The Phenomenal
Ruthie Foster

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Article Page 8
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With “World Record” in the Subject line.

•2• Action Magazine, September 2008
Spurs owner should send Ginobili packing

By Jacques E. Strap

Action sports analyst

On the subject of gung-ho Olympian Manu Ginobili, I have only this to say.

If I paid some roundballer in excess of $50-million, he would do what I told him to do or hit the highway.

Ginobili ignored coach Popovich, team owner Peter Holt, and all of the Spurs medics who asked him to skip the Olympics while his sprained ankle had time to heal.

Now Mr. Gung-Ho of the Pampas may require surgery for the severe ankle sprain he suffered while representing his country.

Pier if he was sent back to his beloved Argentina....

Enough of that. On, now, to other things.

The Jones boys—with some help from Terrell Owens, Marion Barber, and Tony Romo—may be poised to kick ass and take some names in this year’s NFL scramble.

The Joneses of which we speak are Cowboys owner Jerry, bad boy defensive standout Adam, and rookie Felix, the former Arkansas Razorback who darts with water bug moves and speed that is akin to juggled lightning.

To say here that the Joneses are “poised” to kick ass and take names doesn’t necessarily mean that they will follow through and do what they might be “poised” to do.

I say they are “poised” for what might be a Super Bowl season simply because Dallas has the talent to take it all the way.

As Terrell Owens says, pre-season losses are meaningless, and any practice game exercise before the regular NFL season begins must be viewed as nothing more than a warmup for things to come.

The major concern in the Dallas camp must be for the health and survival ability of Brad Johnson, the aging backup for quarterback Tony Romo.

Johnson didn’t look so sturdy in the pre-season scrimmages, and the Dallas faithful must be hoping for the arrival of a Chris Simms or another field general backup of his caliber.

Jerry Jones will likely bring in another backup signal caller to shore up a chemistry mix which may be the best Dallas has enjoyed since the days of Troy and Michael.

Marion Barber has established himself as the Dallas running back with good speed and bone-crushing grit when it comes to driving over, under, and straight through defenders.

And Owens?

The national media has unfairly described him with words like mercurial, childish, bombastic, and egotistical to the extreme.

Actually, T.O. is loyal friend to the team mates he respects and loves. He is a fierce competitor who would rather bite his own thumb off in front of the Alamo than lose a game. He is a finely-tuned and beautifully conditioned athlete who truly views his own body as his temple. And he is a wide receiver with few peers, a veteran ball hawk with blind speed, and he has the football knowhow to win games and championships.

Tie this all in with the respect and actual love Owens has expressed for quarterback Romo, and you have a combination for some big scores in the future.

The unknowns at this point are a couple of promising newcomers, defensive standout Adam (Pacman) Jones, and flashy rookie running back and pass receiver Felix Jones.

Like Owens, Adam Jones is beginning to show positive signs of maturity and team willingness, while rookie Felix Jones made a few breath-grabbing moves in the pre-season, leading many to believe that he may be a dangerous out-of-the-backfield receiver who can use as a ground-eating safety valve when Owens and the other receivers are covered.

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All of which bodes well for Dallas.

Now for a brief word on the New York Jets and new quarterback Brett Favre, the former Green Bay MVP who was traded in a bitter dispute with Packer ownership.

It is true that Favre flip-flopped and pissed Packers management off repeatedly with his decisions to retire, to unretire, to retire again, and finally to come out chomping at the bit and with the fire of football competitiveness flashing in his eyes.

Green Bay ownership didn’t want Favre for another round. They elected to “move on” with a lesser quarterback who had been groomed to take Favre’s place. And this is where the boys with fuzzy balls from cheesehead land really pissed in their chili.

Favre will make them deeply regret their decision to send him packing with a rejection slip when his return as a Green Bay quarterback would warm the future.

continued on pg. 14
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Frankly Speaking:
Don’t know about you,
But I’m glad the Olympics are over!
What the fuck are some of these events?
Girls running around with streamers, men playing volleyball - damn!

But I did like the last day - especially the womens parallel parking and the mens circle jerk - I think we only lost by two strokes!

