Renowned Western Artist

Clinton Baermann

Article pg. 8

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• Action Magazine, April 2008
Adiose, Megan, and thanks again

By Sam Kindrick

This article is for Megan Stendebach, a tough and brave lady who went out of her way to be nice to me.

I wrote an article about Megan and her Bracken County Band a number of years ago, and it hasn’t been too long since I promised her another story.

The one I promised her would have dealt with her plans to get her band back together and return to such country music stages as Big John’s Hangin’ Tree where she got her start in country music.

I couldn’t keep that last promise, for Megan died March 18 at age 47. And it was at the Hangin’ Tree where I last talked with Megan about both her shaky health and her hopes for a future in music.

Megan was known all over the country for her thyroid cancer survival and her subsequent work with the La Leche League and the Thyroid Cancer Survivors Association.

With Hangin’ Tree owner Big John Oaks’ support and encouragement, Megan spearheaded benefits for the thyroid cancer organization at the unique Bracken dance hall. And it was not uncommon to find Megan tending bar on occasion when Big John was short on help.

Big John loved Megan, as did hundreds of Hangin’ Tree customers and music fans. And I will never forget the letter she wrote me after a column I did about the death of my 16-year-old Jack Russell Terrier Petey. Only a true dog lover could have penned those words Megan included in her Action Magazine letter-to-the-editor, and I was not at all surprised to see that her beloved Golden Retriever, Sage, was listed as a survivor in her daily newspaper obituary.

It has been less than a year since Megan Stendebach wrote me about my dog’s death. And it was at the Bracken Hangin’ Tree where I had the opportunity to thank her for those kind words, and inquire, one last time, about her plans, dreams, and the cancer she fought so gamely.

“Well,” Megan said with a drawn smile, “I still plan to get back into music, but I guess it will have to wait for awhile. I have just been diagnosed with ovarian cancer.”

I didn’t know what to say. What in hell could I say? I think I hugged Megan and mumbled something about a second article on her band when and if...

Many people, I am sure, read the well-written and loving obituary that someone wrote about Megan. It told of her love for husband Steve and son Erik, her work with Steve in both

continued on pg. 14
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You only wave with your middle finger and —

If you don't have a gun, you must be a tourist!

So learn the rules or stay home! - Frank

---

The Trap Blog—http://caughtinthe trap.blogspot.com/
I've got two subjects rattling around the top shelf here, and the only connection between the two is that they both piss me off.

Few mainstream writers would care to dwell very long on either of these topics, and I am well aware of the dangers involved. I'm not a nazi, a skinhead, a member of the KKK, or a redneck racist with any agenda against any race, color, or creed. But I do believe that I may be a member of the newest of American minorities—a white boy Anglo Saxon word mechanic on the horns of a true journalistic dilemma:

To write or not to write about such topics as:

O.J. Simpson. He is just one of the disgusting topics.

At the risk of being branded politically incorrect (or worse), I would like to make mention of both media people and celebrity worshippers who all but kissed double-murderer O.J. Simpson's ass during his recent visit to San Antonio. And although there is absolutely no connection between Simpson and blacklist Express-News columnists Cary Clack, the column Clack wrote on missing (and probably murdered) Alabama teenaged Natalee Holloway says more about "Clickety-Clack" than any opinion I might broach.

Allowing as how he was sick of news clips on the girl who was presumably abused and murdered on the island of Aruba, Clack wrote: Holloway became emblematic of the media's obsession of what has become known as "The Missing White Woman Syndrome," a proclivity noted by the National Missing Persons Helpline, in which a disproportionate amount of coverage is given to a missing person if the victim is white and female.

Coverage resented

Professing care and sympathy for Natalee or any other girl child of any hue who might be raped, murdered, or similarly abused, Clack states his resentment toward the excessive coverage given her case by those in the news business. And when new reports of evidence in the Natalee Holloway case flashed across TV screens in February, Clack wrote that his inclination was to change the channel. This, I'm sure, would make Natalee's mother feel really good.

I know a little about how Clack feels. I quit reading Clack, Carlos Guerra, and nationally syndicated African-American columnist Leonard Pitts years ago. While all of these writers have both merit and credibility at some level of the social justice and injustice totem pole, they hammer the race issue with far more intensity than many of us care to follow.

