Sad farewell to the Taco Land legend

Ram Ayala

All photos and article by Jerry Clayworth

... pg. 6

Taco Land regular Apryl Gibson prays at memorial.
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When bees makes honey, lookout for Jay

This is about Jay Hoyer, longtime friend of Action Magazine editor-publisher Sam Kindrick, and onetime lead singer in a 1970s show band called Bees Make Honey.

Jay died last month from complications brought on by diabetes and other ailments, and the only newspaper mention of Hoyer’s passing was a small obituary which appeared in the Sunday Express-News on the day of a funeral home visitation.

The obit noted that Edward J. Hoyer Ill was born in San Antonio on April 13, 1950, and died in San Antonio on July 19, 2005, and that he was preceded in death by his parents, and survived by a sister. And that was about it. No photograph, and nothing about Jay’s life.

Possessed of a wry and sometimes weird sense of humor, Jay Hoyer was a great guy and a super friend. Although straight as a railroad man, having worked for years with Amtrack, traveling mostly between San Antonio and Del Rio.

With Bubba Perron and other musicians, Hoyer regaled local nightclub audiences as the “Queen Bee” in the popular rock group Bees Make Honey.

Although straight in real life, Hoyer never failed to bring the house down at the close of a show by the “Honeys,” mincing onto the stage in blonde wig, lipstick, padded bra, leather box and spike-heel pumps as he howled into the microphone.

Jay’s personal demons were similar to those many of us have battled, but Hoyer was blessed with an inner strength which was made manifest a dozen years ago when he was diagnosed with cancer of the larynx.

Surgeons removed most of Hoyer’s voice box, and the once-boisterous “Queen Bee” was struck mute by the single stroke of a scalpel.

Although doctors told Hoyer he had little chance of regaining his voice, Jay remained adamant that he would talk again. Radiation and chemo robbed Hoyer of his teeth and a lot of weight, but Jay retained his shoulder-length hair (a hard to explain happening), along with his unwavering determination to recover.

Then, a couple of years following his surgery, Hoyer began to regain his speaking voice. By holding his thumb over the hole surgeons had left in his throat, he talked once again, and his voice got stronger with the passage of time.

A true showman, and one of the last great characters we have known, Hoyer would often freak out both friends and strangers by smoking cigarettes through the opening in his throat.

We published an Action Magazine story about a cockroach which entered the hole and wound up rattling around in one of Hoyer’s lungs, the direct result of Jay’s failure to keep the office covered as he slept.

Jay found the cockroach story highly amusing, a testament to his odd sense of humor. But Hoyer would do anything for a friend, and there are numbers of us out there who will never forget him.

Jay was a big fan of 1930s spiritual guru Emmett Fox, and a staunch believer in reincarnation.

So when the spring flowers bloom, and the honey bees gather around to sip the nectar, we may watch and wonder which one could be the queen.

Friend Jay might be closer than any of us will really ever know.

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Frankly Speaking: "VIOLENCE"
After a hands on investigation, I have concluded that there is too much violence. I mean, people are "BEATING" their meat, "SPANKING" their monkey, "POUNDING" their pad, "SLAMMING" their salami, and "WHACKING" off. I believe that women are the cause of this violence! If they would help get a grip on this situation: lend a hand in solving this abuse; then we could get off this cycle of violence; and we could clean up this mess.
But, that's just one man's opinion!

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ATM, VISA, MASTER CHARGE, AMERICAN EXPRESS, CASH

Action Magazine, August 2005
It's been a couple of months since attorney Alan Brown said of Kinky Friedman: "What Kinky needs to understand is that he has a legitimate chance of being elected governor. He needs to cut out a lot of the comedy and really get down to some serious campaigning."

Brown was right on target with this assessment, and Friedman now admits that what started as a gag has now turned into some serious political business.

As an independent candidate, the singing Texas Jew Boy, humorist, mystery novelist, and male Florence Nightingale to thousands of homeless dogs and cats, must garner 45,539 signatures from registered voters who do not cast ballots in the 2006 Democratic or Republican primaries, and he has two months following the March primaries to do so.

**Count me in**

I personally believe Friedman has a chance of being elected governor of Texas, and I will actively join the Kinksterites who are already starting to seriously beat the bushes for an independent voice who admittedly doesn't have all the answers.

Kinky is honest, forthright, refreshingly candid, and 10 times smarter than either Gov. Rick Perry or Carol Keaton Rylander.

