Geronimo is alive and singing...
...see pg. 6
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What will we pay for the life of a child?

Heidi Seeman, 11, and Erica Botello, 7, are dead, the apparent victims of sex freak killers who are driven by evil urges not fathomable to normal people.

And the gut-sickening hell of it all is that probably nothing could have been done to spare these girls the unthinkable fate that befell them.

From the condition of the bodies, authorities have deduced that both kids were killed shortly after their abductions. The worst fears became reality.

It has happened before. And despite all the lip-flapping post-mortems on TV and otherwise about warning systems for kids, better lighting on streets, etc., these horror scenes will reoccur across America and the world.

Certainly all precautions should be exercised. But the frustrating truth is that there is no infallible system for protecting the young. Children, especially little girls, cannot be caged up until they reach adulthood. And the strange, dark mechanism of the sicko killer's mind doesn't usually become manifest until after the terrible damage has been done.

So what can be done? Not much, unfortunately, but any little bit is better than nothing. You do what you can with what little bit you might have to do with. It's a question for the public conscious.

In the cases of Heidi and Erica, the massive rescue efforts, the rewards, the national TV exposure, and even the prayers were for naught. The hope, of course, had been that the children were alive and being held captive—a fragile and improbable sort of hope in that ransom money was obviously not the motive for either child's abduction. But hope must be maintained in such cases, no matter how fragile or improbable it may be. Which brings us to the point at hand.

What if Heidi and Erica had not been immediately killed by their abductors? What if they were being held captive by befuddled weirdos who were for some reason delaying the fatal finality? What more could have been done had this been the situation in either case?

The publicized reward for information leading to Heidi's return was $50,000. A reward fund had not been started for Erica. The sum of $50,000 is a heap of money by most individual standards. But is it really so high when you view... (continued on page 7)
Pancho says: COME HELP US CELEBRATE
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SOUTHSIDE
B.J.’s Southside Music
Backway Inn

• 4 • Action Magazine, September 1990
Behind the thunderheads of civil violence, ruinous oil-spills, babbling drug war hysteria, and governmental decadence in general, there are a few faint rays of progressive light to be found among the trivia fallout of the daily news reports.

President Bush's dog Millie survived a near-fatal paint solvent-snorting spree, and the White House press secretary reports that Millie is now a gratefuly-recovering inhalant abuser who will say "no" from here out to lacquer fumes, Freon, or any other mind-altering aroma that might smite her nose.

The sexist-fighters in Sacramento, California also scored a rafter-rattling victory by convincing the city council to officially do away with the term "manhole." The feminist element wasn't seeking equal billing in the designation of underground utility holes in the streets. They just objected to the discriminatory inference that only those of the male gender could do various and sundry business in the holes which should be open to both sexes if the circumstances so warranted.

And on the local scene, a great and shuddering sigh of gratitude should have rumbled up from the entire community when it was finally announced that members of the new police bicycle patrol would not be allowed to fire their pistols while pedaling furiously after fleeing criminals.

When formation of the bike patrol was first announced, a jabbering cop shop official said part of the pedal-pusher training would encompass gunfire from the rolling wheels. Great, greasy, green gobs of gorilla droppings! Nobody smarter than a box of rocks would even suggest "acute lead poisoning," according to Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater. The symptoms were lethargy and a dull, drug-like inattentiveness. Fitzwater didn't say if Millie's eyes were dialated, but they probably were. Either dilated or rolled backwards in her head like some paint sniffers I've had occasion to meet.

As a matter of fact, I know an old paint head musician who reverses both eyeballs when concentrating heavily on his music. His eyes show nothing but white—zombielike. And further exposure to the paint solvent could have turned Millie white-eyed for life.

Poor Millie didn't set forth to become a paint solvent abuser. She's just a dumb animal suffering from abuse and neglect by her keepers and human counterparts—President and Mrs. George Bush. Millie got high by accident when she stumbled across paint solvent somebody left by the south side of the White House. The Bushes, after all, are the official residents of the White House, and they should be held responsible for dangerous inhalants sitting around within the reach of dogs or humans.

