Darrell McCall
still going strong
Page 6
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•2• Action Magazine, November 2005
Forget it, Phil, those Saints will go marching out

By Jacques E. Strap
Action sports analyst

It’s been a while, folks, but I’m finally back from an extended gambling sojourn into the high country.

I call it the high country because most any country north of New Orleans and Port Arthur could be considered both high and dry by comparison.

I didn’t win anything in the casinos, and my measly losses could not even be classified as losses when we consider what the hurricanes have cost the people of Louisiana and Southeast Texas. And Louisiana, in particular, because that state has lost even more than lives, homes, souls, and personal belongings which can never be recovered.

Louisiana has lost the New Orleans Saints—at least temporarily and most likely permanently, and while San Antonio opened its arms to survivors of both Katrina and Rita, the usual number of human jackals came bounding out of the bush to yap and sniff at the scent of a helpless and vulnerable NFL team foundering on our shores. Myopic business hustlers with less knowledge of pro football and what it would take to support and maintain a profitable franchise here were quick to pop out of the woodwork. And this is to be expected any time the scent of blood is in the air.

But I wasn’t prepared for the shuck and jive which bounced from the Express and News sports pages on the first day I was back on the local scene.

I was just recovering from a stomach virus of the screaming, squinting, thunderous commode variety when I read former mayor Henry Cisneros’s current remarks regarding the dome and pro football in San Antonio.

When everything has been proven to the contrary, here was Cisneros again, advocating NFL football in the impossible goat shed known as the Alamodome, and actually encouraging the shameful shithooks who would steal the football team of a great city still mourning its dead.

And right behind horny Henry comes Mayor Phil with his ego-driven bullshit about snatching up the Saints.

What happened to the staid, responsible, former appeals court judge who recently became our mayor?

Phil is old enough to have waited tables at the Last Supper, and those wrinkles are so numerous that his mouth appears to be eating his face. But here he is...zapo...a sports promoter, an authority on professional football, and a TV figure who is getting more airtime than Bill Parcells and Jerry Jones combined.

If Phil Hardberger actually believes that pro football could become reality in the Alamodome, he is a disappointment. And if he believes the state will foot the bill for another domed stadium in San Antonio, maybe we should have elected fuzzy-cheeked Julian Castro mayor when we had the chance.

The Alamodome was put together wrong for a pro franchise operation, and the corporate heavyweights needed to bankroll such a venture.
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•4• Action Magazine, November 2005
At the risk of being branded politically incorrect, insensitive, racist, and an outright anti-raghead infidel of the first order, permit me to make mention of the big federal counterfeit cigarette sting which netted more than two dozen convenience store (we used to call them ice houses) operators of the Middle Eastern persuasion.

The "Middle Eastern" designation is my own, since the Express and News was careful to stay away from any ethnic, religious, or racial identification of these San Antonio bozos who were trapped by the feds for trying to buy what they thought were stolen cigarettes.

I don’t have the paperwork to prove that any of these alleged counterfeit cigarette conspirators are of camel riding birthings, but I am going on what I consider to be a reasonable assumption. With names like Wael Wahid Jamal Abdelaziz and Moammad Diab Al-Rafati—just to name a couple—I feel reasonably certain that none of these boys hail from Nuevo Laredo or the Irish Republic.

For those who might not know, a "counterfeit cigarette" is a cancer stick from a pack showing that state tax has already been paid when no such payment has been made.

He wanted truckload

In this particular sting operation, federal undercover agents offered to sell cartons of Marlboros for from $10 to $15 each, about half the market price. The ice house owners, operators, and workers put in orders for what they were told were stolen cigarettes, one fellow asking for a tractor-trailer full of the illicit smokes.

There were more than two dozen eager takers, all obviously bent upon taking advantage of and enjoying the great American system of free enterprise, hot smokes or no hot smokes.

It should be noted, however, that there were a couple of names among those charged which indicates that every single defendant might not be of Middle Eastern persuasion. One is Jesse Daniel Peterson, a suspect who remains at large following the initial arrests along with Aziz Abdallah Abdelaziz and Awni Mahmoud Derieh. Maybe Jesse is a brother-in-law or something.

A touchy subject

Federal agents and the daily press alike are very careful what they say when handling the touchy subject of Middle Eastern Americans. And for good reason.

