

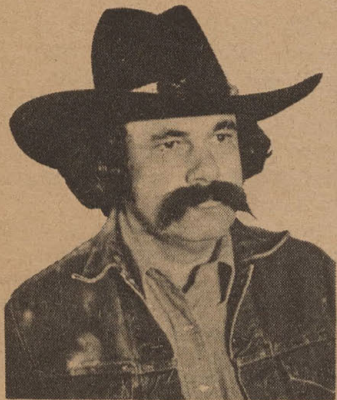
Sam Kindrick

There seems to be no question now that at least one of our law enforcement helicopters has been hovering extremely low over North Side apartment complex swimming pools.

The hovering is done on warm, sunny afternoons when the chicks are tanning their hides in bikini bathing suits.

But is it the one sheriff's department chopper, or is it one of the two police whirlybirds?

Sgt. Norm Jarke, head of the police copters, says his pilots aren't scoping out the pools; and he goes further to say that two sheriff's pilots have already had their tails reamed for such low-level rubber-necking.



.....
NOW THERE ARE two "Super Pats" in San Antonio.

One works at the Foxy Lady Saloon, the other is the female who bartended several years ago at the Frigate when Jack Mikulenska had it.

Both of these ladies are hung like Jersey heifers. And it's safe to say that neither will ever suffer from wrinkled faces.

In years to come, the sheer weight of their pendulous mammaries will keep their facial extremities pulled tighter than a fiddle string.

Two Way Street

AFTER COMAL COUNTY Sheriff Happy Fellers set up road blocks in that little strip of Comal across from Specht's Store during the big concert, busting folks who took the back route, Sean McNulty of the San Antonio Light had a suggestion.

He wrote that Sheriff Bill Hauck should have maintained roadblocks near our county line during fiesta week, and that every Comal County resident returning home with arrestable offenses should have been hauled screaming to our Bexar County lockup.

It is true that Fellers and his boys roadblocked the back road leading from Specht's. And they searched for signs of drunkenness, dope, faulty mufflers, or any other possible offense.

One kid was fined \$56 for driving without his contact lenses. It is true that Fellers and his erstwhile associates did make more than 20 arrests, calling their roadblock a "driver license" check.

Many Offenses

When you get thousands of persons returning from any type gathering, it's safe to say that offenses could be hung on many.

But we'll go a bit further than McNulty. If Fellers is bent on torpedoing people leaving any Bexar County function, then why not get right down on his level and nit-pick?

I'm sure the New Braunfels Chamber of Commerce wouldn't appreciate it much if San Antonio and Bexar County folks decided to boycott Wurstfest in the fall.

And no one loves to bet on horse races better than your humble scribe here. But if Sheriff Fellers would assume the role of a book-following lawman, then how about that wide-open, illegal gambling on the quarterhorses in Comal County?

There are plenty of other places to attend horse races. And the hospitable folks in Castroville serve fine sauerkraut and sausage.

Deal Turned Down

A MANAGEMENT PERSON from one of the Austin Highway motels walked into Malcolm Bell's Knave Pub and let it be known that any girls willing to make a few extra bucks could contact him.

NOTE: He wasn't looking for maids.

Darlene Hicks and the other Knave girls sent this would-be pimp packing.

It's "Hairy" Jersig

THERE WERE DAYS when Lone Star topkick Harry Jersig wouldn't allow his representatives to wear mustaches or even sideburns that crept below their ears.

Now the venerable Jersig is starting a mustache.

He's joining Lone Star wheels Randall Rohne and Jerry Barton and the entire brewery sales staff in a new hirsute look.

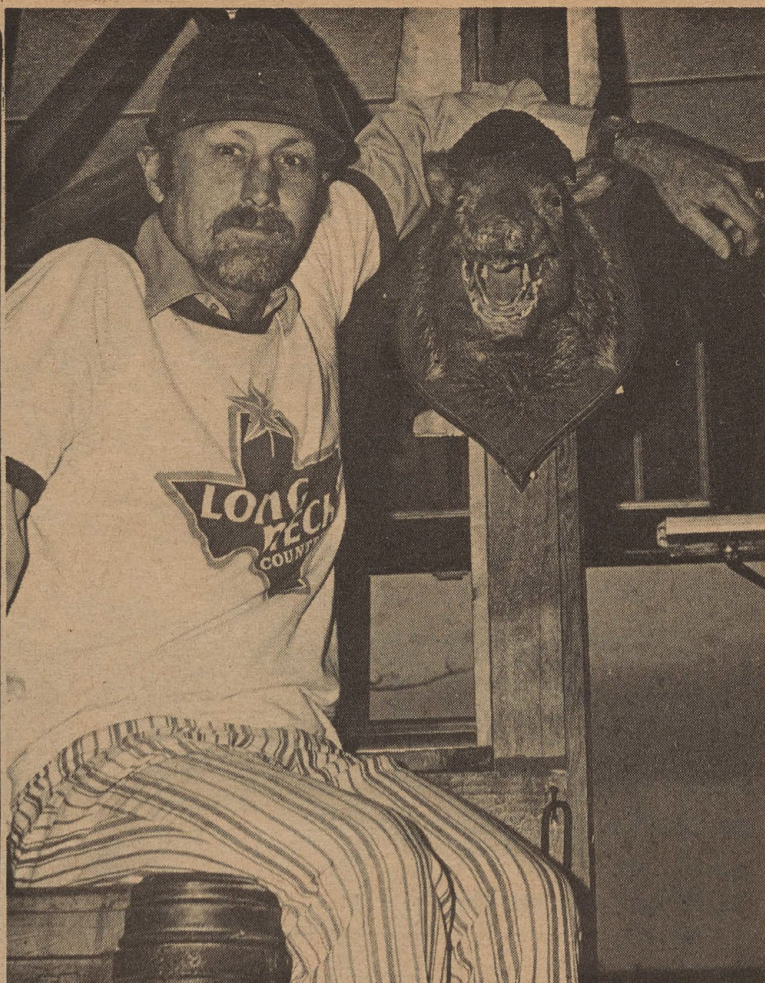
When Barton, Rohne, Barry Sullivan and other heads at Lone Star convinced Jersig that the brewery should move into the world of progressive country music, the old hoss nodded. When the Lone Star trademark "Longnecks" surpassed bottle sales of the corresponding months of March and April last year by more than 100,000 cases per month, Jersig quit shaving his upper lip.

An Earring Next?

Now the first Lone Star Cross-Country TV and radio simulcast has been aired. Others are scheduled. There were technical difficulties in the reproduction of this first filming, but the next one should be bug free. And the public has given the "Texas music" an overwhelming welcome.

When "Longneck" sales surpass a corresponding month of last year by 150,000 cases, Harry Jersig will truly be "Hairy" Jersig. He's agreed to grow a goatee.

And if "Longnecks" pass 200,000 cases in increases, what then for the grand old man? An earring, maybe?



Ben Dorsey and friend...

BEN DORSEY:

'If You Need A Friend, Buy A Dog'

Say his name three times and he will appear.

Ben Dorsey, Ben Dorsey, Ben Dorsey...

Presto!

And there he stands, one Benjamin Dorsey--the only Ben Dorsey. America's number-one band boy.

America, its musicians, actors, bartenders and concert promoters couldn't stand more than one Ben Dorsey.

Ben's good, okay. Like a double shot of Wild Turkey liquor. Sometimes he goes down a bit rough, just like a double jolt of Wild Turkey. But he gets your attention.

See Page 2

The ACTION

"The Progressive Newspaper" May 1975



MISS JOYFUL

More ladies on centerfold...

The Action is distributed in restaurants, clubs, motels, hotels, record shops, liquor stores and other people spots throughout San Antonio and the South Texas area. Phone 826-7880. Or write 212 Harriett, San Antonio, Texas, 78216.



Ben Dorsey at work.

Ben Dorsey continued...

Any more than a double-shot of Wild Turkey would send the devil screaming to a cold water faucet; and two Ben Dorsey's would bring the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost to their knees in unison. There probably isn't a musician alive who hasn't been graced by Ben's omnipresence.

If they haven't, they will be. At the concert near Specht's Store, Ben materialized out of the darkness. He's built like a hoe handle, and with his pipe, Dorsey bears a strong resemblance to a lizard carrying a stick in its mouth.

It was dark and hours before the concert. Early arrivals were huddled around a fire near the Specht cotton gin.

Strange Headgear

Ben had four cases of beer in his belly and a weird hat on his noggin. Instead of his customary cowboy lid, Dorsey was sporting an ancient German Kaiser cap--one of those medieval deals with an iron spike-like antenna.

Someone mentioned that the fire was getting low. "Okay, lovey," Ben said. "I'll bring some wood."

He calls people either "lovey" or "chief". And "lovey" or "chief" can be man, woman or child.

When Dorsey moves, he moves. And he came on with that mighty log at a rapid clip. Then Ben hurled his log into

the fire. But he forgot to turn loose of the log.

The results was a spectacular acrobatic and fiery display of flying embers, showering sparks, burning beard and hair, and the inimitable contortions of America's number-one band boy as he was hauled by his heels from a scattered bed of coals.

Next night, with peeled head and singed beard, Ben lurched onto the outdoor stage as Willie Nelson sang "Phases and Stages". Dorsey's pipe was busted in half, result of his headlong plunge into the campfire. But he was still wearing his iron kaiser cap as he made his way toward Willie.

Hands Off Ben

The stage manager was mute. No stage security hand moved to stop Dorsey as he weaved and wobbled across the stage.

Twice, Ben almost plunged from the 16-foot stage. But he regained his footing each time, continuing his erratic but determined course toward Nelson.

