nightly. And customers at the downtown San Jacinto Club--Rick picking their copies of the mag at nearly points like the SW Club and Kline's after the SJ jeeff began shitting down. Action is, it's always nice to learn from employees and patrons when the magazine is being dumped. What with rigging and rolling clubs like Gasoline Alley, Village Inn, Floore's Country Store, the Bits & Pieces and Cooter Brown's going through a combined total of more than 3,000 Actions monthly, we need every single copy to supply the demand in successful clubs which are rolling with a good line-up.

GARY GRAY OF Showtime Productions is in the process of building a band around his singing wife Jo Anne. A high-energy gal who has worked on many a stage, she showed some of her talent singing with Gary P. Nunn and the Last Gong Band during Sam Mixon's Fifty-Minute Revival and Revival and Music Extravaganza. And Danny McKenna and Ron Rose of the Toby Beau group jammed around with various bands which here recently for a visit. Now managed by an East Coast outfit in New York City, Toby Beau stands little chance of landing local bookings under his current management contract. The firm handling our local boys will book them to play only two or five-minute sets--a policy which makes more sense to Texas club owners laugh in event the Yankees don't know it. Texas is a land where variety is the music museum. So Willie Nelson pick and sing for as long as four solid hours with their band breaking to take a leak.

KEN MISON and Ron Barak, proprietor of the Warehouse Club on Turbo. Now they are pulling all stops with continuous live entertainment which starts August 12 and 13 with appearances by the great Roy Head, whose hit record of "Treat Her Right" sold 2½ million records in 1965. Now the Warehouse Club's grand opening Head will be backed by San Antonio's Drug Store Cowboys. Then, beginning August 16th, Rainey and Ritz Rhythm will be playing the club six nights weekly for an extended period.

Rainey Haynes, incidentally, is a lady outlaw musician who hits the audience with everything from Steisend to Joplin stuff with her flashy Vegas-style show group. The band is also prettier than a speckled pup sitting under a redwood tree. Mison and Hanna will open their kitchen at 11 a.m. starting August 1, the food being prepared by Germany import Laurie Pottke.

An old hand at the live entertainment business Mison was booking Roy Head back during the days when Roy and his Trails were taking the rock and roll charts. While Head still does his trails, bands and other gizmos from the rock days, Mison continues to book bands of every ilk top in the country music market. **

JERRY JEFF WALKER made an impromptu visit July 8 to Gruene Hall where Texas Express was playing. He and Guy Clark's wife Susana had just dropped Guy off at the airport where he caught a plane to Nashville. Since Susana is down at her own cover for Emmylou Harris will be titled something like 10-cent Town, J.J. had to scope out historic old Gruene. Walker sang a half dozen songs while in the hall, then he repaired with Gruene proprietor Pat Molak and others to a private area down the road where pickin' and singin' went on for four hours beyond that time.

GEORGE WESTER at the Good Old Days Restaurant, a regular little hideout spot at 541 E. North Loop Road, serves fine family-style meals with all the biscuits, gravy and honey you can scarf down. The Good Old Days Restaurant makes excellent outstentational rug joint restaurants with waiters and **
**Leonard Rodriguez**

**and his Mystic Cowboys**

Joey L. Portman, fiddle-leader guitar, Rick Reynolds-drums,

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August 11 - County Line

August 20 - Carroll Gilley Show

August 25 - Clifton Jansky

**LB's**

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Lunch 11 A.M.

Happy Hour Daily

11 A.M. - 7 P.M.

A few other short-lived publications, this one was doomed from the beginning. Advertising dollars come only when the advertiser is satisfied that people are reading the vehicle in which the product is showcased, and the "Bullet" kids were far short on journalistic ammunition.

**FOR SOMEONE HANK-ERING for a top-rate Hill Country honky-tonk, the Hunter's Inn in Blanco is now available for lease at the right price, and one couldn't be asked for a better spot to test music in the past. The Hunter's Inn has been used as a steak house, and there just aren't enough folks around Blanco to pay $75 or $10 for steaks on a regular basis. Former San Antonio policeman Larry Findley and San Antonio attorney Mickey Hunter have brought the entire property and they are ready to farm it out.

