

ACTION

The Progressive Magazine

DECEMBER, 1977

PH: 826-7880



**Minnesota
Fats**

**No Santa
For The
Suckers**



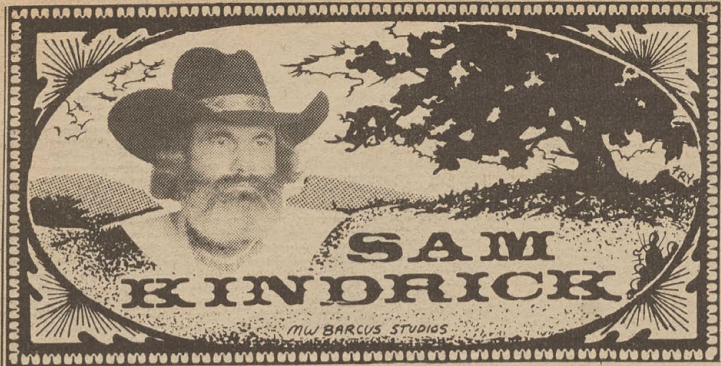


JOHNNY BUSH
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Last month was a hectic one for me.

We are getting set for a big Action Magazine expansion program (you can read all about it in next month's issue), and I was all packed and ready for a quick fishing trip to Port Aransas when the phone rang just minutes before I was to leave on the 9th.

It was Willie Nelson and Larry Trader calling from the Bijou Club.

Nelson, who just purchased a \$185,000 home outside of Denver, was in San Antonio and Texas for a bit of rest and relaxation.

When I arrived at the Bijou, Willie said, "Get in the car. We're gonna ride."

"Ride where?" I asked, explaining, "Man, I got my truck loaded for a fishing trip to the coast."

"Hell," Willie said, "let's go on down to Louisiana. They got fish there."

I crawled into Trader's car, but we didn't go to Louisiana. First we tooled out to Scotty Young's Knights of Olde Club.

WE HAD A round or two of drinks with Young and Falstaff rep Piggy Catalani (he's the only human I know who will sit and sing along with the juke box while Willie Nelson is trying to talk), then someone suggested eating.

It was late by then. Willie said he wanted a steak. So we drove out to Gallagher's Restaurant, arriving just minutes before the 11 p.m. closing deadline.

There were hardly any people in the restaurant, and we managed to order, eat, use rest rooms, etc., before anyone realized that Nelson was in the joint. As Willie was paying the tab, however, one young snuff queen recognized the guru of progressive country music. She didn't charge Willie herself. Instead, she sent a willing and enthusiastic boyfriend.

THE YOUNG MAN grossly fouled up his assignment. In his excitement and haste, he bypassed Nelson and breathlessly asked me for the autograph.

As Kinky Friedman would say, I'm so broke that even my autographs are bouncing, so I dutifully steered the fellow over to the one he was supposed to be getting the "John Henry" from.

Willie scribbled his name before we crawled back into Trader's Cadillac. By this time, going to Louisiana didn't seem like such a hot idea. Instead, Nelson suggested that we drive to Austin and check into a motel. The trip to Texas was a relaxation sojourn for Willie and he was in a visiting mood.

IN AUSTIN THE following night, Nelson decided to visit with Johnny Rodriguez, who with Linda Hargrove was to tape one of those KLRN TV "Austin City Limits" shows.

Prior to the taping, we all met with Rodriguez, UT athletic director Darrell Royal and no-telling-who-else on Johnny's bus. Then it was over to a spot on Austin's "Drag" for dinner at "The Hole In The Wall Restaurant." Since our party took up almost the entire place, Nelson wasn't bothered by autograph hounds.

Back at KLRN for the taping session was different. The studio was packed. Linda Hargrove played for almost an hour, then it was Rodriguez's turn before the cameras.

By this time, everyone was aware of Nelson's presence in the audience. The autograph line quickly formed before Willie and coach Royal.