Finally, Ben reached Will. He took off his iron spike hat and placed it on Nelson's head.

Grinning broadly, Willie stopped picking and said into the mike: "Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce Ben Dorsey--America's number-one band boy."

Dorsey bowed ceremoniously

to the outdoor throng. Then he bowed to Willie. Then he bowed to Nelson's grinning drummer and manager, Paul English. Then he meandered through Paul's drum set and over to where Willie's sister, Bobbie, was playing the piano.

He fooled with her piano for a minute, then lurched off into the night.

Cold sober, Ben Dorsey is lightning in a jug. He'll help anyone do anything. He delights in helping musicians carry equipment; he gets his jollies helping a bartender polish glasses; he will build concession booths, push stalled automobiles, change dirty diapers, chop wood, scrub floors, clean toilets, change flat tires, or bale cotton.

Known Everywhere

Whether it be Bourbon Street in New Orleans, Houston Street in San Antonio, or the Vegas Strip, Ben Dorsey is known.

Ben has been a band boy, or odd-jobber, for many musicians. He's worked for Ray Price, Charlie Pride, Nelson and anyone else who would put up with him.

He's tagged along with almost all of them.

Some of Dorsey's stories are outrageous. But they have learned to take his word.

Years ago, Price was playing the road in Arizona. It was late and hot when there came a knock on the band bus door.

Ray Price opened the door, and there stood Ben Dorsey, serenely puffing his pipe.

"What the hell are you doing way out here?" Price asked.

"On location with the Duke," Ben said with nonchalance.

"The Duke?" Price inquired.

"Duke who?"

"The Duke," Ben said.

"Chief, everyone knows who the Duke is. John Wayne, lovey. Duke Wayne. I'm out here helping him make a movie."

This was too much for Price. It was hot and the band was tired. But, finally, he had caught Ben in what he thought was a bald-faced lie.

It would be worth the trouble, Price deduced, to shut Dorsey up once and for all.

To the Leader

"Okay, Ben," Price said. "Why don't you take us out to meet Duke Wayne?"

"Sure, chief," Ben said, stepping into Price's band bus. "Let's go."

They drove some 50 miles through arid desert.

Ben pointed directions, gesticulating with the stem of his pipe. The musicians yawned and went along with the gag.

Finally, the bus came to a high gate. A security guard was on the gate.

"Ben Dorsey, here. Open the gate, Lovey! Right now!"

The security guard opened the gate.

Dorsey continued to give directions. Then, in the desert distance, there materialized a cluster of building facades.

As the bus drew closer, Ray Price and his band realized they were nearing a filming set.

"Stop the bus!" Ben ordered.

The bus stopped.

And there by the bus door stood a giant of a man.

It was John Wayne.

Wayne appeared concered as Dorsey hopped from the bus.

"Ben, where in the world have you been?" Wayne asked. "I've been worried sick about you."

"I'm okay," Dorsey cackled. "Duke, I want you to meet Ray Price and some other friends of mine. Ray, this is the Duke. Duke, this is Ray Price. He plays music."

Flabbergasted

Ray Price and his band members left that movie set with jaws hanging down to their shirt collars. Never again would they question the veracity of America's number-one band boy.

Ben Dorsey was, indeed, helping John Wayne make a movie in the middle of an Arizona desert.

No one knows exactly what Dorsey was doing for Wayne. Maybe he was mixing drinks, flushing toilets, changing horseshoes or pushing stalled cars. But he was there. And every soul knew who he was.

In days of yore, Ben recalls the time he was traveling with Johnny Cash. Those were the days before Cash married into the Carter family and got religion. The man in black was stuffing himself with every imaginable pellet--reds, blacks, yellows and two-toned sidewinder.

As they drove toward a gig, Cash kept telling Dorsey to give him an upper.

Each time Ben handed Cash a pill, the singer would gulp it down, sigh, and settle back for a few minutes.

Then, after a short time, Johnny would demand yet another pill. And America's number-one band boy would comply.

But Ben didn't really have any pills. He was trying to keep Cash pacified until they reached the destination of the show Johnny was to play on.

"I fed him every button on my shirt," Ben recalls. "Even the ones off the cuffs. I ran out of buttons just as we reached the gig. Cash went on the stage and put on one hell of a show."

They all love Ben Dorsey. But they sometimes get irked with him.

Once Charlie Pride was playing the International Club on the Vegas Strip. And Ben made one of his phenomenal appearance acts at Price's hotel room door.

"Ben," Pride inquired. "How would you like to help me out?"

"Anything, chief," Ben said. "You name it, lovey, and you got it."

Pride reached into his pocket and withdrew a sheaf of bills.

He handed a wad to Ben.

"Here's \$200, Ben," Pride said. "And all you've got to do is not show up tonight. Don't even come around the International. Is that a deal?"

"Sure, lovey," Ben smiled, puffing away on his pipe.

"Sure, chief."

He pocketed the deuce and left.

That night, Ben Dorsey appeared at the International with a gang of friends.

"We're with the Charlie Pride group," he snapped at the doorman. "Get us a table on the double! Front and center!"

The doorman hustled the demanding Dorsey and his group to a large table directly in front of the stage.

While Pride struggled through his act, Ben and his pals ran up an enormous food and drink tab.

Ben left after signing the tab, "Charlie Pride, by Ben Dorsey."

Can't Stop Ben

So you see. There is no point in trying. Ben is stronger than cut garlic. He can't be stopped. Why deny him a stage pass. He'll walk onto the stage anyhow. And not one man would lift a paw to stop him.

And why give him a stage pass? He wouldn't use it.

In the old days, when Dorsey was riding the road with Ray Price, the main objective after a show was to tear down the instruments and equipment and get back on the asphalt with dispatch.

Dorsey has acquired unbreakable habits.

When Nelson was playing Laurie Auditorium with Linda Ronstadt this winter, Ben was waiting in the wings.

Willie wound down the show, and the crowd was screaming for an encore.

Nelson reached for his guitar, but it was missing. Ben had grapped the "axe" and sprinted like a jackrabbit from the stage.

"Bring back my guitar," Willie laughed.

Then, as Ben meekly returned the instrument, Nelson made his customary announcement: "Meet Ben Dorsey, America's number-one band boy."

Dorsey gets off on playing his comedian role. But he has been known to show a wiley and sometimes churlish nature.

As they say up in the Texas Hill Country, Ben didn't come riding in on a load of cedar poles.

Ray Price had shown visible signs of annoyance with Ben. And these signs had continued until Dorsey inherited a rather decent sum of money from a relative.

That's when Price asked Ben if he would like to go on a road trip with the band.

To which the hatchet-faced Dorsey retorted: "Chief, if you need a friend, then buy a dog. A Goddamned big Saint Bernard dog!"

Which is Which

Ben Dorsey may appear at any time and at any place. He may be watching right now as you read this story, puffing his pipe and analyzing the situation.

There is an old story about Ben Dorsey. When you get to know him, you wonder if this story isn't more fact than fiction.

A Texan and a fellow from Ohio happened to be standing one afternoon in the Vatican. Both were visiting Europe, and they just happened to get together in Rome.

The Ohio man asked the Texan as two figures appeared high above on a balcony: "Who are those guys up there?"

Replied the Texan "I don't know the cat in the long, black robe. But the one smoking the pipe is Ben Dorsey."

**ACTION
ADS
GET
RESULTS**

Jack - n - Around

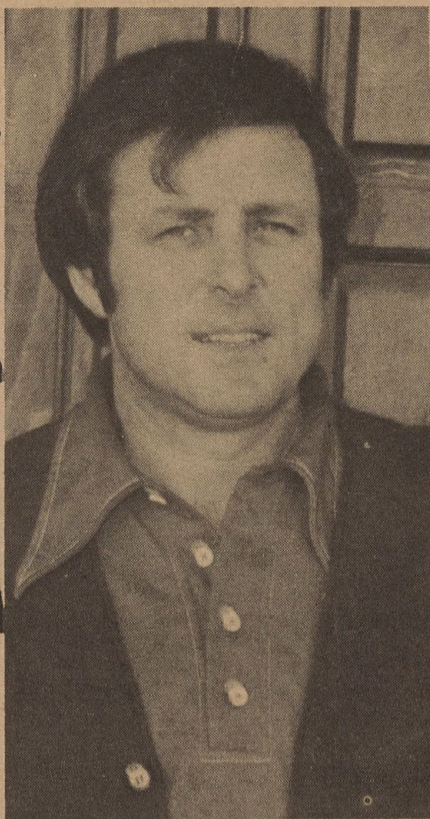
4836 Rittiman Rd. 661-3590
Open Noon to 2:00 A. M.

Mixed Drinks - Beer - Pool

Hostess

Sandy - Sue - Sandra Lynne

**Two Drinks
for the Price of One**
4 to 6 P. M. 11 to 1 A.M.



Ball - n - Jack

3923 Naco-Perrin 653-1502
Open Noon to 2 A. M.

Mixed Drinks - Beer Pool

Mgr. Barbara (Freak) Coble

Hostess

Marc Candy - Dana

Two Drinks for the Price of One
4 to 6 P. M. 11 to 1 A. M.

Uno Mas Club

526 U. S. 81 South 927-2951
Southwest San Antonio's
Finest Nite Club

Open Noon to 2 A. M.

Mixed Drinks - Beer - Pool

Mgr. Debbie McDaniels

Hostess Pat - Teresa

Two Drinks for the Price of One
4 to 6 P. M. 11 to 1 A.M.

Jack Mikulenska

Presents...

Swizzle Stick

5951 Ingram Rd. 432-9141
Open Noon to 2 A. M.

Mixed Drinks - Beer - Pool

Mgr. Debbie Sanders

Hostess Wendy - Wanda

Two Drinks for the Price of One
4 to 6 P. M. 11 to 1 A. M.