Hell, I was going to the olympics in the broad jump, but the broad got sick!

But I’m looking forward to the next time - the wet Tee Shirt Contest (No silicon or lactating allowed) and the men’s getting dressed and climbing out the window event. And any event involving old people on scooters!

Shit, I can’t wait! See you in four years!

Frank

The Trap Blog—http://caughtinthetrap.blogspot.com/
The energy broom-riders are saying that only a damn fool would drive a Toyota Tundra. Production of the Tundra in Toyota's Indiana plant has been permanently halted, and the local operation has stopped making the big trucks for what the company announced would be a three-month period.

"The truck that is changing it all" was introduced by Toyota at the very worst time possible. Skyrocketing gasoline prices are changing it all—not the big 5-litre-plus Tundra which Toyota introduced with much fanfare in 2007.

Along with every other vehicle retailer in America, the Toyota people are now hawking their fuel efficient automobile models which get more than 30 miles per gallon.

So what about the "damn fools" who drive Tundras?

Since I drive a 2006 Toyota Tundra, I feel at least partially qualified to supply an answer or two for this question.

A handsome gas hog

First off, let me say that I have developed a deep affection for my shadow gray Tundra, a handsome gas hog V-8 with 4-wheel-drive, a lift kit, chrome wheels, and both tool box and cattle guard built by the Ranch Hand Company.

I call my truck The Gray Ghost, or just "Ghost" for short. It purrs like a giant cat while whistling through the Bulverde hills where I live, and I liken the 15-miles-per-gallon fuel-distance ratio to just another stark statistic on the living cost scale of the day.

If you aim to play, then you will have to pay, and I would rather not be ground up like sausage meat in a "clown car" under some 18-wheeler.

A "clown car," by the way, is one of those midget cars employed by clowns who somehow squeeze into the pint-sized sardine cans in astonishing numbers. And I can't take credit for coinig the term "clown car." That distinction goes to my friend Ed Barry, a 2007 Toyota Tundra driver who ran the wheels off a Dodge Ram before switching to the "truck that is changing it all."

Call me a long-haired redneck if you will, but I've been called a lot worse. And if buying a Toyota Tundra was the dumbest thing I ever did, then I will consider myself far ahead in the game.

The governor's wisdom

Probably the most intelligent statement ever to escape Governor Rick Perry's mouth was his observation on the future of Toyota production in San Antonio, Texas.

Rick said, "You can't haul hay in a Prius," and even us Tundra freaks who eschew the hauling of hay or other forms of barnyard droppings, either undigested or digested, had to applaud the governor on this one.

You can't haul trash, furniture, camping and fishing gear, or even piles of dirt or triple-deck squares of carpet grass in any one of those little fuel-efficient doodlebugs which many Americans are now rushing to purchase. And the Mini Cooper has never been built that could haul a fishing boat up a Canyon Lake hillside.

The Chevrolet Silverado's, the Ford 150s, 250s, and 350s, and all sizes and versions of the Dodge Ram, plus the Toyota Tundra, are here to stay in Texas, and anybody who believes that the pickup truck is done in these parts had better think again.

I hear that Nissan will stop production of its 5.6 litre Titan pickup, and I am told that the 8-miles-per-gallon Hummer is soon to be history. No surprise on either count. The Titan is a clunky, square cab copy of the Toyota Tundra, while the Hummer is an over-built SUV with some characteristics of the U.S. Army Humvee, including chinchy little side windows which make both driver and front seat passenger poor targets in the military version of the tank-like vehicle.

After finally leaving jail in 1989 following a series of costly and personally debilitating drug busts, I found myself without a full-sized pickup truck for the first time since I was a kid road-hunting ringtails up in Kimble County. And had ringtail dookie been selling for a dollar a pound at the time, I was too broke to purchase even one hackberry seed.

A sickly blue bomb

That's when I scraped together about $400 to buy a dinky little four-cylinder Toyota pickup which was almost 15 years old at the time. The truck wore a sickly blue homemade paint job which must have been applied with a coarse-bristle hand brush, and the little standard shift four-speed was belching black smoke plumes from the exhaust system when I drove it off the seedy-looking car lot on Blanco Road. Although my full-sized trucks of the past were not exactly show place vehicles, they were either Fords or Chevrolets and plenty big enough to haul dead deer, live hogs, and a pack of spotted Walker hounds when the occasion called for the hunting dogs.