And somebody should teach Bush that paint and solvents are 10,000 times more dangerous than marijuana weed.

As for the anti-sexist victory in California, let it be known that the old term "manhole" no longer exists on official maps and documents in the City of Sacramento.

The City Council adopted the term "maintenance hole" without fanfare, and the gender-neutral term will stick—at least as long as the current mayor holds office.

The mayor's name, you might know, is Anne Rudin. And when I saw a police officer quoted in the daily press as saying that marksmanship from a moving bicycle would be part of the new police bike patrol's training, the hair on the back of my neck began to crawl.

I witnessed first hand just two months ago a display of police marksmanship by officers who had both feet under them and on the pavement as they chased a fleeing robber suspect across San Pedro and between a storage unit complex and the Long John Silver seafood restaurant.

It sounded like the Battle of the Bulge, and that withering rain of police lead must have knocked half the paint off that storage barn and God-only-knows-what-else before a Top O'The Strip security guard ran out and shot the robber in one arm.

The safest place to have been on that night would have been directly in front of the guns, for that hailstorm of lead landed everywhere but on the intended target, who was later gnawed up by a police rottweiler who arrived after the security guard scored the lone bullet hit.

Had that pistol barrage emanated from a bunch of wobbling bicycles, the results could have been disastrous and even fatal. The cops could have shot themselves or one of us innocent bystanders.

A subsequent news article on the bike patrol quoted a cooler police department head as saying that no pistols would be fired from the moving bikes. And what a relief it was. Had I not seen that second article, I would never again have set foot on a downtown street.
Apology to Geronimo; we thought he was selling snake oil

This is a belated apology to Geronimo. Our crime: contempt prior to investigation.

For the better part of two years, we had been vaguely aware of a country musician called Geronimo Trevino. We'd heard the name, then shrugged it off. Any hootnanny with brass underpinnings enough to call himself Geronimo, we figured, belonged in a medicine show or wrestling arena. We just couldn't swallow the notion of a Geronimo strumming a guitar and howling into a microphone.

Geronimo's playing here...Geronimo's playing there...with his band the Sons of San Antonio Rose. Yeah, sure...and the Sons, too. Tell us more. Crazy Horse on lead guitar, Cochise on bass, and Quannah Parker rattling the drums. Next thing you know, he'll probably have Sitting Bull on keyboards and Buffalo Bill Cody playing harmonica.

Then we heard Geronimo Trevino III. Not once, but twice. And the joke was on us. Not only is Geronimo his Christian name, but Trevino is one whale of a singer-performer-writer with honest "injun" good looks and a big-star-bound personality to go along with it all. What's more, his heritage is Mexican-Indian and Texas Aggie, since he is a graduate of Texas A&M University. And to compound our embarrassment, more than half of his Sons of San Antonio Rose turned out to be old friends of Action Magazine—lead guitarist Charlie Wood and his bass-playing ex-brother-in-law Jim Butcher, the Great White Father of Bulverde's Low Stony Hill Mesquite Mill.

We met Geronimo III, and his father, too, Geronimo Jr., a happening musician, and an accomplished one at that. Geronimo Jr. has worked and recorded with Flaco Jimenez and other conjunto greats from around his borderland home of Laredo and points north, and he is the co-star of a recorded string of Tejano songs which include the voices of Geronimo III and old master Flaco himself.

And if that's not enough shame and degradation to be heaped upon one humbled and ignorant magazine scribe in one sitting, our post-contempt investigation also revealed: Geronimo III is also a former semi-pro baseball player, and football and wrestling coach (we still think Geronimo would make a fine name for a pro
wrestler) at Texas A&M. He is also a stand-up comedian who performed for Showtime's Third Annual Search for the funniest person in America and the 1985 tour at the Laugh Stop in Austin. And in 1987, he opened a show for Sandy Hacket's Talent Showcase at The Mint in Las Vegas, then returned for another appearance at The Mint. And he worked the 1988 Folklife Festival here, among other things.