**SPORTS WRITER DAN COOK is out of the juice business, and Dan Cook's Time Out Club is now just the Time Out, a drinkery adjacent to the Tavern on the Green.
Wayne Zoellner's
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Continuous Live Texas Music by the Best Area & Local Pickers & "Gunslingers" & Championship Dart Tournament

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For Registration Information Contact:
"Cowboy & The Lady" 11523 Bandera Rd. 695-8875
the fabulous Thunderbirds is back on the city for $150,000 for false possession of baking powder.

**FRANK RODARTE**

FLASH, FLASH, FLASH! Squeeze box king Steve Jordan's son got busted for possession of baking soda. The cops in Black Foot, Idaho, according to Steve's wife, arrested 12-year-old Steve Jr., at gunpoint.

Steve Sr., is reportedly suing the city for $150,000 for false arrest and for scarifying the hell out of little Steve. The whole episode cost Steve around $5,000, plus some four hours hanging around the jail. It will be "much tiempo" before Jordan returns to the potato-picker dance halls of Idaho.

Note: Baking soda, like numerous other powdery substances which might resemble cocaine, is used by many musicians to clean instruments.

Johnny Winters jammed with Clifton Cheiner after his recent concert performance in Austin. He's the kind of cat who would give you the shirt off his back--except he doesn't have one. "Que viva South Austin!" Los Thunderbirds. If the recent sessions at the Rome Inn are any indication of things to come, Austin best get ready for an outburst of blues.

Henry Gonzales, the jefe of the new Flamingo Studios located at Armadillo World Headquarters, informs of a gigantic promo idea for the top national recording artists. Give Henry a call at AWHQ--477-9762. And look for the new Blue Beats Band to pronto) real soon.

Henry also has a tremendous library of pictures and info on top national recording artists. Give Henry a call at AWHR--477-9762. And look for the new Blue Beats Band to be doing some gigs at AWHR (muy pronto) real soon.

Ernest Rey, son of MCA superstare Loretta Lynn, is now on the MCA label. His first country single titled "Triece Delany." Ernest is making out on his own after being part of mama's road show for several years.

GARRISON SINGLE

"Ramblin'" Fever is the second single to be released off of Jimmy Haggard's debut MCA album of the same name. A real foot-stomper. "Ramblin'" Fever was written by Merle, and produced by Hank Cochran.

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**Action Magazine, August, 1977 • 21 •**
Emma Named Band For ‘Big Mama’

Emma Would Be Pleased

Charlie Wood

Emma (Big Mama) Chaney has been dead for 30 years, but the honky-tonk style of piano-pounding country music she loved so well is being perpetuated in her name by an unlikely aggregation of pickers who rehearse in an abandoned bowling alley in downtown Bulverde, Texas.

The Emma Chaney Band is headed up by 25-year-old Charlie Wood, a dedicated musician who named the group after his great-grandmother. “They called her Big Mama,” Charlie said, “and everyone says she was hell on a country keyboard. Emma was a big lady and she was playing country in Maryland when everyone in that area was doing bebop stuff.”

If Emma’s name was the inspiration for Charlie’s group, his living musical godfather is none other than Augie Meyers, another Bulverde product who packs houses wherever he plays. “Augie is like my big brother,” Charlie said. “He has been helping me since I was 10 years old. He sold me my first PA system, and he is always there to listen and help me with my music.”

Of the Emma Chaney Band, Meyers said: “Charlie is a good boy and he has himself a good group. The band sounds fine. I think they will go a long way.”

Audiences are often confused by the band’s name, since it includes a 60-year-old woman piano player who literally bangs the hell out of a set of keyboards. “That’s Mama Morrison,” Charlie said. “She is our female singer’s mother.”
Lead vocalists in the band are Jan Kubacak and Jim Butcher. Charlie also sings, plays pedal steel guitar and some lead guitar. Scott Reiner is the drummer. The bass players is Steve Thompson.

Johnny Kubacak, Jan's husband, serves as the band's manager and booking agent. Charlie's parents run a store in Bulverde. He helps with the family business when not rehearsing or playing night spots.

"We play what I call Hill Country music," Wood said. "It's a combination of jazz, rock, country, blues and swing. But it's done in our own style."

While in high school, Charlie formed a band he called The Truants, explaining: "We were always skipping school to pick, so I figured the name fit us pretty well."