Help us see the light

I happened to glance over the Clack piece when I saw Natalee's name in the headline. Clack strains and stretches in an effort to lend credibility and some semblance of social concern to his scratchings. It ain't racism in reverse, sports fans. Clack is just trying to help us rednecks to pull our heads out of our asses and see the real light.

These race card rangers are all too predictable. Their anger is palpable, and their target is only too obvious. But it wasn't Democratic presidential candidate Barack Obama who threw the race shit into the political game. And the honkies didn't do it either. It was Obama's own pastor and onetime spiritual advisor, Rev. Jeremiah Wright, a hate monger of a different hue.

Of course Clack endorses Obama. He would be labeled a real shithead traitor if he came out for Hillary. One fact was made obvious several years ago when Clack's column was moved off the front of the Express-News metro section and reduced to three outings a week in the S.A. Life section. The race card needed to be limited in regularity and removed from the daily newspaper's main stage for more meaty metro subject columns. It was too bad, too, for Cary Clack is a more than decent writer who stands head and shoulders above poor Ken Rodriguez, the newspaper's poorest excuse for a metro section columnist.

To even make mention of such topics is taboo in some quarters. And I don't consider myself an anti-civil rights racist simply because I didn't get out and march in the Martin Luther King parade. I didn't attend the George Washington Celebration in Laredo, either, and I consider our Texas Cavaliers to be the most disgusting bunch of self-imagined blue bloods ever to strut and preen in their red monkey suits on San Antonio's parade routes.

How about the Cavaliers?

Maybe Cary Clack should investigate his own exclusion from the San Antonio Country Club Cavaliers. They never invited me to join, either.

The Clacks, the Pitts, and the Guerras all have a right to their untrammeled opinions on the subject of race. I sometimes feel for these tortured souls. And I can even understand what Clack means when he rants about "Missing White Woman Syndrome."

Thank God I don't have to read these people if I don't so choose.

As for my other unpleasant topic, I harbor no sympathy, admiration for, or even some measure of Christian love for O.J. Simpson. If they cut off his balls and hung him upside down from the top floor of the Empire State Building, I would be leading the cheering section.

O.J.'s autographs

Simpson killed the mother of his children and an innocent restaurant worker, and now the arrogant bastard is in San Antonio signing autographs and espousing his callish opinions on football and the Super Bowl in particular.

Excuse us maggots while we gag, but WOAI TV actually ran a reporter out to interview Simpson as he slurped and supped at Sushi Zushi's Stone Oak location. Never mind that old Orange Juice killed his wife, and is now under indictment for armed robbery and other crimes against humanity in Las Vegas, WOAI's insipid Ms. Leila Walsh gushed and twittered at his feet on the only subject she dared to broach--football.

And not to be outdone in the celebrity suckup scramble, Express-News radio and TV reporter Jeanne (The Jackal) Jakie was Jenny-on-the-spot with her account of the WOAI interview which was ordered by station boss Aaron Ramey.

O.J. and "Missing White Woman Syndrome."

She--at!!

Sometimes I wonder how I ever got into this racket in the first place.

But I guess it beats selling dope and robbing trains.
With Mitch Webb, music is a family tradition

Mitch Webb and his group The Swindles are familiar names on the local music scene, and denizens of Casbeers, Sam's Burger Joint, and other music-oriented watering holes are probably aware of some recent accomplishments. Webb and his talented brace of "garage rockers" just released a new CD titled Lonely Kind, as well as a CD/DVD called Last Band at Taco Land, a fitting and final tribute to murdered Taco Land owner Ram Ayala. The CD/DVD has Ram admirers buzzing from St. Mary's Street to all points north, for Webb's Swindles were, in fact, the last band to play the now-shuttered alternative music skull orchard down by the upper reaches of the San Antonio river (close to the old Pearl Brewery).

Webb is a talented singer and songwriter who can fit into categories ranging from Americana to punk-style rock, and many of us know that Swindles guitarist Joe Reyes is a Grammy winner who has played with Lara Y Reyes, Buttercup, and Michael Morales, to name a few. And volumes could be written about the other Swindles who include Dave Wasson on guitar, Paul Ward on drums, and Odie (Odie is one of those fellows who prefers not to be known in print by the name on his birth certificate) on bass. And when Odie ain't thumping the bass, it's Bart Nichols of the #3 Dinners, one of Webb's greatest musical influences.