ONE POOR LITTLE snuff queen, however, just wasn't able to reach either Nelson or Royal. So she turned to me, proffering her scrap of paper and pen.

"You're David Allan Coe," she beamed. "May I please have your autograph?"

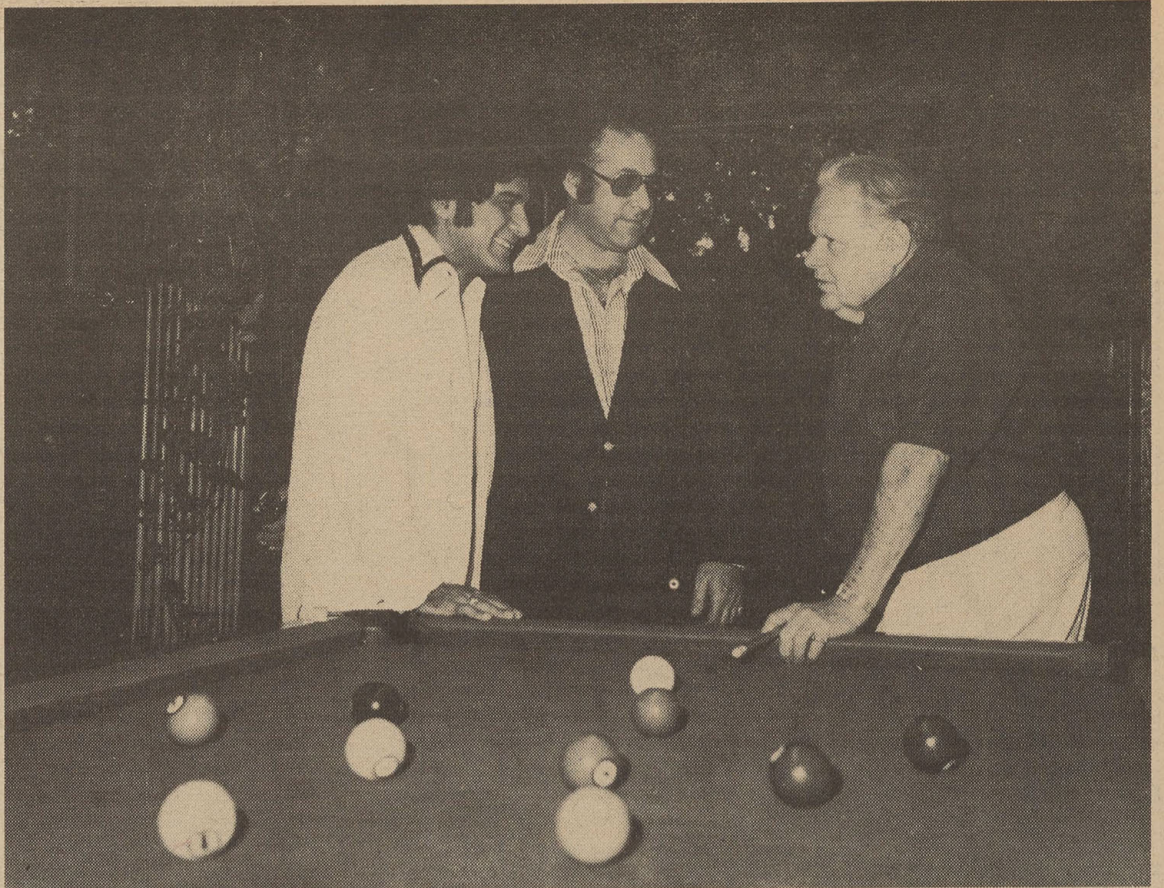
I told the girl that I was not David Allan Coe, and her face fell halfway to her kneecaps. She knew that I had entered the studio with Royal and Nelson, and the kid had carefully appraised my scruffy countenance. Dejected and stunned, she sadly turned away.