One defense lawyer has already charged that the feds were unfairly smoking out convenience store owners and operators because of their Middle Eastern origins, and I have little doubt that some will accuse me of anti-Arab leanings simply because of this column and the suggestions that I am about to make.

If convicted of the cigarette conspiracy charges leveled against them, these local operators might be likened to their ancestors as mentioned in the fabled Arabian Nights yarns of long ago. And I refer to Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves, a fun-loving bunch of sand dune pirates who grabbed the riches and ravished the virgins as they went about their daily business.

In this particular sting operation, we have about 20 suspects named in indictment or criminal complaints which result from months of investigation by the ATF, the FBI, U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement and San Antonio police. So far none of them has been charged with ravishing virgins or otherwise. Their bag was apparently cigarettes.

No deportment sought

Authorities allege there was a demand for black-market cigarettes, so they used at least one confidential informant who introduced the merchants to an undercover agent to get the sting off and running back in April of 2004. With immigration and customs officials involved, one might expect me to advocate deportment or some sort of expulsion from Texas or the country. But I would never be so foolish as to invite the wrath of civil libertarians who would defend the rights of even Ali Baba himself in a bogus cigarette deal.

My plan is much more simple and practical.

Those convicted in the "stolen cigarette" conspiracy could be hauled by bus or truck to the ranchland near Crawford, Texas which is owned by George Walker Bush, our exalted president and the self-avaowed liberator of the "Iraqi people." Dubya loves people of the Middle Eastern persuasion, and I feel sure he would make a place near Crawford for the Abdallahs, Ahmads, and Sulimans of San Antonio cigarette infamy. They could help him clear juniper cedar from the presidential property, plant date palms, and some of them—when they attain the status of trustee on the Crawford ranch—could be commissioned as roving security personnel.

My Bush opinions

These specially-designated officers would be helpful in safeguarding Bush and his followers from the evil Cindy Sheehan and other women who have lost sons in the Bush-instigated Iraq war.

This, of course, is but phantasy speculation and a euphemistic calculation of my true feelings for George W. Bush. From the outset, I have been saying that Bush is one of America’s greatest mistakes.

I believe the president is a bloody-handed liar and a damn fool who has sacrificed hundreds of American kids at the altar of his own bloated ego. And if I wrote what I really feel about Bush, there would no doubt be somebody sent to arrest me.
Darrell McCall finds there is still a lot of love in San Antonio

It was a McCall family outing last month at Texas Pride Barbeque. Texas Pride owner Tony Talando had booked country music favorite Darrell McCall as the featured attraction, but old McCall fans got more than they had expected.

Darrell brought most of his family along for the show, including wife Mona, the Canadian Indian songstress who belts out her own brand of country music in English, French, and, in the words of her husband, "no telling what else."

As Mona Vary, she once worked in Audrey Williams's band, and she has appeared throughout the years with husband Darrell. Son Cody was present as was daughter Guyanne and niece Amber Digby, a solid country vocalist in her own right who comes by her talent naturally. "Her father was Loretta Lynn's bass player," Darrell laughed. "And she's a dynamite country singer."

A Nashville recording artist who has always performed more around San Antonio and South Texas than anywhere else, McCall was in his element at Texas Pride's big outdoor patio, laughing and visiting with lifelong fans and friends between such old McCall hits as There's Still a Lot of Love in San Antone, Dreams of a Dreamer, Pins and Needles, I'll Break Out Again Tonight, Lily Dale, Down the Road to Daddy's Dreams, and many more.

At 65 and with no signs of flagging energy or desire to entertain his Texas public, Darrell McCall remains pure and unfettered country. His voice is bell-true, strong as an old Army bugle, and still blessed with a natural and unmistakable tremolo which is a carry-over from his days with Ray Price's old Cherokee Cowboys Band.

Price said he lost that band because every musician he had went on to individual stardom. Willie Nelson was the guitar player, Johnny Bush was the drummer, and the bass player was a curly-haired kid named Darrell McCall.

"I learned a lot from Ray," McCall said. "And I've got a Ray Price song on the new record I have coming out soon. I worked with Price back during the days of glitter coats, eagle feathers on our shirts, and a brand of real country music which I still believe was the best in the country."