The notion of driving what they refer to as a "compact" pickup truck was completely foreign to me back there in 1989. But my $400 wouldn't buy a Silverado or an F-150, and I settled for the little blue Toyota with no few misgivings about my motoring future.

World's toughest truck

It was my introduction to the toughest little truck in the world, a Toyota 4-cylinder with a standard shift, no air-conditioning, dented fenders, and tires so thin that one could almost see the air in them.

This was my chariot as I started a long and sometimes painful recovery from alcohol and drugs. I hauled loads of Action Magazines in the back on that little blue bomb, covering the papers the best I could with a canvas tarp when the rains came pelting down. The little truck choked, gasped, and smoked at times like a freight train, but not once over a two-year period did it fail me. When I finally handed it over to the truck graveyard, I had learned something which might help explain my affinity for the "Gray Ghost" I drive today: Those old Toyotas were indestructible. You could not kill them. And I'm hoping that the new ones are half as sturdy.

If gasoline prices continue to soar, I might have to eventually get me one of those "clown" cars. But not yet.

At one period in my lifetime, I spent more than $100 a day on Columbian marching powder. And even more when I was chasing the powder with I.W. Harper whiskey. So here's how I see it. I don't buy dope or alcohol anymore, and I have even stopped smoking cigarettes and dipping Copenhagen snuff: So if it costs $75 to fill up my Toyota Tundra, I will do so until I, too, will be forced to give up and don a clown suit. I hope that day never comes.

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Young guitar ace has own band

By Sam Kindrick

Remember Will Owen Gage, the boy guitar wonder who graced the cover of Action Magazine in November of 2006? Will had just turned 19 (his birthday is October 22), and he was sitting in at all the time with old pros Jay Boy Adams, who once worked with ZZ Top, and former 13th Floor Elevators bassist Ronnie Leatherman, to name only a couple.

We likened Owen Gage to Beauregard Rippy, the imaginary subject of Jerry Reed’s old hit Tupelo Mississippi Flash, an olden times guitar ripper who, in the fashion of Elvis and other like him, had everyone calling him “Sir” and serving on his payroll before all was said and done.

We welcomed the change. Will Owen (Beauregard Rippy) is done with sitting in as he approaches his 21st birthday. Now he co-fronts his own band with a talent-ed songsmith by the name of Owen Gage and bassist Ronnie 13th Floor Elevators Pardo on the stage with me, says Pardo.

"I have heard some of the older musicians say that Will needs to lighten up a bit on some of his really wild and flashy guitar work, but I honestly believe that some of them may be speaking through jealousy. To hell with holding Will Owen Gage back. I say let him cut lose and let it all hang out. The crowds love seeing and watching him play."

Whether it be rock, blues, or Nashville country, Pardo and Gage can deliver with both original tunes and covers which range from Haggard to Stephen Stills, and the sheer balls which these two exhibit while on stage are reminiscent of a Stevie Ray Vaughan or a Kinky Friedman. I’ve said it before, and I’ll say it again. I won’t make the mistake with Will Owen Gage that I made with Stevie Ray Vaughan.

When Jimmy Vaughan was headlining shows at the late Johnny Goode’s old Village Inn Club near Hill Country Village, there was a scruffy, cigarette-puffing kid following me around who mouthed such absurdities as, “Hey, man, you ought to be writing stories about me. I can play guitar a whole lot better than my big brother.”

I blew the little pest off way back then, and lived to regret my error when Stevie Ray evolved into one of the most beloved guitarists in the world.

Pardo sings lead vocals and plays acoustic guitar, while Owen Gage smokes the lead guitar and supplies an almost equal number of lead vocals of his own.

“I wasn’t singing much when you first warned me,” Owen Gage said, “but I have been writing a lot, and this led me to start doing vocals.”