FREE?

Nothing!

Sundown Saloon

Lakewood & W. W. White Rd.
648-3350

Open 4 P. M. to 2 A. M.

Mixed Drinks - Beer - Pool

Mgr. Mary Jo Torchia

Hostess Mary

Happy Hour 5 - 7
Beer .25 Bar Drinks .50

Just
Great
Times

**COME
JOIN
IN
THE
FUN!**



Publio, Roxanne and Keith

'Cherry Pie'

Roxanne is Back

Maybe the finest female singer to come out of San Antonio has come back from retirement.

But Roxanne Krezdorn hasn't exactly been in mothballs.

A number of San Antonio club-crawlers will remember this thrush from the old Satin Doll Club days.

She's the tiny girl with the big lungs who brought down houses with "The Tears of Joy".

Now Roxie is crooning pop music, mostly soft and pleasing, at the Steak & Ale on Loop 410.

And she's with two fine musicians, noted guitar picker Publio Casillas, and bass man Keith Fillmore.

Casillas and Fillmore have been together for some time.

With Roxanne, the group is now known as "Cherry Pie", and they'll be appearing almost all of this month at the Steak & Ale.

Roxanne has appeared with a number of local groups. Her voice is versatile.

While singing at the old Forum Club, she unleashed, much in the manner of a tiny Aretha Franklin.

Up Front Disco Is 'Mucho' Project

Malcolm Bell says his new Knave Pub Discotheque which officially opens May 8 will literally stand the City of San Antonio on its ear.

And it will may. Bell is a young, energetic CPA who has done well in the bar business since moving here from Houston. Now he is undertaking a whale of a project.

"This will be the largest discotheque in the city," Bell says. "But it will be like none of the others. I've felt for a long time there has been a void in the entertainment business in San Antonio. Now we hope to fill this void."

Two other places of business on Austin Highway have been incorporated as Bell busted out walls to expand his new club across 3,900 square feet.

"This," he said, "will be the adult disco. We'll call it 'The Knave Disco.' Our main slogan will be 'Up Front at the Disco.'"

Bell says he will cater to an older crowd than what flows through most discos.

"I feel that the adults of San Antonio really need a spot where they can get away from the kids," Bell said. "They need a nice place in which to relax, dance and enjoy the night life in style. That is

what we are offering."

The Knave Pub Discotheque will be divided into sections. Bell hopes there is a section for every mood.

There will be the main dance room and bar, complete with a smoothie disc jockey who will play programmed music which Bell says is far advanced from anything being aired in San Antonio. Then there is a seating room, slightly removed from the music's heavy flow.

His game room will be called "Dirty Marcia's Pool Hall". Then there is a separate room for private parties called "Le Casino."

Out back, for those who enjoy the open-air, the disco offers a beer garden under the stars.

Manager of Bells new place will be Jack Maulden, who has had extensive experience in the business. His cohort will be a blonde bombshell from Houston by the name of Macia Sleeper.

"She can do it all, Bell grinned. "She's been associated with various entertainment ventures in Houston. And they've all been smash successes."

The lady will handle all promotion for the disco, which features an earth-like motif.

"The music will be bump and

boogie...thetype music that adults will enjoy. A lot of planning has gone into the programming of this music. It's something else," Bell said.

Bell, an original sponsor of the San Antonio Martini Party in La Villita Assembly Hall, says there will be some big surprises in store for those who attend the May 8 opening.

"We'll feature the most unique dance floor center structure in San Antonio," Bell said. "But I'm saving the really big surprise for opening night. I'll guarantee you it'll knock their lights out."

OPENING MAY 8th

**SAN ANTONIO'S
ONLY
ADULT
DISCOTHEQUE**

**Reservations
Accepted
826-2042**



Hours 1:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m. Daily

DISCOTHEQUE

**1375 AUSTIN HIGHWAY
(Across From The Sheraton Motor Inn)**

Pot of Beans OK For Jubal

The raw-boned old country boy looks like he might have been driving a tractor on an Indian reservation.

Hot sun and a few years have left their tracks on Jubal Clark's face; his hands are gnarled and chafed from hard work; and Jubal, easy to like, is just a down-home working man who quit his job for the song-writing business.

The Action will bring you the stars. We'll also bring you the hustlers, scufflers and strugglers who make up this old world.

J. B. (Jubal) Clark is one of them.

"I ain't looking for Cadillacs," he drawled. "If I got me four acres of blackland dirt, a little shack and some beans on the table, then I'm happy."

Jubal ain't got that now.

He's got an old car with tires so thin you can all but see the air in them. He's got a flat-top guitar, he's got the Indian jewelry hanging around his neck, he's got reams of unpublished songs, and he's got unwavering confidence in his ability to put life into music and music into life.

Quit Job

Jubal came from the plains of West Texas. All of his life, he's been writing songs. He just recently quit his job as a union carpenter in Austin to devote full time to the music business.

And Clark thinks he has now sold a song of his to a famous musician. As a matter of fact, the song is about that musician.

"Everybody wonders why this man is so warm," Jubal said, a look of bliss on his craggy face. "He didn't get it from the sunshine down on the farm...he gets it from the inside...and it's no mystery... he's got his angel and his devil in close harmony..."

He talks lyrics from his songs during ordinary conversation.

Quite by accident, Jubal wandered into the Foxy Lady Saloon. And he's now writing a song about 6-foot-2-inch Foxy Lady owner Carol Connors.

"I seen her," he grinned. "And the song just started comin' out."

After seeing the Foxy Lady here, Jubal returned to Austin. Then he called her to explain that he was blocking out a song.

Called Collect

He called Carol collect, too. "And she accepted the call," Jubal laughed.

Now drawing unemployment, Clark's home is usually the spot where his car last broke down. When the car isn't in some shop, Jubal uses the back seat for his bed.

Give or take a few years, Jubal Clark is in his early-40s.

He's written more than 700 songs, he says, but is just now getting around to doing something about them.

"I got great stuff," he said. "It's just that I always stayed with a job. Oh, sure, I've hung out around musicians all my life. But I never just dropped everything and cut out on my own."

His inspiration has come from such stars as Charlie Pride, Floyd Tillman, Willie Nelson, George, Jones, Ray Price and many others.

But Jubal Clark frankly

admits that his singing and song-writing idol is a gentleman by the name of T. Gosney Thornton.

Now don't be alarmed if you haven't yet heard of T. Gosney Thornton. He is getting known now, especially on the West Coast college circuit. But T. Gosney hasn't exactly graced the Song-Writer's Hall of Fame.

Jubal has written a song he calls "The Gypsy Cowboy."

Not Named

He says T. Gosney sings it quite regularly.

"T. Gosney and I have also co-written a song," Clark said. "We ain't named it yet. But it's a good one."

At his age, Jubal Clark figures he's starting at the right time.

"I'm mature now," he said.

"I know what I can do. I got it all together and working for me now. And I aim to make it work. I ain't a starry-eyed kid.

I'm a man with a musical message."

Of Thornton, Jubal Clark exudes equal confidence.

"T. Gosney may not be as well known as some," he explains. "But he's got it together. He's one hell of a picker, and he can write with the best. I think he's absolutely the greatest in this old world."

And it isn't likely that J. B. (Jubal) Clark will change his mind about either himself or his friend.

They do have the perfect names for billboards and lights:

Name Combination

Appearing tonight: Jubal Clark and T. Gosney Thornton. What a monicker combination.

At this point, Jubal Clark doesn't have one of his 700 songs recorded.

"But the big people are asking me for them now," he said. "My head is beginning to spin. I'm just waiting and watching before I sign any contract. I want it to all be right."

When he talked with Carol Connors, Clark used his unabashed candid opening: "I ain't no high-roller. And I ain't even got a bed. But I got a song blocked out, and it's a good one."