But there is a musical family history behind Mitch Webb which is a story in itself, and we were intrigued with much of the information which came our way in the form of an e-mail from Webb himself when we asked him for some bio material.

Webb's wife is a snake scientist, and the couple, along with 3-year-old son David Earl Justice Webb, live with a house full of pythons, but more on that later. First some musical history.

Mitch Webb and The Swindles have won all sorts of local music awards, and it's good to connect some of the current with the past.

Webb rattled the cage which still houses what's left of our long-sleeping memory when he brought up the old psychedelic group The Children and his world-renown singing sister Cassell Webb.

At Mitch's suggestion, we Googled the name Cassell Webb, and if you do the same you will readily see that Mitch Webb came by his talent honestly.

"My sister took me to Hendrix," Mitch Webb recalls. "She introduced me to B.W. Stevenson, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Rocky Erickson and Bubble Puppy. The list never ends. I've hung out with Blondie, Doug, The Fall, Shonen Knife.

I never would have met any of them if it were not for her. She even introduced me to the #3 Dinners whom I still follow around to this day.

Webb's musical family roots start with his late grandma, Ida May Justice, a San Antonio accordion player and gospel singer. His dad, Dallas Webb, was an accomplished harp player who performed on the radio as a child in North Texas near Center Point. The father, a fighter pilot, died in 1989.

Mitch's mom, Edna Louise Webb, was a Jefferson High School majorette who sang around San Antonio with a big band of the times. She passed away after Mitch graduated from Roosevelt High School.

Edna Louise and Dallas Webb met before World War II at a Randolph Air Force Base dance for cadets. They traveled the world before Webb returned to settle permanently in San Antonio.

Mitch Webb is the youngest of six musically inclined children, two of whom are deceased. Mitch's brother David was killed in a car crash in 1970, and his oldest sister, Dallas Louise, died of cancer this past September.

Dallas supplied the funny voice on The Pig Song which is the 10th cut on the Swindles new CD Lonely Kind.

In addition to Cassell, the most famous of San Antonio's Webb family, Mitch has two other sisters, Becky the piano player, and Jimmie, who Mitch said was issued the best set of pipes in the family.

"I was given the gift of all my siblings' stories of music," Mitch Webb says. "My sister Dallas Louise, the oldest, spent time as a teenager in Clovis, New Mexico, home of the Norman Petty Studios. She was in the heart of the Texas rock-and-roll beginnings, and she had lots of stories of our fighter pilot dad trying to keep her away from guys like Roy Orbison."

Noting that Dallas helped with the new CD before she died, Mitch said, "I'm glad I had a chance to hang out with her and record a little before she passed on."

An older Cassell Webb probably had the greatest musical influence on young Mitch. With their late brother David, she played local folk music hangouts alongside luminaries as Michael Nesmith who later gained fame with The Monkeys. Now based in England, Cassell has recorded and toured with the best of the best, from Jerry Jeff to Townes Van Zandt and hundreds more in between. In addition to being a songwriting and recording artist, she is an accomplished poet. She is married to world renowned producer Craig Leon.

Born in Llano, and educated at Edison High School, Cassell has had an incredible career.

Mitch said, "My dad retired from the Air Force around 1964 and we moved the whole family to a house on top of a hill outside Universal City on I-35 across from Boysville. My brother David was going to SAC, and sister Cassell was still at Edison."

David dropped out of music at an early age. Mitch said he had a pilot license at age 24, and was a successful air-conditioning firm sales rep when killed in a car crash in Mexico in 1970.

Cassell Webb wound up in the Leland Rogers stable of musicians, and Mitch recalls the late 1960's when we would go to United Artists headquarters where all the bands recorded near Sugarland, and watch Leland Rogers' brother Kenny rehearse with his band The 5th Dimensions.

Mitch said, "I got to meet all the psychedelic bands of that era because our house on the hill became a resting point after they would play the Mind's Eye on Austin Highway. During this time my sister Cassell gave me two records which I still have today--Hank Williams' Greatest Hits, and Johnny Cash and his Red and Blue Guitar."