Originals on the South Texas Destroyers recording by James Pardo include such tunes as Stripped Down, Confession, and How Does It Feel. Will Owen Gage wrote Wish to be Free, Drive It (or I’ll be damned), and Apple Pie Blues.

Pardo wrote eight of the songs, Owen Gage 5, and both of them sing together and separately on the CD.

I encountered the South Texas Destroyers at the Shade Tree Saloon and Grill in Spring Branch. They were working with both a bass player and a drummer, but Pardo explained that they were filling these positions with various musicians at the time.

“Basically,” Pardo explained, “the Destroyers are me and Will.

To regress and repeat a bit of background from our original article on Will Owen Gage, we are happy to note that the youngster still maintains his strong family ties. Although Will’s schoolteacher Mom Susan and his Kentucky bluegrass playing father John are divorced, he remains in close contact with them both.

“My dad helped on the CD,” Will said, “and I’m hoping that he may be playing in this area soon. I am hoping that he might be on next year’s Kerrville Folklife Festival.”

Owen Gage grinned when reminded of his vow two years ago to make enough money to buy his mom a house.

“So, far, I haven’t made enough to buy her a stick of furniture,” he said, “but I ain’t giving up. Making house money in the music business may take a bit longer than I had thought”

For those who didn’t read the original piece on our modern-day Beauregard Rippy, we should note that Owen Gage was dismissed as a child from the Pensick School of Music when it was realized that he knew more cont’d on page 14
Ruthie Foster captures Water Street audience in a show to remember

By Sam Kindrick

We heard that Ruthie Foster had a record out titled The Phenomenal Ruthie Foster.

That's a pretty strong statement from the Austin-based soul singer who was born and raised in East Texas.

Or so I thought until seeing and hearing Foster for the first time last month at the 20th anniversary celebration at Thurman Love's Water Street Oyster Bar.

I've been interviewing, photographing, and writing about various and sundry singers, songwriters, guitar pickers, lap-thumpers, poets, and barnyard bullshitters for the better part of 33 years. There have been some good ones, some great ones, and some pretenders who might have been arrested and jailed for impersonating a real musician.

But Foster is in a class all by herself.

Maybe it is euphemistic to call Ruthie Foster "phenomenal." But if there is a better adjective, I haven't found it.

It's something like one of those breath-taking rarities who captures the heart of an audience like few I have encountered throughout the years.

It's a magical quality which cannot be laid entirely to powerful singing pipes and catchy lyrics. It's the "it" which defines the powerhouses of the music industry without putting any of them in a category box.

Aretha Franklin has "it." Willie has "it." Etta James has "it." Presley had "it." Ray Charles had "it." And Ruthie Foster definitely has "it."

Said Water Street owner Thurman Love: "I knew Ruthie Foster would blow everyone away. She's been the hot ticket for the past couple of years at the Kerrville FolkFestival, and I knew she was really something special when I was booking her at the Cabaret when I was running the Bandera club. I don't think we will be seeing Ruthie much longer at the smaller venues such as Water Street. I honestly believe that she is ready for the biggest stages the country has to offer."

There are others in the music industry who agree, and the pundits are predicting that Foster's fifth and current album--The Phenomenal Ruthie Foster--will be the springboard to yet another dimension for the talented lady who exudes humility while working an audience. At what Thurman Love called his 20th annual "shellabration" last month, Foster credited Thurman for helping her through a difficult gig and an even more difficult night at Bandera's old Cabaret Club a number of years ago.

"I was opening for Jack Ingram," Ruthie said, "and nothing was going right. It had nothing to do with Jack, but I was really having a hard time of it. It was just one of those horrible, horrible nights. Thurman knew that something was wrong, and he took the time to lead me aside and provide the shoulder that I needed. I just had me one big cry, and, after that, he fed me a big Cabaret steak, and everything was okay. I never forget acts of kindness like this."

Foster's self-released debut album in 1997 was a record titled Full Circle. This one attracted some attention, as did her breakthrough CD Runaway Soul in 2000. But nothing that Ruthie Foster has put together before now has garnered the accolades afforded The Phenomenal Ruthie Foster, a project that came about when Ruthie stumbled across producer and guitarist Malcolm (Papa Mali) Welbourne.