At Blinn Junior College in Brenham where he majored in music for two years, Wood had a country band he called "The Lonely Ones."

The Emma Chane~ Band made its first public appearance last year at the World Championship Menudo Cookoff which was held on the El Tropicano Ranch near Bulverde. Since then the group has been working on a fairly steady basis, playing such clubs as the Bits & Pieces and the Crystal Chandelier in New Braunfels.

Like so many country musicians, Charlie Wood is a great Bob Wills fan, and he compares Mama Morrison's piano style with that of Wills' great keyboard man Al Stricklin.

Charlie met Mama's daughter Jan when she came to take guitar lessons from him in Bulverde. The two later began talking about formation of a band.

"We got it together," Wood said. "And now we are really getting ready for some serious road work."

They can't help it
This message was copied from the wall at Jerry Dyer's San Pedro electronics store: Each of us is a mixture of good qualities and perhaps some not so good qualities. In considering our fellow man, we should remember his good qualities and realize that his faults only prove that he is, after all, a human being.

We should refrain from making harsh judgement of a person just because he happens to be a dirty, rotten, no-good sonofabitch.
New Record Out

Stars Of Stardust

By Marlene James

The local trio known as Stardust has released its third single. Phil Bepko and the Perron brothers, Bubba and Laurent, have built a good following of loyal Stardust fans on the San Antonio scene. The new record features Bepko and female vocalist Sylvia Leal in a back-and-forth duet titled "Love Is Forever."

Flip side of the disc is titled "Yesterday's Game." Young stragglers who have been together as a unit for 2½ years, Bepko and the Perrons have developed a noticeable tightness of instrumentation and vocals. Like their first two records, Bepko and the Perrons will release the new platter on their independent Stardust label. Their first record — with "Wichita Woman" on one side and "Pickles" on the other — was played regularly on the country radio stations here. It was also given a few spins on the now defunct progressive Radio KEXL. Songs titled "Hee Haw" and "Buddy's Babe" are on the second Stardust recording. It, too, is getting some local air action.

Singer Sylvia Leal does a good job of accompanying Bepko on the new song. And while she is not a member of Stardust, the group may soon have a regular lady sharing vocal chores. Laurent Perron's pretty blonde wife Candy is now banging a tambourine and showing much promise as she joins in the singing from time to time. A good-natured crew which enjoys both a good personal and business relationship, plus a fine rapport with the growing number of followers, Stardust is one of those bands that turns in a solid and professional performance for the folks who pay their money.

Bepko plays guitar, while Bubba Perron does yeoman duty on piano and touch bass. Laurent Perron is the drummer. All of them write original material and sing. Marius Perron, father of the musician brothers, occasionally scratches out a song and hands it over to the band.

Two contributions by the "old man" which are often requested include "Buddy's Babe" and "Cabbage for the Soup." "Amtrak Boogie" was

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EVERY MONDAY ALL BAR DRINKS
TIL 3 A.M.
HAPPY HOUR 3 To 7 MON. THRU FRI.

Friedman To Write A Book

Kinky Friedman will soon begin work on a book, and he also has plans for a movie script about two wealthy Jewish lads who decide to heist their own bank.

The talented showman will also be touring hard through Texas beginning this month. He needs the exposure, too, what with all the time he spent traveling with Bob Dylan and the Rolling Thunder.

In a recent telephone conversation, Kinky said he had a New York writer with him to help with the book. He needs the exposure, too, what with all the time he spent traveling with Bob Dylan and the Rolling Thunder.

Friedman is a genius whose act is actually a put-down for racists. The racial undertones, and direct blasts in his music, however, keep the Jewboy from getting much airplay. But it's like his right hand man Dillon Ferrero said: "Will Rogers never made a record."
written by Bubba Perron for possible sale to Amtrak for a commercial. The band has yet to hear from the company, but Stardust fans seem to get off when the song is played.

Bepko is now toying around with a song titled "Some Longnecks Are Rednecks." He has also written a good number he calls "Bandera Bowling Alley Queen." These songs may also be eventually put on wax.

While Stardust is commercial enough to suit almost any San Antonio club operator, the group continues to grind out and play its original work.
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Bandera, Texas—Sept. 3-12 noon til midnight

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8 P.M.-9 P.M.
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ALSO FEATURING

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DARRELL MCCALL
5 P.M.-5:30 P.M.