Most pundits are predicting a close Republican primary race between Perry and Rylander, ignoring both Friedman and whoever may emerge as leader of the Democratic ticket. So far, no Democrat has expressed intent to run.

The low quality of the established blowhards gives hope and credibility for a Friedman upset. Rylander, the self-professed "one tough grandma," comes across like a gap-toothed cell block lieutenant in a women's prison who might suffer migraines if she didn't get to strike or kick an inmate at least every couple of hours.

**Tricky Ricky out of gas**

Perry, on the other hand, presents the picture of an oleaginous and worn-out insurance salesman who needs to retire and spend more time with his family. Tricky Ricky has simply run out of fresh idea gas, and the man who first appointed him governor is losing popularity at a rapid clip.

Friedman bumper stickers are beginning to crop up, but not nearly enough of them. I have stickers on my two vehicles which read Kinky Friedman for governor in 2006, and My Governor is a Jewish Cowboy. These and other Friedman stickers are available at all San Antonio Planet K stores--two stickers per $10 donation to the Kinky Friedman campaign for governor.

The Express-News quoted Kinky as exclaiming after he was met by a cheering crowd in Houston: "There was a fervor there, like I was breathing life into Texas independence."

A devout animal lover, Friedman has provided new life for thousands of dogs and cats at his Utopia animal refuge. And of his gubernatorial aspirations, he calls himself a "dealer in hope."

**It's okay to reject**

Constantly puffing on stogies which are larger than Great Dane turds, the 60-year-old Kinkster eschews politicians and politics in general, candidly admits that he isn't sure what we should do about property taxes at this time, and vows to show Texans one and all that it's okay to reject those in power.

Friedman is quick on his feet, and he does what he says he will do. I recall an evening back in the early 1980s when a bunch of us were sitting around the late John Goode's Playa Santa Maria down on St. Mary's Street.

Kinky had recently played some club with his Texas Jewboys Band (I believe it was the old Bits 'N Pieces), and I didn't pay him much mind when he said he was in the process of writing a mystery novel. He finished that first novel, and he has been writing them every since.

Friedman recently stepped away from his Texas Monthly Magazine column, and his novel-writing activity has apparently slowed to a standstill as he pursues his goal of becoming governor of Texas.

**Arnold and Jesse**

California elected Arnold Swarzegger governor, and the foreign-born body-builder and actor can't even speak good English. And if wrestler Jesse (The Body) Ventura could be elected governor of Minnesota, then why not Kinky for Texas?

Dean Barkley, Friedman's campaign manager, provides numbers which indicate more than a fighting chance for the Texas Jewboy.

A former U.S. senator from Minnesota who ran as an independent, Barkley was the main force behind Ventura's successful race for governor of Minnesota.

Barkley points to the 71 percent of eligible voters who chose not to vote in the 2002 Texas gubernatorial election. These are the bored, disenchanted, and prospective voters who are sick and tired of the sick and tired lineup of politicians who parade across the television monitors.

Friedman says friends Willie Nelson and Bob Dylan have promised to help with the campaign. If these musical heavies get on the wagon, expect many more to follow--Ray Benson of Asleep At The Wheel, Pauline Reese, Billy Joe Shaver. The possibilies are endless.

Kinky may turn on the masses. If he does, campaign manager Dean Barkley says he will be the next governor of Texas.
This mural arrangement at the Ram Ayala memorial captures the rough, gruff persona of a man who was loved by thousands.

This Ram caricature by an artist known only as "Mig" adorned a Taco Land picnic table with only the words "Taco Land." After Ayala's murder, "Mig" replaced the old caption with the crossbones and word "Silence."

House that Ram built shut down by a bullet; T.L. 'family' in mourning

Text and photos for this article are by Jerry Clayworth.

By Jerry Clayworth

Change is the only constant in the music business. As anyone involved in the local-level scene can tell you, venues, bands and promoters come and go about as frequently as cans of Lone Star are emptied into the bellies of discerning barflies.

One of San Antonio's longest-lived and most loved venues, Taco Land, and three of its family members, became victims of change—the tragic kind of change that no one would have ever imagined—when a pair of armed assailants opened fire in the early morning hours of June 24. On the night the Spurs and thousands of fans were celebrating the team's third NBA championship, the music community was thrust into a shocking and sorrowful night of infamy.

Taco Land's 72-year-old owner, Ramiro (Ram) Ayala, was struck and killed by a single bullet to the chest. He was pronounced dead at Brooke Army Medical Center upon arrival.