With the surge of outlaw country (redneck rock) which Willie Nelson used during the 1970s to lead a new breed of musician into the national spotlight, Darrell McCall was a natural candidate for the non-conformist distinction.

The outlaw designation was nothing new for Darrell, for he attended high school in Ohio with the late Johnny Paycheck, and it was with Paycheck that he first arrived in Nashville in 1958.

And it was Nelson who helped revitalize McCall's career with the duet Lily Dale. The Nelson-McCall song was named best duet of 1977 by Cash Box Magazine.

McCall once lived briefly in San Antonio, and he maintained a residence at Helotes for a time. And although he has lived near Nashville for most of his career, he still considers San Antonio his home.

"Here's where my people are," he said. "Here's where most of my friends are. Here's where I aim my music. I maintain that contact with the Nashville music industry, but Texas is where I do my thing."

McCall revealed that he recently signed with Heart of Texas Records in Brady, Texas. Brady, incidentally, is billed by the chamber of commerce there as the exact "heart of Texas."

"I've got my new CD on the label," says McCall. "There are some real names on the label. Leona Williams (she was married to Haggard) and a number of others. A lot of traditional country music people."

Darrell McCall has recorded on such nationally-known labels as Atlantic, Columbia, RCA, and Mercury; he has worked as an actor in such films as Nashville Rebel, What Am I Bid, and Road to Nashville; and he sang the theme in the Paul Newman film Hud.

But McCall is genuinely excited about his new Heart of Texas label in Brady.

"It's an opportunity to do our kind of music, what I call real country music. And the people are great to work with. I'm healthy, happy, and glad to be alive and still out here performing."

When McCall signed with Atlantic in 1974, his debut single for the label was There's Still a Lot of Love in San Antone. That song didn't quite reach the top-50 that year, although it has always been a big hit in San Antonio.
Just a year later, in 1975, Darrell left Atlantic for Columbia where he had his greatest period of chart success since the early 1960s when he was recording some early stuff for Mercury, acting in movies, etc.

Although his first Columbia single Pins and Needles (in my heart) didn't do a lot, the second record cracked the country top-40. That was the Lily Dale duet with Willie. And while such McCall favorites as Down The Road to Daddy's Dreams and The Weeds Outlived the Roses resulted in McCall being dumped by Columbia, Darrell McCall lovers in San Antonio still call out for these songs.

Darrell was here recently to play a benefit for Frenchie Burke's wife, and he has done a lot of work for the Muscular Dystrophy Association.

"I love the people around here," McCall said. "They have done a lot for me and my family through the years. I could never do enough to repay them all."

---

Darrell's daughter Guyanne
Darrell with Texas Pride owner Tony Talanco
Mona McCall

---

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The Writing on the Roadhouse Wall

By Jerry Clayworth

First, I want to say thanks to all who had good things to say about my first page of Action articles.

I've written for a number of music publications since the mid-1980's, but my contributions over the last few years have been a bit sporadic. There are a few reasons for this lack of activity...

Whether it be the long line of periodicals that have gone under due to a lack of advertising dollars to support their production & distribution costs, or samurai editors who either add their own thoughts under the writers' by-line or uncannily chop off the end of your articles to fit it into their precon window. Then there are the publishers who care more about being rock stars & catering to the record companies than they do about the vitality of their product. Sure, there are some marvelous publications out there, but they are certainly few & (often) fleeting.

So the question has been asked of me: "Why Action Magazine?"

I first started picking up Action when at 15 (yep, some 24 years ago), I helped out on weekends at a friend's baseball card & record shop at a local flea market. I'd take my breaks in the snack bar, where there was always a stack of the latest issue. It was very cool to be able to read about Texas artists like Doug Sahm, Roy Head, Darrell McCall and Johnny Bush, then go back to the shop and listen to their records. That was a period of real musical discovery for me, as I had never seen performers like these on Hee Haw or the Grand Ole Opry.

Another interesting element to me was always the editorial commentary from publisher Sam Kindrick. No matter the subject matter, if Sam commented on it, he would have a very definitive opinion. And the "Don't take any crap... Unless of course, you intend to dish out twice as much in return" attitude made this man & his publications a rare breed in the South Texas print media game.

