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Spurs may be ‘resting up’ for 2006 playoffs

By Jacques E. Strap
Action sports analyst

I’ve been maintaining for a year or so that Spurs coach Gregg Popovich may well be a genius in disguise.

This season, though, coach Pop has done everything short of donning a fake beard, kneelength dress, and a rubber nose to keep what must be his “secret formula for success” away from Spurs fans and the public in general.

Leading up to the playoffs, we have been watching a strange assortment of faceless wonders stumbling around in silver and black uniforms—unfamiliar fellows who go by names like Sean Marks, Mike Wilks, and “Something-Or-Another” Johnson.

Everyone in the world knows that Tim Duncan’s sprained ankle was less than 100% well as the playoffs started with the loss to Denver, and both Rasho Nesterovic and Devin Brown were out with injuries. But Popovich has been “resting” a bunch of his key players an awfully lot, even before Nesterovic and Brown fell out with ankle and back ailments, and the new “resting” strategy which Popovich seems to have adopted is beginning to baffle and confuse.

Nazr Mohammed is filling in well for Nesterovic, and former allstar Glen Robinson has added his mid-range jumper to the Spurs arsenal, but it’s getting hard for fans and spectators to keep up with the kaleidoscope of swiftly changing numbers and faces who represent the silver and black.

Duncan, Bruce Bowen, Mohammed (or Nesterovic), Tony Parker, and Manu Ginobili line up to start the games. But after a whistle or two, the Popovich “run, rest, gun, and rest some more” game plan seems to kick in, and only a few fans with quick-blink shattered eyelids and mathematical acumen for lightning-quick numbers change can even hope to keep up with the huldy-guldy rotation order on the court.

When Robert Horry nails a long 3-pointer, and seems on the verge of heating up the long-range rifle arm which earned him the nickname “Big Shot Bob,” he is suddenly back on the bench, presumably “resting up” for another quick appearance later in the game.

Just when Tony Parker seems wound up and on target, and with only seconds left on the clock prior to a quarter’s end, he is benched in favor of second-stringer Beno Udrih, who promptly turns the ball over to cost the Spurs valuable points and probably the game as well.

Even though point guard Tony Parker is barely 23 years of age, faster than juggled lightning, and obviously in peak physical condition, he is “rested” along with Ginobili, Bowen, Duncan, and any other Spur who might seem to be flagging in the estimation of Coach Pop.

And up and down the court they flash, Duncan, Parker, Ginobili, Udrih, Mohammed, Robinson, Horry, Tony Massenburg, Bowen, and Brent Barry. Now you see them, now you don’t, if they ain’t “resting,” they’re “running,” and before any one of them can get redhot and in a rhythm, another cold soul comes bounding from the bench to make the replacement.

Basketball players who are paid millions need rest like everyone else. But come the playoffs, it’s time for the rubber to meet the hardwoods, and for all rest periods to end.

Popovich may well be “resting” his squad for the playoffs in 2006. These 2005 games may soon be history for San Antonio. But you can’t ever tell about Popovich. Geniuses in disguise are sometimes hard to figure.

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when I was to first write anything about her.

Ron Houston was the first to point out that Katherine Dawn was performing the old Augie Meyers “dope” song High Texas Rider from the Casbeer’s stage. Houston of old outlaw rocker KEXL was one of the few Texas DJs to play the song, although High Texas Rider was to chart at number-one in Tokyo, Japan.

In addition to Meyers, Bush, Katherine Dawn, Morgan, Ruben V. Liberto, Bobby Rey, and Dub Robinson of the Drug Store Cowboys, other musicians to perform at the event included Geronimo Trevino, Clay Meyers, R.B. Blackstone, Steve Mallett, Thurman Love, Crispy Flatt, Eric Hisaw, Nancy G. and Rick (Ricky Bob) Bobkowski. Musicians who dropped in but did not perform included Lisa Morales of Sisters Morales and her guitarist husband David Spence; Ashlee Rose; Jim Beal, Express and News music columnist and leader of the band Ear Food; and Mitch Webb of The Swindles.

Some couldn’t make it

Sylvia Kirk, Ron Knuth, and Randy Toman of the Toman Brothers called to say they were unable to make the show for various reasons, and Jimmy Spacek messaged that he was out of the city but with us in spirit. Letters and congratulatory messages came in from Terri Hendrix, Ray Benson of Asleep At The Wheel, Bett Butler, and Dale Watson. The letter from classy lady jazz pianist Butt Butler was filled with astonishing praise which I have never done a single thing to earn.