Doorman Shot

Doorman Douglas (Gypsy Doug) Morgan, 53, suffered two gunshot wounds and spent nearly three weeks in University Hospital's ICU before organ failure and other complications (made worse by previous health issues) took his life.

Denise Koger, 41, a bartender at the club known by many of us as Sunshine, was shot in the back as she went to retrieve what little cash was on hand on such a slow night. After a series of surgeries and plenty of thoughts and prayers from her extended Taco Land family, Denise was released from the hospital and has made a remarkable recovery thus far.

It was a senseless and cowardly act that took away so much from so many that night... What cannot be taken away, however, are the spirit, music and memories that grew out of Ram's nearly 40 years of operating this legendary landmark.

The Ram-isms

Over the last 20-plus years I've spent untold hours in this one-time taco stand. I've seen hundreds of bands, met thousands of people, and the Ram-isms... There are certainly no shortage of Ram-isms.

In 1965, a friend who knew of Ayala's interest in going into business for himself pointed him to a tiny taco joint on the northern edge of downtown called Taco Land. It was in the industrial area which was home to several soda bottling plants, the Pearl Brewery, milk processors, and a variety of warehouses, commercial launderers and retailers. With his wife Tina at his side, Ram went into partnership with the restaurant's owner.

A Brisk Trade

Business was brisk for a while as area workers packed the place every day for breakfast and lunch, and for those who didn't make it in time to grab a seat, there was a tiny takeout window next to the front door. By 2 p.m. the day was done and Ram would close up and leave for his evening job working as a union film projectionist in movie houses like the Mission Drive-In, The Majestic, Aztec and Texas.

Joe Chavez kneels in grief at memorial site.
As businesses closed down, relocated, and changed shift schedules in the area, Taco Land's food sales took a dip for several months. Tina had urged Ram to convert it from a restaurant to a bar, and in 1969 he bought out his partner's share for $21,000 and did exactly that. It wasn't long before Taco Land was making more money (with less overhead) than it had before.

**The Evolvement**

With the late-night clientele drinking and dancing to jukebox music ranging from 50s rock to conjunto to Motown, the Taco Land that Ram Ayala himself. For years Ram held down the positions of owner and proprietor, bartender, greater, bouncer, father figure, pool shark, and anything else that was necessary to contribute to the musical atmosphere. He was definitely the master of colorful expletives. How many folks do you know who can effectively use the word "pussy" to well-continue on pg. 8.

 Ram Ayala himself. For years Ram held down the positions of owner and proprietor, bartender, greater, bouncer, father figure, pool shark, and anything else that was necessary to contribute to the musical atmosphere. He was definitely the master of colorful expletives. How many folks do you know who can effectively use the word "pussy" to well-
come an old friend, curb the actions of a would-be troublemaker, and even send a belligerent drunk packing to the nearby Winner's Circle bar? Sure, Joseph's Foodliner could serve you a hell of a root beer float, but they didn't have Ram.

The Punk Scene
In the early 1980s, the music at Taco Land began to transform thanks in large part to Richard (Country Dick) Hays. Hays started book­ ing a variety of punk and garage bands, which drew a larger and younger audience than the usual gigs. Once again, the revenues took a sharp increase. Ram started again, the revenues took off. She showed a 16-year-old kid she had never known could play bass guitar. Ram's high on the last show I saw her play. I was really impressed that she had such a strong will to play and that she never gave up. She never gave up on herself. Ram was going to play in every show and she was going to make it happen.

Heavy Hitters
Where else can you catch industrial/rock pioneer Helios Creed one week, and Mistress Of Reality, an all-female Black Sabbath tribute band the next? And in some rare instances the history of an artist can be tracked via Taco Land.

One of my all-time favorite performers is Texacala Jones. The first time I saw Tex was there in 1984 as frontwoman for cowpunk legends Tex and The Horseheads. Most recently, just a few weeks ago at longtime Taco Lander Ann Parsell's graduation soiree, Tex appeared with her current group--Texacala Jones and Her TJ Hookers. There were countless appearances throughout the in-between years as well. And distance never diluted that connection. We'd speak regularly through the years, and Tex often asked me how Ram was doing, just as Ayala kept the Horseheads promo poster on the ceiling directly above his barstool for many years (when he opened up the pool room that poster was framed and displayed on the wall). Once in a while I would hear folks ask Ram who his favorite bands are, and he'd point to that poster. It was fitting that Texacala was among the artists who played the final night of live music on Taco Land's patio.