So meet Geronimo Trevino III, picker, singer, and funnyman extraordinare. And we didn't ask him, but he's probably a pretty fair hand on a windmill as well. And while we're humbling ourselves in this apologetic frenzy, we might as well make amends to the descendants of Cochise, Crazy Horse, Bill Cody, and Quanah Parker as well—just in case they are not all fans of either the late Apache renegade or the living, breathing picker and singer from San Antonio, who damn sure didn't come riding into town on a load of mesquite beans from the border.

Trevino has been with his current group about six months, and they are definitely developing a tight sound. Jim Butcher is a guitar-player turned bassist. Charlie Wood was lead guitarist for Mickey Gilley's Urban Cowboy Band, and many music fans can remember the Bulverde native's Emma Chaney Band (Charlie named the group after his grandmother). The drummer is Manny Tarin.

A graduate of Robert E. Lee High School and Texas A&M with a degree in physical education, Trevino said he had initially planned to become a coach. "I have always liked athletics," he said. "I played semi-pro baseball for the old Hill Country League and the Spanish-American League down south of here. But I guess I'll leave the coaching to others. Music is my love, and I'm also needed in the family business here. That's my day job."

Geronimo noted that he has cut a video titled Half of Me which is due for airing on Willie Nelson's Cowboy TV Network sometime in the near future. With sideburns, sunglasses, and the Elvis scarf, Trevino opened thusly: "Hi, my name is Elvis Perez and I have been living in deep Mexico for a while incognito, but of course I'm back...

But who needs Elvis Perez when you've got Geronimo?

Back in town is Charlie Wood, lead guitarist for Mickey Gilley's Urban Cowboy Band. Charlie Wood is a lead guitarist for Mickey Gilley's Urban Cowboy Band, and many music fans can remember the Bulverde native's Emma Chaney Band (Charlie named the group after his grandmother). The drummer is Manny Tarin.

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But who needs Elvis Perez when you've got Geronimo?

(continued on page 8)
Texas 46—the location is built into the name

Gary Stebbens' new Texas 46 Bar & Grill has its location framed into the name. Located on Texas Hwy. 46 just two miles east of Hwy. 281, it's the jumpin'est new spot in the Hill Country by far. Since the veteran San Antonio nightclub owner-operator cut out for the Hill Country, things have been falling well for Stebbens.

In addition to barbeque, Mexican food, and a river of beer, Stebbens has sold more than 3,000 hamburgers since he opened the doors for business on July 11. Highway 46 is the link road between Boerne and New Braunfels. Located just north of Bulverde, it is also the first road to Canyon Lake for northbound traffic from San Antonio. Stebbens is catching lake traffic business and Bulverde area trade as well. And his many old friends and customers from the San Antonio skull orchards are beginning to find their way to his unique hand-built country layout. "It's Hill Country fun, and well worth the short run," Stebbens said. "It's been a lot of hard work, but it's all been fun. And I couldn't be happier with the way things are working out."

Stebbens' head chef is Louisiana-born Johnny Finley, who has prepared epicurean delicacies while cooking at San Antonio Country Club, Turtle Creek Country Club, and most of the major San Antonio hotels. He is assisted in the kitchen work by Barbara Baird. Stebbens and wife Kathy, who helped him operate his Texas Ex's Club on Wurzbach which he sold to make the move, are both usually on the job at Texas 46.

"We've got the coldest beer in the Hill Country and the best barbeque you'll find anywhere," Stebbens said. "Johnny and I do all the barbequing here on an outdoor pit."

Texas 46 Bar & Grill also features dominoes, pool, darts, and such outdoor sports as washer and horseshoe pitching and volleyball.