Of his late sister Dallas Louise, Mitch said she left her rock beginnings to marry a bull rider from Missouri, leaving him all of her rock-and-roll 45s.

"That's where I started learning all the songs," he said.

Sister Becky, Mitch said, was the piano player who attended U.T., got married, and now lives with her beautiful family in Sacramento, California.

Mitch said his sister Jimmie was lead singer for Rock Street and the J. Whipple Band during the early 1980s.

conf'd on page 14
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Clinton Baermann says art success has come without any steady job

By Sam Kindrick

It’s been about 30 years since the artist we all knew as “Sonny” looked at me over the top of his Lone Star bottle and uttered a truism I have never forgotten.

“People in general don’t really know how hard it is for people like us to survive,” he said. “We ain’t got jobs, and it ain’t easy for people with no jobs to make a living.”

Living from hand to mouth, I had just started Action Magazine, and it is true today that I haven’t held a real job since leaving the Express and News in the 1970s.

The artist is Clinton (Sonny) Baermann, a legendary free spirit and western art jack of many trades whose stunning murals and history-oriented paintings have been telling the story of Texas for many years. His last steady job was in 1964 when he quit Rolling Outdoors Advertising Co., for the final time.

Known to friends and family as Sonny, Clinton Baermann is as real and authentic as rusty barbed wire and saddle sweat, and the artistic tracks he has made all over Texas will no doubt be worth millions long after his passing.

Like other talented vagabonds of his ilk, Baermann has long put artistic expression before self-aggrandizement, and such great murals as his work in the Texas Ranger Hall of Fame in Waco, Landa Park in New Braunfels, and at Deep Sea Headquarters on and on the wall of Fins Restaurant, both in Port Aransas, have never borne financial justification for the work expended.

“The Landa Park mural I finished in 2002,” Baermann said. “It is 800 feet long and 15 feet high, and it depicts the time of the dinosaur of 3-million years ago like the one whose tracks were uncovered by the big flood of Canyon Lake. The mural tells a historic story of Texas, starting with the great lizard of those times, and continuing on with the evolution of the mastodons, the saber tooth tigers, the buffalo and the American Indians, and the immigrants who settled the land around New Braunfels.”

Commissioned to do the mural by a New Braunfels art association, Baermann worked with ladders and scaffolding for more than a year, climbing and re-climbing while carefully attending to every minute detail.

“A mural like that has got to have much more than a combination of colors,” Baermann said. “It has got to have the colors as well as perspective, depth, and historic value which can only be attained by having researched and right. The vision must match with the times, and this includes everything from the horses and the saddles used to the grass the buffalo might be grazing on.”

Asked how much he might be paid for such a project, Baermann laughed:

“Not nearly enough. If you broke it down by the amount of labor expended, and the hours consumed, I could probably make more money picking up beer cans. But I love to do the art.”

A second New Braunfels mural by Baermann is a downtown depiction of the German immigration from Europe, including the landing at Indianaola, and the trek up the Guadalupe River to the settlement which is New Braunfels today.

Baermann has painted and sold hundreds of oils depicting cowboys, Indians, and scenes from Texas and the Southwest. He has done sculptures in metal, wood, bronze, and clay. He has taught art at Port Aransas, Port Lavaca, and, for 16 years, at the Jewish Community Center in San Antonio. He has inventions on the market ranging from a “Critter Catcher” live bait-grabbing apparatus to a liniment for sore joints called “Pharaoh Magic.”

Baermann has toured with the Willie Nelson family as a T-shirt and band paraphernalia salesman, as well as a security agent who was responsible for locating counterfeit products and discouraging those who might be putting such unauthorized merchandise on the streets.

“I was helping Bo and Scooter Franks,” Baermann said. “They were the official Nelson Family products peddlers for years.”

Baermann did an oil painting of Willie’s beloved and pick-scarred Martin guitar—the one he calls “Old Trigger”—and he later presented Nelson with the picture while Willie was on stage.

“That was just a gift,” Baermann said. “I never tried to make any money off of it, and there have been other paintings I have given to friends and charities with no thought of profit. It’s something that gives me a lot of joy.”

