The ‘Ghost’ was loose in the Cabaret

An Interview With Hank Williams III
Article Pg. 6
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*2* Action Magazine, April 2000
Crazy from brain damage and checking the hills!

The cigarette crackdown is about as igno-

rant as prohibition (which really created the mafia). I don't like brus-

sels sprouts, but if I heard they were outlawed, I would just have to try some, and "Boom!"—I'd be hooked! strung-out on brussels sprouts!

The Police Gazette in the N.S.A. Times is a hoot—Horribly tales of Alamo Heights vice-princi-
pals searching student cars for cigarettes and cig-
arette paraphernalia (lighter, ashtray etc.). The great contradic-
tion in the tobacco war is that the U.S. government gets a huge part of its income from cig. taxes (less cig. sales = less tax revenue).

About designated dri-

vers—good idea but I've seen reports where the driver may be drunk or sober, and the pas-

gengers passed-out drunk; when they are pulled over for whatever, the comatose passengers are arrested for P.I. (public intoxication). P.I. is usually the general charge when some asshole flaps his gums, hollers about police brutality, and generally digs his own grave with his big mouth!

Gun control—the Kinko Kopy store at Nacogdoches and 410 was held up by a guy with a bow and arrow! Honest. And what kind of gun did O.J. use?

I'm glad that Smith & Wesson agreed to provide trigger locks for their weapons. Taurus already throws them in with their new pistols— it's a simple round combo lock that fits inside the trigger guard and is very effective. And it can't cost that much. And Mossberg shotguns provide a small bicycle-like cable lock to secure their shotguns.

The objection to locks is that what if an intruder is attacking, and you're trying to find the key to your gun lock.

There is a small gun safe that can be bolted to your bed or to the floor. It has a hand impression on the top. When needed, you place your hand on the top and press your combination with your fin-

gers. Then, presto, it's showtime.

For years there has been a safety guard for lawmen. It's a magnetic ring that releases an inte-

rior safety. Needless to say, this device isn't pop-

ular for obvious reasons. "Gun-Derstanding" is the key to preventing acci-
dental shootings. Would you let someone drive your car if they didn't know how to drive? The automobile is a much bigger killer than guns. Assault rifles are the anti-gunners focus cuz they look scary. Think about your basic .22 caliber semi-auto rifle (semi-auto = one shot per trigger pull). It's usually every kid's "starter" gun; called a plinker for rabbits, squir-
rels, and targets (cost, about $150).

For bout $6,000, you can purchase a WW II 50-caliber water-cooled, belt-fed, tripod-mounted machine gun. It is under the same legal classification as your kid's .22. However, I don't think your neighbors would appreci-
ate it.

Even if you are a gun-
hater, remember to know your enemy.

Viva Fiesta, folks. Don't take no wooden cascarones and remem-
ber that there is always next year. Don't try to do it all in one night.

Cheap Shot

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Advertise In
Action Magazine
824-3211
By Sam Kindrick

This month's issue of Action Magazine marks exactly 25 years of continuous publication for the Texas entertainment magazine.

That first issue back in 1975 featured a front-cover picture of a youngish-looking Willie Nelson, and my brash prediction that Nelson would eventually be recognized as one of the greatest songwriters who ever lived.

Thanks to the late Harry Jersig, president of the Lone Star Brewing Co., when Lone Star and Pearl were both locally owned, Action got started with Jersig's blessing and money.

I had just been sacked at the Express and News by then-executive editor Charlie Kilpatrick, and the need to keep eating was weighing on my mind. Jersig bought the back cover of a free-distribution, editorially-honest, and straight-swinging tabloid which was nothing at that time but an idea in my mind.

For almost 10 years, until Lone Star was sold to out-of-state interests prior to Jersig's death, Lone Star Beer occupied Action's back cover. Full page beer advertising was also furnished by the Pearl Brewing Co., when both Pearl and Lone Star were sponsoring the redneck rockers (or progressive country, if you like such handles) who were spilling out of Austin. The late Bill Crain was advertising Budweiser in Action Magazine during those days, and Gay Meyers faithfully supported us with Miller Beer space.

I promised Jersig at the outset that I would try to publish an editorially-honest entertainment tabloid that would recognize no human gods. I believe that such has been the case.