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2 P.M.-3 P.M.

FRENCHIE BURKE
Noon Til 1 P.M.

ROY HEAD
5:30-6:30 P.M.
9 P.M.-10 P.M.

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3 P.M.-4 P.M.

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A Southland Production Presentation
Harrington... concluded

Rev. Bob In Action

Brother Bob became a hit with personnel and patrons alike. He didn’t condemn the drunks, pimps and whores who listened. He amused them, enlightened them and entertained them with his humorous rep and light hearted way of spreading the Lord’s word. One joint operator said, “I’d fire my strippers if I could hire Harrington because I’m not looking to read where this one goes. We have no shortage of sinners, they are being born every single minute.”

Harrington personally counseled strippers, dope addicts, drunks and pimps. He rode with policemen. He prayed in alleys. He even arranged a meeting with reputed New Orleans Mafia Kingpin Carlos Marcello. Nervous but convinced that he was doing what Jesus would have done, Brother Bob went to Marcello’s swank home and told his story of salvation. The gangster was warm, hearted way. His crowds were exposed to San Antonio’s exposed to San Antonio’s huge numbers a couple of years ago when Guy and Evelyn Linton shut down the Green Gate strip joint on St. Mary’s Street after a Harrington sermon that scorchd the old joint’s wall plaster.

While the entire media was invited to this flybynight display in the strip skull orchard, I was the only member of the press in attendance. And I insisted upon drinking a beer during Bob’s sermon, telling Guy Linton that I would get up and leave if he couldn’t produce some nectar of the barley.

Linton gave me the beer, but he and Evelyn saved the bottle and they keep it in their home to this day. “It was a Falstaff,” Guy said. “We are still holding the last bottle which was emptied in our awful Green Gate Club. And we are still praying for you.”

At my concert, Bob told the crowd: “I am here to save souls, and Sam Kindrick is at the top of my most wanted soul list.”

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San Antonians were exposed to Harrington in great numbers a couple of years ago when it was discovered that the evangelist had rented the Convention Center Arena where a Spurs basketball game was to be played.

Since the preacher had put his bid for the building in first, Spurs officials had no alternative but to allow Harrington to preach during halftime of the game. Many beer-guzzling basketball fans were prepared to jeer at the preacher man before he took the center of the court with microphone in hand. The result was amazing. Harrington’s boxing voice immediately caught the attention of the packed house of sport fans. Hardly anyone even left a seat to buy beer or use a restroom, and before Harrington was done with his message, a ball of naval fuzz could have been heard hitting the hardwood court floor.

That’s how it was at Sam Kindrick’s First Outdoor Revival and Music Extravaganza.

Harrington finally left with a brilliant smile, a cheerful wave, and a loud promise: “If Sam Kindrick ever does this again, you can count on Bob Harrington being present and ready to work.”

I Found This Groovy New Fox With my Express-News Singles ad!

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I Found This Groovy New Fox With my Express-News Singles ad!
GAMES...GAMES

Foosball
Pinball
Pool
& Others

The Lamp Post
1571 Austin Hwy. 824-471
Topless Dancers
Mondays through Saturdays
Sassy Bonnie Zoe Silvia
Laura Donna Terry
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Amateur Nights
Tuesdays & Thursdays $140 Cash Prizes Each Night

Plus Our Beer Chugging Contests During Amateur Night Fun

Day Bartendress - Evelyn Nights Tami & Susie

Open 2 P.M. - 2 A.M.

The final article: "Chili Scribes Lashed"

By Darrell Staedtler

For starters, let me say I will brook no argument. Being the final authority, this thesis is not open to question. So keep your inane bromides to yourself. Along with other spices, I tasted some satire and snobbery in the chili of several cooks at a recent chili gathering; but I digress.

Back to my original point - which I have yet to make. This small but worthwhile article is about libraries. Libraries, those rows of leather-bound tomes in lawyer's offices which they refer to and shake their heads; one shake equals $5; two shakes equals $50, and so on.

But what of chillieheads? We conjurers of a bowl of red, flavorers of foul garlic pods. We clowns of the cutting board. Where do we turn when we're stumped or broke or both; stump-broke? Rejoice, dear heart! Help is in the offing - actually now.