Another painting with personal nature motivation is the oil of two characters sitting on a bench and drinking Lone Star Beer with the Mission San Jose in the background.

Models for this one were Sam Kindrick and Joe Cardenas. A childhood friend of Baermann’s, Cardenas now owns Accent Imaging of San Antonio, a specialty printing and graphic arts firm he operates with his son Dan on Wye Street.

Baermann originally titled the painting “Friends,” while Cardenas has changed the title to “Dos Amigos” (Two Friends).

And after almost 30 years, Cardenas has located a supply of the prints which he is advertising for sale through an ad in Action Magazine.

And what gave Baermann the idea in the first place?

“You and Joe,” he said. “And the atmosphere of sitting outside...
EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY IN ACTION MAGAZINE
Guitar ace returning

World class finger-style guitarist Richard Smith and his cello-playing wife Julie Adams will return to Specht’s Store near Bulverde for another concert on June 8.

Since their appearance at Specht’s last September, restaurant owner Kate Mangold has been swamped by calls from guitar freaks who want to see Smith in a return show.

An understudy of the late guitar wizard Chet Atkins, Smith was voted the best finger-style guitar player in the world by Finger-style Guitar Magazine. His wife, Julie Adams, is also recognized as one of the greatest cello players in the world. And although the cello and a finger-style guitar don’t sound very compatible, they work just fine together when Smith and Adams are doing the playing.

The June show should be a big one. The first appearance was in a listening-type concert setting with no food or beer sales permitted during the playing.

Smith and Adams, however, aren’t as particular as show promoters thought they might be. Richard said bring on the eats and pop the longneck caps without any worry about disrupting the show. So Specht’s owner Mangold plans to offer the regular menu on the big outdoor patio with both beer and wine included.

The music will be from 2 to 4 p.m., and anyone who failed to make the first show should not miss this one.

In the fashion of the late Chet Atkins, Merle Travis, and Jerry Reed, Smith maintains a driving rhythm with a thumb pick while playing beautiful melodies simultaneously with his other fingers.

There is only one guitar, but it often sounds like there are three or four going at the time time.

‘Gorgeous’ what?

Somebody needs to define a “gorgeous day” for Mike Osterhage, KSAT TV’s morning and mid-day weather nerd. With winds whipping 50 m.p.h., red flag fire danger warnings going up all over South Texas, and a lingering drought killing wildlife and domestic livestock alike, this punkin-headged electronics media misfit gushes about what he considers to be a “gorgeous, gorgeous day.”

A gorgeous day in South Texas, we all know, is a picture book morning of green grass and bluebonnets, mois-
ture from a nighttime shower still dripping from the trees, and a gentle breeze riffling the grass stems under an azure sky.

An azure sky dotted with buzzards waiting to eat some drought victim is not indicative of a "gorgeous day."

Terrell Hills heavies

The Terrell Hills Police Department must hold no weight requirements for its officers.

Three of these uniformed whales had diners agog during the Earl Abel's 65th anniversary meal specials last month.

All hunkered down over chickenfried steaks, this trio of blue-clad gendarmes would require a set of cotton scales for any sort of aggregate weight measure.

Fat cops ain't anything new, and we can recall the diets some of S.A.P.D.'s finest have gone on over the years. But, hey. Those Terrell Hills blimps are plumb scary. You know that stun guns or bullets would be their only way should a burglar cut and run. Not one of the three sighted at Earl Abel's could do more than waddle in a foot race. They look like triple-bypass procedures just looking for a place to happen.

Red Cross ride

Ride for the Red, a motorcycle run benefitting the New Braunfels branch of the American Red Cross, will be held April 12.

The run starts and ends at Bubba's Big Deck in Gruene. The official address is 1402 Gruene Road, New Braunfels.

There will be drawings, door prizes, barbeque, and live music after the run. Entry fees are $25 for riders, $15 for passengers.

For all details contact American Red Cross at (830) 608-9876, or e-mail Sharon, mcallisters@saredcross.org.

Leo's passing

With western artist Clinton Baermann on this month's cover, and much mention in the article about Joe Cardenas, the late John Witherspoon, Ernie Hoessly, and other members of that South Side coalition, it's sort of ironic that another member of that number should fall at this particular time.