Since that first little issue of Action in April of 1975, I have watched more than 20 free-distribution papers start and then bite the dust. For some weird reason, there is a seemingly-endless procession of dreamers who think this publishing game is some sort of lark.

Action has always been an entertainment magazine as opposed to a music magazine. My interest has always been in the men and women who make the music rather than the types of music. I never hankered to play in a band. And we have featured everything in Action Magazine from motorcycle jumpers to bare-knuckle brawlers. If it's entertaining, then it belongs in an entertainment magazine.

I want to thank the nightclub owners and other advertisers who have stuck with me for a quarter of a century. I value their loyalty and their friendship. I don't have advertising contracts for anyone to sign. If a man's word is no good, why bother with contracts?

So thanks again for 25 years. Everybody has always been somebody in Action Magazine.
After more than 25 years in this entertainment publication racket, I still find it hard to believe that there are still delusional suckers and outright simpletons who think they can make a profit off live music bookings with little or no advertising.

I've watched a train load of them come and go, and I guess the phenomenon is sort of like wiping your butt on a wagon wheel. There ain't no end to it.

People with zero knowledge of the live music business and the many pratfalls therein continue to open nightclubs and book bands with the notion that the musical group's reputation or the sheer talent of the players will attract hordes of money-spending customers to their clubs.

These are the club neophytes who blindly call up a mid-sized act's booking agent and cheerfully agree to fork over several thousand dollars for the services of a group that has at least a good regional name. Then the live music newcomer is suddenly overcome with an acute case of tightfistitis.

**Postage stamp-sized ad**

He may buy a postage stamp-sized ad in the local newspaper, plus a few of the cheapest advertising.

I'm referring to the type groups whose price will necessitate a cover charge of $15, $20, or even $30 if the club owner is to make anything or break even at least.

**Square-shooters strange breed**

The square-shooting nightclub proprietors who bring in quality live acts on a continuous basis without going down like the Titanic are a rare and curious breed who all of us real music lovers owe an eternal debt of gratitude. There are not many of them. Jud Pickard of the old Leon Springs Cafe was one of these true connoisseurs of original music in its pure form who enjoyed a special rapport with the musicians who seek out such safe havens where their talents are appreciated. Steve Laughlin of Floore's Laughlin, who puts on a few days prior to the performance, i.e.--this Saturday, tomorrow night, and tonight's the night.

**Never buck high school football**

The club man with reasonably good sense doesn't bring in his prime shows during a prolonged period of time. Listeners hear the show and then over until the date and time of the show becomes blurred in the memory and eventually forgotten. Print advertising, listing all of the details, should be used well in advance of the event.

Talking care not to bump heads with some large event or annual crowd-gobbling festival is extremely important for the live music man who doesn't hanker for a financial bloody nose.

**Balance print with radio**

Newcomers to the business of booking live music often waste money buying radio spots over a period of time. Listeners hear the spots over and over until the date and time of the show becomes blurred in the memory and eventually forgotten. Print advertising, listing all of the details, should be used well in advance of the show. Then the radio spots should hit hard only a few days prior to the performance, i.e.--this Saturday, tomorrow night, and tonight's the night.

**Greed maybe. Some of these dunces**

Making any sort of a profit with live music is a rough scuffle, for if you ain't in the business of washing coke money, there are many factors to be considered before a nightclub operator can expect to show any profit with anything resembling a name act. And I'm not talking about the booking of smaller outfits where no cover charge is required. I'm referring to the type groups whose media promotions for maximum results.

Over the past 25 years, I have noticed that many club people will advertise when business is good, but never when sales are off. This, of course, is backwards, for advertising is most needed when things are not going well.

I have always said that advertising is useless if one has nothing worth advertising, as might be the case in some instances. And nobody's business is so good that advertising is not needed. It's a 100 % tax write-off, and the need for just keeping your name out before the public is more important than many think. The experts will tell you that if Coca Cola pulled down its outdoor billboards for just one year, Pepsi would overtake coke in national sales.
Hank III recalls visions of the legend

By Sam Kindrick

So says Hank Williams III, grandson of the incredible music legend, and a fence stave-thin and whiskey-marked physical replica of the long-gone grandpappys who had death in both his eyes and his mournful voice.