Yeah, the good times I've enjoyed in the House of Ram have been extremely good. And the stories, friends and memories I have from there far outweigh anything I would have ever imagined back in 1983 when Ram showed a 16-year-old kid the trust and respect that he did.

They Mourned
That Friday morning after the shootings, we saw word of this tragedy travel very quickly. At midnight there was a growing memorial at the club's front wall, and by 10 that night there were several hundred mourners spilling off the Taco Land property into the streets. So many tears, hugs, and prayers were shared that evening.

One of the TV reporters asked if I appreciated the place more because of this tragedy. I told her that I've always appreciated the place and the people, and if I feel stronger about it now, it's only because I know there won't be any new Taco Land memories or great times to experience.

That Sunday after the shootings saw another huge turnout for a benefit to help our friends Doug and Denise with their soon-to-mount medical and living expenses. In addition to Texacala there were numerous bands, including Sons Of Hercules, Los #3 Dinners, The Swindles, Los Mescaleros, Total 13, and more. Over $4,500 was raised at the event.

Family Helped
It should be noted that the weekend's gatherings were made possible through the generosity of Ram's wife Tina Cruz and their sons Mark and Edward. At a time when they were suffering with the loss of their husband and father, they recognized that the public had also lost a very special person. And the serious injuries to our two friends which eventually led to the loss of Doug's life. They were even kind enough to donate dozens of cases of beer to the benefit. Truly unselfish, exactly as Ram had always been.

With the help of witness statements, fingerprint evidence, and a tip called in to Crime Stoppers, the two suspects have since been arrested and are awaiting trial. They are each charged with two cases of capital murder, one of attempted capital murder, and a long list of other charges.

The Cruz family is holding a memorial service for Ram on Sunday, August 14, at 8:30 p.m., at the historic Josephine Theater, located at Josephine Street and North St. Mary's, which is just around the corner and up the street from Taco Land.

The night will include live music and remembrances. It will be open to the public, and all of Ram's friends and fans are invited to attend. There will also be a special blood drive that evening which begins at 7 p.m.

So arrive early. Donors will receive a commemorative T-shirt while the supply lasts.

Writer and photographer Jerry Clayworth (foreground) during happier days with members of Southern Culture On The Skids prior to a Taco Land show.

Ram with the ladies in 1994 photograph.

Joe Chavez kneels in grief at memorial site.
Scatter Shots

Henry's 50th Bash
Blues hoss Henry Perez, AKA River City Slim, celebrated his 50th birthday last month with a record release party at Tra's Cocktail Lounge which attracted a monster crowd—too large, even, for everyone present to enter the popular Babcock Road club at one time.

Fans ranging from bankers to bandidos completely packed the entire strip center which houses Tra's, and many had to park as much as two blocks away.

With brother Roy Perez on bass, Henry gave the crowd what they came to hear—raw blues guitar in his inimitable style, plus some new material from the new CD titled Some Kind of Lovin'.

Among River City Slim originals on the new record is an instrumental titled A Tribute to Ram.

Perez played Taco Land for many years, and was a personal friend of Taco Land owner Ram Ayala.

Benefits Slated
A benefit to defray medical expenses for the wife of Fiddlin' Frenchie Burke will be held from 2 p.m. until 11 p.m. at Bluebonnet Palace in Selma.

Frenchie's wife Sarah incurred some husky medical bills resulting from heart surgery.

Expected to play the Burke benefit are Darryl McCall, Johnny Lyon, Metheny Brothers, Billy Mata, Bubba Littrell, Dotty, Kenny Dale, Randy Coriner, Larry Butler, Jake Hooker, Tony Pickens, Bill Davis, Johnny Lee and possibly Gene Watson along with others.

On August 19, a benefit will be held from 7 till 12 p.m. at Martinez Hall in Martinez for the family of Brandy Hughes, who died at age 22 after childbirth from a rare ailment which attacks pregnant women. Brandy died a day after her child, Dakoda.

Set to play this show are Frenchie Burke, Bobby Flores, Johnny Lyons, Richard Hailey, Allen Torans, Jimmy Cribb, and others.

Mud Martin Bomber
True bird lovers must operate O'Malley's on Fredericksburg Road.

A mother swallow (known as mud martin in these parts) sits with her nestling young directly over O'Malley's front door. And the fallout is prodigious.