Nightclub owner Tra Coggin of Tra’s Cocktails and George Todd of Sir Winston’s Pub were there, along with friend Alan Brown, the high-profile criminal defense attorney who has represented me, Johnny Rodriguez, Tony Ayala, and other questionable characters throughout the years.

Dr. Roy Kindrick big surprise

Big surprise of the night was the unexpected appearance of my first cousin Dr. Roy Kindrick, a Denton oral surgeon who came with his wife Pat and nephew Donnie Kindrick. Donnie is a Kerrville area rancher who was accompanied by his wife Lana.

Special friends at the shindig were Rex and Bobby Sherry of Austin, who attended school and grew up with me in Junction. A retired state health inspector and now a private investigator with a firm called Artemis Investigations in Austin, Rex Sherry is also a musician who has been writing songs and playing for fun and small profit for years.

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Like everyone else at the Casbeer’s event, Sherry said he was blown away by the new acoustic sound of country Caruso Johnny Bush, who probably sounds better now than at any point in his career.

Sherry later e-mailed me this message:

“My favorite parts of the show included Bush singing his original stuff, and Ray Liberto playing piano and doing Fats Domino numbers, with Bobby Rey accompanying on sax and the drummer (Ricky Bob Bobkowski of the Geronimo Trevino Band).”

Rey is the former L.A. saxman whose 1950s-era Hollywood Argyles group produced such hits as Alley Oop, Cherry Pie, and others. He has since worked the San Antonio market with such groups as Road Apple, Los Blues, Sweet Tequila, his own group Smooth, and the late Randy Garibay’s Cats Don’t Sleep.

The “roasters” were on target, and I would be remiss in failure to recognize Jim Beal of the Express and News, a one-time Action contributor who recalled leaving me for the position he still holds with the daily newspaper. Since the Express offered him a real salary, I reluctantly advised him to take the job. Beal, who with singing wife Neesie plays bass and rambrods the Earfood Orchestra, gave the Casbeer’s anniversary party a good blurb in the Express Weekender section. Beal pointed out that every single issue of Action came off the presses—even during months when I was in jail.

Meyers recalled the night many years ago (a true story) when I got whacked out and tried to sell him Action for $500, and Johnny Bush said, “I figure a number of Sam’s friends couldn’t find the time to get here...and the rest of them are doing it.”

The main players behind this Action Magazine party have been saved for last. They are Casbeer’s owners Steve Silbas and Barbara Wolfe, a husband-wife team who have transformed a quaint San Antonio burger bar and enclada institution into the number-one venue for live music in San Antonio and South Texas. There is a rapport between the two and hundreds of Texas musicians which is essential for the continuing success of an outfit like this, and I have heard the word “love” used frequently by pickers describing the Casbeer’s joint and those who run it.

So for everyone involved, and for everyone who came, I would like to express my gratitude with a simple thanks—thanks for showing up, and thanks for showing me something I never dreamed existed.

Funny, ain’t it, how attitudes, ideas, values, views, and priorities tend to shift and change with the passage of time.

A wise self-made millionaire and recovered alcoholic by the name of Chuck Chamberlain put it well when he said we tend to view life through “a new pair of glasses” when the act gets cleaned and the trail gets straightened.

I have never viewed myself as having many friends. Now I believe this may have been cooked and convoluted. A willingness to reach out and be reached has got me convinced that David Allen Coe was right when he said you can’t shake hands with a fist.

All of which brings me to the subject at hand: the Action Magazine 30th anniversary party and “roast” at Casbeer’s last month, and the overwhelming sense of gratitude and (yes, the word is) humility which seems to have permeated my heart and soul since the event. I’m still finding it all hard to believe.

Words don’t get it

Friends from the music community and nightclub industry were there, along with a pair of high school mates and relatives from both Central and North Texas. The event was hosted and organized by Casbeer’s owners Steve Silbas and Barbara Wolfe. They were assisted by longtime friend Augie Meyers, a soul connection of mine who will be spared any great gushing of endearment adjectives at this point. If I tried to put my true feelings for Meyers in print, so meed embarrassed the both of us. So for everyone involved, and for everyone who came, I would like to express my gratitude with a simple thanks—thanks for showing up, and thanks for showing me something I never dreamed existed.

