Action bids
sad farewell to
Cheap Shot Charlie writer
John (Grizzly) Goode

article page 6
Beginning June 6, the Roadhouse Kitchen will be under new management.

June Band Schedule
5 - Bad Boys
6 - Benny Harp and Bita Bluz
7 - Bobby G & the Drive
13 - Painted Pony
14 - Smith Bros.
19 - Sound Dogz
20 - Minus 1
21 - Texas Radio hosts the Poker Run - Other Bands TBA
27 - Delta Ryde
28 - Elixir

JULY
4 - Sound Dogz
5 - Jokester

DUNN-RITE KARAOKE
every Sunday & Monday
9:30 - 1:30

July 4 weekend
Red, white and Blue,
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Benefit to aid the Widows & Orphans of Vets.
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July 18, Jim & Kate celebrate
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with Head-N-Out

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LIVE IN JUNE 2003

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<tr>
<th>5th - Toman Bro’s.</th>
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<td>6th - Mad House</td>
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<td>7th - Tight Fit</td>
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<td>12th - B-Sides</td>
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<td>13th - Last Call</td>
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<td>14th - Skye</td>
<td>28th - Robbie G.</td>
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VISA, M/C, AE, ATM, CASH, GOLD COINS

Frankly Smoking Hot -

George Washington grew tobacco to keep from going broke.
Clinton said he didn’t go that far,
but he did enjoy a good cigar.

Carter said he didn’t inhale
Well, I’m no president,
but I think you’ll regret
If you f@ck with me and my cigarette!

---

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6th - Wilbert Beasley & Body & Soul
13th - Secret Circus
20th - Wolfpak
27th - Derringer

SATURDAYS
7th - Double Dose
14th - Jackie & Co.
21st - Steve South Band
28th - Delta Ryde

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Thursday, 5th - Jane Bond 8:30 p.m.
Friday, 6th - Guy Forsht 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, 7th - Jesse Dayton 9:30 p.m.
Sunday, 8th - San Antonio Blues Society Jam Hosted by Chick Ziegler and 501 Blues 5:00 p.m.

Tuesday, 10th - Mark Jungens 8 p.m.
Thursday, 12th - Rob Roy Parmell 8:30 p.m.
Friday, 13th - Adam Carroll 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, 14th - The Annual Crawfish Ball w/ Miss Meesie and The Earfood Gospel Orchestra 9:00 p.m.
Sunday, 15th - Gospel Brunch w/The Earfood Gospel Orchestra 12-3 p.m.

Tuesday, 17th - Chrisy Flatt 8 p.m.
Thursday, 19th - Moji Kwun 8:30 p.m.
Friday, 20th - Sister Morales 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, 21st - Omar and The Howlers 9:30 p.m.

Tuesday, 24th - Grant Langston and The Supermodels 8:30 p.m.
Thursday, 26th - Ian Moore 8:30 p.m.
Friday, 27th - Patrick Pike 7:00 p.m.
Saturday, 28th - The Black Box Rebellion 8:30 p.m.
Sunday, 29th - The Swindles 8:30 p.m.

CASBEERS WILL BE CLOSED JUNE 30-JULY 7 FOR VACATION

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2- Action Magazine, June 2003
Some of the finest musical talent in the country has been scheduled to appear at the 37th annual Boerne Berges Fest, a 3-day festival set for the weekend of June 13, 14, and 15.

Slated for shows on Saturday, June 14, are nationally-recognized recording artists Bruce Robinson and Billy Joe Shaver, the songwriting phenomenon who is known worldwide as the “Texas Legend.” On Friday, June 13, the live entertainment will kick off with music by South Texas favorite Thomas Michael Riley, a former Boerne resident who now hangs his hat on the shores of Medina Lake. Riley will entertain at a free dance at the Kendall County Fairgrounds which begins at about 8 p.m. Friday evening. Admission to the grounds is free on Friday, and the gate fee is only $5 for both Saturday and Sunday, and this includes all live music performances.