Covered by a near-solid oak shade, the outdoor setting is pastoral, to say the least. And the interior of Texas 46, hand-built by Stebbens and friends, is rustic barnwood replete with all sorts of heads and horns and other country-fied memorabilia.

"I couldn't have done it without friends Melvin Doyal, Doug Williams, and John Searcy," Stebbens said. "Their help, and their loan of necessary tools I didn't have, made it all possible. I can't say enough good things about these guys and a bunch of others as well."

Cook Finley is also available for special catering and private parties as well. The Texas 46 Bar and Grill menu includes seven different hamburgers, barbeque, hand-breaded mushroom rooms, Mexican food, and occasional specialties such as Finley's Louisiana gumbo.

The waitresses are Laurie Kintz and Carol England.

Stebbens, before opening his Texas Ex's, served as manager of the Dallas Club, Just Country, Midnight Rodeo, and Cold River Cattle Company in San Antonio.

He lives in the Bulverde area, and has owned the property where Texas 46 Bar and Grill stands since 1984. "We had been wanting to get a business in the country for some time," Stebbens said.

He plans to have live music on some weekends to start. Stebbens boasts the best juke box around, a compact disc player with a thousand selections. And there is already some talk of possibly expanding the dining and drinking area.

"The kitchen closes at 10 p.m., and we've had them packed in here til then most every night," Stebbens said. "We may start keeping the kitchen open later. It's too early yet to know for sure on that score."

Texas 46 is open from 11 a.m. until midnight Monday through Thursday, from 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. on Saturdays, and from noon until midnight on Sundays. It is about a 30-minute drive from San Antonio straight out 281, past Bulverde, and a right swing for two miles toward New Braunfels on Texas Hwy. 46.

(continued on page 15)
Leon Valley police were called last month by an irate woman who complained about her neighbor lustily masturbating in plain view behind his bedroom window.

She said the man had been performing this lewd act during the morning hours for two weeks, and she demanded that something be done about it.

A Leon Valley patrolman was dispatched, and when the cop knocked on the alleged offender’s door, the inhabitant appeared in a gym suit and sweating profusely.

After citing the charge, the cop was invited into the man’s bedroom to have a look.

And there, in front of the bathroom window, sat a one-oar rowing machine of the variety commonly used for exercise and weight reduction.

The woman, incidentally, didn’t explain why she ogled those long, rhythmic strokes for two weeks before notifying police.

Stevie Ray

Blues guitar wizard Stevie Ray Vaughn was playing 3-stool beer joints around here about the time that Action Magazine first went into publication.

At that time, Stevie was playing second guitar behind big brother Jimmie, who was playing the 5-stool joints.

Stevie Ray, whose smoking guitar carried him straight into the bigtime, was at the apex of his career when a helicopter crash claimed his life last month.

Hendrix was his idol, but Vaughn was in a class by himself with a scarred Fender Stratocaster that set blues crowds on fire the country over.

And in years to come, Stevie Ray will be the idol of many an aspiring young guitar picker on the way up.

But Vaughn’s legacy is two-fold—smoking, high-energy blues guitar and straight sobriety combined. And he pitched both from stages where ever he performed.

Since 1986, Vaughn had been drug-free and cold sober. He beat both drugs and alcohol through the program of Alcoholics Anonymous, and his last album, titled In Step, was in direct reference to the 12-step program of AA.

It’s unfortunate, but some ignorant skeptics will always be out there. To them, once drunk and drugged, always a drunk and druggie. And we heard the comment, after Vaughn, three members of Eric Clapton’s road crew, and the helicopter pilot died in the Wisconsin crash, that they were probably “all screwed up on drugs.”

The crash into a ski slope was in no way alcohol or drug-related. The cop pilot was a commercial flight practitioner and in no way connected with the musicians. And cause of the crash was attributed to foul weather and poor visibility.