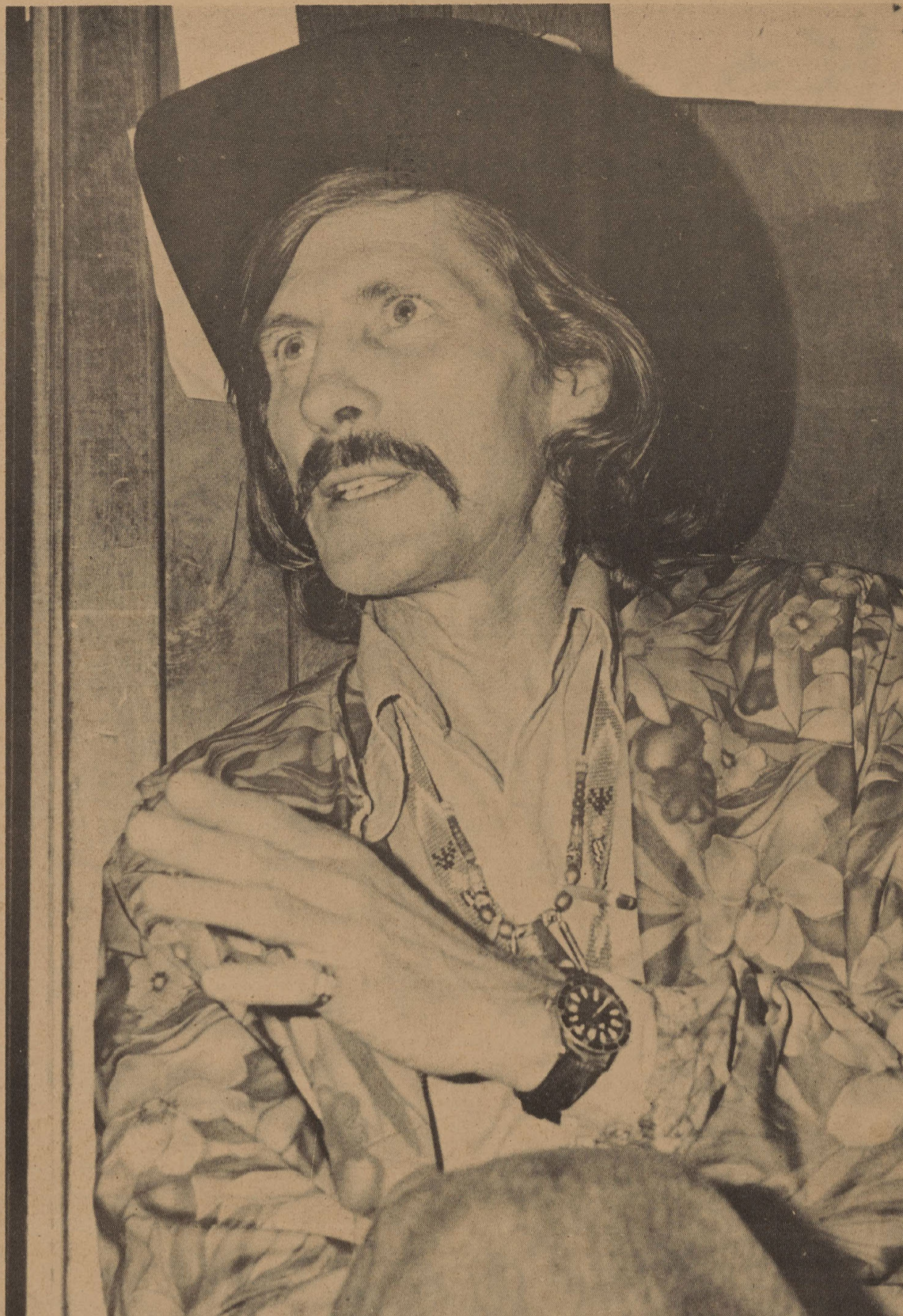
This seamy-faced musical drifter is a chunk of honesty from the block of life. If you've got warm blood and a pumping heart, cats like this will have you down in the dirt and rooting for them.

J. B. Jubal Clark says he won't go back into construction work. And he flatly states that he won't starve in the music business.

"I may not set the music world afire," he grinned, "but I damn sure aim to leave a bunch of charred stumps before I'm done."

Someday, maybe, if the dice fall right, Jubal Clark might be driving a car he doesn't have to sleep in. He might even be a star.

But he would still settle for the four acres of blackland dirt, a paid-for shack, and a pot of pinto beans on the stove.



JUBAL CLARK... not looking for Cadillacs.

Swiss Chalet Restaurant and Club

proudly presents

WAYNE HARPER
(Harper City Limits)



We're Trying To Be Number One
And We Will Be.

7011 San Pedro

344-8511

YOUR HOST — OLLY OTTEN

Kerr Folk Fest Slated

You can't call this one anything but a music festival. The contrast of styles and individual musicians is too great for the 1975 Kerrville Folk Festival to even be called "folk". It should be the "folks" festival.

During the four-day affair (May 22-25) at Rod Kennedy's Quiet Valley Ranch near Kerrville, crowds will be treated to everything from balloon races to bluegrass picking, to contemporary rock, to yodeling contests, to what-have-you. Famed Mike Seeger will be

there with his traditional Southern Appalachian music. Peter Yarrow, former lead singer of Peter, Paul & Mary will bring his contemporary songs. Texas cosmic cowboy Ray Wiley Hubbard and his Cowboy Twinkies are even in this hodge-podge of musicians.

Other facets of the festival include a crafts village of 50 Southwestern craftsmen and five spectacular flights of giant colorful balloons during the third annual Texas Hot air Balloon Races.

Festival producers are also providing free camping at Quiet Valley Ranch this year for those who buy three and four-day tickets.

Here is a breakdown of entertainment to be provided on schedule:

Thursday, May 22: John Vandiver, Dave Houston, T&M Express, T. Gosney Thornton, Allen Fontenot, Red River Dave, Hickory, Ray Wiley Hubbard, and Peter Yarrow.

Friday, May 23: 6 p.m. Yodeling contest: Rick Stein, Robert Shaw, Bobby Bridger, Kenneth Threadgill, Lou-Ray, Montana Slim, Steve Fromholz and Carolyn Hester.

Saturday, May 24: Juke Boy Bonner, Denim, Dee Moeller, Terry Waldo, Townes Van Zandt, Mike Seeger, Bill Joe Shaver, Bluegrass Revue, Flaco Jimenez.

Sunday May 25: Wheatfield, Segle Fry, Carol Cisneros, Guy Clark, Bill and Bonnie Hearne, Don Sanders, Plum Nelly, Allen Damron, and Bulverde's own Augie Meyer.

Try all that on for size if you don't believe there is some contrast.

Everything from bearded, pig-tailed Augie Meyer and his Western Head band to old squares like Kenneth Threadgill and Red River Dave. Then toss in Ray Wylie ("Up Against the Wall Redneck"), and you've really got a Duker mixture.

A blues workshop will be held at 11 a.m., May 23. At noon, there starts the crafts show. The balloon races will be at 8 a.m. Saturday and Sunday. And again on Monday.

There will be a Monday morning Memorial Day finale. But the heavy action will be Thursday through Sunday. Reams of copy could be

written on every single group appearing throughout this fest. And that's exactly what promoter Kennedy is doing.

He has folks literally papering Texas with publicity on this shindig.

The Kerrville Music Foundation is helping put on this monstrous show.

For detailed information on the festival, fans may write: Folk Fest, Box 5309, Austin, Texas, 78763, and should include a 10-cent stamp for return postage.

You will note that 10-cent stamp bit.

Promoter Kennedy didn't come riding in on a load of watermelons.



Lana

What is she saying?

Mrs. Lana Seekatz says her advertisement in The Action has brought her at least 40 new customers within the past month that she personally knows about.

Mrs. Seekatz and her husband, Fred, own the Sugar Shack Lounge on Basse Road.

"Some of my customers have been coming from restaurants and other clubs," she said.

"They all saw the ad. And my day bar girls have told me about others who came after seeing the Sugar Shack ad."

She laughed: "Sam Kindrick

must be strong. My advertisement in his newspaper out-drew my advertisement on the Central Park Mall flashing sign 10-to-1."

Mrs. Seekatz added: "And I can't keep copies of the newspaper in my place. The customers scoop them up as fast as they are delivered."

And about those 40-odd new customers?

"They are staying," Lana said. "The Action got them here, and I know how to keep them here."

CONCERT ACTION

San Antonio:

May 4: The O'Jay's, Municipal Auditorium, 8 p.m. Tickets for \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50. Call 828-6351 for information.

May 19: Fleetwood Mac, Municipal Auditorium, 8 p.m. Tickets \$6, \$5, \$4. Call 828-6351 for information.

May 25: Mac Davis, Convention Center Arena, 8 p.m., tickets on sale at Jam & Jelly General Store and Convention Center Box Office.

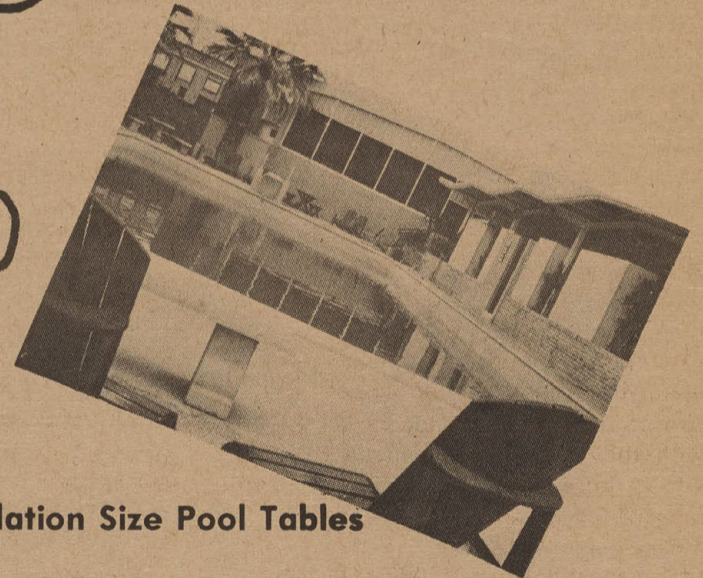
Austin:

May 20: Fleetwood Mac, Austin Municipal Auditorium, tickets on sale at Raymond's Drugs. \$5 advance, \$6 at door.

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Helotes Blowout Coming

Some 100,000 persons may attend the annual Helotes Spring Festival May 8 - 11.

A crowd estimated at between 70,000 and 80,000 showed up for the blowout last year.

Joe Algueseva, who now owns Floore Country Store in Helotes, said all indications are that this year's crowd will be even larger.

Algueseva and his wife, Estella, are operating the store.

But the daddy of it all, Helotes Mayor John T. Floore, will be right in the middle of the festivities.

Big John T. sold the store to the Alguesevas more than a year ago. For the past 10 years, they have been running the place for him. And it's Estella who makes the tamales and sausage which has made Floore's Country Store a Texas landmark.

The 76-year-old Floore kept his living quarters in the rear of the rustic store.

A year ago, it appeared that his health was failing fast. But he's made quite a physical comeback.

"I love the Alguesevas," John T. said recently. "That's why I let them have the store. They've been with me for more than 10 years, and there isn't a finer cook in this world

than Estella."

Floore, in his youth, was a glowing and going promoter.

He came to San Antonio to work with Interstate Theaters. Before that, he was secretary-treasurer of the Harlingen Chamber of Commerce.