The Saturday evening shows featuring Robinson and Shaver will also be at the fairgrounds, beginning with a Shaver performance at approximately 9 p.m., followed by Robinson’s act which will end the night’s entertainment.

Shaver has authored hundreds of songs, including such masterpieces as "There Ain’t No God in Mexico" and "Old Five and Dimers," one of the tunes which helped put the late Waylon Jennings on the musical map. Live music will begin at noon on each day of the weekend event by the Boerne Village Band, an oompah variety group which is in keeping with the German heritage celebrated with Berges Fest (Festival of the Hills).

Berges Fest officially begins Friday evening at the fairgrounds with the naming of the new Miss Berges Fest and her court. Authentic German folk costumes and the traditional oompah beat of the German band will help showcase the queue of young ladies who will compete.

Saturday events start at 10 a.m. with the traditional Berges Fest Parade, which will roll the length of the town's main street. Sunday’s special events start with mud volleyball and tractor races shortly after noon.
Billy D's Club
"A Class Act Club"

JUNE ENTERTAINMENT
9:30 PM - 1:30 AM
FRIDAYS
6th - Papawood
13th - Jokester
20th - Last Call
27th - Jokester

SATURDAYS
7th - Hair Club
14th - Bad Boys
21st - Ten Stick
28th - Bad Boys

Karaoke every Wednesday 8:30 pm with Donna Baker "Karaoke Maniac"

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JUNE BANDS 2003
1st - Toman Bros
5th - DJ
6th - Iris
7th - Elixir
12th - Alter Ego
13th - 24 Seven
14th - Hairclub
19th - DJ
20th - Ghostriders
21st - Delta Ryde
26th - Elixir
27th - 24 Seven
28th - Alter Ego

JULY BANDS
3rd - Iris
4th - Alter Ego
5th - Tight Rope

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Action Magazine, June 2003
I was 13 or 14 when I smoked my first cigarette, a Bull Durham I rolled myself from a small tobacco sack I pilfered from my grandpa.

My late grandfather, an old cowboy who was known around Junction and Kimble County as "Shinny," rolled his own cigarettes from a Bull Durham sack or a Prince Albert tin every day except Saturday.

On Saturdays, Shinny treated himself to "ready-rolled" Lucky Strikes, an extravagance which my grandmother never stopped carping about, along with a beer or two he quaffed while shooting pool at Old Man Lackey's pool hall on Junction's main drag.

The rest of the time, Shinny spent working cattle, sheep, and goats from the back of an amazingly agile paint stock horse known as Pinto.

Shinny lived to be a ripe old age, and if my memory serves me correctly, he died of something other than lung cancer. I don't believe my grandpa ever lectured me on the evils of inhaled tobacco smoke, but he did threaten to quirt my ass if he ever caught me stealing his Bull Durham tobacco sack I pilfered from my grandpa.

On Saturdays, Shinny treated himself to "ready-rolled" Lucky Strikes, an extravagance which my grandmother never stopped carping about.

The dreaded ban
All of which brings me to the subject at hand—the proposed ordinance which would ban smoking in all of San Antonio's public buildings, including bars, saloons, nightclubs, and other such skull orchards where strong spirits are sold and consumed.

Smoke-free barrooms? It's hard to imagine for someone like me, a former two-pack-a-day chain-smoker who sucked on one form of cigarette or another for some 40 years before breaking the habit some 10 years ago.

And I was no paper tiger when it came to hard-core cigarette smoking. I smoked 'em so short that the ashes dropped off behind my teeth; I snapped awake during the night to light up and suck smoke deep into my lungs; and at some point in my life, I believe I ate food only because it made the cigarettes taste better. Every shirt I owned was festooned with little burn holes, and the fingers on my right hand were as yellow as an old dog's teeth. I even had tar stains on the end of my nose, a disgusting development which should have been enough to prompt a retreat from the smoking habit.