Through diligent, sometimes hard effort and even work, I personally have collected every known book and hack newspaper story ever published on the subject of chili. Ya hah, you say and pooh-pooh this statement and cry out that I've omitted magazine articles. For those of you, and you know who you are, I say (in paraphrase) who could, those who can't, pooh-pooh. Enough of this drivel. On to the importance of the Complete Chilibrary.

Upon looking through my chilibrary, I've found one important fact to be true. No man of letters, no intellectual will, in fact, only those who "never" had no brunnin' up and ain't never been took nowhere are the kind of nits who have written the "works" on chili. You will note that this article does not break with that time-honored tradition.

The very first book to be written about chili (now out of print), was by Joe E. Cooper. The title is, "WITH OR WITHOUT BEANS." Being a Compendium to Perpetuate the International Famous Bowl of Chili (Texas Style) Which Occupies Such an Important Place in Modern Civilization." It was published by William S. Henson, Inc., of Dallas, Texas, on November 15, 1952. A subtitle, as if the blurb were not enough is "An Informal Biography of Chili." Informal certainly is the key word. This book of 247 pages is considered the "Bible" of the Chili Appreciation Society International and rightly so.

When C.A.S.I. was formed, it was the only book. Using the axiom that "creativity is the art of concealing your source," Frank X. Tolbert of the Dallas Morning News, released the second book on chili (now out of print) entitled "A BOWL OF RED" and subtitled "A Natural History of Chili Con Carne" in 1966. It somehow escaped from Doubleday and Company, Inc., of Garden City, New York. That Frank X. Tolbert borrows from the earlier book, "WITH OR WITHOUT BEANS," goes without reading, but you can if you must. More about the Xerox tendency later.

To publicize this little 120-page book, Tolbert devised the plan of having the world's first chili cookoff at Terlingua, Texas, in 1967, pitting C.A.S.I.'s chief cook, the late, great W. H. Fowler of Austin, against a poor excuse of a chili cook from Hollywood named Dave Chessen. Dave couldn't make it and an even poorer choice in the form of the late, great H. Allen Smith wash chastized into cooking his chili. Flavored soup against the superb bowl of red cooked by Fowler. This cookoff will be bailed by Maury Maverick, Jr., of San Antonio, as the Great Chili Confrontation. Appropriately, H. Allen "Soup" Smith slated for the third book on chili, "THE GREAT CHILI CONFRONTATION" (now out of
The fourth book of 205 pages is the second edition of "A BOWL OF RED," released in 1972, by Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. It must have been a slow year in the publishing business. Tolbert stayed true to his "rigged" triumph in "My Hungry Friends." On July 11, 1975, The Chili Wars fought there and not hungry, so Jani and I have occasions for fights—through the Spring of 1976. She insults our vast form and purloined much of his original GGG's. The front cover of the GGG was in January 1914, and the fourth edition four where Jani tells of her "rigged" triumph in Terlingua on November 2, 1974.

Jani makes apologies for stealing and purloining in her book, which is more than I can say for the likes of Smith and Tolbert. Outside of the fact that there are some "fair" recipes in the book (not necessarily Jani's recipe for chilli), the saving grace of the book is the anecdotes of the late and loved Wimberly Crouch. The book is worth twice the price for those alone. There! I said something nice.

This covers the five books written on the subject of chilli, recently declared the State Dish of Texas on May 11, 1977. All that's left of The Complete Chiliapry is The Clarion of the Chili World, that worthless rag entitled THE GOAT GAZETTE. Why the word "Gazette" was substituted for "Pill" I'll never know, but then how does one go about understanding the demented mind of the rag's originator, John Raven, A.K.A. Bad McFad and other aliases, the mind of the rag's originator, John Raven, A.K.A. Bad McFad and other aliases, the chili world's daredevil and No. 1 on Weight Watcher's enemies list. That Raven confused the idea to inform chilliheads of chilli doings is highly admirable. That Raven himself to edit this endeavor has to be one of the most self-misguided deeds of the decade. What Raven did for journalism can only be compared to what Nixon did to honesty. His editions pale beside eighth grade school newspapers. Skip the with a chili spoon! I've gone against my own creed—"Those who can, do. Those who can't are critics."