With bird droppings literally white washing the wall and entrance to the pub, O'Malley's patrons must enter and exit at their own risk, a fact which nature lovers may applaud. As for O'Malley's management, well...figure it out. If you can't take a little bird shit on occasion, then go...
drink someplace else.
We like dogs and birds, so hooray for O'Malley's.

Singing Cowboy

Ken Raba, the singing cowboy from South Dakota who was featured in a recent issue of Action, is still working regularly at Specht's Store near Bulverde.

Raba has one of those spectacular male voices to go along with Hollywood good looks and a real talent for writing music. He lives in a converted horse trailer near Dripping Springs, and he has a couple of self-produced records he put together in a studio built into his living digs.

But Raba could use a boost up at this point in time. If Lloyd Maines or another record producer of note doesn't pick up on Raba, something is wrong with the system. This guy has the potential for some big stuff, and Maines has the savvy to get Ken Raba off and running.

The Former Mayor

Remember Bill Thornton, the oral and maxillofacial surgeon who served as mayor of San Antonio way back before the current and most-recent crop of municipal leaders appeared on the scene?

When asked recently if he would ever consider another go in the local mix for mayor, Thornton said with a smile: “Why would I ever want to do such a thing? I happen to be happy now.”

A.A. World Confab

Some San Antonio members of Alcoholics Anonymous have just returned from the A.A. World Conference in Toronto, which was attended by more than 60,000 former drunks.

The next A.A. World Conference is scheduled for 2010 in San Antonio, just a short five years from now. This, of course, will be the first such event ever held in San Antonio. In cities which have hosted these worldwide affairs—Toronto and San Diego—police report the most well-behaved convention attendees in the history of their towns—zero arrests for public intoxication, zero fights, no urinating in open view, and nary a drunk driver on the streets. You won’t find a more orderly throng than this at a Billy Graham crusade.

It’s a pity that the late Express-News columnist Paul Thompson couldn’t have lived to see the world conference come to San Antonio.

A controversial writer who gave no quarter and asked none in return, Thompson was a strong force in the local A.A. community, donating both his time and money to down-and-out drunks in need of help. And he did it all anonymously.

Give Up, Judge

The health issues of 80-year-old Supreme Court Chief Justice continued on pg. 14
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Touring songwriter
Sarah Popejoy has
hard Borders show

God bless Sarah Popejoy, and shame on Borders Books Music and Cafe for even trying to book live entertainment at their various local locations.

Poor Sarah Popejoy. We watched this talented and sensitive young songwriter and performer struggling valiantly last month before what must have been the worst audience nightmare any entertainer could imagine.

We found Sarah fulfilling her contract to work solo in Borders Books stores at the Huebner and IH 10 locations. It would be euphemistic to label Sarah a “trooper.” She’s a portrait of raw courage and fighting rooster grit, a double-tough little booger who can stand and deliver original and beautiful music to breathing corpses and zombie-like double-domes who sit with their faces buried in books and magazines as she struggles with lyrics and guitar.

Don’t even ask what prompted Action Magazine to visit Border Books and Sarah Popejoy. Maybe it was the name. The country ain’t exactly overrun with Popejoys. And maybe it is Sarah’s record label—Wide Eyed Babe Records, the vehicle which carries her maiden CD, an interesting folk-rock collection called Complete Exposure.

We were stunned and disgusted to find Sarah Popejoy playing one song after another to an audience of classless jerks who sat in the Borders coffee shop area reading their books and magazines. She would have found a more responsive audience in Sunset Memorial Park.

Sarah would announce the title of an original tune, then sing the entire song to people who wouldn’t even look up at her.

We listened to three tunes while loading a camera with film and preparing for photographs and a few words of interview with Ms. Popejoy.

After the first song, dead silence.

After the second tune, more dead silence.

We listened to one more song and the rustle of book and magazine pages. Nothing else.

After Sarah’s next number, we were unable to tolerate anymore.

As she finished the song, we started applauding, whistling, and stomping on the floor.

The commotion seemed to rouse some of the Borders Book dead from their lethargic reading.

A young couple next to Sarah’s performing area on the coffee shop floor put their books down and joined our applause.

Then a balding fellow who resembled one of the TV Computer Nerds, peered over the top of his book with a look of surprise on his face. Only then did he seem to realize that there was a guitar-strumming entertainer in the house.