But such is the way of life and death, and it was with sadness that Cardenas said adiós amigo to Leo Guerrero, a compadre who died March 16.

“He was a member of the pack,” Cardenas said. "We go all the way back to Hot Wells Elementary. Leo was 66 and exactly 25 days older than me."
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By Jacques E. Strap
Action sports analyst
Don’t start riding the boom on the Spurs at this stage of the game.
It ain’t over until it’s over, and I am again predicting another NBA championship for San Antonio.

In all modesty, I must point out that I have never missed on one of these predictions, and you can mark your calendar for another Spurs championship run in June. The Western Conference is double-tough this year, with only a few games separating the top seven or eight teams. And although San Antonio is not sitting squarely on top of the heap at this writing, I have good reason to believe that the Spurs will prevail.

Denver won’t do it. Allen Iverson and Carmelo Anthony can only hang up spectacular scoring numbers against teams that don’t defend, but they have never been able to handle the Spurs defense.

New Orleans has been hot, but there is not enough experience here for a west win.

The Lakers are pretty scary looking with both Kobe Bryant and Pau Gasol, but Bryant’s ego will take over when the going gets rough. Probably a second place finish in the west behind San Antonio.

Phoenix traded itself out of the picture for a championship run.

How about Dallas?

San Antonio will own the Mavericks should they face Dallas in playoff time. It’s happened before and it will happen again.

Gregg Popovich will outclass Avery Johnson just as Golden State coach Don Nelson did last year, and Dallas will pay the price for a trade which was almost as stupid as the one Phoenix made.

Dallas traded a promising young point guard and two or three other players of high value for a 38-year-old Jason Kidd.

This stupid trade hurt everyone concerned, and slowed the Suns’ run-and-gun offense to a manageable gallop.

Kidd is a good passer who is a step slower than he was when Dallas drafted him a hundred years ago, and he still doesn’t do much scooring. When the Spurs win the west, they will no doubt be squaring off with Boston, the celebrated “Beast from the East.”

The Celtics are the best east has produced in a number of years, but San Antonio will prove to be the best in the east and the west as well before it’s over. And even with Paul Pierce, aging Ray Allen, and Kevin Garnett, the east’s best still can’t overcome the best in the west.

But here is the real key to my prediction for another San Antonio NBA championship.

It comes down to defense, composition, sticking power, experience, and pride.

Rudy Tomjanovich said it all when he warned: “Never underestimate the heart of a champion.”

Over a 7-game series, the Spurs can beat any team in professional basketball today. If you don’t believe this, then you don’t know much about the NBA.

And a few more words on the subject of Dallas, San Antonio’s hated rival from the north.

Coach Avery Johnson has clashed hard with team owner Mark Cuban, and this situation will get worse before Johnson leaves Dallas in disgust.

You can count on this happening. Probably sooner than later.

No coach has been able to last long under this billionaire toad, and the Little General is the least likely to take any shit off of Cuban.

I hate to see Avery lose his head coaching position, but it would be nice if he eventually wound up back in San Antonio where his jersey has been retired.

He could work as a Popovich assistant and then take over when Pop retired, as he has indicated he might when Tim Duncan finally hangs it up. With A.J. here as either an assistant or head coach, San Antonio could kick the shit out of Mark Cuban’s Dallas without a twinge of regret.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SAM:

33 years!

Well, it is 33 years this year that I was celebrating my first year of the biggest drum joke in S.A. history. Kirk Scott’s Drum City.

If you remember, drum legend Louis Bellow came in to do our first drum clinic. The bay next door was packed, and of course, the rest is history.

You were the only journalist who showed up, and also did a feature story on “Louie the Great” as you called him.

Louie is now in his 80s, but still shows up at conventions and makes some public appearances.

His wife, Pearl Bailey, passed away some time ago. Drummers still want to see the legend.

I said to myself that day (7/31/78), Sam was the only one who showed up. I will support Action Magazine until I go out of business.

Jeff Ryder took over the keys and counter practice pad in January 1997.

Your friend,
Kirk Scott

EDITOR’S NOTE;
Friend Kirk is making a dramatic comeback, although not in the business of running a store. He has invented a revolutionary new drum (see Scott’s ad in Action Magazine), and plans for production and marketing are in the works.