The young Hank Williams stood a country music crowd on its ear last month at Thurman Lovers' storied old Cabaret in Bandera. With a pigtail dangling from beneath the brim of a battered straw hat, and stomping time with two-tone black-and-white boots, both tightly wound with silver duct tape, the pale and hollow-eyed youngster bore living testament to the title of his first album just released by Curb Records. It's titled Risin' Outlaw.

Interviewed on his tour bus, Hank III said everything possible to disclaim any hint that he might aspire to filling footprints of a country music Goliath. He played down his voice; he noted that he also does punk rock (but never along with his country show); he dismissed his song-writing talents as yet underdeveloped and less than mature in spots; and he poo-pooed any notion that he might sound a lot like the first Hank.

Then Hank III walked out in front of a Cabaret crowd in Bandera, and proceeded to send goose bumps up and down the spines of every Hank Williams music lover in the nightclub.

Hank Williams III may be more ghost than even he suspects, for there is a haunting, God-help-me tone black-and-white shadow of the late great Hank Williams which he has been taking for back problems. That was 1953. Before I was old enough to legally drink and enter saloons and dance halls where alcohol was sold and served. But I got a brief glimpse of the late great Hank Williams while hanging from a tree limb outside old Cherry Springs Tavern in Gillespie County, and I'll never forget the quavering strains of Lonesome Highway as Hank's voice drifted out and into the night.

Several of us under-age kids left our town of Junction and went over to Cherry Springs that night and took turns boosting each other up into the fork of a tree where one could view the bandstand through a window. Hank Williams Jr., never really knew his famous father, and he, too, scrambled to stay out of the awesome shadow of a bigger-than-life legend which will never die. Although his mother had him singing Hank Sr.'s material when he was a kid, Junior was later to rebel, start writing his own music, and recording during the early years under the name Bocephus, a nickname his father gave him at birth.

Hank Williams III, in like fashion, was not brought up close to his dad, and the relationship that exists between them now is seldom mentioned.

Hank III refers to his father as "Hank Jr.," and is quick to point out that Austin's Wayne (The Train) Hancock has had more influence on his singing and song-writing than anyone in the business.

With his no-frills nasal twang and a tub-full of pure country soul, Hancock does Hank Williams music as well as anyone in the world, and he does his own Williams-influenced style of original material when he was a kid, Junior was later to rebel, start writing his own music, and recording during the early years under the name Bocephus, a nickname his father gave him at birth.

People may think...
Hank Williams, but I'm not Hank Williams. There is a big difference between Hank I and Hank III. I'm not as nice, I'm not as mature in my song-writing," said the younger Williams, continuing: "I also play rock music. We just got off a punk rock tour. I love my granddad as much as everyone else, but there was only one. He died in '53. I listen to my grandfather’s records and I can see only about 20% of him in me. I live in Nashville, and a lot of people there tell me I sound like him. I can't see it that much. Or maybe I should say I can’t hear it like some seem to. I don't have a tremolo in my voice. I don't have the same warmth. I don't have the same register in my voice. He was higher than me. I'm nasally. Hank was, too, and so is Wayne. I love to do original country, a few of Hank Jr.'s songs, and a few of my grandfather's. But I also love to rock it. When I do country music, people come up and say, 'Boy, but you sound just like your granddad.' When I play rock music, kids come up to me and say, 'Man, you rock!' So it's two different things.

With a death's head tattoo on one shoulder, replete with the inscription, Risin' Outlaw, Hank III, and with a photo of his duct tape-wrapped cowboy boots on the cover of his album liner sheet, Hank III seems set on following the rocky road of the music renegade who started the Williams line. Expressing disdain for what he calls the "new-country, ass-kissing, Music Row trash" now emanating from Nashville, Hank III has three Wayne Hancock numbers on his record, including Southbound and Thunderstorms and Neon Signs.

He calls Hancock, "the realist singer-songwriter and performer in country music today."

A number of Nashville people were pitching songs at the grandson of Hank Williams, material which Hank III describes as "new-country garbage."

Then someone played him a Wayne Hancock record.

"I'm like, man, who is this," Hank III recalls. "Here's this kid who you can tell has been writing from the heart. His voice is amazing. I start asking around about him. Found out he was in Austin. So I went huntin'. The first time I walked into a room with him, we gave each other big hugs. He says, 'Hank, let's get the hell out of here and get to know each other.' We been running buddies in country music ever since. Wayne is the man I call on the phone. I go to Austin and stay with him, and he comes to Nashville to stay with me.