The reference to drugs doesn’t really deserve an answer, for anyone who knows anything about the late Stevie Ray Vaughn knows that substance abuse played no part in his untimely death.

Lyons Dies

Former nightclub figure, private investigator, and all-around funnyman Tommy Lyons was invited into the man’s bedroom to have a look.

After citing the charge, the cop didn’t explain why she ogled those long, rhythmic strokes for two weeks before notifying police.

Stevie Ray Vaughn knows that Lyons was one of those cats who remembered everyone he ever heard. And he would call Action Magazine at any time of day or night to pass new ones along, as well as tidbits of nightclub gossip which he managed to keep up on even from his remote and lonely outpost.

We will miss his jokes, his high spirits, and the courage he demonstrated until the last laugh was over and done with.

Almost Unbelievable

We’ve printed ripoff transmissions shop, horror stories in the post. Well, here’s a bright report to sort of counter-balance the old bad stuff.
It comes to us by way of Wild Man Ray Liberto, who inadvertently stepped into a veritable hive of honest John good samaritans the likes of which seem almost too good to be true.

But Liberto says they are. And here’s what happened (or didn’t happen) to him when the transmission on his wife’s car got stuck.

First off, Liberto encountered James Bishop, assistant manager of the Econo Lube on Nacogdoches Road. Bishop, whose rise was meteoric in the Econo Lube organization from common grease monkey to management, helpfully gave Liberto a free gratis early diagnosis of the transmission problem.

Then Bishop put Liberto in touch with Tommy Hughes of Vanco Towing. Bishop directed Liberto to the Wild Man to Louis Transmission on Nogalitos, and Hughes towed the car to the South Side shop. Again no charge.

Louis Transmission is operated by brothers Louis Ramos Jr., Sam Ramos and Steve Ramos. In short order, Liberto got a call from one of the three Ramos brothers.

"He told me, ‘I got good news and bad news.’ Which do you want first’?," Liberto related. "I said give me the good news first."

He said, ‘Well, the good news is that your car is ready to go. And the bad news is that I don’t make any money. It was just a little plastic washer nut on the transmission line that needed replacing. So there’s no charge.’"

Added Liberto with an ear-bustin’ shout: "Remember those names. Wheree’ee, boy James Bishop II of Econo Lube on Nacogdoches, Tommy Hughes of Vanco Towing, and the Ramos brothers of Louis Transmission on Nogalitos. Where else in the world would you find a better bunch of souls than these boys."

No Chimp Deaths

An inside source at Southwest Research Institute here tells us that not a single chimpanzee injected with the AIDS virus has died. And some of the seemingly healthy chimpanzees have been packing the virus for 7 or 8 years.

Another crack in the theory of evolution—or maybe chimpanzees just have a stronger immune system than humans.

The Maggie’s Answer

Because of the trivial and petty nature of the circumstances, we didn’t mention in last month’s issue that Action Magazine is no longer distributed at Maggie’s Restaurant. And we wouldn’t waste ink on the matter now except for the fact that a goodly number of Action readers were apparently in the habit of stopping by the restaurant to pick up copies of the magazine.

Action was ordered out of the restaurant by Wayne Alexander, the illustrious general manager whose thinking has grown proportionately square over the years with the roundness of his head.

In a registered letter (that’s efficiency) to us, Alexander allowed as how Action had become “lewd” and “provocative” to the extent that it was offending the sensibilities of his “valued dining customers.”

Maggies was a handy and centrally-located distribution point for the magazine, but the stagnated atmosphere of the once-lively bar and grill had rendered us utterly incapable of honestly pumping the repetitious promotional gimmicks that haven’t changed an iota over the past 10 years.

Of one thing you can be sure—and the press release can be rehashed from memory—Maggies’ next St. Patrick’s Day celebration will be “bigger and better than ever before,” replete with all of the same Irish dancers, pipes, and musicians who haven’t died of old age.