Little General will be leaving Dallas soon

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4/03 Audio Glo
4/04 The Lavens
4/05 LisaNovak/ Stone Coyotes
4/08 Artist Rodeo by Ken Little
4/09 Jazz Quintet
4/10 Tony Wood
4/11 The Lavens & Train Wreck
4/12 Ruben V
4/15 Girls Open Mic/ With Lesti Huff
4/16 Big Band Jazz
4/17 Wine Tasting
4/18 The Lavens & Los #3 Dinners
4/19 Red Waves
4/22 Blues Jam with Will Owen Gage
4/23 Jazz Quintet
4/24 Beer Tasting with King Pelican
4/25 The Lavens & True Stories
4/26 Vinyl 45’s
4/29 TBA
4/30 Big Band Jazz/329 TBA

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Megan Stendebach cont'd

music and on construction of two cabins they owned on Medina Lake, the work she and Steve did on a project to restore the Aztec Theater in downtown San Antonio, and on and on.

Megan loved her son dearly, and she traveled widely with him in both the U.S. and Europe.

So this is it for me, Megan, and my promise to do another article on the music she studied on her music. This last farewell was a story I had not anticipated.

So I will just repeat what I wrote in Megan's funeral guest book. I'm sure she understands this: Thanks, Megan, for all the music, and for the loving letter you wrote about my dog Petey.

Mitch Webb cont'd

A graduate of SAC and the Meritus Perron recording classes at UAR, Mitch Webb started a band called the Radsoles in 1987 (the band included Grammy nominee John Beitel). The band had a good run until 1990 when Webb took off for New York. He returned to San Antonio, disillusioned and broke in 1992. At this point, Mitch started fronting a band which sister Cassall named The Lost 58's after their father's ill-fated WWII squadron that was stranded on the Greenland Ice Cap.

"We played at Doza's a lot, and I really started to figure out how to make it work," Mitch says. "Joe Reyes moved in next-door to me and helped me fine-tune the band into what it has become today. The Swindles, with three CDs to date, including the Last Band at Taco Land project."

While the musician Mitch Webb has led anything but an orthodox professional existence, his home situation is every bit as unusual. Webb lives with his herpetologist wife Hillary and between 50 and 100 snakes which crawl about the house.

"Hell, it don't bother me," Mitch laughs. "I grew up around rattlesnakes."

Webb's wife of 12 years came from Florida to work for Vida Preciosa International, one of the largest and most prestigious snake breeders in the world. She is now a teacher at New Frontiers Charter School on South Presa Street and runs her boutique snake company called CaptiveBred Pythons.

Mitch and Hillary met at the old CD Warehouse on Rhapsody where Webb ran a used CD operation. For the past 12 years, he has held down a job at the CD Exchange on San Pedro.

"This," he said, "and gigging an average of twice a week. The band is still my major love."

Clinton Baermann cont'd

Mission Road and drinking beer. Putting the Mission San Jose in the background just went along with the overall feeling."

Baermann, now 67, was born in the Old Nix Building on the South Side where he attended Brackenridge High School with Augie Meyers. His running mates from the teenage years included Joe Cardenas and the late Fred Smith, a bar-room brawler who is still spoken of with hushed awe by some of the older South Side skull orchards. Baermann was also tight during those formative years with the late John Witherspoon, a talented artist in his own right, and Ernie Hoessley, one of the nightlife club owner and later a developer of business properties and real estate. It was Hoessley's old Budro's Club where Sonny created his very first mural.

"My grandfather was an immigrant from Germany," Baermann recalls. "And I was born in the Nix Hospital down near the river where my artist career began."

Clinton Baermann started drawing pictures as a child, but formal art training didn't begin until his discharge from the Navy when he enrolled in the San Antonio College program.

"I remember attending my first starving artist show on the San Antonio River with my artist friend Ray Chavez in 1963," Baermann said. "But Sonny was always somebody to be admired. He was a welder who made more money than any of us back then. He could do carpentry work. He could customize an old car. And he was a pretty good mechanic."