Of his father, Hank Williams Jr., Hank III says, almost wistfully: "I don't guess he has really had a lot of influence on me. I hope I can make him proud of me. I respect him for what he can do. He can turn on a crowd of 70,000 people, and he can play a lot of different instruments. He is a great entertainer. This is all great, but maybe it ain't for me. I feel better in a smaller crowd like the one here in Bandera. I've been up in front of some big crowds and felt a little uncomfortable. Me, I just get up and play. I don't dance around and I don't tell stories. All I know is just up and play.

Contradictory to what he might say, Hank III expresses some feeling for his father when he does some of Junior's material, including the tune Old Habits which the current generation Williams announced, "was written about my mama."

He also did Hank Jr.'s Family Tradition and I Like To Have Women I've Never Had. The Cabaret crowd stayed on its tippytoes throughout the show, but when Hank III cut loose with Cheatin' Heart, the people might have felt some sort of eerie connection with the spirit world. The screaming stopped for just a split second of stunned silence before the roar of the crowd was resumed.

Hank III says he does a punk rock act and even tours with other punk groups.

He told the Cabaret crowd: "Any time you might be coming out to our shows, be sure and check to see if it is a country or rock act. I don't want anyone to be disappointed."

Williams said he never plays rock and country during the same stage show.

"I know the crowds. Like the one I am going in front of tonight. Man, you wouldn't hit this bunch with a rock show. I know my differences."

Hank III readily admits to the curse which plagued his namesakes as it haunts him, the "devil" in a bottle for some of us who seem powerless over the amber appliance.

"Yeah, I'm an alcoholic," Hank III said. "I've got my problems. I've been in and out of rehab, and they tried an intervention on me this last time. My mom, dad, road manager, and even people from the record company all showed up one day to convince me I needed to go into treatment. I agreed to try, but I told them it wouldn't work until I was ready to do it for myself. At that time I was in big depression. I had lost my girlfriend, and I was coping with it the same way lots of people cope with losing girl-friends. I was drinking like hell, and all my family and friends really got panicky."

Hank III's life is such a mirror of his father's and his grandfather's before him that one has to wonder how the lightning of both genius and tragedy could strike the same family tree three times.

"I have a 3-year-old son that I'm not even allowed to see," Hank III revealed. "The result of a one-night stand. I didn't even know about the boy until his mother showed up one day and tried to soak me in court for every dime I owed."

"I've paid $30,000, but I don't get to see my own cont'd on page 14
Spurs likely to win another NBA title

By Jacques Strap
Action sports analyst

Spring is in the air, and I can already see those little black Spurs flags flapping from car windows all over San Antonio.

That's right, friends and neighbors, old Jacobs is off the broom and thumping the tub for a Spurs team which might well repeat as champions of the NBA.

Negativity ain't in my bag this year. I'm predicting big things for the Spurs when they hit the playoffs. Granted, the team hasn't steamrolled over the opposition as it did last season prior to the playoffs. But I can feel it in my bones. And I can see some obvious things as well.

Even with Gregg Popovich, a mediocre coach at best, this team has the muscle to repeat as NBA champions.

Tim Duncan just happens to be the greatest basketball player in the world today, and David Robinson isn't far behind him. What's more, Robinson has really come alive during recent games. He even got himself ejected from the Portland contest, and that's a great sign. When the guy giant screams and hollers and waves his arms until some ref boots him into the showers, it's a good sign that Robinson really has his juices flowing.

Mid-season talks of trading point guard Avery Johnson was a potential spark-killer and faux pas typical of Popovich and other Spurs management figures.

But A.J. shook it off with a great show of class, and other team members apparently stayed focused on the task at hand.

As Rudy T. would say, never underestimate the heart of a champion. The Spurs have all the tools for another championship, and late pieces of the once-fragmented puzzle are beginning to come together.

Terry Porter should again be healthy by playoff time. Steve Kerr, too, hopefully, for Popovich finally pulled his head out of his rectum and started playing the best three-point shooter in professional basketball.

And then there is Elliott. With his brother's kidney functioning fine, Sean is swiftly picking up the pace as he blends back into the lineup and starts shooting with a great show of class.

Another key to the continued success of this team is the startling development of guard Antonio Daniels, a solid backup for Johnson who brings a kangaroo jump and an explosive down-court energy burst into the game.