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Adkins fans still love Moe Bandy

For the past 11 years, former Adkins sheet metal worker Moe Bandy has been calling Branson, Missouri “home.”

Moe Bandy, the former sheet metal worker, has been calling Branson, Missouri “home.” But when back home in Adkins, with the red sand and goatheads of south Bexar County under his boots, Bandy reverts to his roots. At his recent show at Texas Pride Barbeque, which is just a long golf shot from the old Bandy home place, Moe candidly admitted that “it’s really great to be back home.”

And he revealed plans to re-establish himself in the San Antonio area with another residence here sometime in the near future. “Branson is beautiful, and I love it there,” Bandy said. “There is fishing, great golf courses, and scenic campgrounds, but this is home. This is where it all started. And I intend to eventually buy property and get set up where I can spend part of every year back here.”

Bandy was born in Meridian, Mississippi, the birthplace of blue yodeler Jimmie Rodgers, but moved to Adkins with his family at age 6. Throughout the late 1970s and early 1980s, Bandy was a hot product, cranking out single recordings of cheating songs and rowdy honky-tonk drinking numbers, and his duets with Joe Stampley were at one time the talk of the country music world. Moe and Joe hit their biggest lick with Where’s The Dress, a parody of Culture Club’s Boy George. Although Boy George sued the duo, the song was a major hit, winning an award for best country video from the America Video Awards and the New York Film Festival.

Asked about Stampley, Bandy said, “I’m glad you brought up the subject. Joe and I are getting back together for a new recording project which will soon be in the works.”

Older music fans around here know much of the Moe Bandy story, but there were some younger ones present at the Texas Pride Barbecue show who might not know a lot about the former rodeo rider and sheet metal worker who cracked through the big Nashville recording industry door after numerous tries and numerous failures.

During high school, Moe was a rodeo contestant who soon quit the arena after suffering more injuries than he cared for. And while earning a living as a sheet metal worker by day, Bandy played the dance halls and beer joints of South Texas by night.

Ironically, Bandy’s great hit Bandy the Rodeo Clown was not the product of his own pen. It was especially written for him by the late Lefty Frizzell and Whitey Shafer. Moe loves to recall the night that a drunk Frizzell called on the phone to sing him the song that was to become his signature number.

After meeting producer Ray Baker on a hunting trip, Moe pawned his household furniture to finance his first recording session which went nowhere. The following year, Bandy took out a loan to bankroll the second try, and this one produced I Just Started Hating Cheating Songs Today. The record was picked up by GRC and released nationally, and the Moe Bandy hit parade was under way.

Bandy The Rodeo Clown and Unhappy Woman made the top 10 in 1974, and after Bandy signed with Columbia Records in 1975, his star really began to rise.

His first Columbia single was Hank Williams You Changed My Life. It was a number-three hit which resulted in Bandy being named the most promising male vocalist of the year from the Academy of Country Music.

Bandy’s string of hit singles in 1976—including Here I Am Drunk Again and She Took More Than Her Share—confirmed that he was one of the most popular singers of the latter half of the decade. The following two years were equally successful as Bandy had hits with I’m Sorry For You My Friend, Cowboys Aren’t Supposed to Cry, She Just Loved the Cheatin’ Out of Me, That’s What Makes the Jukebox Play, and Two Lonely People.

Bandy’s career topped out in 1979, the year he teamed with Janie Fricke to...
Moe Bandy with local supporters.

Moe Bandy with Texas Pride owner Tony Talanco.

It's a Cheatin' Situation. The song became a hit and won the song of the year award from the ACM. And in that same year, Bandy and Stampley busted out with Just Good Ol' Boys, the beginning of a fearsome twosome that was to win the CMA's duet of the year and the ACM's duo of the year.

Bandy and Stampley went on to record Holding the Bag, Hey Moe Hey Joe, Honky Tonk Queen, and finally the Boy George parody, Sandwiched in between successful duets with Stampley, Bandy hit paydirt in the early 1980s with hits such as I Cheated Me Right Out of Her, Barstool Mountain, Yesterday Once More, Following the Feeling (a duet with Judy Bailey), My Woman Loves the Devil Out of Me, and Rodeo Romeo.