Baermann recalls making $1 an hour working for Seidel Welding on Austin Highway. Then he took a job with Acme Neon paying $1.50 an hour.

"I was making $2 an hour as a sign designer for Rollins Outdoor Advertising when I quit in 1964," Baermann said. "That was the last regular job I ever had ever. I have always managed to make it since then selling some art or doing some metal work or carpentry work on the side."

Baermann has thousands of paintings scattered all over Texas. While a paint contractor by the name of Dale Carman probably has the largest collection of known Baermann originals, the artist himself doesn't have a clue where most of his work has wound up. And there is really no specific store or location where his work may be purchased.

His first mural was a day-to-night landscape which hung in the first Budro's Club on Perrin Beitel. He later did another one for Budro's when the club was located at Wonderland.

"I have done about 12 murals," Baermann said. "In addition to those at New Braunfels, the one at Port Aransas, and the Texas Ranger Museum piece, there are are also in Corpus Christi. But my mural painting days came to an end when I was run over by a car in the parking lot of the Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center. I was there for a Jesse Trevino mural unveiling when I was hit. It broke several ribs and ruined my knee for life. I can no longer climb a ladder, so now I am back doing my regular-sized paintings."

A single man who moves around like a gypsy, Baermann has two sons and a daughter--George and a daughter--George Baermann, a boat captain in Port Aransas; Clinton Curtis Baermann, a restoration carpenter in Llano; and Paige Baermann, who is with the New Business Development Department of Wal-Mart in San Francisco, California.

George offers both fishing and sailing lessons on his big sailboat Simplicity, and father Clinton says he is very fortunate to be alive.

"Adrenal cancer almost killed him," Clinton said. "But he pulled through it and has been cancer-free now for some 15 years."

Baermann has a fish bait catcher which he markets in some 90 bait stands along the Texas Gulf Coast.
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Friday, 4th • 7-10PM
Byrd Brains

Saturday, 5th • 7-10PM
Tim and Bob Show

Friday, 11th • 7-10PM
Doug Fesler Duo

Saturday, 12th • 7-10PM
Native Texans

Thursday, 18th • 7-10PM
George Chambers

Friday, 19th • 7-10PM
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Friday, 25th • 7-10PM
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APRIL 2008

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4................................. Jimmy Cribb Band

11....................... Slim Roberts & Texas Weather

18......................... Emerson Biggins

25....................... Bobby Jordan & Ridgecreek

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SATURDAYS - 8:30-12:30 p.m.

5................................. CALL FOR INFO

12............................. CALL FOR INFO

19......................... Lone Star Pickers

26....................... River City Ramblers

1604

Hwy 46

2 mi

x

14 miles

TEXAS

46

SUNDAYS - 7:30-11:30 p.m.

2................................. Mesquite Ramblers

9................................. Homefire

16............................. Ken Musick Band

23............................. Homefire

30............................. Deep Water

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  - W/ Bam Entertainment

### Wednesday’s
- **Mitchell’s Sports Bar**
  - 1923 Lockhill Selma
  - 210-979-7720
  - 9:30-1:30

### Thursday’s
- **China Grove**
  - The General Store
  - 7393 Why 87 East
  - 210-648-5770
  - 9:00-1:00

### Friday’s
- **The Other Woman**
  - 1123 Fair Ave.
  - (210)-534-7399
  - 9:30-1:30
- **WADES PLACE**
  - 6900 S. FLORES
  - YOUNG HIP BAR
  - 9:30-1:30

### Saturday’s
- **Spurr 122**
  - **Brand New bar with Great Atmosphere**
  - 10620 Hwy 181 South
  - 210-833-3300
  - 9:30-1:30

### Sunday’s
- **4906 W. Commerce**
  - 210-434-2899
  - 9:30-1:30

### Nightly Cash Karaoke

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**PRACTICE SHOWS**

- **Saturday**
  - The Other Woman
  - 1123 Fair Ave.
  - 9:30-1:30

- **Friday**
  - Spurr 122
  - 10620 Hwy 181 South
  - 9:30-1:30

- **Tuesday**
  - Los Cucos
  - 226 W. Bitters
  - 6-10(New Time)

- **Sunday**
  - Magic Time Machine
  - 902 N.E loop 410
  - 9:30-1:30

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