In all these years since I first picked up Action, I've remained a regular reader, and I've run into Sam at shows (his trusty camera & notepad always close at hand) innumerable times. Not only has the magazine been published regularly for over 30 years now, but Mr. Kindrick has always done the lion's share of the work himself. From writing/reporting, interviewing, photographing, selling ads, distribution, etc., it's been 99% a one-man show. Oh, did I mention, he's never even missed a single issue??!

So, "Why Action Magazine?" How often does a writer have an opportunity to have work that they put so much of their heart into published in a magazine that has earned a reputation for being outspoken & brutally honest? One that is dedicated beyond any reasonable limits, and most importantly, one that cares so deeply about the music & musicians that make Texas the rich land that it is? "...Nuf said!"

Now, I want to mention a couple of notable upcoming gigs.

Shawn Sahm & his Tex-Mex Experience will be sharing the bill with Los Lonely Boys at the Majestic Theatre on Sunday, November 6th. Sure is good to see that the West Side soul kette is boiling up again. Hopefully these recent Sahm shows are just the beginning!

Casbeers has the main purveyor of "hard Texas country" (and Action cover-boy of a few months ago), Dale Watson on Friday, November 11th. This is significant because it may be the last time looplanders have the opportunity to catch Mr. Watson's show for quite some time. You see, Dale has written on his website that as of January 1st he's packing up the plantation and moving up to Baltimore to be closer to his children. With the move, he says that he plans to take an indefinite hiatus from the music biz.

For those on the outskirts, Dale & His Lone Stars also have a gig at the Hangin' Tree in lovely downtown Bracken on Saturday, November 26th...

Also at Casbeers on Saturday, November 19th will be the long-anticipated return of Alejandro Escovedo (with the Orchestra lineup in-tow). When Afa...
Scatter Shots

Tempting Death

With all the police hype about driving safety and responsibility on the highways of the city, state, and nation, you would think the San Antonio cops could do a little better job of looking out for themselves.

Just hours after police officer John Wheeler died in a fiery crash last month between his parked patrol car and a vehicle going almost 100 miles per hour, there sat another police cruiser on the shoulder of U.S. 281 near Alamo Stadium which seemed to be tempting if not defying fate.

This car was on the northbound shoulder, parked only inches from the right freeway lane, and sardined next to the rocket scientist mentality.

Northbound motorists rounding a curve at this point found themselves almost on top of the parked cruiser before the squad car became visible.

A few too many feet to the right by a speeding drunk rounding that curve, and you could have another ball of fire the likes of which engulfed Wheeler and the drunk who drove into him.

It doesn’t require a rocket scientist mentality to graduate from the police academy, but you would think the boys in blue could find a safer place to make out their reports, ambush speeders, or do whatever it is they do while parked beside a busy roadway.

The Falls

The Falls located at 226 W. Bitters, is Action Magazine’s newest live music advertiser, and a venue which general manager Freddie Vargas calls “the classiest bar in San Antonio.”

Bands featured Tuesdays through Sundays include Chris Boss, E-7, Jaw Breaker, and Alter Ego, to name a few. And there’s Karaoke on Mondays with cash prizes.

The music is mostly soft rock cover material. And the guitar work of Chris Boss is featured every Wednesday.

The late Sod Durst

The best stories are the true stories, and tales involving the late Texas Ranger Sod Durst of the Junction area will apparently live forever.

Durst was a cedar brake character with an outlandish sense of humor, a natural stutter from birth, and a penchant for calling just about everybody “Poochie.”

K.O. Pierce, 80-year-old San Antonio resident and a former liquor board agent in the Junction area, recalls the story of Durst’s unforgettable arrest and attempted prosecution of a pair of Junctionites who were caught skinny dipping down by the forks of the North and South Llano rivers.

“What’s the charge?” asked the judge.

“Indecent exposure,” said Durst. “Naked swimming.”

Indicating the female defendant, the judge asked: “What did she have on?”