In 1986, Bandy switched to MCA/Curb, and changed producers at the same time. His music became slicker, and although he released a couple of hits in 1987 and 1988--Till I'm Too Old to Die Young, and Americana--his recording career has seemingly flagged out.

Bandy opened his Moe Bandy Americana Theater in Branson in 1991, and he has been performing in the 900-seat venue ever since. Maybe his pending project with Joe Stampley will re-kindle the old fire. Sandy's return to Texas Pride Barbeque, virtually in the shadow of his family home place, might also have set off a few sparks.
Clowns and ‘children’ now infest City Hall

The long-running political clown act at San Antonio’s City Hall seems destined to continue into yet another embarrassing administration.

We speak, of course, about the prospects for Alamo town’s next mayor—a dismal lineup of candidates who don’t leave the voters much to pick from.

It looks like a three-way crap shoot between a rickety old fart of a former judge, an ex-DA prosecutor with a personality less engaging than a dead cockroach, and a wet-behind-the-ears kid lawyer who is years short of even half having his shit together.

So what else is new? From Mayor Chug Hole Eddie Kuykendall of the 1950s to Henry Cisneros and current Mayor Ed Garza, there haven’t been many live wire mayoral people along the way. Walter McAllister was probably the most presentable of mayors over the past three decades, but his vision for HemisFair and other worthwhile projects has been obscured and somewhat negated by the lineage of jerks who have followed.

Before McAllister, Kuykendall never did manage to eradicate the bone-jarring, teeth-rattling chug holes which still threaten axle and suspension systems on San Antonio streets, and we all know what Henry Cisneros did for the good voters of San Antonio.

He scammed a majority—and how he did it, many of us will never know—into approving a worthless, money-losing white elephant known as the Alamodome, that great eyesore and municipal embarrassment of all municipal embarrassments which is now used for Mexican rodeos, high school football, and perhaps a bit of soccer in the near future.

A NFL franchise home in San Antonio? Henry Cisneros might have even believed his own hype when he promoted this dud deal. And about all Mayor Garza has managed to do is push soccer franchise in a town where fans will never support the sport.

So...who will the next mayor be, and what might the voters expect? The polls say Julian Castro, the 30-year-old squirt of a former city councilman, will most likely win without a runoff, a disturbing possibility for the eighth largest city in the country where an image of responsibility and maturity is much needed.

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Former Judge Phil Hardberger and attorney Carroll Schubert, a former councilman who once worked in the DA’s office, are not exactly a pleasing sight from a public relations standpoint. Put these two dudes in a personality contest and there wouldn’t be a winner.

But Julian Castro? Give us a break. Castro is 30. He looks 15, and acts more like he is 12. The little boy’s ego trip could put San Antonio in contention for asshole major city of the year before all is said and done.

With twin brother Joaquin, Julian has been playing childish games with the public. The two rubbed it in when they appeared in public wearing T-shirts which proclaimed: I am Julian...and I am not Julian.

The two of them have managed to land on some national TV shows, and the publicity probably helped Julian more than it hurt him. Children at play have an appeal for far too many addle-headed souls.

We will soon find out about the May elections. And the puerile prattle of a child mayor may be in the offing.
Sculley not 'Torpedoed'

Express and News political pundits would have us believe that Julian Castro, Patty Radle, and Chip Hass torpedoed the city's chances of landing highly-touted city manager candidate Sheryl Sculley of Phoenix.

That's pure bullshit, political fans, for Sculley could have had the job at an astronomical salary of $265,000 annually if she really wanted it.

Nobody took Sculley out of contention but Sculley, for there were enough council votes to ensure her the position. The real reason for Sculley's dramatic crawl-act after being offered the San Antonio job can be laid to fear.

The highly-touted Superwoman from Phoenix was scared shitless. And what was Sculley afraid of? She was afraid she wouldn't get what she wanted in a divided council. She was afraid she would lose what she had—a pampered and pressure-free assistant manager job in Phoenix. And she was rightly afraid that a yet-to-be-elected council in San Antonio would fire her ass when she failed to justify the highest city manager pay in Texas.

Yes, folks, Sheryl Sculley was afraid she couldn't hack it in a town where political guns have continued sounding since the Alamo cannons were silenced many years ago.

Sculley's insistence that only a council majority vote for her contract would lure her to San Antonio is nothing more than a smokescreen of fear.