Realizing the potential of Helotes, John T. opened the store in 1952. And he bought up most of the property around the building.

He was bedridden for a spell. But the old fellow is now up and about, eating well, and still nipping from a jug of fire-water.

The outside pavilion at Floore Country Store will hold approximately 3,000 persons. And that's where the free dances will be held during the festival.

Throughout the years, John T. Floore has had little trouble at his place.

Big signs adorn the store and patio. They say things like this: "Fighters, beware Here comes the judge. \$100. fine for fighting."

And these are not idle threats. John T. and the local justice of the peace maintained a close rapport for years. And the maximum penalty of \$100. fine for fighting was handed down for each infraction at the country store.

Algueseva said approximately 15 floats are entered in the parade Sunday, including trail riders and bands, one being the U. S. Navy Band from Corpus Christi.

Festivities officially get under way May 8 with crowning of the queen in the Helotes Catholic Church.

The festival action really starts May 9, with the first of three free dances. Music will be furnished that night by Dale Keith.

Clifton Janske and the Drifters will play May 10, and Slim Roberts and the Generation Gap will furnish music the night of the 11th.

The big parade and festival will be on the 11th, featuring acts by the Pearl Gunslingers, a flea market, art shows, and mountains of great food.

And if he feels up to it that day, John T. Floore just may again be heading up the parade he started years ago.



John T. Floore... Mayor of Helotes

Irish Pub

Muldoon's Saloon, from the name, is an Irish pub in the finest tradition of the Emerald Isle. However, Dublin never saw the likes of what you find beyond the swinging doors.

It's a small club which has a bar with about ten stools, tables and chairs for about 80 and a crowd that ranges between 250 and 300. The music is hot and loud, the crowd hot and swinging and the drinks cold and good.

The co-owners are Jack Russell and Mike Gaffney, unlikely partners you will never find. Jack is an ex-corporate attorney from L.A. Mike is a carpenter. The two of them built Muldoon's with their bare hands, literally. A lot of their sweat and blood went in to the construction of the building. More than that went into the building of the business.

If you already know where Muldoon's is, you've got your merit badge in tracking and pathfinding. You've also got St. Christopher as a navigator. Actually, when you do find the place you wonder why it took so long to do so, because it's not hard to get there once you know where it is.

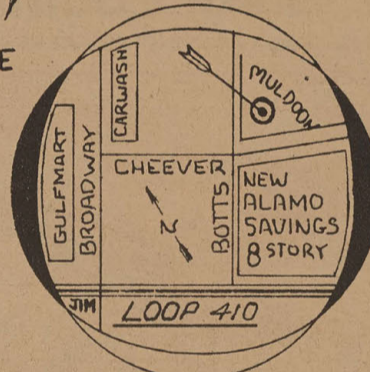
Officially, it's one block north off Loop 410, one block east of Broadway and at the intersection of Cheever and Botts. Got it? Now go ye and find it.

Once you do arrive at the right location and get inside, the action begins. There are swinging doors which have been known to swing back and hit you from behind without notice. You get the idea that this is a fun place right from the very start.

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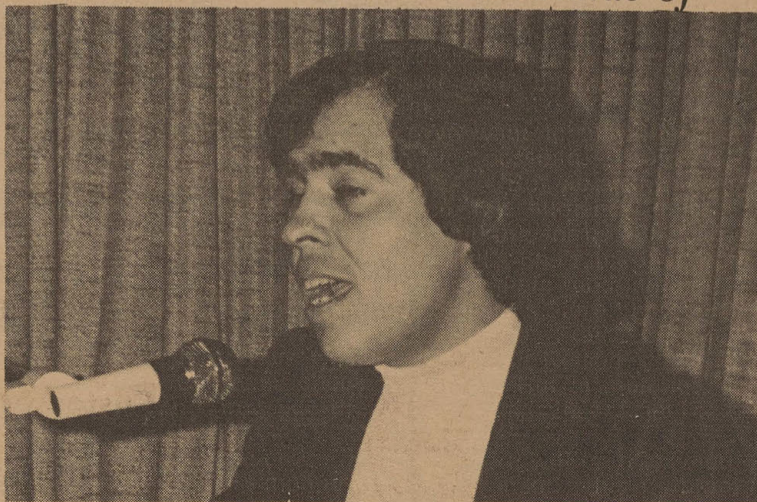
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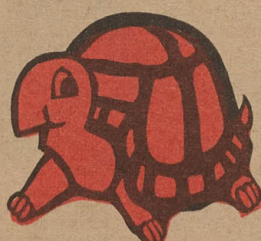
Spot In Town

Velvet Turtle

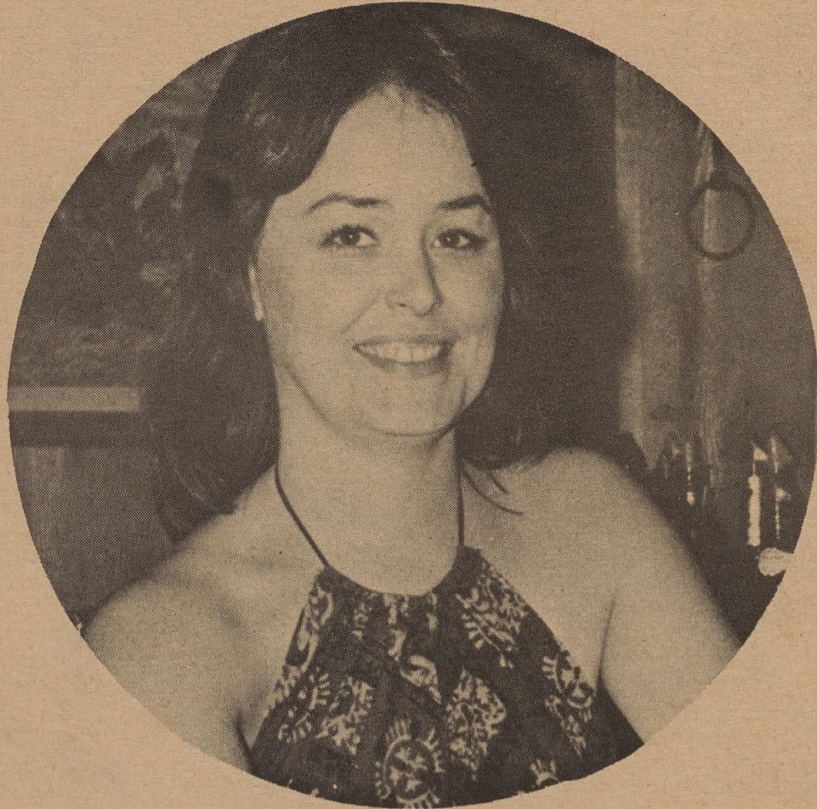
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4 TOBY BEAU	5	6	7 CEDAR FROST	8	9 BILL & BONNIE HEARNE	10
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18 BEAVER CREEK	19 LADD ROBERTS	20	21	22 DOG TOOTH VIOLET	23	24 MAN MOUNTAIN & GREEN SLIME BOYS
25 MAN MOUNTAIN & GREEN SLIME BOYS	26 CLAUDE MORGAN & BOCKBOARD BOOGIE BOYS	27	28	29 RICK CASUAL & KITCHEN BAND	30	31



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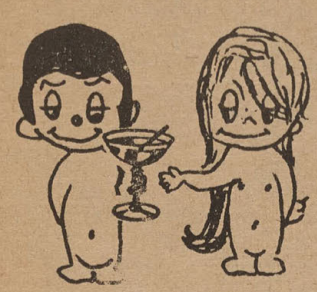
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Pam's Violet Blooms

The dog tooth violets are beginning to bloom in Oklahoma.

And the Dog Tooth Violet Band is already in full bloom on the Texas scene.

This jumping, soulful musical group revolves around a singing, washboard strumming young lady by the name of Pam Grimes.

Pam has more moves than a grasshopper in a chicken pen, fitting in doubly well with a

fine group of young musical men.

Dog Tooth Violet is a listening band. And it's also a show band with only one speed--full and ahead.

The star of this show is a bluejean-clad girl with dirty blonde hair and a soul for music and fluid movement that can make you smell frost on cotton leaves and feel a southern breeze.

She picks a guitar, she sings, she bounces, and she does magical rhythm with an old washboard which is rigged with a tin cup, a piece of piping, a block of wood and the top from a bean pot.

"I love what I do," Pam said simply.

And that's why she is no longer nursing in a Houston hospital.

Many couldn't figure out the reason for this band's name when Pam and her group hit the San Antonio scene from Houston.

"It's funny," said lead guitarist and vocalist Bob Oldrieve. "We just pulled the name out of the air. It seems to fit us."

A dog tooth violet is defined as any of various small, spring-flowering herbs of the lily family.

Oldrieve says the flowers are common in Oklahoma.

So far, Pam and her Dog Tooth Violet have not ventured from the State of Texas. But his little outfit has that special something that brings audiences up and off as they play music described as a combination of rock, ballad, folk, country, cajun, bluegrass and jazz.

At the Specht's Store concert, Pam & Company shook the stage and roused the audience just before Pure Prairie League came on.

Prairie League bass man and vocalist Mike Reilly said after the show: "Boy, those folks don't know how good they are.

We'd be happy to have them front us anywhere at any time."

"We had just been playing bars in Houston for drinks," said lead man Oldrieve.

"Sometimes we just played for nothing."

Pam, a native of Alice, Texas, and a distant relative of Bob Wills, worked at St. Nick's Hospital as an LVN until about a year ago.

"I got tired of playing until late at night, then going to work at 6 or 7 the next morning," she smiled.