Raven's first edition of the GGG was in January 1974. There were eight issues running through the Spring of 1975. Raven now has a Special Presentation Volume of the original GGG's. The front cover states that this issue is "Volume 1. Numbers 1-8. Complete, published by Folk Life Publishing, 1914 S. 7, Temple, Texas 76501, January 1974 thru 1975. Hand autographed by editor and publisher." All joking aside, I'll treasure this volume. There! I said something nice again. It's starting to become a nasty habit.

When Raven graciously stepped aside, Hal John Raven, A.K.A. Bad McFad and other aliases, the chili world's daredevil and No. 1 on Weight Watcher's enemies list. That Raven confussed the idea to inform chilliheads of chilli doings is highly admirable. That Raven himself to edit this endeavor has to be one of the most self-misguided deeds of the decade. What Raven did for journalism can only be compared to what Nixon did to honesty. His editions pale beside eighth grade school newspapers. Skip the with a chili spoon! I've gone against my own creed—"Those who can, do. Those who can't are critics."

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When Raven graciously stepped aside, Hal John Wimberly of Wimberly's first issue, April Fool's Day of 1975. Since that auspicious day, 24 issues have been printed, up through and including July, 1977. If you have the complete collection (you rank high among doths and have never had the need for toilet paper) you will note a jump up where Raven left off, continuation of the same drivel. To hide this fact, Wimberly had the GGG printed on newsprint and disguised to look like a newspaper. Unfortunately, nothing he could do could dispel the fact that it was still a will-less rag thrown together by a hack writer.

Wimberly's first issue, fittingly I think, was on April Fool's Day of 1975. Since that auspicious day, 24 issues have been printed, up through and including July, 1977. If you have the complete collection (you rank high among doths and have never had the need for toilet paper) you will note a

look in the numbers from Vol. 2, No. 3 to Vol. 2, No. 6. Volume 2, No. 4 and No. 5 are not missing. Wimberly, however, is missing his fourth and fifth fingers so that might explain it. He probably has some wild excuse for this oversight in numbering his issues, but argument would be pointless, much like the GGG. If it were not for the drunken lot that follow chili cookoffs, this Clarion of the Chili World would long have faded, but we stand united with our Pearls and Mordy's Tequila in our hands. At once cursing and joyful for the little tidbit, anxiously awaiting each new issue, hoping for decent journalism, constantly being disappointed, but relieved for the knowledge of the cookoffs that it contains we trudge on. Without the GGG cookoffs certainly never would have attained their great popularity, and without Raven and Wimberly, we all would be sadly lacking in the great friendships we've made at all the chili functions. Long live the GGG and that's my last nice statement.

Well, chilliheads, there you have The Complete Chillibrary as of July, 1977. This and fifty cents will buy a cup of coffee, so buy a beer in Luckenbach instead.

JANUSCH HONDO CROUCH. The book is a continuation of the same drivel. Without the GGG, we all would be sadly lacking in the great friendships we've made at all the chili functions. Long live the GGG and that's my last nice statement.
which is being operated by Bob Lucas. The Tavern on the Green portion of that building is being operated by ex-cop Don Mantooth. Jim (Chief) Underwood, the stoic Indian doorman at Pete’s Bits & Pieces Club, is usually as cool as arctic ice. But don’t try to rip off the Chief’s pillow when the big boy is trying to get his rest. They say that Chief will literally ram a pillow thief’s head through the wall, and that’s why folks at the Bits & Pieces are now referring to Underwood as the “piller killer.”

THE HALF-BANKRUPT Armadillo World Head­quarters in Austin was in more than enough financial trouble before Willie Nelson opened the Austin Opry House. Now it might be only Wilson, AWHQ is once again a Scatter Armadillo. The World Headquarters in Austin was in more than enough financial which is being operated by a restaurant called The Raw Deal. George is an old friend of ours who originally opened the Texas Chili Parlor.

GUY CAPARELLI has built a straight horse track directly behind his Cow Shed Club on Highway 87. His grand opening is set for August 6. Any horse owner is invited to enter his or her nag—whether it be a thoroughbred or a jackass—in the jackpot races which will be held every Saturday and Sunday. Contestants will pay no entry fees. Adults will be charged $1.50 at the gate, while kids will be admitted free.