From a Phoenix assistant salary of $175,000 to a record manager wage of $265,000 in San Antonio it doesn't take a math whiz to tell us that Sculley walked away from an annual raise in pay of $190,000 plus some perks. Fear and fear alone would account for Sculley opting out of a pay increase like this.

She knows what one of the Express-News political dildos had apparently overlooked when he wrote that Sculley was "the taxpayers' best hope for cleaning up the tax-and-spend mess at City Hall and sweeping out the entrenched bureaucracy responsible for it."

City managers don't clean up spending messes at City Hall. If such messes are cleaned at all, they are cleaned by council members duly elected by the voters. Council members are simply advised by their manager, a hired hand at best. And if any "sweeping out" is done, it is more often than not a City Council sweeping out yet another city manager who failed to live up to his or her advance
billing.

Had she taken the job, Sculley wouldn’t have lasted more than three years. Male egos can’t tolerate such uppity shit for very long.

TV Spots Ad Nauseam

In the ad nauseam department for local TV commercials, personal injury Claghorn Wayne Wright still holds top ranking with his “You deserve respect and justice ... so we demand it” clown act, an insult to all Americans with IQs over 50 which is flashed repeatedly around the noon news on KSAT-TV.

This is the one that comes complete with client testimonials from persons who all tend to pronounce Wayne Wright’s two names as one—“Waynewright,” as in Cartright, millwright, or forthright, i.e.: “This big monster truck ran over me and my little red car. I didn’t know what to do, so I called Waynewright’s number from the back of the phone book. He got me sooooo much more money than I had ever dreamed was possible."

In the sickening TV commercial ratings, we also want to mention the senile “old man” voice which Wataburger has just about worn us out with. There is no face included along with the cornpone burger pitch, but we can easily conjure up a disgusting vision of rheumy eyes, clacking dentures, and drool dripping from a prune-wrinkled chin with at least one drop of spittle crawling down as the old fart waxes on about those “grilled halapeeeenoos.”

The newest television commercial abomination is presented by Frost (“We’re from here”) Bank, a discourse by a bunch of bank dorks on barbecue and their individual predilections regarding meat choice, beans, sauce, and cooking wood. The idea, of course, is to portray the Frost turkeys as true South Texans who are qualified as no others to meet the banking needs of other true South Texans.

With personalities less attractive than a pen full of cancer-eyed cows, these Frost officials would do well to seek professional help with their television spots.

Big Street Festival

Live bands and other entertainment is being lined up for the First Annual Artisan’s Street Fair and Extravaganza on May 14.

A benefit show for the San Antonio School for Inquiry and Creativity on San Pedro, the concert and festival will be from 11 a.m. until 10 p.m. at the Gallista Gallery, 1913 S. Flores St. Cover is $5 for all ages.

Bands scheduled to play include Los Crawdaddies, Flesh Merchants, 3 Guys Walking, Calbakes, High Priced Whores, Loaded, continued on pg. 14
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Meet the Gypsy Cowgirls, a duet-turned-band which is riding a new country music CD from one Hill Country honky-tonk and beer joint to the next.

They are Scooter Pearce--guitarist and vocalist who has worked for a decade with various bands--and Carley Pilgrim, a relative newcomer to the music business who makes up for the inexperience with explosive vocals and untrammeled stage energy.

Playing original country from their just-released first album Way of Life (as in honky-tonk is ...), plus covers by everyone from Merle Haggard to Alex Harvey (he wrote Delta Dawn which put Tanya Tucker on the map), the Gypsy Cowgirls were on target with a show last month at Texas 46 in Spring Branch.

A native of Brownwood, Scooter Pearce started playing guitar at age 10. By age 17, she was writing original music and performing professionally as a single act in clubs and dance halls across Central Texas. "I had The Scooter

Gypsy Cowgirls invade Spring Branch saloon

Pearce Band together in 1997," Pearce recalled. "We had performed at various venues, and I had been with various other outfits before this. The Gypsy Cowgirls were formed in 2002 when I met Carley Pilgrim at the Texas Folklife Festival in Kerrville. She has a real voice, and we just hit it off from the start."

Carley Pilgrim, originally of Georgetown, jokes about making her singing debut in kindergarten "on the Good Ship Lollipop" where she also tap-danced at her preschool graduation.