Beaming at the sudden rush of attention, Sarah announced that she would craft original and impromptu songs right there before the audience.

“Just give me a phrase, a sentence, anything,” she said. “And I will write a song as I go.”

The horrible book worms began to pitch a few ideas her way, and Sarah Popejoy responded with both lyrics and melody in spontaneous fashion.

A native of Tulsa, Popejoy started writing songs as a teenager, and after four months of guitar lessons she was writing music to fit the lyrics. Then, after a year-and-a-half of vocal lessons, she was performing at coffee houses and open mics from Ohio to Nashville and back to Nashville again.

“The first time I left Nashville, I was completely demoralized,” Popejoy said. “People there called songwriting a craft. To me, it is an art form, and always will be.”

From Nashville, Popejoy toured colleges and listening rooms of the northeast, working Boston’s famous Club Passim and Pittsburgh’s Club Cafe. At the Borders gig, she indicated that she is again hanging her hat in Nashville. She’s obviously getting tougher by the day.

As for the lifeless audience at the book store, Popejoy shrugged and smiled.

“They weren’t too bad,” she grinned. “I guess it could have been worse.”

Maybe so. But we had to fight back a sudden urge to pitch Sarah Popejoy in the back of our truck and haul her mercifully down to Claude Morgan’s Wednesday night jam at Casbeers.
Scatter Shots cont’d
William Rehnquist makes a strong argument against the policy of appointing U.S. Supreme Court judges for life. Undergoing chemo and radiation for thyroid cancer, and sometimes confined to a wheelchair due to other ills, Rehnquist says he will continue on as chief justice as long as his health permits.

Most everyone in this country is pulling for the old booger to recover, but many wonder if he is healthy enough to perform his high court duties during his treatment.

Bush’s Legacy
Since George Bush rushed us into an invasion of Iraq, the American military death toll has exceeded seventeen-hundred (1,763 as of this writing on July 16), and our great commander-in-chief still says the ongoing blood bath in that country is worth the country’s sacrifices.

This is very hard for straight-thinking Americans to fathom, as is the impending launch of another billion-dollar space shuttle, pure bullshit and meaningless waste.

Some of us believe that America should stay out of outer space, the Middle East, and any other country where all we do is wave a red flag at the already enraged bull. And, hopefully, the majority of Americans now know that election of President George W. Bush was a tragic error which has taken the lives of far too many American kids.

We still believe that Bush should have suited his twin daughters in military fatigues and dropped them out of a helicopter over Baghdad when he launched his ill-fated invasion of Iraq.

The Juju Woman
If fortunate teller Jennifer Evans, a 24-year-old kid, deserved her 12-year prison sentence for bilking eight San Antonians out of some $200,000, then her victims should be court-ordered to seek some sort of professional help.

Unfortunately, there is little cure for innate stupidity, and the suckers who handed their life savings over to Evans are probably beyond human aid.

Evans told these people that cancer would kill their loved ones if they didn’t give her the self-styled psychic large sums of money. She said that she had taken the cancer curse into her own body, and that she would rapidly die if her clients didn’t cough up more cash. She claimed that $10,000 was needed for Brazilian sculptures which would cure client cancers, and she convinced many of her victims to take out bank loans and open credit accounts to purchase furniture and other items as payment for her services.

The late P.T. Barnum put it well when he said there is a sucker born every day and two born to take him. And we find it hard to generate much sympathy for people who would give money to a cancer-curing palm reader.

Hooray for Phil
Hooray for Mayor Phil Hardberger, a major municipal official with a soft spot for the homeless and cats which must be euthanized at the city pound.

Hardberger is pushing for an end to the nazi-like gas chambers used to kill stray cats, substituting lethal injection as a more humane way to eliminate the poor critters who have to go.

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FRIDAYS - 7:30-11:30 p.m.
5 ........................................ 2 Way Street
12 ........................................ Slim Roberts & Texas Weather
19 ........................................ Lesti Huff Band
26 ........................................ Bobby Jordan & Ridge Creek

SATURDAYS - 8:30-12:30 p.m.
6 ........................................ Lonestar Pickerz
13 ........................................ Jimmy Cribb Band
20 ........................................ Larry M. Sweeney
27 ........................................ Jimmy Spacek (blues night)

WEDNESDAYS
10 ......................................... Homefire
17 ......................................... Flames of Red
24 ......................................... Homefire
31 ......................................... CALL FOR INFO

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Put your money where the music is!

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.