Claude Morgan has got his Buckboard Boogie Boys trip-e-ally cooking with some mighty fine original stuff. The sound is definitely distinctive, and wild Claude seems to be getting more serious with his musical presentation... Maggie Montgomery, the singing lady from Mobile, Alabama who has been hanging out at Luckenbach far too long, would be a dynamite single act for some small club in San Antonio. If anyone is seriously interested in booking this original personality, call Action Magazine. She will work as a single for the right people.

THE GREAT STONEY Edwards just happened to drop by Wayne Zoeller’s Cowboy and the Lady joint one recent night. He got up and sang a few numbers with a kid band playing outside the club, then paused to discuss his scorching-hot single recording of "Picking Wild Flowers." While few may know it, the beautiful song has been released four times now. First, it was on the flip side of Stoney’s great "Blackbird" single. It is also on the "Blackbird" album. And it was also released as a single by Mickey Burleson. Now Stoney has the song he wrote himself out on a new Capitol single, the flip side of this crie being “Yankee Lady.” Meanwhile, Edwards is trying to negotiate himself a new recording contract, and if the Capitol people have any sense at all they will give this man with velvet voice some sort of a decent deal.

JIM MCVIER AND his investors have reportedly closed the deal on Showtime City, that permanent entertainment facility which is supposed to be constricted on 200 acres just this side of San Marcos almost exactly between San Antonio and Austin. Gary Gray, manager of the Drug Store Cowboys, is to book the huge groups for this facility. And the remainder of Mcvier’s visible staff includes Linda Stevenson, promotions and advertising, and one Tony Peterson, who is supposed to be in charge of the physical facility. Ms. Stevenson once started a little production company here that folded in less than a month, and Peterson’s claim to fame in the world of entertainment consists of a semi-private beer party he helped organize at Specht’s Cotton Gin Inn.

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**** EVENTS ****
TUES. - MENS POOL TOURNAMENT WED. - DART TOURNAMENT THURS.-LADIES POOL TOURNAMENT

ENTERTAINMENT*

AUGUST
5  Glenda Raye & The Guys
6  San Antonio Playboys
12  Variations
13  Glenda Raye & The Guys
19  San Antonio Playboys
20  Glenda Raye & The Guys
26  Variations
29  San Antonio Playboys

7 FT. T.V. SCREEN
Bottle Beer * Mixed Drinks * Dancing
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HAPPY HOUR
12-2  3-6

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Jerry Dyer says: "I promise you the most sound for your dollar! Come by and hear for yourself!"

Bolivar Speakers
- As in any good sound system, you have to start with good speakers. The Bolivar 64 is a great speaker for the price of good. The newest nationally advertised speaker is a three-way design with the crossover network of a much more expensive speaker; big power capacity. Your choice of grille colors, five year guarantees.
- The Nikko TBM-800 integrated amplifier provides all the power you need (60 watts per channel minimum RMS), plus offering all the tonal flexibility and features you'd ever want—all in an attractive walnut cabinet. The matching FAM-500 AM/FM stereo tuner gives sensitivity and controls generally found on more expensive tuners. And like all Nikko products—full 3 year parts and labor warranty.

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- The Technics SL-23 semi-automatic belt-drive turntable is one of the world's best sellers. Damped cueing, pitch and strobescope, two-year guarantee, complete with top quality Pickering P/AC cartridge.

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Nikko TRM-800 Integrated Amplifier
- A Nikko RD55 is a good receiver in any system, and the perfect one for this Dyer Deal. Providing a minimum of 52 watts per channel RMS with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion. More features than most in its class plus a THREE YEAR GUARANTEE!

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Technics Complete System
- The Technics SL-13 semi-automatic belt-drive turntable is the largest seller in the world. Two-year warranty, pitch and strobescope. We are including the 15-400 E Cartridge. It's expensive but this system justifies it.
- Two Cerwin-Vega B-12 speakers will fill any home with clean sound. Their very high efficiency is why they're called the Eleven Seven. Two-way speakers with 5-way sound. An excellent system at an excellent price.

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- The Technics SL-23 semi-automatic belt-drive turntable is one of the world's best sellers. Damped cueing, pitch and strobescope, two-year guarantee, complete with top quality Pickering P/AC cartridge.

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TEXAS MUSIC SPECIALS

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Johnny Duncan
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