The team, as they say, is beginning to jell. But the main ingredients are twin towers Duncan and Robinson.

L.A., with Shaq slamming and Kobe pin-wheeling through the air like a loose rollercoaster seat, is the team to beat if we are to believe the West Coast pundits.

But we don't believe. I wouldn't trade Tim Duncan for two Shaqs, and I'll tell you why. Maybe I'm old-fashioned and afflicted with tunnel vision, but I've never had a lot of faith in a professional athlete who has never mastered the fundamentals of his game.

A professional basketball player who can't make foul shots is a half a player in my opinion. That's O'Neal, and that was Bill Chamberlain as well. If they ever decide to raise the baskets another couple of feet, the anatomical freaks will be on the bench where they belong.

Pound for pound, Shaq will be no match for Duncan, a complete player who scores consistently, rebounds as well as he scores, blocks shots, and hollers and waves his hand. It's a half a player in my opinion. That's O'Neal, and that was Bill Chamberlain as well.
EVERYBODY'S SOMEONE IN ACTION MAGAZINE
Flammia's Wife Rose

The Express and News, along with many others, was quick to defend the promotion to deputy police chief of Rose Mary Flammia, wife of the disgraced cop union strongman who is now serving federal prison time for the misdeeds of her husband.

You don't punish a wife for the middeeds of her husband. That was the cry from Rose Mary's supporters, and the newspaper's editorial writer said: "Rose Mary Flammia is to be commended and congratulated not simply because she is San Antonio's first female deputy chief but because she has shown the talent to merit the honor.'

So why were many policemen, including the current president of the police union, opposed to Mrs. Flammia's promotion? Are they jealous and just mean spirited? Or do they still fear the Flammia power?

The unspoken truth is this: In legal jargon, misprision of a felony is the act of knowing about the commission of a felony, and failing to report it. And this in itself constitutes yet another felony.

More than a few policemen who object to Rose Mary's appointment to assistant chief find it hard to believe that she dated, slept, played, and lived with Harold Flammia without even a mild suspicion that he was scamming the police union for more than a half million dollars.

'It makes me and my family feel a little bit better to know that there is someone out there who thinks like we do about the killers.'

Clifford Kimmel was sentenced to death last month for the murders of Rachael White, Susan Halverstadt, and Brett Roe.

Kimmel admitted he injected the three with muriatic acid enema just before the state chamber gurney, we suggested last month that Kimmel should be given a fix of Drain--O or Lime-Away just before the state does away with his worthless carcass. Something to give him a little idea as to how his victims must have felt.

For Murphy--if and when he gets death--we thought something like a mutric acid enema might be fitting.

'We don't feel that the daily media treated us fairly,' Sharon White said. 'But they didn't know how his victims must have felt.

We don't feel that the daily media treated us fairly," Sharon White said. 'But they didn't know how his victims must have felt.

My Daughter Suffered'

Sharon White, mother of slain dancer Rachael White, called last month to thank Action Magazine for our views on the killing of her daughter and two other young people who died with her.

'I know my daughter suffered,' Ms. White said. 'It makes me and my family feel a little bit better to know that there is someone out there who thinks like we do about the.'

Windmill Wash Tub

Bulverde area residents were treated to another large honk last month when kids (presumably kids) again spiked the plastic-looking Windmill Ranch Estates water tank with some sort of super sudsing deterrent.

Windmill Ranch Estates is another big-dollar subdivision off Highway 46 just north of downtown Bulverde. With a phony windmill turning at the development's entrance, and recycled water gushing from a pipe and into a galvanized tub, the...
ostentatious insult to any memory of a once-bucolic Bulverde is just too much of a temptation for the pranksters to resist.

The soap tossed into the tub this last time must have been a bubble bath mix, for the foaming mass of suds towered much higher than a tall man's head. Maybe the Windmill Ranch Estates slicks could turn their roadside suds factory into a sales gimmick or something.

We can see it now: The soap tossed into the Texas Hill Country. If people didn't want to hand-wash their clothing in the roadside abomination, maybe the tub could be used for bathing dogs.

Another Jesus Sighting It happens about this time almost every year. Someone sights an imaginary blob, shadow, or shape on the side of a barn, in a mud puddle, or even in a frying pan which is reported to be the image of Jesus or the Virgin Mary.