But I didn't stop smoking until I reached a point where I could barely breathe. I hadn't started coughing up little pieces of pink-tinged lung, but the Chesapeake oysters which busted loose during my hacking spasms were awful to behold.

I am now able to breathe without the death-rattle wheeze which once shook my bed like a minor scale earthquake. And I finally managed to stop dipping Copenhagen about five years ago.

But I will never—and the word is NEVER—preach against the evils of cigarettes to people who choose to breathe burned tobacco smoke into their lungs. For someone who smoked like a moving freight train for almost a half century, the no-smoke crusade just doesn't seem befitting of the long-haired old country boy here. And I guess it's hard to imagine San Antonio without those smoke-filled beer joints where I spent the majority of my adult life.

All of which brings me back again to the subject at hand—the proposed ordinance which will ban smoking in all public buildings in San Antonio.

It's going to happen. If City Council doesn't vote it in, Mayor Ed Garza will see that the issue is brought to a public vote. The no-smoke law will pass here, as it has passed in every city where the voting public has been given the choice.

Grandpa Shinny would never have imagined such a thing, and I would have bet every penny I owned against such a law had someone suggested the possibility even five or six years ago. A drinking joint without smoke? Impossible. How could anyone drink without smoking? And who would dare try to legislate such a health issue into the skull orchards?

The Bugler saved me
I thank God that cigarette smoking was still allowed in the Bexar County Jail back during the late 1980s when I was a frequent guest of former Sheriff Harlon Copeland. I would surely have gone crazy without the Bugler I rolled with the skill I developed back in those Kimble County cedar brakes so many years ago. But in retrospect, I believe I was already plenty crazy.

Today, jail inmates have learned to adjust, for smoking has been a vice of the past for some time at the Cross Bar Hotel. And when smoking in all public buildings has been banned here, nightclub denizens will also accept their smoke-free fate with a minimum of difficulty.

I realized this possibility more than a year ago when I pulled up in front of the old Wings Club for a Maria Muldaur show.

The blues queen had taken a break when I arrived, and most of the Wings crowd was standing out front puffing mightily on their cigarettes.

Maria, as it turned out, is allergic to cigarette smoke, and she had refused to mount the Wings stage until the club was smoke-free.

Nobody left.

It was a sign of the times. And if smoking is banned in public buildings, I must admit that I will be all for it. And so will my lady friend Sharon, a true music fan who cannot attend live nightclub music performances now because she suffers from both asthma and bronchiectasis, respiratory conditions which can tolerate no tobacco smoke.
Action Magazine says adios
To columnist, friend
Cheap Shot Charlie

By Sam Kindrick

Johnny (Grizzly) Goode, known to Action Magazine readers for more than a decade as Cheap Shot Charlie, died last month from complications brought on by liver failure. In his Cheap Shot Charlie column, Goode kept readers informed on his battle with liver problems, and I was only one of many who hoped and prayed he would survive with a new liver which was transplanted into his body last November.

But such was not to be. Goode’s body rejected the new organ, and he died May 14 at age 53.

Goode made no bones about the fact that he stayed in the fast lane longer than he should have. But he remained positive and optimistic, even as his body began to fight the new organ.

“I guess it’s like a new septic tank,” he told me one cold night this past winter. “When all the chemicals and stuff get settled in, I’ll probably be okay.”

Johnny Goode was my friend. He recognized no earthly gods. If he was afraid of anyone or anything, I don’t know who or what it might have been. He was a gifted writer with a mind like a steel spring, a mind which was his late father’s trademark.

Johnny Goode ill’s entire life was an adventure, and one he participated in to the fullest. He backpacked all over this country and Europe as well, studied art in Mexico where he became fluent in the Spanish language, graduated first from Alamo Heights High School and then from the University of Texas with a degree in fine arts, and opened such bar and grill operations as The Bucket in Austin (one of his Bucket partners was Billy Bob Barnett of Fort Worth, Billy Bob’s fame), The Quarter House, The Village Inn, Playa Santa Maria, Juan Gringo’s, and he helped resurrect The Broadway 50-50 in San Antonio.