(continued on page 15)
Clay Blaker re-visited: he’s still got the fire with a honky-tonk beat

It was at Gruene Hall back during the mid-1970’s that we first met the tall, gangling country musician and his bass-thumping wife. Clay and Aliene Blaker were just kids then—energized fireballs dedicated to playing unadulterated Texas beer joint stomp and rafter-kick music. They called their outfit the Texas Honky-Tonk Band, and they kicked-started their audiences with an up-tempo beat that retained enough of the old Hank and Lefty soul to keep the music closer to traditional country than the rock-country mix then emanating from Austin. There have been changes and marked progression up the musical ladder since those days some 15 years ago, but the Blakers have retained the main ingredient that has kept their honky-tonk favorites from Wyoming to Louisiana and all over Texas and Europe since they first rattled out of Houston to make their mark on the music scene: They still have the fire.

Aliene recently traded in her bass for a road manager position, and Clay now has a bonafide manager and booking agent, one Claudia Kemmerer; there have been albums, singles, TV appearances, and Blaker tunes recorded by George Strait that went gold and platinum; there have been radio show talent contest wins, European tours, beer commercials, and the 1987 Rising Star Award from the Amusement and Music Operators of Texas (the jukebox industry). But the music of Clay Blaker and the Texas Honky-Tonk Band, though a bit tighter and somewhat more refined, has remained basically the same as the name implies get-down beer-drinking, belly-rubbing, Texas honky-tonk stomp.

Little had changed when we caught Blaker’s recent act at the Line Camp Party House near Bulverde. When we entered the Party House, Clay was letting the hammer down on a George Jones tune, and Aliene was swinging around our neck like it had been only yesterday. You’ve got to like the Blakers, both as people and professionals in their chosen trade. They are top-rung in both categories, dedicated, talented, and tenacious as a bulldog on a gut wagon in aickle, sometimes cutthroat, and often discouraging industry that has snuffed many a lesser light before Clay, Aliene and the Texas Honky-Tonk Band.

We asked Blaker about his old pal from Germany, Hermann Lammers-Meyer who tours with an outfit he calls the Emsland Hillbillies, and who was first brought to America and introduced to Texas honky-tonks by Clay and Aliene back in the late 1970’s.

"Hermann’s doing great, Clay said. "We did some shows with Rodney Crowell and Roseanne Cash, and we’re working on a new album at Willie’s studios that ought to be completed around Christmas time."

We asked Blaker about his fond memories that are friends in Germany.

Hermann brought the house down with his rendition of Redneck Mother in German English (kickin’ dem hippies in der arse and ralin’ hell)—a king-hell, rafter-rattling, ground-shaking ovation that would have been the envy of Ray Wylie Hubbard and Jerry Jeff combined.

These are the kind of fond and good-time memories that are interwoven through the Clay Blaker success story—a measured...
success if viewed through the major label and hit record looking close parallel with in the process of cutting his third album at Willie Nelson's Pedernales Studios in Spicewood Springs near Austin. "I'll have some major label deal plenty of times, but it seems like something happened every time I'm not giving up, but I'm not worrying about it, either. There's some disadvantages to being on a major label. They can try to steer you in a direction you might not want to go, make you compromise your music. On an independent label, you're the boss. I like it that way. But it would be nice to have the resources and distribution that a major can provide."

The Texas Honky-Tonk Band consists of Houston native Dan McCoy on lead guitar, San Antonio's Tommy Detamore (formerly with Ronnie Milsap and Moe Bandy) on steel, John Clark (also formerly with Bandy) on fiddle and mandolin, and Shane McCauley of Dallas on drums. The newest member of the group is bassist Al Quaid, who replaced Allene Blaker last year. The Blakers now make their home in New Braunfels.

Texas albums that Blaker has recorded on the Texas Music label include What A Way To Live and Sooner or Later, and the Texas Country Roadshow with various artists on Bear Family Records, and Back In Town with various artists on JA Records. The latter two are distributed in Europe only.