No matter who calls in the report, it seems, the San Antonio Express News will happily jump in this tomfoolery with editorial coverage and even photographs when no reporter or photographer can personally testify to seeing a divine shape of any fashion.

This irresponsible publicity, of course, results in hundreds of superstitious, half-literate, and soul-sick starlings rushing off down the highways and byways of South Texas in hopes of glimpsing a holy figure.

The current stampede is to a red oak tree in Lockhart where the face of Jesus is supposedly visible in the tree's bark. It's another sign that people may see what they want to see, but there will never be a case so bizarre as the holy tortilla of Lower Rio Grande Valley fame some 20 years ago.

The face of Christ reportedly materialized in a tortilla which was sitting in a frying pan. And the result was thousands of believers pouring into the Valley to view the wrinkled, grease-caked fritter of flour.

Shamu Solis Juan (Shamu) Solis, the two-ton former state representative who lost his legislative seat after serving one year in Austin, would probably still be in office if he had followed his self-publicized weight-loss program which was obviously larger during his recent legislative campaign than the face of Jesus.

If Solis lost a pound, nobody noticed it, and he was obviously larger during his recent legislative campaign than the face of Jesus.

continued on pg. 14
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**April Live Music**

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| 13th - Toman Bros.            | 28th - Hot Response                            |
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**KARAOKE EVERY WEDNESDAY**

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**Frankly Speaking —**

I would like to thank the academy! No, no that’s not it. Hi, my name is Frank and I’m an -- No, that’s not right. Not guilty, your honor, no, not yet. Honest, I was only going 55, oops -- no, not it. What do you mean you’re 3 weeks late, not quite! What I mean to say is Thank You to everyone who helped make our 25th Anniversary a huge success. A special thanks to Sam Kindrick and to Jim Beal for their fantastic ad copy.

Sincerely, Thank You

The Trap

---

**Wings**

4904 West Avenue 210-366-9464

**LIVE IN APRIL**

Wednesday Night Blues Jam

Every Wednesday 8:30 p.m.

“You don’t have to know somebody to join in the jam at Wings, you just gotta love the blues!”

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<th>Saturday, April 1</th>
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<td>George Gibbs &amp; The Blues Operators</td>
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**Steak Night 100/Pat’ Austin’s “Retirement Party”**

That’s Right! Pat cooked at 100 Steak Nights, and he’s callin’ it quits! Come by and give him a good send-off!

Saturday, April 15th, 7:30 P.M. - 9:30 P.M.

Your choice of a delicious Ribeye, Sirloin, or Filet, plus all the trimmings

- Still only **$7.50**

**Events:**

- Happy Hour Buffet Every Friday Afternoon
- DAILY DRINK SPECIALS
- Steak Night 100/Pat’ Austin’s “Retirement Party”
- Closed

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Action Magazine, April 2000
Bepko, Santos and Rose Offer musical variety

There were about 75 years of combined San Antonio musical history out there on the patio last month behind Uncle Charlie's Hamburgers on West Avenue.

A cold wind was whipp­ing, but the trio known as Bepko, Santos and Rose was coming out of winter wraps for another summer of patio shows and similar outdoor gigs.

All vocalists, the threesome includes Phil Bepko on acoustic guitar, Roger Santos on bass, and the multi-talented Ron Rose on guitar and banjo.

The music is 60s and 70s stuff, all solid material with the Bepko, Santos and Rose arrangement stamp firmly affixed. And whether it be Merle Haggard or a Beatles number, these three veterans stoke nostalgic memories for us which date all the way back to the mid-1970s and such settings as the old Town Pump Lounge on North St. Mary's Street where we first laid eyes on a young Ron Rose and a band he called Man Mountain and the Green Slime Boys.

Rose and his fellow slime boys had just cracked out with their regional hit titled LaGrange, an up-tempo banjo-driven number about the famed chicken ranch brothel which was being picked and sung in San Antonio skull orchards long before Dolly Parton ever dreamed about starring in a Texas whorehouse movie.

With his banjo clucking like a chicken, Rose and his cohorts regaled the chilled but determined Uncle Charlie's crowd with LaGrange as it was played back in those good old days: It's ninety miles from Houston,

One-twenty from San Antone,
And when you hit those city limits,
You don't have to be alone....

We first ran across Bepko and Santos just a year or so after meeting Rose. Phil was working during those days with Laurent and Marius Peron in the old group Stardust, while Roger is best remembered for his work with Claude Morgan and the Buckboard Boogie Boys, and in later years with Black Rose.