It was Welbourne and brasshats at Houston's Blue Corn Records, Foster's record label, who decided to hang the "phenomenal" tag on the current disc. "Change is kind of scary for a lot of people when it comes to music," says Foster. "But I've had a lot of changes in my life and the last couple of years here, both personally and musically, and it was just time to step out. Running across Papa Mali when I did was great for me, because he'd been showing up at a lot of my shows in Austin, and he mentioned that he heard so much more in me than what was coming across. That really got my attention, because I knew that there was more, too. I'd been wanting to stretch out for quite some time. And he had a way of just saying, 'It's time to fly, Ruth."

Foster rendered tunes from her new record at the Water Street show, including such Foster originals as Heal Yourself, Harder Than The Fall, Mama Said, I Don't Know What to Do With My Heart, and the tune she co-wrote with Cyd Cassone, Beaver Creek Blues.

Covers on the CD are a carefully-selected blend of country soul and Americana which Ruthie Foster's powerful delivery makes sound like an extension of her own spiritual singing style. Ruthie does it all, from blues to country rock, but her roots are in East Texas church gospel, and her religious upbringing is there when she stops picking her guitar and starts her rhythmic clapping of hands.

Other cuts on the new CD are Cous I'm Here (Anthony Farrell, Zak Littlefield, and Andrew Trube), Fruits of My Labor (Lucinda Williams), People Goin' In Your Face (Son House), Up Above My Head (Sister Rosetta Tharpe), A Friend Like You (Eric Bibb), and

...cont'd on page 14
Scatter Shots

Not in Fritz Town
Democrats figuring Barack Obama to carry the Texas Hill Country by notable margins may be in for a stunning surprise.

Or so one might surmise after reading a little barnyard honker circulating through the German-American communities of Fredericksburg, Boerne, Comfort, New Braunfels, etc.

The computer's one-page message is titled: Don't Drink the Water. It reads as follows:

"Trink des Wasser nicht. Di Kuhen haben dasn gescheissen." (Which means, "Don't drink the water, the cows have crapped in it.")

The man shouts back: "I'm from New York and just drove down here campaigning for Obama. I can't understand you. Please speak in English."

The farmer says, "Use two hands. You'll get more!"

Operation Comfort
Don't forget Texas Pride Barbeque owner Tony Talanca's Operation Comfort benefit September 20th.

This is the big show for wounded vets, and Aaron Tippin will headline this year's event.

Advance tickets are $30, they will be $40 on day of the show. But nobody gripes about the door charge for this one.

It's an emotional demonstration of both love and gratitude, and some of the banged up warriors take the stage to thank those who support them.

Last year's headliner was John (Rose Colored Glasses) Conley, who noted that he had a son serving in Iraq.

Justin Benefit
Justin Arecchi needs financial help, and a host of friends are rushing to his aid.

Arecchi owned the popular Garter Club on the river front which all but destroyed his business. He was stricken with adult chicken pox in the early spring, and the result was a series of infections which all but destroyed his immune system.

Former KEXL lady DJ Barbara (Legs) Marullo is just one of many Arecchi friends who are planning a giant fund-raiser for September 28 at the Bonham Exchange.

Ron Rose will be just one of a number of musicians expected to play for the event.

Although he owns an ice cream shop on Main Avenue, Justin has been unable to work while his medical bills skyrocketed.

TV Hoax Garbage
The fat coyote "chucapacabra and Jesus Christ in a bag of Cheetos. You've seen it all now on San Antonio television.

Our local electronics media has, for years now, displayed a dire shortage of both shame and brain when it comes to propagating ignorant superstitions and the imaginary sightings of spiritual apparitions in earthy form.

Throughout the years, San Antonio TV bird brains have reported on sightings of Jesus Christ's face in everything from a fried tortilla to a garage door shadow, and the Tex-Mex goblin creature known as chu-
pacabra is seemingly irresistible for the boys and girls who babble from your local boob tube screens. Last month San Antonio TV viewers got a double dose of gingle weeds ignorance and superstition which the stations insist upon carrying.