While in school, Goode dabbed in both journalism and creative writing, and for some 12 years he penned his Cheap Shot column for Action Magazine.

The late John Goode Jr., was a source of immense pride for son Johnny, who was fond of recalling the congressional election in the early 1960s which saw his father lose by only a whisker to the late Henry B. Gonzalez.

A prominent local attorney and a pillar of the local Republican Party, the elder Goode was narrowly defeated after the Democrats brought both L.B.J. and Mexican comedian Cantinflas in for the last raging days of the campaign.

“The Democrats were throwing what they called tamales at Gonzalez,” Johnny was fond of recalling. “They had free beer and tamales at these campaign gatherings, so the Republicans started holding similar gatherings for my father.”

Johnny, who was to later develop a fondness for the late congressman, said, “The cry on the West Side back then was: ‘We drink Goode’s beer, we eat Goode’s tamales, then we go to the polls and vote for Gonzalez.'”

The Grizzly had a sense of humor which embraced such tales, and he was known to portray little of the conservative image which was his late father’s trademark.

While attending UT, Goode had a pet mouse which lived in his tangle of hair, and his friend Rod Black recalls the sultry summer night when the two of them emptied machine guns into the interior of Playa Santa Maria, the popular St. Mary’s Street watering hole which Johnny and partner J.B. Gouger opened in 1985.

“Johnny’s ‘flame-blowing’ was the most endearing thing in their big arsenal, and he was always blazing away at something or another.”

While attending the University of Texas, Johnny spent summers in San Miguel de Allende where he studied art and became fluent in the Spanish language. And it was in this quaint Mexico city where the Grizzly was to first encounter Gretchen Lahourcade, another art student from UT who says Goode all but scared her to death upon their first encounter.

“I met him in 1968,” Gretchen recalled. “He scooped me over his shoulders and headed into a bar. In my flood of tears, and the fact that I was scared to death, Johnny realized that he had upset me. He set me down, apologized, and assured me he was only teasing.”

Lahourcade said “the gentle giant” showed up the next day with “five little Mexican boys and more daisies than they could hold with a note of apology and an invitation for a picnic lunch with friends.”

And it was Gretchen Lahourcade who recalled Johnny’s “flame-blowing” stunt, a favorite beer joint pastime which saw him fill his mouth with lighter fluid, somehow light the stuff, and blow a stream of fire which could easily...
Joe & son Joe Tony are last of Bulverde family music tradition

Music is a family tradition with the Morenos of Bulverde, and a CD recording of original Moreno music might soon be in the making.

That's the word from guitar-picking songwriter Joe Moreno, who with drummer son Joe Tony carries on with the Joe Moreno Midnight Highway Band, an immensely-popular honky-tonk outfit which works the clubs and beer joints from Bulverde, to Blanco, to Canyon Lake, and all points in between.

Although most newcomers to the booming area of Bulverde wouldn't know a native son from the new H.E.B. sack boy, Bulverde just wouldn't be Bulverde without Moreno music of the live beer-drinking variety.

The Double Eagle Band was the first Moreno family band of Bulverde, a spirited outfit which once featured Joe's mom Maria, her brothers Pete and Charlie, daughter Gloria, and sons Joe, Lupe, and Johnny.

"Uncle Charlie now lives in Comfort," Joe said. "My uncle Pete is in Waring. Mom's doing fine in Bulverde. The same for my sister Gloria. Sometimes we get together for a little family music-making around the home, and Gloria is active in music programs at the church—both St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Bulverde and St. Ferdinand's in Blanco. But as far as professional performing goes, I guess Joe Tony and I are the last of the tribe."

While Joe Moreno has moved up Highway 281 to a five-acre home in Blanco County near Kendalia, he still considers himself a resident of Bulverde.

"My dad, Juan, managed the old Clear Springs Ranch off Bulverde Road for the first 20 years of my life," Joe recalls. "The old ranch is now a subdivision called Clear Springs, but I remember it as a home where we took care of horses and worked with cattle. The family moved off of Highway 46 when the ranch was sold and broken apart."