"Besides, music is my life."

In addition to Miss Grimes and Oldrieve, the band includes steel man Bill Bertinot, fiddler Joe Lindley (and he's hell on the axe), Marty Smith on bass and Richard Jacob on drums.

Forty percent of Dog Tooth's stuff is original, and they are currently working on an album which will soon be released.

To a person, the group features fine musicians. But the little dog tooth lily with the washboard really makes the bud burst into full bloom.

With sewing thimbles on her fingers, Pam gyrates about a stage, and she rakes that rubboard with a merciless frenzy, but one which produces rhythm that would make a sick hound get up and run.

"We want to play the best music possible," said Oldrieve. "But we also want to reach the audience quick. Pam did this for us. She can't stay still. She's the one who got up hoppin' and jumpin'."

At Specht's Store, the billing was "Pure Prairie League Meets Willie Nelson". And so it was. But a number of people also met Dog Tooth Violet.

And there will be a lot more people meet this vibrant bunch before the dog tooth violets stop blooming in those Oklahoma hills.

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AUBREY KLINE NOW operating the old Boehler Beer Garden on Josephine Street. And his bartender is **Tiny Wauls**, the old black gentleman who started serving ape juice so many years ago with **Sam Houston** at the old Houston's on St. Mary's Street.

Tiny doesn't know how old he is, but he's planning another of his June 19th parties at his East Side home. Patrons of the Southwest Conference Club, Burnt Orange, Wayfarer Club and San Jacinto Club show up in droves for **Tiny's** parties. And everyone kicks in to pay for the mountains of booze, beer and barbecue. These amazing annual cook-outs bring blacks and whites together for the one time each year they see each other.

The old Boehler Beer Garden is now Klein's Boehler's Oyster and Shrimp Garden. Manager **Paul Vaughn** points out that Mexican food is also featured.

Aubrey Kline's brother, **Kenneth**, had married into the **Boehler** family. Boehler's is approximately 120 years old. The suds stopped flowing there only during prohibition. **Wauls** helps make the spot. His off-color jokes would only be appropriate amidst this crowd. Once, when his former boss **Sam Houston** was hung-over and getting down on his case hard, **Tiny** snapped back: "Mr. Sam. I always wished I was a white man till I met you!"

FOLKS GET DRUNK and make asses out of themselves in the more exclusive clubs just as they do in the corner bars. You just don't hear and read about these embroglios. Blue-blooded gentlemen have even lurched from their chairs and squared off in the posh San Antonio Country Club and St. Anthony Club. So don't feel too bad if the white lighting has on occasion made you feel like **Rocky Marciano**.

FOLKS ARE WEARING T-shirts around Austin which have this emblazoned across the front: "I gagged Linda."

TOM TAYLOR, THE HERO of Little Hipps, is now officially divorced and driving a new Cadillac. His old car sported the first bumper sticker in San Antonio which said, "Support the morally handicapped".

MUSICAL JOBS: **WHEN** Jerry Kollman opened his Medicine Man Charlie's on upper San Pedro, he hired almost the entire staff from **Arne Klendshoj's** Fractured Fox--manager **Charlcie Gilliam**, bartender smiling **Sam Kelly**, and waitress **Freida Caballero**.

Shortly thereafter, **Freida** left **Kollman's** employ. And shortly thereafter, **Jerry** rolled into town after a trip and fired everyone but his doorman, including barback **Larry [Paddlefoot] Law**.

Kollman has since re-staffed Medicine Man Charlie's. **Freida** is back with **Arne** and **Gayle Bell** at the Fractured Fox. **Larry Law** is back scuffling pool games, and both **Charlcie** and **Kelly** are hunting jobs.

This watering hole dodge is even more unstable than radio and newspapers.

OVERHEARD: TWO CATS talking at a table in the San Francisco Steak House. One said his wife was taking karate lessons, and that all she had learned was how to fall without hurting herself.

To which the other man responded: "Personally, I think those karate instructors have just got a license to practice legal grabass on their female students..."

ACTOR GLENN CORBETT fraternizing with pal **Big John Hamilton** at Big John's Steak and Catfish Restaurant.

Corbett said he liked the Action. Then told of a television series he's had in his head for some 12 years. Plans to soon present it to a producer.

In his series, **Glenn** said, the old west lawman is a human mistake-maker. Like the rest of us. A genuine, down-to-earth screwup.

WHILE APPEARING AT the Longneck, Austin recording star **Rusty Wier** was approached by a sexy little swish who cooed at the bearded **Wier**, "Rusty, when you get through playing tonight, we're going to make love until noon tomorrow."

Wier shrugged and said, "Baby, you better hunt another stud. That's why they call me **Rusty**. I'm just a rusty, old single-shot. I bust one cap, and then I roll over and go to sleep..."

WHEELING-DEALING **JACK** Mikulenska sold his yet-to-be opened One-Eyed Jacks Club to **Larry Findley** and **John Coody**.

And **Malcolm Bell** will soon open his discotheque. **Bell** is expanding his Knave Pub on Austin Highway, doubling the size. A disc jockey will be hired, the works. Only one not so happy about it all is former Knave manager **Darlene Hicks**...She's been aced out.

The heavy action in this town now seems to be divided evenly between nice drinking joints, little toilets, posh discotheques, and progressive country hippidromes.

LIL DAIGLE HAS got some combination going with her Tavern on the Green. It features the tavern part in front, a side room for pool and other games, a dancing area for fans of such country singers as **Bubba Littrell** and **Jerry Waddell**. And a club section in the rear, complete with heated swimming pool.

Families let their curtain climbers flounce in the pool by day. And at night, the big boys and girls take to the water.

NEW OWNER OF THE Swiss Chalet Club and Restaurant is **Olly Otten**. He's got a really nice layout on the hill just off San Pedro Avenue. That's **Olly**, by golly, and you're right. He's the same cat who was selling those little German autos.

THANKS TO THAT patrolman who stopped a drunk friend of ours the other night. The guy had been driving to his estranged wife's house to pick up his boy. Each time he arrived at the house, his people had not returned. Between each trip by the house, he guzzled a six-pack. Finally, he was too drunk to hit the ground with his hat...much less drive.

The cop pulled him over and listened to our commercial artist friend's garbled story.

"Okay," said the policeman. "You just crawl in the back seat of your car and go to sleep. I won't take you in for DWI if you promise."

Our artist friend promised, then passed out in his car.

Somewhere, at some time, that cop has been in the same shape. We thank him again in behalf of our friend.

HAVE YOU HEARD:

Question: What is on a man's back who is laying face-down and dead in the desert?

Answer: An unopened parachute.

AUGIE MEYER TAKES a back seat to no musician, but the talented man from Bulverde needs an immediate hit record to really put his star in orbit...and his hot-licks lead guitarist **Chris Holzhaus** says it's already on wax. The record: "Hi Texas Rider," written by **Augie Meyer** and arranged by his Western Head Band. It'll be released by the latter part of this month on **Augie's** own Record Label.

AFTER MUCH RESEARCH and heavy deliberation, **Zeb Poopie**, Central Texas bureau chief for the Action, came forth to deliver this: The two most grossly overrated commodities in the world -- teenage nookie and Mack trucks.

IF IT DOESN'T flow in your joint, Paul can free it. He's the sewer man with a conscience who specializes in bar and club donnickers. Call Paul at 924-9861 for a super flushing...And how about the mouthy pool scuffler who was thrown out of the Foxy Lady Saloon? The big she-fox herself did the hefting...

AT CRAZY DARRYL'S there are two magic names which will get one a free, giant, Texas-sized beer--The Action or Sam Kindrick. On the square...What's this big disco that **Larry Van Horn** and others are putting together out off Wurzbach Road?

IF THE VICE is so worried about lewd dancing, why don't some of the blue boys check on that strip joint which features a back room bed for quickies between shows? And **Lee McCullough**, the bearded cat who often plays **Muldoon's Saloon**, has written a song: "Doing the Hondo Crouch". What's more, **Alegani Jani Schoefield**, world champion chili cook and bosom buddy of **Luckenbach Prime Minister Hondo Crouch**, has agreed to finance the cutting of a first record about **Hondo**. **McCullough** calls his band "The McCullough Saw".

Bad Dudes To Meet Here

Meet the men who are internationally recognized as the greatest Oriental fighters alive:

Their martial arts styles are such as hapkido, tae kwan do, and shal lin.

This is Oriental for some thing like hell on wheels, double-tough, and just plain bad, bad, bad.

Masters of these arts will be in San Antonio for a spectacular to be held either the first or second week in June.

They have yet to find the proper spot, but the exhibitions are set, and the sponsoring cat in **Anthony Whan Ki Choi**, chief instructor at the Universal Karate School, 3311 West Avenue.

You hear of these karate black belt toughs around town. They are babies compared with these men.

Scheduled to appear are **Koreans Bong Soo Han**, **Mr. Kim**, and **Charles Lin** from China.

Each of these men have more than 30 years of experience in these ancient arts. **Bong Soo Han** co-starred in "The Trial of Billy Jack", and was technical adviser for **Warner Brothers**.

Bong Soo Han has gone through all black belt degrees, nine of them, and is in a realm of deadliness by his lonesome.

Admission will be charged for the show, but only to raise expense money.

Tom Kirchner, a first-degree black belt at the West Avenue school, laughed when asked if any San Antonian black belts could handle one of these guys.

MEDICINE MAN CHARLIE'S

LADIES ONLY
Pool Tournaments
Trophies & Prizes
Sundays 4:00 PM



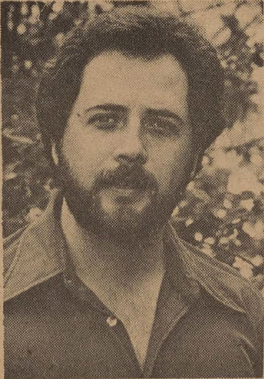
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6740 San Pedro



Action Photographer

Larry Scherff will be photographing people, places and things for The Action.