Blaker is in the process of cutting his third album at Willie Nelson's Pedernales Studios in Spicewood Springs near Austin. 'I'll have some major label stuff on,' Clay said.

One of the originals is a ballad titled Forever Be Mine, a song which aroused the crowds as Blaker performed recently at the Swiss Country Music Festival in Berne, Switzerland. Blaker just completed a performance on the Nashville network's Texas Connection program which was taped in the Austin City Limits studio. George Strait has recorded several of Blaker's songs. One of the originals is a ballad titled Forever Be Mine, a song which aroused the crowds as Blaker performed recently at the Swiss Country Music Festival in Berne, Switzerland. Blaker just completed a performance on the Nashville network's Texas Connection program which was taped in the Austin City Limits studio. George Strait has recorded several of Blaker's songs. One of the originals is a ballad titled Forever Be Mine, a song which aroused the crowds as Blaker performed recently at the Swiss Country Music Festival in Berne, Switzerland. Blaker just completed a performance on the Nashville network's Texas Connection program which was taped in the Austin City Limits studio.

George Strait has included on George Strait's horn when goes. "It's like the apocryphal runner-up, as he getting tired of news­paper reporters and doesn't come out of his comfort zone. He has been steadily doing his George Strait coattail ride, either. Clay has been no heel­bump the music industry and platinum. And there albums that went gold and many others have been delighted and.jolli­fied by Clay Blaker and group over the years.

We can recall the not-too-distant days when Clay Blaker and the Texas Honky-Tonk Band were running on a close parallel with George Strait and Ace In The Hole. If anything, Clay was getting far more crowd exposure than George, for we can remember when Kent Finlay's Cheatham Street Warehouse in San Marcos was the only place where George could find semi-steady work. And Strait, who remains today a close friend of Blaker's, will be the first to admit it.

As the country music world knows, George was signed by MCA, and he subsequently hit the superstar strata, bustin' the top-10 music charts with unfaltering enthusiasm on Clay's part when he has had occasion to open shows for his mega-star compadre.

This isn't to imply that Blaker cottons to George Strait coattail rides, either. Clay has been steadily doing his George Strait coattail ride, either. Clay has been no heel-bump the music indu­stry and platinum. And there albums that went gold and many others have been delighted and.jolli­fied by Clay Blaker and group over the years.

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Stevie Ray—gone!
Well that's a cold shot, Jesus!! Maybe Texas musicians weren't meant to fly, but to travel that Long Lonesome Highway by tour bus—the only R&B fatality related to tour buses was in '82 when Randy Rhoads, lead guitar for Ozzy (I'll pis on the Alamo) Osborne, clipped Ozzy's bus in a small plane and went down in flames. A dumb shit stunt, typical of the worthless scum. In reality, Ozzy just pissed off the Alamo Centograph—that's just the memorial in the middle of Alamo Plaza where what little remains of the Alamo defenders are enshrined—that's ten times worse.

Stevie was a personal friend, then & now & forever!
He played the old Village Inn many time & opened up for Ray Munsell's Lone Star Bar & Grill at the site of the old Village Inn. Anyway Stevie was scheduled to go on at 9:00 p.m. for the grand opening of the LSB&G. Ray and I were in the kitchen trying to figure out why the chili was purple. (We later discovered we had used beet powder instead of chili powder—whew!) Stevie started right on time, even though we had a room full of old codgers from Hill Country Village having steak dinners. S.R.V. broke into his standard opening guitar solo, these people left like scalded cats—Hey! this was '82 (I think).

Stevie Ray Vaughn didn't have "a problem" with drugs, he was a Stone Junkie for years. So when he became a super star, he went the other way. He whipped it. Went "Chem-Free" not in name, but for real. Most of the "Celebs" you see coming out against drugs are high when they do the commercial.