The musical talent in the Moreno family all came from Maria's side, for Joe's father Juan has never been so inclined.

Both Joe and his father are in the fence-building business, and the 76-year-old Juan shows no signs of slowing down.

"People ask me what my father is doing these days," Joe laughs. "I tell them he is doing what he has always done. He is building fences. He's in awfully good shape for his age, and I believe it is because he has worked all of his life."

Joe Moreno's Midnight Highway Band features son Joe Tony on drums, Dave Dunn on bass, and both Gordon Borland and Reggie Whitten alternating on steel guitar.

Joe Tony, at 17 and a student at Blanco High School, is somewhat of a drumming sensation who always brings crowds to their feet with his spirited solo work.

"I'm hoping to record fairly soon," Joe says. "I write original tunes, and I feel the need to finally put something on a CD. My music is beer-drinking roadhouse Texas country. Original tunes we now do from the stage include Empty Bottles and Empty Feelings, Seeing is Believing, and the song which led to the band's name, a tune I wrote for my fellow musicians called Heading Down the Midnight Highway."

Joe said Joe Tony also writes (he has one called Old Runnin' Buddies), and Moreno has several other songs in various stages of completion.

"I might put an old Mel Street song on the CD," Moreno said. "He did some great stuff which

Joe Moreno
Highway Band plays such clubs as The Patio in Bulverde, The Iron Horse Saloon in Blanco, and The Red Barn at Canyon Lake.

"I started playing guitar around the family circle when I was 9," Moreno said. "I guess I just grew up in the picker's corner of our home. Joe Tony is planning to attend college when he graduates from high school, something I am encouraging 100%. But he also wants to carry on with his music, and I hope he does. I am very proud of my son, and my mom is proud of us both. She still comes out to our shows."

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5-31 Sing with Todd-3000 Songs-Karaoke
6-6 Wade Jacoby
6-7 Dylan Derek
6-13 Rosewood Steel
6-14 Sing with Todd-Karaoke-300 Songs
6-20 Slim Johnson aka Sean & Dean
6-21 Roger Moon & the Ramblers from Lackenbach, Texas
6-27 Texas Red Hots
6-28 Vince Hopkins

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Three Pool Tables-Tournament Tuesdays

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Isom Lounge
Jack-N-Around
Jeff Ryder Drums
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Knuckleheads
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Marty’s
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Bombay Bicycle Club
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Calico Club
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Coco Beach
Fatso’s
Galaxy Billiards N.W.
Hollywood Cafe
Honest Charlie’s
Tattoos
Hill’s & Dales
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Iguana Bay
Jiggers
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Knuckleheads
Lightning
Longhorn
Mitchell’s
Oakhill’s Tavern
Olly’s Beef & Lobster
O’Malley’s
Orphan Annie’s
Planet K
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Rack Daddy’s
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The Silver Fox

LIVE OAK
South Paw Tattoos

SELMA
The Deer Crossing

UNIVERSAL CITY
Carnelot
Billy D’s
G.K.Coral

-8- Action Magazine, June 2003
The Print Media

Express-News "columnist" Rick Casey's impending move to the Houston Chronicle comes as a surprise to us. What's surprising is that the Chronicle would hire this plodding, colorless journalistic blacksmith, another harmless product of the daily newspaper monopoly scene which is only too prevalent in most major American cities.

Since the death of front-page columnist Paul Thompson, the Express-News has become stocked with "columnist" hacks who produce little more than a bunch of gray matter on 30-pound news stock paper. Roddy Stinson is an inane midget who couldn't possibly have more than a smattering of bored death bed old folks as readers, and Casey hasn't been much more interesting.

Carlos Guerra can't cut it, either, and Cary Clack wouldn't have a single thing to write about if he were white, the "race card" being about the only thing working in his deck. Take all of these dronesome computer jockeys together, and you wouldn't find enough talent to make a single pimp on the late Thompson's butt. And you can add Express-News editor Robert Rivard to this mix. When Rivard displays his heavy hack's hand in the newspaper, you can understand the lack of writing talent displayed by his underlings.