---

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NOVEMBER BAND SCHEDULE

Date Band Time
November 04 Fri. GERONIMO .......... 8-12 - $5
November 05 Sat. GERONIMO ........ 9-1 - $5
November 11 Fri. JIMMY CRIBB ....... 8-12 - $5
November 12 Sat. THE WOODSIST ... Afternoon show .......... 2-5 - NC
November 12 Sat. SEAN CASTILLO & THE HUBCAPS .......... 9-1 - $5
November 18 Fri. BIMBO AND BORDERLINE .......... 8-12 - $5
November 19 Sat. PAULINE REESE ........ 9-1 - $5
November 20 Sun. THE BARN DANGERS ...... 4-7 - NC
November 23 Wed. Thanksgiving Eve MANUEL BRIDGS .......... 8-12 - $5
November 26 Sat. DALE WATSON .......... 9-1 - $5

This will be Dale's last show in this area for the next six months. He is taking some time off, so catch him if you have time.

---

Now that you’ve found Luckenbach, where the heck is Brocken!
"Nothing," replied Sod Durst.

"And what did this man have on?" the judge inquired.

Sod's reply made Junction history.

"By God, p-p-­Poohie, he had a hard on!"

Specht's Marks 20

Specht's Store Restaurant and Saloon near Bulverde will cel­e­brate its 20th anniversary on November 25.

Kate Mangold, who has been at the Specht's helm since the old gener­al store and former post office was converted into a thriving restaurant and bar, said music for the anniversary party will be provided by J.D. Meister and wife Jennifer (of Meister and Meister fame).

The Meisters, inci­dentally, are working with famed Austin guitarist John Inmon, a much sought-after studio musician who has played gui­tar in Jerry Jeff Walker's band and with other nota­bles.

Specht's owner Kate Mangold was married to Jake Noll when the couple opened the restaur­ant and bar, and after their divorce some 10 years ago (they are friends today), Jake went on to operate Big Daddy's near Bulverde before moving to the Medina Lake area where he was working as a park supervi­sor when diagnosed with throat cancer.

Currently undergoing both chemotherapy and radiation (some rough stuff), Jake remains in rel­atively good spirits while shuttling between the Audie Murphy VA Hospital and the Bulverde home of his school­teacher daughter Lisa Mills. With throat burned raw from radiation, and with a feeding tube inserted in his midsection, Noll is weathering the chemo and radiation storm. And with such hospital visitors as old friends Boogie Wynans, Augie Meyers, radio legend Ron Houston, and others, Jake maintains the sense of humor which has always been a big part of his personality.

His greatest support, of course, comes from the two family rocks who are now anchored near his bedside on a near-contin­uous basis—daughter Lisa and ex-wife Kate. Lisa does it all—from mixing medications, driving her dad from hospital to home, and loading the feeding apparatus at the appropriate times. When the chips are really down, the real play­ers always materialize. And that's how it is sup­posed to be.

More Tough Times

Brenda Boswell, an old friend and longtime Action Magazine advertis­er, is recovering from open-heart surgery which followed a heart attack she suffered last month shortly after her Pour House bar caught fire and partially burned. Brenda came through it all. When the chips are really down, the real play­ers always materialize.

That's how it is sup­posed to be.

Specht's Owner

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Action Magazine, November 2005 •11•
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Noon till 6
Motorcycle procession to deliver gifts at 1:00 p.m.
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•12• Action Magazine, November 2005
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sam:
Lee Ramirez forwarded several copies of Action Magazine to the TFGA (Texas Fingerstyle Guitar Association) members in the Spring/Houston area and I must tell you that I was extremely humbled by the praises you so lavishly bestowed upon me and my fellow TFGA members.

It will be difficult for me at least to live up to your rave review. I want you to know that I and the other TFGA members deeply appreciate your wonderful comments. They provide the inspiration and encouragement to all of us to continue playing.

Thank you very much for taking the time to come out to our little picking session.

Sincerely,
Jeff Grice

Editor’s Note:
Our article last month on the back porch-style picking session here by members of the fingerstyle guitar association may have understated the awesome talent displayed by these guys who play guitars the wayvirtually all guitar was meant to be played-with thumb and fingers working in unison.

Retired Houston police officer Jeff Grice just happens to be one of the best in the bunch, along with San Antonio’s Lee Ramirez and others too numerous to mention in this space.

With these guys alive and doing their thing, the legends of such fingerstyle guitar wizards as Chet Atkins and Merle Travis will never die. So hooray for the Texas Fingerstyle Guitar Association. Maybe we will meet up with these dedicated purists again.

Dear Sam:
It’s me again, once more asking to use your magazine as a public forum. It’s nice to know that one thing in this town never changes. Sam Kindrick prints what’s real, good, bad, or ugly. Thanks for giving us that for all these years.