Scherff is like a lot of us. He doesn't like to be tied down to producing just one product.

The veteran freelance photographer is now into the people scene.

Of The Action, He says: "It's a winner. That's why I got on the boat."

Scherff has done just about every type of photography. He also does his own lab work.

If you have need of top-rate photo art, call Larry Scherff at 655-1588.

And watch for Larry's flashing strobe light as you move through the night scene. Your picture may be next in The Action.



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CEDAR STACKINGS

Some years ago, a column appeared in the Comfort News with this signature: "Peter Cedarstacker, Writer,"

This sensitive and talented word mechanic is also known as Hondo Crouch, prime minister, mayor and imagineer of tiny Luckenbach.

Now we propose to bring you one of these fine literary outpourings. And if we're lucky, there could be more forthcoming from this Hemmingway of the Hill Country goat trails.

CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS, MAY

From Luckenbach:

Nothin' much has happened here in Luckenbach this week. Mama went to the store and bought some Golden Relief Medicine for her hurtin' back. It's real good medicine because you can either rub it on you or drink it and it makes you feel good. Well too. You get about three jiggers in a bottle. I prefer drinkin' it.

We haven't found a place to buy in Luckenbach for the price we sold our house and ranch in Cedar Creek. When the little inconspicuous real estate man in purple clothes and yellow spats told us he had a place in Luckenbach for sale he forgot to say how much. Now Mama wisht she hadn't gave him 200 dollars back.

We've been here in Luckenbach two weeks now lookin' for a kinda flat place to settle down. Grass is gettin' green because it rained and everyone is finally happy. Everyone cept me and Mama. The ditch she dug around the tent to keep the water out, kept it in. And that nite it rained I was dreamin' someone was throwin' darts at my water bed.

Kind, old Trapper Gutowsky visited us and just because Mama has a remedy of turnips and coal oil for the distemper, he left his sick dog. Here we are, sittin in a wet tent, no land, a visitin' sick dog, wet matches and poor little Jay Elbie has a sore throat and his nose sticks together.

Peter Cedarstacker
Writer



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Tribute To A Thunder Mug

Good down-home poetry is hard to come by these days. We welcome good poetry. And the following poem may be used as a standard of excellence in our editorial opinion.

This poem has been attributed to James Whitcomb Riley, but no one has ever proven who actually penned the masterpiece. Riley never owned up to it.

Now we bring you what The Action calls real get-down verse. It's called "The Passing of the Backhouse."

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears

A weather beaten object looms through the mist of years.

Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a mile or more

And hurrying feet a path had made up to its swinging door.

Its architecture was a type of simple classic art,

But in the tragedy of life it played a leading part.

And oft the passing traveler drove slow and heaved a sigh, To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.

We had our posey garden that the women loved so well, I loved it too, but better still I loved the stronger smell

That filled the evening breezes so full of homely cheer,

And told the night-o-taken tramp that human life was near.

On August afternoons, it made a little bower

Delightful, where my grand-sire sat and whiled away an hour.

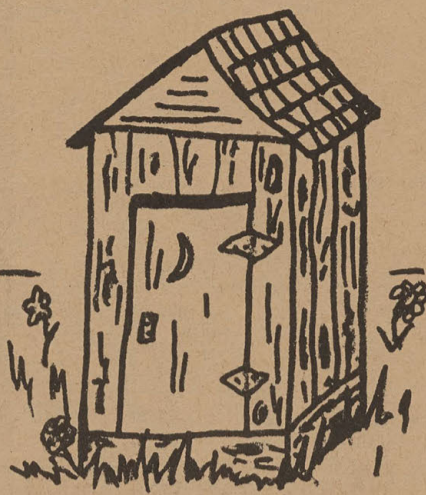
For there the summer morning its very cares entwined,

And berry bushes reddened in the steaming foil behind.

All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies

That flitted to and from the house, where Ma was baking pies.

And once a swarm of hornets



bold had built a palace there, And stung my unsuspecting aunt--I must not tell you where.

Then father took a flaming pole--that was a happy day--

He nearly burned the bulding up--the hornets left to stay.

When summer's bloom began to fade and winter to carouse,

We banked the little building

with a heap of hemlock boughs But when the crust was on the snow and sullen skies were grey

In sooth the building was no place where one could wish to stay,

We did our duties promptly, there one purpose swayed the mind;

We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we left behind.

The torture of that icy seat would make a Spartan sob,

For needs must scrape the gooseflesh with a lacerating cob

That from a frost-encrusted nail did dangle by a string--

My father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.

When grandpa had "to go out back" and make his morning call,

We'd bundle up the dear old man with a muffler and a shawl.

I knew the hole on which he sat--'twas padded all around,

And once I dared to sit there--'twas all too wide I

found.

My loins were all too little, and I jack-knifed there to stay.

They had to come and get me out, or I'd have passed away.

Then father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,

And I just used the children's hole, till childhood days were done.

And still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true,

The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted Sister Sue.

That dear old country landmark; I've tramped around a bit,

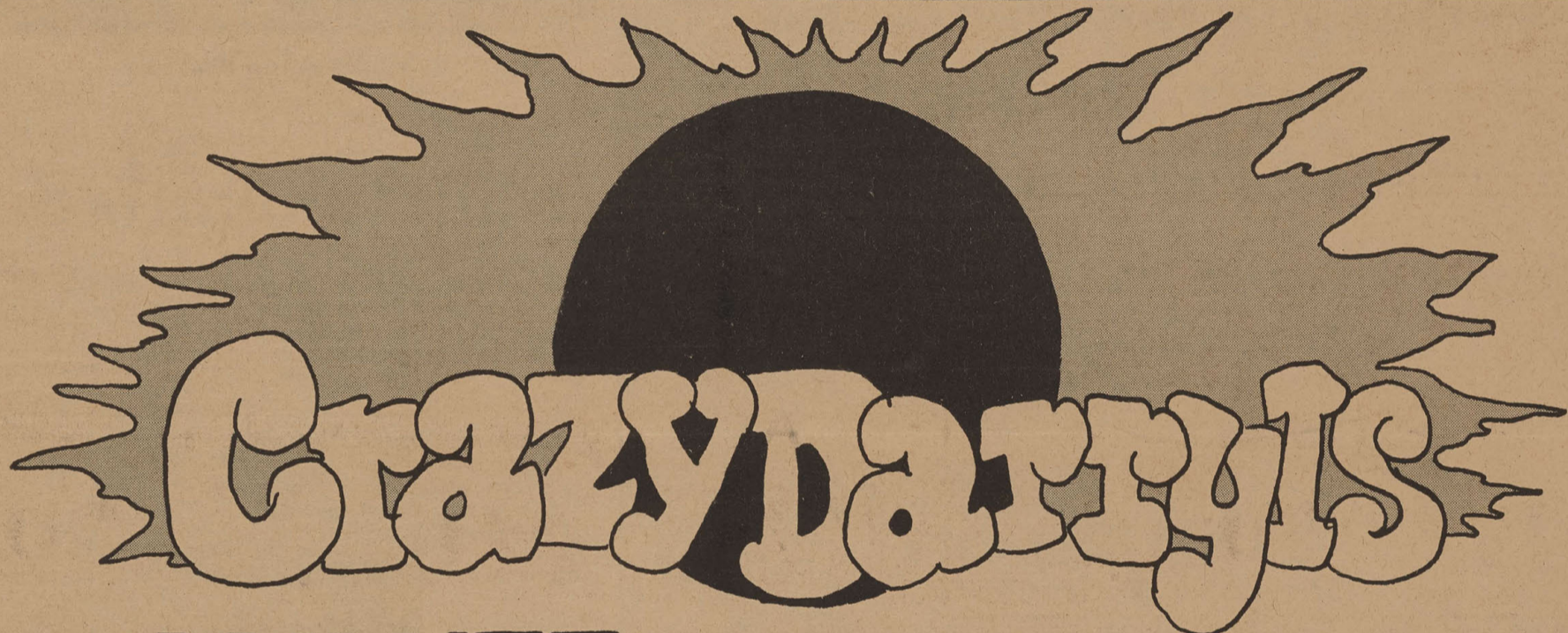
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to sit.

But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of yore

Then seek that shanty where my name is carved upon the door.

I ween the old familiar smell will soothe my jaded soul.

I'm now a man, but none the less, I'll try the children's hole.



MAY '75

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* EVERY THURSDAY IS FREE CONCERT NITE (NO COVER CHARGE)

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SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				1 * LIVE... IN CONCERT BREEZE	2	3
4 ABNER	5 BURNETTE	6 THE BAR FLYS	7	8 *	9	10 SEE THEM THRU THE 14th
11	12	13	14	15 * LIVE... IN CONCERT TALWIND	16	17
18 ABNER	19 BURNETTE	20 THE BAR FLYS	21	22 TO BE	23 ANNOUNCED	24
25 ABNER	26 BURNETTE	27 THE BAR FLYS	28	29 * LIVE... IN CONCERT ROCKSAND	30	31

IN NORTHWEST CENTER MALL - BEHIND PANCHE'S...

Worrisome Willis Allen

Willis Allen Ramsey is a talented song-writer and vocalist.

But this member of the Austin cult hasn't exactly endeared himself to San Antonians with his childish personality. He lacks an element known as "class".

You're supposed to crawl before you walk, and you're supposed to walk before you run, but the temperamental Ramsey thinks he's already off and flying like a bird.