Phil Bepko, who possesses a great singing voice, teamed with Sylvia Leal to cut what turned out to be a regional hit in the early 1980s.

Many in the audiences who now enjoy the trio's music might not be aware of the fact that...
The Landing Strip
3710 Roosevelt Ph 928-8877
South San Antonio’s
Newest & Best
Gentlemen’s Club
Girls, Girls, Girls
We’ve got the
Sexiest dancers in town.
Happy Hour 4-7- Beer $1.50, Mixed Drinks $2.00
Happy Hour Prices During All Spurs Games!!
No Cover till 7:00 p.m. - Open 4-2 daily.

Hank Ill cont...
sen because the court
ruled that I am an alco-
holic and unfit," the young
Williams lamented.

Booze bottles all over
his bus led Hank Ill to say,
"I’m trying not to drink right
now because of my sore
throat, but, yeah, I’m still
drinking. I want sobriety.
But I got to make sure I’m
ready. I hope to make the
big decision soon. I hope
to have all of my wilder
days behind me by the
time I reach age 35."

Of his Risin’ Outlaw
CD, Williams says, “It’s not
as pure as I wanted it to
be. I fought with the label
over that for two years.
They wanted to do it their
way, and I guess they did
for the most part. I think it’s
too slick. And I’ll promise
the next one will be a lot
different.”

Hank Ill said he has
been writing a bunch of
‘sad, lonesome, heart-
break’ country songs.

“I’ve got 40 or 50 of
them. I’ve already got my
next album written.”

Hank Ill didn’t say
where that 3-year-old son
might be. Perhaps he
doesn’t even know. But
he isn’t surprised if in 17
or 18 years from now,
another gaunt and hollow-
eyed Williams kid doesn’t
show up with duct tape on
his boots and a lonesome
cry in his voice.

Hank Ill can minimize
the comparisons to his
granddad all he wants to.
But I’ll tell you something
the kid may not even realize
himself.

The “Ghost” was
loose in the old Cabaret
last month. We all felt the
presence.

Jacques Strap cont...

makes assists, and fires in
four of the five with deadly
accuracy.

Bryant, of course, is
an amazing athlete, but
his galloping ego will
compel him to make
takes shots he should
never take when the
chips are really down.

So count me in for a
championship prediction.
I’m not riding the broom
on the Spurs this year. But
I do have one little peeve
I’d like to mention in clos-
ing.

With all of the champi-
onship marketing and hul-
laballoo last year, why
in the hell didn’t someone
manufacture a decent
Spurs championship
bumper sticker?

There were some of
those cheap and ugly
paper stickers which liter-
ally fell off most cars when
they got wet. But I never
saw one single silver and
black vinyl sticker any-
where. Maybe someone
within the Spurs organiza-
tion could give this a bit of
thought.

Scatter Shots cont...
paign. Physical appear-
ance shouldn’t carry much
weight in politics, but it
does. There are some peo-
ple who simply will not vote
on a candidate who
resembles a human wasp.

The Nightclubs
The Trop celebrated its
25th anniversary with
a party last month, which
was indeed a blast-ever to
behold (see Everybody’s
Somebody in this issue of
Action for the party pho-
tos).

Frank Mueller, the Trop
bossman since the very
beginning, came forth in
formal wear for the grand
celebration which saw cars
jammed bumper-to-
bumper on both
San Antonio streets.

Mueller was wearing
his signature bib overall.

Of course, but he reported a
pair of highly-shined ostrich

cowboy boots for the
grand occasion.

“Heh, I could never esti-
mate that crowd,” Mueller
said. “But you can bet if
we get a record attendance
points during the night it
looked like we were going to
have to start turning
taking away. But I’m
taking my temper and
no one else around.

Some of Frank’s wait-
resses have been working
for him 20 years. And that
says it all for the deal of
South Side club operators.

Dwolson opened the
anniversary party, and the
Tomon Brothers
closed it with their local
music.

***

Here’s a deal. Tina at
the Remember When
has started opening at
10 a.m., and her day bar
lady, Patty Logston, is
preparing free hot
lunches on a daily basis.