Jim Beal mentioned in his Depress & Blues articles, that Stevie played a place in Alamo Heights, it was Ricardo's Cadillac & he scorched the terrazzo tiles. Beal hit the nail on the head when he mentioned the cut "Riveria Paradise" on the "In Step" album. An instrumental virtuoso performance that you grandma could even relate to.

Stevie, we gonna miss ya!
Meanwhile back in S.A. August has been strange for the Bar & Restaurant scene. I guess the heat get's to everybody. Marty's Outback is on life support, St. Mary's Bar & Grill is almost history. The old Rodeo Grill is now a La Fonda, Arjan & Bijan of Ruffino's are going back to the site of their previous success, Arthur's and opening a huge facility called Ruffino's On The Boardwalk. It's been vacant for years since Mary Martin, "The Queen of the Grey Moss Inn" crashed & burned, losing it all—Arthur's & Cafe Rio. Word is that she is trying to make the downtown "not so hot-spot" Teddycakes come alive. Good Luck!

Until next month—we be Cheap.

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Heidi cont. reward money for Heidi, which is more than anyone else posted, and a commendable gesture when viewed from long range. But for Charlie, just ranked as the 17th richest Texan with assets in the neighborhood of $480-million, the reward offering could be viewed as chunk change with 100% deductability had it been paid.

A $1-million reward for the return of a kidnapped child or the capture and conviction of her killer? Spurs owner Red McCombs pays that for a neurotic, overweight, second-string basketball center who might be sucking groceries for Charlie Butts by this time next year. And Red was far down the Texas rich list with a bundle of only $180-million.

And this isn't meant to single out self-avowed Claghorn brethren like Butts and McCombs. Tom Benson with assets of $180-million, and H.B. Zachry, worth $170-million, also adorned the most-rich roster. And there are gangs of their local millionaire minions who could easily kick in for a kidnap fund.

Of the thousands of faceless common folks who gave generously of their time and sweat in the bus-hunting search for Heidi, it was City Councilman Jimmy Hasslocher who was the most visible and the most vocal, quick to jump at every opportunity before microphones and TV cameras, and expound and expostulate before members of the working press.

Surely this millionaire heir to the Jim's Frontier Enterprises fortune, Claghorn politician that he may be, would be only to happy to contribute a few thousand toward finding Heidi's killer. He's talked longer and louder about it than any other individual in the city.

$1-million for a kidnapped child's return, or the capture and conviction of her would-be killer? Isn't that a child out there not worth every penny of it. And putting money were the mouths are now flapping might be a step in the right direction.

Clay Blaker cont... is invariably there with no children.

"With our road schedule," Clay laughed, "we just haven't found the time for kids."

Most of his dates are in Texas, although his regular circuit extends as far west as New Mexico and as far east as Louisiana.

"This February," Blaker said, "we'll be playing the Million Dollar Cowboy Bar in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. It's a great place, and believe it or not, but they've got a picture of you (Sam Kindrick) hanging on the wall there, wearing an old wolf hide vest and smoking something that looks like it was rolled by hand...or something..."

Blaker's recent European tour was his seventh, and most successful by far. The shows were all sellouts in Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. Says Clay's manager, Claudia Kemmerer, "Europeans are starved for traditional country music and Clay has developed quite a following over there."

And traditional is the nearest thing to a label for Blakers brand of honky-tonk stomp. His influences range from Hank and Lefty to Bob Wills, with a little Nelson thrown in for good measure, plus a smattering of Ray Benson's Asleep At The Wheel from the latter-day gag bag. And, of course, George Strait—and maybe a little of that influencing could go both ways in a shake-down.

In the final analysis, Clay Blaker is pure Clay Blaker with his own special brand of belt buckle-polishing material that will get the floor boards creaking in anybody's honky-tonk. And that's how he likes it.

Of the long and self-taunting road grind he maintains, Clay put it simply: "Sure I get worn down and tired. But I never get tired of it. I love the people, and I love to play the music. And I guess I'm doing what I was born to do."

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