Actually, he's a spoiled little brat who has left a dirty taste in some mouths here.

At the Bijou Club, he took what owners Romy Vela and Sidewalk Sam Noin thought would be a 10 or 15 minute break.

Ramsey wandered off to a Mexican restaurant, and spent

two hours in the place. Meanwhile the club owners were forced to scuffle up extra entertainment while Willis did his thing.

On another occasion, he walked out of the Bijou, only to be found sometime later wandering aimlessly.

Said Noin: "He'll never play for us again. We're through with him."

Of all the great musicians on the Lone Star Cross-Country Special, Willis Allen Ramsey was the only performer who didn't like a preview of that first show.

He literally screamed that the film people had "ruined" him.

No one is ruining Willis Allen Ramsey but himself.

In event Willis ain't hep yet, he hasn't exactly mounted the

top rung of the musical ladder.

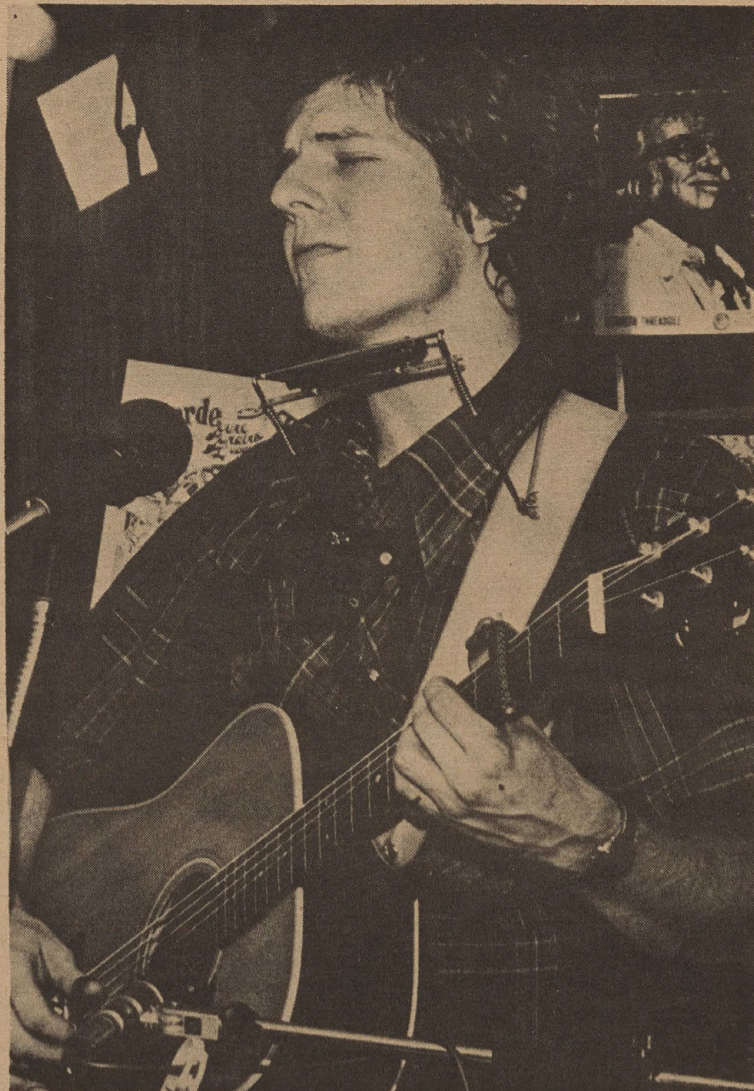
This kid couldn't carry Willie Nelson's "E" string, and he'll never be in the class of such men.

When Larry Scherff of Action took his photograph, Ramsey announced that he allowed no flash cameras in his regal presence.

There are too many good progressive country musicians around for any club operator or promoter to put up with snot-nosed whippersnappers like this one.

This prima donna will wind up getting his nose re-arranged one of these days. It might help both his singing and his acrid personality.

People pay to see and hear this clown: But he pulls on his britches just like any other man.



Willis Allen Ramsey

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Now Open in the Old Cotton Gin
Every Weekend

This Sunday, May 4th

Man Mountain & The Green Slime Boys
from 5:00 to 9:00

also

Starting at 3:00

Ladd Roberts
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Store Opens at 12:00

North on Blanco
Past outer Loop to Specht Road

Chili Cookoffs Set

With the Houston and Marble Falls chili cookoffs already out of the way, those fun-loving chili freaks are gearing for even bigger events.

The San Antonio Pod of the Chili Appreciation Society of America meets May 12 to formulate plans for a local high-level invitational cookoff.

The Bandera Chili Cookoff is slated for May 24.

And there are others, all

pointing toward the giant, goofy World's Championship Chili Cookoff next November in the ghost silver mining town of Terlingua.

There will also be a chili cookoff May 18 in Kirby. But this one isn't an event sanctioned by the Chili Appreciation Society of America.

It should be a fun deal, though, and those interested may get details from the Kirby Lions Club.

Mikulenka Dumps Joint

About 1,000 God-fearing parents signed a petition in the Glen and Camelot II areas urging state and local officials to keep nightclub impresario Jack Mikulenka from opening a joint in the neighborhood.

They feared Jack's new watering hole would be too near Montgomery Elementary School, 7049 Montgomery Dr.

People cuss and discuss Mikulenka, but it's a fact that he is mighty devoted to his boys. He works with his kids in athletic projects all the time.

Very reasonably, Mikulenka told the P.T.A. folks that he would be happy to wait until 4 p.m. to open his proposed One-Eyed Jacks, giving the kids plenty of time to pass before any heavy bar traffic started arriving.

This proposal was turned down flat. So Mikulenka, in a pique, announced that he would open it at 7 in the mornings, complete with topless and bottomless squirming girls.

While the good ladies stewed and sputtered about this, no doubt in visioning painted hussies standing suggestively in the bar doorway, Mikulenka quietly unloaded the place on his bosom buddy, Larry Findley.

If there is a legal problem, it's now in Larry's hands.

And the happy-go-lucky Mikulenka is probably off stirring something up in another direction.

Concerts

The City of San Antonio will present the San Antonio Symphony in concerts May 10, 11 and 16 at the Sunken Garden Theater in Brackenridge Park.

The LONGNECK

San Antonio's Progressive Music Center • 341-0473
May 1975

SPECIAL THANKS TO ALAN GIBBS, PROGRAM DIRECTOR AND REX THOMPSON, STATION MANAGER OF KEXL FOR THE HELP THEY HAVE GIVEN US IN GETTING OUR RADIO PROGRAM TOGETHER.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					Wild Bill & THE BUFFALO YANKEES	Wild Bill & THE BUFFALO YANKEES
					Wild Bill & THE BUFFALO YANKEES	Wild Bill & THE BUFFALO YANKEES
CLOSED	CEGAR FROST	CLAUDE MORGAN & THE SUCCESSORS BOOGIE BOYS	Augie Meyers	Demin	Augie Meyers	CLAUDE MORGAN & THE SUCCESSORS BOOGIE BOYS
CLOSED	PLUM NELLIE	TWEED	TWEED	TWEED	B.W. STEVENSON	B.W. STEVENSON
CLOSED	ALAN RICH (SON OF CHARLIE RICH)	ALLAN RICH	AUGIE MEYERS	BAILEY ANDERSON	JOE BOBS BAR-B-GRILL BAND	JOE BOBS BAR-B-GRILL BAND
CLOSED	MAN MOUNTAIN	MAN MOUNTAIN	MAN MOUNTAIN	ALEX HARVEY	ALEX HARVEY	ALEX HARVEY

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All show are recorded live from the Longneck and will be broadcast every Sunday
* The 1st is Ben Dorsey's birthday
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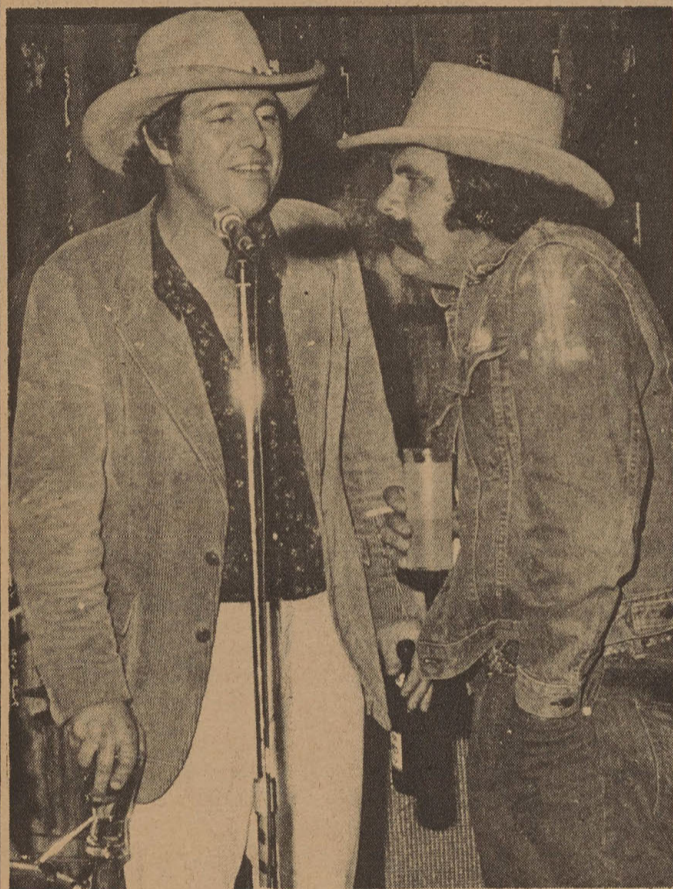
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