This time we got the “chupacabra” on a sheriff’s deputy video tape which made its way to the local stations from Cuero, which is a sort of chupacabra sighting station for South Texas.

Mr. chupacabra was loping down a dirt road, it’s bobbing butt facing the video camera as it moved on out of sight. It was either a mighty fat coyote or a slightly anemic dog, but there was nothing supernatural about the varmint.

Welcome to Marty’s

Cathy Hopper, a new Action advertiser with Marty’s Sports and Spirits on Isom Road, is planning a pig barbeque for the Dallas Cowboys game on September 7.

Since she and husband Michael purchased Marty’s from Marty Egan, Cathy has kept the place jumping with karaoke, Texas hold ‘em, and other events.

Benny Harp CD

Storied San Antonio harmonica ace Benny Harp will go into the recording studio the first week of September to record his very first CD. Harp said the CD will consist of 10 songs—half of them originals and the other half covers by such legends as Little Walter, Muddy Waters, and the J. Geils Band.

Personnel going into the studio with Benny will be Charlie Cruz, Roy Perez, and Rene Lopez. Special guests on the recordings will be Jack Barber, Willie Jaye, and Gilbert Gonzalez (aka Big Daddy). And Benny says it is possible that Augie Meyers may help with at least one cut on the record.

The Holzhaus Daughter

Musicians poured out to honor the memory of fallen guitarist Chris Holzhaus, and the daughter was a face in the crowd, along with her husband Ryan West, who has been with Dell Computers in Austin for... cont’d on page 14
Watch All Major SPORTING EVENTS on Big Screen TV Drink specials during games.

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The world famous painting “Dos Amigos” created in the mid 70’s, by renowned western artist Clinton Baermann is available once again in limited color lithographs. After being lost for more than 30 years these prints are in remarkable shape. $50 per print plus $10 shipping and handling. Credit cards accepted.

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YO RANCH PARTY
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September 13, 2008
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• Shrimp Corn cakes
• Baked Oysters
• Oyster Shooters
• Taco Al Pastor
• Spinach Guacamole
• Gorditas
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• Avocado Bar
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“Dos Amigos”
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Two Tons of Steel

Five Pounds of Drum

KIRK’S DRUM

Kirk’s Drum is the 3 in 1 Drum 4”, 5” & 6” All in One”

Chris Dodd
Drummer for International Band
Two Tons of Steel

Hear Chris with Two Tons of Steel

KIRK’S DRUM
Coming Soon To a Dealer Near You
Ten years ago, who would believe that Augie Meyers and Fiddlin’ Frenchie Burke would ever wind up playing on the same stage? The former Sir Douglas Quintet keyboard player who has helped put the Tex-Mex polka sound of West San Antonio on the world’s musical map, and a hoedown cajun fiddler from Lytle who has always been as country as pig tracks and homemade soap.

No way, huh?

Well, guess again. Not only are Meyers and Burke now playing shows together, they are planning to record an album with both individual songs and a few duets which should combine for some interesting sounds.

With Burke turning 75 on November 6, and with Meyers creeping ever closer to 70, the wisecracking Augie says of the impending CD:

“You’ve heard about new kids on the block. Well this one will be about some old farts on the block. And I can’t wait to get started.”

To celebrate the official grand opening of Casbeers at the Church last month, Augie and Frenchie teamed up to baptise the the old Methodist sanctuary with a combination of hoedown fiddle music and Tex-Mex pounding the likes of which the King William San Antonio neighborhood has never experienced before.

Frenchie may be pushing 75, but he remains one of the world’s greatest showmen, and we have still to meet a man, woman, or child who doesn’t love Fiddlin’ Frenchie Burke.

And the same can be said for the enormously popular Augie Meyers, who is known from South Texas to the Netherlands for his waist-length pigtail and a brand of rollicking, Tex-Mex music which Meyers likes to refer to as “meskin rock-and-roll.”

Put the two of them on an old church sanctuary stage in a room with near perfect acoustics, and you are in for the show of shows. From Hey Baby, Kap-Fa-So to Big Mamou and the Orange Blossom Special, they worked the biggest crowd Casbeers has had since moving to the Church building on Alamo Street downtown.