Sam McWilliams, owner of the T-Bucket
on Austin Highway, has
assumed ownership of the
Who Knows in Kirby,
and the club still features
live music on week-
ends. The Red Eye
Saloon is again open in
the Eisenhauer Flea
Market, and bands are
now being sought to
provide music on
Sundays. If you have a
group and want to pick,
call Harry Weiss or Pat
Walker at the market.
The number is 653-
74592.

***

Some gimmicks never
wear out. And wet T-shirt
contests will be popular so
long as testosterone is bred
into the male body.

The latest wet titty show will be April 21 at
Billie’s Irish Pub in Converse. Cash prizes will be award-
ted to the top three contes-
tants, and T-shirts will be
provided.

Music for the wetting of
the nips will be provided by
Painted Pony.

The old Niners on
Broadway has been com-
pletely remodeled and
reopened.

Gold Allie Jr., or
The Tin Roof. Live music will
be the fare.

Bepko, Santos, Rose cont...
Rose once brushed close
to fame and fortune with an
unlikely gaggle of musi-
cians from the Lower Rio
Grande Valley and a band
they called Toby Beau.

This cinderella crew

included Rose and Danny
Mckenna on lead guitars,
Steve Zip on bass. Rob
played drums, and Balde
Silva on lead vocals.

With an RCA label deal
and a contract with Bill
the management
figure who brought the rock
group KISS into the
light, little Toby Beau sud-
ently found themselves

frontrunning Bob Seeger for four
months, and the Doobie
Brothers for a couple of
months over that.

“We were Aucoin’s first
experiment in the country-
rock field,” Rose grimaced.

But things didn’t work out
the way they had hoped.

Toby Beau cut a couple
of albums, enjoyed some
success with one hit single

‘Angel Baby,’ and then
faded as management

promises failed to materialize.

As an added regret, Rose
said: “No regrets over the experi-
ences during our climb to
the big stages. I knew bet-
ter than to believe my own
hype. I was always told to
never do that. But they
were touting us as the next
Eagles. Of course, we

wanted to believe it, and I
guess we did start believing
some of the hype.

‘There was front money,
but the band never saw any of
it. We were just green. But
I know one thing. If I ever
got another opportunity like that
it will only happen if it is on

my terms.’

Bepko, Santos, and
Rose will be playing a lot of
outdoor shows as the

weathers warm. They work
venues such as Uncle
Charlie’s, Specht’s Store,
and Blue Star downtown.

Plans call for a first CD
which Rose said will be on
a local label.

“The guy with the label
owns a recording studio, and
he has shown some interest
in us,” Rose said.

Meanwhile, we will keep
doing a lot of our oldies
music. We do our own
arrangements to the songs.

We give the audience
enough of the original tune

so that they recognize it, but
most of the stuff is in our own
style.”
COPPER DOLLAR
4250 THOUSAND OAKS
(Across From Luby’s)
653-3721
APRIL BANDS
1st - Hitmen
7th - Jokester
8th - Spent
14th - Monkey Blood
15th - Texas Radio
21st - Bliss (I Know)
22nd - O’Boy
28th - Full Tilt
29th - Call for band

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• Horoscope Readings
• Movie Reviews
• Music Awards
• Restaurant Reviews
• Love & Sex Classifieds
• Hand-Out Fluff from Record Companies
• Other Boring & Meaningless Tripe

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• Solid Features on Working Musicians
• Profiles on Some of The Funkiest & Alluring Characters in The World
• Crisp & Amusing Columns That Recognizes No Worldly Gods

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RESTAURANT
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1st Jim Isaacks & Roger Santos  7th Tom Williams
8th Todd Hoke 14th Melster & Melster
15th & 21st Sylvia, Tracy & Melody
12nd Roger Santos & Jim Isaacks
29th Robert Lee & Jim Isaacks
29th Mike Kropp

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Action Magazine, April 2000 •15•
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EVERY SUNDAY
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7th - Ruben V
14th - Infidels
21st - Spendt
28th - Infidels

SATURDAYS
1st - Rosie Ledet
8th - TBA
15th - Swindles
22nd - Van Wilks
29th - TBA

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$1.50 - Well Drinks

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- Tuesdays - Tequila $2
- Wednesdays - Jacks are wild $2
- Thursdays - U call it Scotch $2
- Fridays - $1 Shot Specials
- Saturdays - $7 Buckets of domestic beer, $8 imported
- Sundays - Happy hour all day and night

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