Our favorite of all daily newspaper scribes on the local scene is Express-News obituary writer Carmina Danini. Anyone with a name like Carmina Danini has got to be something special.

Mayfest a Bust

The annual Anhalt Mayfest, once the biggest spring social event in the Bulverde area, was poorly attended last month. Big name entertainment was absent for this May's event, while fest organizers charged an $8 admission fee and $2.50 a pop for beer. It's another case of ambitious young bucks moving in behind the more conservative old organizers of this rural event.

Bulverde area people will not pay $2.50 for a beer and $8 admission to hear polka music and some country band that most of them never heard of.

SARS in Texas

According to Zeb Pooppee, our Central Texas correspondent, Texas SARS stands for "Sorry Assed Redneck Syndrome." L.A. may "suck," but the Dallas Mavericks are our Texas neighbors with quality players and coaches alike. And street peddlers hawking non-Spurs-approved garbage like those "Dallas Sucks" T-shirts during the Spurs and Mavericks playoff series all suffer from the strain of SARS which has long been prevalent in Texas.
shirts should be run off the roadsides.

Dr. Butthole Again

Our daily newspaper continues to run articles about Dr. Bankhole Johnson and his futile attempts to cure alcoholism with first one drug and then another.

Johnson is supposed to be an internationally recognized addiction scientist (whatever the hell that might be) and director of University of Texas Health Science Center’s South Texas Addiction Research and Technology Center. Real alcoholics know that you can’t break addiction to one drug by taking another, yet Johnson and his researchers continue to squander big bucks with their mindless research.

According to the newspaper, Bankhole and his research boys have completed a three-month test that showed patients taking the drug topiramate were six times more likely to be continuously abstinent for at least one month than patients taking a placebo.

“Dopamine neurotransmission in the brain is very important because that is what is responsible for the pleasurable effects of alcohol,” Bankhole Johnson says.

Misguided souls like this double-domed dipshit can do nothing but harm (and possibly kill) some alcoholics who might have found a solution for their problem without false hope offered by the medical profession.

Science has yet to find a cure for the alcoholic, since alcoholism is a disease of both mind and spirit, and the first great doctor to recognize this fact was Dr. Karl Jung, the famed psychiatrist from Switzerland. And Dr. Jung’s findings came almost simultaneously with the discovery in New York City by Dr. William Silkworth. Silkworth said alcoholism is an allergy of the body coupled with an obsession of the mind; the first drink triggers the craving, and the obsession keeps it going far past the dopamine happenings.

The New York Plagiarist

The country’s newspapers are now in a high state of urination over former New York Times plagiarist and copy thief Jayson Blair’s reported six-figure advance for a book about his phony articles.

Since the newspapers put Blair in a position to get rich selling his story of fakery and deception in a profession that already struggles under a black cloud of dubious credibility, why holler about anything continued on pg. 14
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27 Tom Williams 28 Jeff Crisler
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•12• Action Magazine, June 2003
Music from the (heart) doctors

An Article 15 is recognized by military personnel as a strong disciplinary reprimand handed down from a superior officer to an errant underling.

There is nothing offensive, however, about the unique variety band Article 15, and no punishment will be required, even though one of the group members has been known to sing Merle Haggard songs to patients undergoing certain cardiac procedures.

Article 15 is a large group of music-making medics, most of them military cardiologists who are either current or former members of the Department of Cardiology at Wilford Hall Air Force Medical Center here.

What started as a lark for a bunch of doctors who had spotty musical experience from high school and college days has blossomed into at least one professional gig which is attracting more than small attention.

On the third Friday of every month, Article 15 has been packing the big outdoor patio at Specht's Store near Bulverde with both area music lovers and a prodigious following of military fans, playing everything from both old and contemporary rock with a smattering of country covers thrown in for good measure.