“It’s a great room to play,” Meyers said of the church sanctuary. “The parking situation could be better for the new Casbeers, but I guess people will somehow work it out.”

Frenchie called the sanctuary “incredible.” He said, “Man, I love that place. The sound is incredible, and you have the crowd right there in your lap where you can really work with the folks. That place was built so that a preacher could stand at the podium down in front of the pews, and the congregation could hear every word he said without a microphone. You can do it in that place with very little amplification.”

In June, Meyers and Burke both played the Smithsonian Folk Festival in Washington, D.C., and they have been sticking close to one another since.

Meyers and Burke an unlikely couple.

Of Frenchie, Meyers said, “I love the guy.” And of Augie, Burke said, “Man, I really love the guy.”

With Burke smoking the fiddle and interacting with the screaming crowd, Meyers had a baby grand church piano all but walking and talking around the room as a great supporting cast joined in the fun.

Harmonica ace Benny Harp was there, as was former Sir Douglas Quintet bassist Jack Barber. Footsie Caytan was on the drums, and the lead guitar was furnished by an Austin live wire by the name of Joe Forlini. He has worked with pickers like Derrick O’Brien and the late Stevie Ray Vaughan.
the genetic transition from one generation to the next.

Chris’s father was a horn player with the Dorsey’s, his mom a distinguished jazz singer. And now Chris Holzhaus has a grandson by the name of Ryan West who does what comes naturally.

“He’s a lead guitar player and vocalist who fronts his own band,” laughed mom, Kamela. “The band is known as The Jackhammers.”

Brooks Pub Missed

Apologies are offered Linda Reese and Rob Brewer for our dropping their Brooks Pub ad from the August issue of Action Magazine.

As the case every month, the Brooks Pub advertisement was set in type, proofed, and diagrammed on an August Action page.

In this world of computer wizardry and high-tech electronic graphics, one might wonder how a quarter-page ad can mysteriously disappear from a magazine page.

Linda, Rob, and a goodly number of Brooks Pub faithful were both disgusted and dismayed when their ad was left completely out of last month’s Action.

We looked high, low, far and wide for someone to blame for this inexcusable error, and the only culprit to be found was none other than Sam Kindrick.

On editor-publisher Kindrick’s part, it was a simple case of rectal cranial inversion, a medical term which translates into working man’s lingo as having your head up your ass.

Sorry Rob, Linda, and Brooks Pub denizens. We will strive mightily not to lose another Brooks Pub ad.

Martini Ranch Sold

Kamela reminded Action magazine. "I was with my father and holding a mandolin."

As guitar wizard Chris Holzhaus battled the colon cancer that was to eventually take his life, a huge benefit show at Sam’s Burger joint featured some of the best musicians in the country, including band leaders Delbert McClintock and Augie Meyers, both musicians who used Holzhaus for lead guitar work.

Many of the musicians who appeared on the benefit bill were on hand for the tribute to the Joyce Baker team still owns and operates the popular Fiasco club on Thousand Oaks, scene of a super benefit in July for former day bartender Jeri Tarrillion.

The popular bartender suffered a mild heart attack exactly one year ago. She worked at such clubs as Tra’s, Dad’s, Broken Oak, Dallas Club, Cowboy Bar in Heoltos, Texas Ex’s, and many more.

The memorial fund account number at the IBC Bank is 241083584.

Ray Wylie Hubbard hosts his 4th annual Recovery In Your Face Benefit concert from 7 to 9:30 p.m. September 27 at Kerrville’s Lou Hays Park. Sponsored by the La Hacienda Treatment Center of Kerrville, the show is a freebie put together recovering alcoholics and dope addicts, although those putting on the event insist that everyone is welcome.

A tribute party for Baker was held August 10 at Tra’s Country. During her life, Joyce worked at such clubs as Tra’s, Dad’s, Broken Oak, Dallas Club, Cowboy Bar in Heoltos, Texas Ex’s, and many more.

Joyce died August 8 from cancer.