I recently moved back to San Antonio after spending a little over a year in Houston. I don’t want to malinger our eastern neighbor, but I must say that there are many advantages to being back home. Public transportation is one of them.

I don’t know how anyone functions in Houston without a vehicle. Perhaps that’s why almost 2-million people who were trying to evacuate before Rita changed course could not leave there without taking every vehicle they owned. I stayed put, and I swear if I EVER hear the phrase “hunker down” uttered again I may go completely out of my mind. But as I watched interview after interview where there were two people and a dog in an SUV in which the occupants stated that they were part of an 8-vehicle caravan, I wondered why there weren’t 8 people in that SUV. At first it was funny, and then it was downright sad to realize that we live in a society where our “stuff” is so important to us that we cannot flee danger without trying to take it with us. And to think, I was so recently one of those who would have been right out there amongst them.

Which brings me to the point of this letter. During the last few years, as I have looked for answers as to why my life keeps falling apart at the same place over and over again, I came to the startling realization that it’s because I fall apart at the same place...over and over again. Okay, lesson learned. Now what? Well, the only thing to do is change something. So, after taking a good hard look at all the things I’ve done in my life I decided that (a) it’s not all about how hard I work, it’s about how effective my efforts are; and (b) I am not responsible for changing the world...just changing my own behavior will suffice; and (c) the most important thing I can do is find work that is personally fulfilling and will make a difference in some way.

As the army recruiters say, “It’s not just a job, it’s an adventure.” So let the adventure begin.

The recent storms in New Orleans and Beaumont have left thousands either homeless or in some kind of temporary shelter. The “solutions” being offered by FEMA and the federal government are not working.

These people are frustrated and afraid, and many of them may not be able to even begin returning home for at least a year, while others will probably never return. I am sure that there are those who will wait for someone to come along and bail them out of this, but I’m willing to bet that there are many who would prefer taking control of their own destiny and rebuild their lives, just as I’m trying to do. It is to those people, and the ones in this community who have shown that they wish to cooperate in a mutual effort that I address the rest of this letter.

When I was faced with the very real possibility of being homeless myself, I decided that, if it was inevitable, then all I could do was devise some kind of plan to get my life back as quickly as possible. And even though I didn’t end up homeless, I have continued to develop this idea because it seemed to be the purpose for which all my experience in life has prepared me. When the storms hit, it made me even more sure of that. I saw how the community turned out to help these people whose lives were destroyed. And while the big agencies were asking for money, the people were asking for help. I had no money to give, so I tried to volunteer my time, and was turned away from the Astrodome because I hadn’t registered.

As my experience in life has never changed. The recent storms in New Orleans and Beaumont have left thousands either homeless or in some kind of temporary shelter. The “solutions” being offered by FEMA and the federal government are not working.

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Sincerely,
Jeff Grice
Scatter Shots cont'd
the surgery with flying colors, and is planning on attending her Pour House birthday blast next month.
And Elizabeth Battros, owner of Mitchell's, was hospitalized at this writing with a broken hip which she suffered in a fall. Here's hoping that "Liz" will be up and back at it soon.

The Legal Buzzards
With issuance of the 2005 SBC yellow pages, mini yellow pages, and white pages, we are greeted by a new influx of legal personal injury vultures who invite your authorization to sue those of us who have been relieved of money.

Old phone book Claghorn Wayne Wright (his TV clients pronounce it Waynewright) is still hogging some directory space. The directories now feature ads by Maloney, Tinsman & Sciano, Malaise & Davis, Tyler & Peery, Branton & Hall, and the Forrest Welmaker Law Firm.

It's okay for the ambulance chasing lawyers to finance printing of the phone directories, but those of us who have been around the courts all know that the really good attorneys don't buy space on phone books, the late Pat Maloney being an exception.

Jacques E. Strap cont'd
in San Antonio would not waste a penny renewing the Henry Clisneros abortion which resembles an old and up-ended Maytag washing machine.

Like the New Orleans Superdome, the Alamodome would have to be razed and re-built from the ground up for any sort of pro sports operation to flourish in those spots. And you can bet that the Superdome will probably be resurrected before any move is ever made to repeat the great San Antonio mistake.