Specht's owner Kate Mangold says Article 15 really gets the crowd into their music. She said plans call for the big military group to play the third Friday of each month throughout the summer.

In the beginning, the heart doctors were congregating for informal jam sessions in their homes. Then came the decision to form a band. Not a one of them had displayed any vocal talent, so the group began on shaky legs with Dr. Carey O'Bryan first showing promise as a vocalist. Next on vocals came Tad Spicer, a former medical technician in the cardiology catheterization lab at Wilford Hall.

Spicer had sung along to numerous Merle Haggard CDs during the performance of cardiac procedures. His singing was enjoyed by both staff and patients, many of whom requested more crooning when they returned for follow-up procedures.

The lack of a bass player was solved when Dr. Chris Thompson, chief of the cardiology department at Wilford Hall, picked up the guitar skills in rapid fashion. Dr. Thompson had played trumpet in a high school marching band, and he had music theory knowledge.

Laughed Thompson, a native of Indiana: "We basically formed the band with hopes of playing Specht's Store. We love the place, as do members of our families. There are no places like this in Indiana. Too much cold weather back where I came from."

The female vocalist of the group is comely Lisa Almaleh, wife of keyboard player Dr. Michael Almaleh, a relative newcomer to the group who urged his wife to try her hand with vocals.

"She has been stealing the shows," said Dr. Thompson. "She has the voice and the looks to go with it."

Lead guitarist and leader of Article 15 is Dr. Charles Campbell, who first offered his home for the group's first jams.

Other members of Article 15 are Dr. Jay Geoghagan, rhythm guitarist; Dr. Kyle Michaelis, drums; and Dr. Ara Maranian, saxophone.

Article 15 bassist is Dr. Chris Thompson, chief of the Wilford Hall cardiology department.

Military cardiologists comprise Article 15 band

Article 15's female voice Lisa Almaleh

Action Magazine, June 2003 •13•
Texas musicians on the Dixie Frog label include Neil Black of San Antonio, Johnny Winter, Chris Duarte, Calvin Russell, Van Wilkes, and Billy Joe Shaver, to name a few. Other American and British musicians on Dixie Frog include Tommy Castro, Popa Chubby, Coco Montoya, John Mayall, Charlie Musselwhite, Duke Robillard, Buddy Guy, and many more.

And I'm talking specifically about Dixie Frog Records.

The musicians are not working American citizens who sell their produce to French companies. I wonder who the non-existent Times reporter was quoting non-existent sources, the Times management, should have pulled the curtain down with little or no further comment.

Jayson Blair's growing notoriety is nurtured by those same artists when those same Working citizen of either country opposed the war, the nation's press would stop quoting this fellow could sense that he never took life too seriously, he was dead serious about the love he had for both life and the four-legged "children" which always occupied his home. If he never took life too seriously, he was dead serious about the love he had for four huge dogs—Toro, Boris, Oso, and Annie—and the horde of housecats who inhabited the dwelling of John Goode Ill.

Johnny is survived by companion Shirl Young, an uncle and aunt, David and Jane Goode of Dallas, and friends from Canada to Mexico.

The memorial service for old Cheap Shot would have met with his approval. Mariachi trumpets blasted through the Porter Loring chapel which was filled with Goode friends who included school chums, night-club owners and operators, and musicians.

Johnny's favorite songs were played—Amazing Grace, My Way, and the classic rocker Johnny Be Good. Unchained Melody, a personal dedication from Shirl to Johnny, completed the service music.

Also in attendance was Goode's beloved old bull mastiff Toro, who sat slowly wagging his tail and looking around at all the strange people. Maybe the old fellow could sense that time is running short for all of us.
Bands In June
Starting at 9:30 P.M.

Sat. 7 - Deja Blues
Sat. 14 - Wilbert Beasley & Body-n-Soul Band
Fri. 20 - Catherine Denise
Fri. 27 - Ruben V

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<td>Jim Beam</td>
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<td>Tuesday</td>
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