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Joyce died August 8 from cancer.
Karaoke! Wed & Thur @9:30pm
Steve & Lynn on Wed - Erin on Thursday

Special COUNTRY MUSIC Show
BIMBO & BORDERLINE
THURSDAY, SEPT. 25TH
8:30PM TO 12:30AM

LIVE ROCK!
EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
September Bands: 9:30 to 1:30 am!
The Remedy Fri. Sept. 5th
Feral Cats Sat. Sept. 6th
Mark Chandler Band Fri. Sept. 12th
Derringer Sat. Sept. 13th
Wilbert Beasley-Body & Soul Band Fri. Sept. 19th
Red Sauce Rules Sat. Sept. 20th
Bimbo & Borderline Thur. Sept. 25th
Craving Amy Fri. Sept. 26th
Mish Mash Sat. Sept. 27th

Comming Up At Sam's:
Friday, September 9:
Jackson Taylor
Saturday, September 6:
46 & guest TBA
Friday, September 12:
9-11 Tribute & Benefit
Saturday, September 19:
The Gournd w/Shotgun Party
Monday, September 15:
Lil' Bit's Hillbilly Swing Nite
Tuesday, September 16:
Bonus Swing Nite w/Deke Dickerson
Wednesday, September 17:
Rhett Miller
(frontman for the Old 97s, solo show)
Friday, September 19:
The South Texas Destroyers
Saturday, September 20:
Hans Frank & Joey Fender
Sunday, September 21:
San Japan Nite w/The Emeralds,
Bakuben & Quaff
Friday, September 26:
Feral Cats Of SA Benefit w/
The Swindles, Buttercup, Yoshimoto and
Kick It!

Coming In October:
10/4: Mingo Fishtrap
10/15: Jonathan Tyler & Northern Lights
10/23: Doyle Bramhall
10/27: Halloween Party/Swing Nite
w/Two Tons Of Steel
10/25: Texas Music Coalition Party

Sam's SWINGS on
MONDAYS!
Cut A Rug To The Sounds Of: Lil' Bit & The
Custommarx, Spank Sinatra, The Texas Planomans,
Two Tons Of Steel, Chadd Thomas & The Crazy
Kings, Johnny P & The Wigwags, Sean Castillo &
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LIVE BANDS EVERY WEEK, DANCE LESSONS & DJ ULTRA AVE

Tuesdays - Karaoke
Wednesdays - Mixed Genre

Thursdays - Sam's Blues Jams
Frays - Sam's Honky Tonk's Happy Hour
6-7:30, on the patio, free!
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Rod Sanders - Proprietor
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Kacey Henderson - Assistant Manager

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Every Wednesday Jam w/ Claude Morgan
Try Our Famous 'Truck Stop' Enchiladas, Steaks, Nachos and More!!!

Every Wednesday Jam w/ Claude Morgan

Tuesday: 1st Landis Armstrong and his Guilty Pleasures in the cafe
Wednesday: 3rd ShAnnies in the cafe
Thursday: 4th Big Molvin in the cafe
Friday: 5th First Friday, Jeremy Charles on the patio, Claude Morgan, Karen Mat, and Ken Gaines in the church
Saturday: 6th The Infidels in the church
Tuesday: 9th Rusty Martin in the church
Wednesday: 16th TBA
Thursday: 11th Albert and Gage in the church
Friday: 12th The In and Outlaws, Leo Rondas in the church
Wednesday: 17th Campfire Night with Claude (Butch) Morgan, George Insite, Daniel Mack in the cafe
Thursday: 18th Green Mountain Grass, New Monsoon in the cafe
Friday: 19th TBA in the church
Saturday: 20th Hap and Shammuck Society "Halfway to St. Patrick's Day", Hooley on the patio 2-6 p.m., Freddie Steady and Wild Country in the church
Tuesday: 23rd Ruben Y in the cafe
Wednesday: 24th TBA
Thursday: 25th Lewis & Clark in the church
Friday: 26th TBA
Saturday: 27th Shelley King in the church
Tuesday: 30th The Crimson Jazz Orchestra in the church

Visit our website at www.casbeers.com

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A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD ESTABLISHMENT

Action Magazine, September 2008 •15•
Since 1975, Action Magazine has been the major voice of 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 more than 30 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 the 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...