Saints owner Tom Benson didn't ride into town on a load of old Chevrolet parts. While there has been comraderie talk of his relocating the team in San Antonio, you can bet and believe that he will likely go along with the league's wishes to move the team to L.A. when all is finally said and done. Right now, though, he needs a spot to park his team, and San Antonio is the most likely spot.

So the Saints are spending the season training here. And the league allowed three home games to be played in the Alamodome.

Yet the hype goes on. Even the daily press is doing its share to pump San Antonio as a future home for the New Orleans Saints. After the Saints beat lowly Buffalo here, the Express and News described the Alamodome crowds as "loud and proud."

Proud of what? Another city's team? Henry Clisneros? An arena which is fit only for goat-rapings and cheerleader schools? Phil Hardberger should be ashamed of himself. Most of us thought he had more class than he has demonstrated thus far. Shouldn't we wait for all the dead bodies to float up in New Orleans before trying to steal away their football team?

And I get what threats to be another major gastrointestinal upheaval when I read about the ignorant Dallas Cowboys sycophants here who would lick the boot leather of Jerry Jones if afforded the opportunity.

The newspaper quoted one poor misguided soul as saying "we bleed blue and silver" around here. And didn't I see some screaming old guines wearing jerseys which read "San Antonio Saints?"

Excuse me while I check the Imodium supply. The galloping trots might strike again.

Letters cont'd
tered at the website.

Well, money isn't going to fix this, at least not just money. What it's going to take is people working together for a common purpose. So here's what I'm looking for:

1. Someone who has a vacant building who is willing to consider loaning or leasing (at a very low cost) the property towards the effort for one to two years. At the end of that time the property will be returned in better condition than it was given. If the plan is successful, a longer term might be negotiated if that is of benefit to all parties.

2. A group of people who were homeless or in temporary shelters who wish to contribute their time and efforts to improving the property and participating in fund raising efforts such as art sales, music performances, bartending of services or skills to garner supplies...there are many possibilities here. The key is being willing to work at whatever capacity one is able.

The community has demonstrated its willingness to support the evacuees and it was great to see the compassion displayed by the residents of San Antonio. I believe that is what is needed more than anything else. I can't do this on my own, and I am hoping that there are others out there who are tired of throwing money at problems that really require our efforts. If so, please e-mail to mizman@yahoo.com and lets see if we can prove that cooperation is what works.

Thanks, Sam
Wanda Thompson
(formerly Seele)
Editor's Note:
Wanda (formerly Seele) Thompson operated Wings, the number-one blues club in San Antonio, for a number of years, booking everyone from Mem Shannon to Maria Muldaur. And she is a former president of the San Antonio Blues Society.

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Jerry Dean's
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Kramer's
Lucky's
Main Street Bar & Grill
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Me & C.A.
Midnight Rodeo
Our Glass Cocktails
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Penthouse
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Planet K
Pour House
Rascals
Recovery Room
Roadhouse Saloon
Rod Dog's Saloon
Sam Ash Music
Scandals
Schooner's
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STATS
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Calico Club
Casa
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J.C.'s Nostalgia
Joggers
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Lindy's
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TRA'S Cocktails
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Saturday, Nov. 5 • Mott Davis and The Cool Deal featuring Pete Anderson, The Texas Sapphires open
Tuesday, Nov. 8 • Rusty Martin
Thursday, Nov. 10 • The Swindles
Friday, Nov. 11 • Dale Watson, Nancy Apple and Rob McMurlin open
Saturday, Nov. 12 • The Chinny Lovers
Tuesday, Nov. 15 • Open Mike with Glenn and Kim
Friday, Nov. 18 • Los #3 Einsteins
Saturday, Nov. 19 • Alejandro Escovedo Orchestra, Michael Martin opens
Tuesday, Nov. 22 • TBA
Wednesday, Nov. 23 • Casbeers Campfire Songwriter Series hosted by Butch Morgan with Mark Janger and Roger Marie from The Fred Eaglesmith Band. This will be a new Monthly event.
Thursday, Nov. 24 • Closed for Thanksgiving
Friday, Nov. 25 • Sisters Morales
Saturday, Nov. 26 • Omar and the Howlers
Tuesday, Nov. 29 • The Crimson Jazz Orchestra

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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.