While her sensual harmonies and songwriting talents make up a big part of the Gypsy Cowgirls, Pilgrim didn't just fall out of the sky and into her current singing and performing role. Although she is a relative newcomer to stage music performing, Carley has studied classical music and music theory, and she has performed in a number of stage productions over the years.

"A couple of weeks after Scooter and I met at the folkest we were working as a duet," Pilgrim said. "We managed with just the duet to travel all over the hill country, central and southeast Texas, building up a following.

The Gypsy Cowgirls are now based in Austin. A year ago, the band was formed with drummer Perry Banty and a bass and lead guitar player who were soon to drop out. Their new replacements are Aaron Stroup on lead guitar and Steve Strickland on bass.

With Pearce leaning into the mike with hard-driving vocals, Pilgrim provides harmonies and lead work on other numbers, dancing and swaying all the while from one end of the stage to the other.

The new album was cut at Music Lab in Austin. Engineer for the project was Tim Gerron.

The Gypsy Cowgirls have opened for Robert Earl Keen and others, and they have performed on the San Antonio River Walk and at venues stretching from Luckenbach to the coast.

Pilgrim says duets are fine, but she and Pearce are really excited about the backup players they now have.

continued on pg. 14
Scatter Shots cont’d


Aztec Dancers will perform, and a number of DJs will be on hand.

The Nightclubs

Blues musician Byrl Cromwell is hosting and promoting a series of live Sunday shows at the Bandera Saloon in Bandera.

The saloon is booking a full slate of live entertainment—including shows on Fridays, Saturdays, and some Wednesdays and Thursdays—but the Sunday series is a special deal.

Called Sunday Out

On The Deck, the shows will feature a varied lineup of top blues, jazz, rock, and country artists, many of them from San Antonio. See the Bandera Saloon ad in this issue of Action for more details.

The King of Clubs on Patricia is getting run for an older audience with the venerable Rodney J. as a regular house performer.

Rodney has worked Vegas with the greats and the near-greats, and his smooth 50s sound is sure to draw some oldies fans to the King of Clubs.

Slim Roberts and Texas Weather will furnish the music May 14 as management of Texas 46 in Spring Branch honors longtime waitress Tonya Daves.

It’s a going-away party of sorts, since Daves will enter nursing fulltime after receiving her R.N. certificate at San Antonio College.

And you can tell them that you heard about Wendy’s “finger-licking-good” chilli by reading Action Magazine.

Gypsy Cowgirls cont’d

“Our new lead, Aaron Stroup, is from New Mexico by way of Indiana,” Carley Pilgrim said. “He has been in Austin only six months. He has worked with a number of touring bands. Steve Strickland, our bass player, has played music for over 35 years, and he has plenty of enthusiasm to go along with the experience. And Perry Bantly, our original drummer, will hopefully stay with us forever.”

For bookings, call Scooter or Carley at (512) 554-8007, or go to www.gypsycowgirls.com. You will probably be glad that you did.

Where To Find Action

NORTHEAST

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Century Music
C.J.’s Scoreboard
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Jack-N-Around
Jeff Ryder Drums
Jerry Dean’s
Knuckleheads
Kramer’s
Lucky’s
Main Street Bar & Grill
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Marly’s
Me & C.A.
Midnight Rodeo

•14• Action Magazine, May 2005
May Drink Specials...

- Well gin and scotch $2.00 • Domestic longnecks $2.00
- Thursday Cricket Tournaments $5 entry fee, blind draw double elimination signups start at 9:30 p.m. We match half the pot.

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Why live entertainment clubs choose Action

Since 1975, Action Magazine has been the major voice for Texas music and Texas musicians in San Antonio and across South Texas.

We have featured the greats, the near-greats, and a number of struggling young pickers who deserved their shot in print no matter how broke or anonymous they may have been.

Our rewards for some 28 years of continuous publication in the rugged nightclub and live music business have been the advertising dollars to keep on keeping on.

Nightclub operators who advertise their live music lineups in Action Magazine ads know the value of consistent print advertising in this publication. Music fans read our ads religiously, using them to track their favorite musicians and schedule their weekend entertainment activities.

If you have a club featuring live music, your advertising dollars invested with Action Magazine will pay you dividends.

Our unofficial representatives are the musicians who toil on the club stages of San Antonio and South Texas. They know that the place to advertise live music is in Action Magazine. Their very livelihood depends upon music fans patronizing the clubs where they appear.

If you don’t believe it, just ask them.