THEN, LIKE A true dyed-in-the-wool groupie, and after some careful consideration, she came bouncing back with her paper and pen.

"I don't care if you're not David Allan," the girl beamed. "I like you anyway, and I still want your autograph."

Rodriguez called Nelson up during the latter portion of his show and the studio crowd went ape. Needless to say, Willie and Johnny picked and sang far past the usual studio time limit.

Since I had finally wound up riding with Willie in a rented car, and since he had the key, I finished the night and most of the next morning nodding out on Rodriguez's bus as he and Nelson listened to tapes and tried out new songs on each other.



Legendary fat man gives pool pointers to Alex Habeeb and Danny Levinson.

Fats Still Hustling

If you don't believe that Minnesota Fats is the greatest pool player on earth, just ask him. He'll admit the fact and make it sound like a rank understatement.

The moon-faced old scam artist who was born Rudolph Wonderone Jr., in the State of New York was in San Antonio for two days last month to regale crowds at Tiffany Billiards.

Alex Habeeb and Danny Levinson couldn't have chosen a better drawing card for their super-posh billiards parlor, bar and restaurant on the hill overlooking San Pedro Avenue. The legendary hustler and wisecrack master who looks and talks much like Archie Bunker kept the throngs in stitches with his constant and apocryphal babble, his good-natured joshing with the people, and enough slick pocket billiards ploys to keep the local scufflers from jumping up and throwing any big bread on the table.

"Certainly I can beat any person in the world playing pool," the fat man said. "I can also beat any human at cards, and I can out-eat any mortal man who cares to sit down at a table with me. Willie Mosconi and other champion exhibition players would run and jump from a 10-story building window before they would even think of playing me for money. If I don't want to miss a pool shot, there is no way that I can fail to make it."

Fats (he says the "Minnesota" nickname stuck after he busted every scuffler in that state) never bears down during one of these exhibition and showboat performances. He walks around the table nonchalantly, yapping his outlandish yarns at the crowd, deliberately missing many simple shots, and hanging breath in some throats with what few spectacular cue miracles he cares to display. Some pool hall denizens say that Fats is no real player, but only a rotund gasbag who is living high on a ghostly reputation created by the great movie "Hustler," which starred Jackie Gleason and Paul Newman. Not so says San Antonio's Sam Jones, perhaps the steadiest pool shot in this city and a player whose prowess is becoming rapidly known in other areas.

"Fats will damn well gamble with his own money," Sam said. "I've seen it happen, and I've seen some good players lose to the old boy. I like hell out of him."

Producers of "Hustler" thought that Minnesota Fats was only a fictitious legend until their movie started making millions. Then the round man whose silky stroke is as real as his gift of jive talk stepped forth to claim what was rightfully his. The real Minnesota Fats, it seems, was "cut in on the action" without the movie people even attempting to evade the issue.

"I got a good fat wad without filing a lawsuit," Fats said.

When asked his age, the fat man says, "I tell the girls I'm 60." When asked if he ever lost, he cracks, "Only once. When I was 13 I won a quarter of a million dollars that a broad stole from me." When asked how long he has played without stopping, he says, "Weeks." And I never needed no whiskey or pills to keep me goin'. Just enough suckers with green money."

Between trick shots at Tiffany Billiards, Fats played members of the crowd. With a pained and paternal smile on his face, Rudolph Wonderone, Jr., let many of them win. Each time this happened, he shook the victor's hand and said, "Now you can tell everyone you beat Minnesota Fats and nobody in the whole damn world will believe you."

Of his eating ability, Fats referred to a match in Memphis which never really got down to the true gastronomical gritty of it all.

"They had me matched up with this joker who claimed to be an eating champ," Fats recalls. "We never got the big money bet made. I ruined it all just warming up. I grabbed two chickens and ate 'em like corn on the cob. Then I inhaled a ham in two bites. The guy looked at me bug-eyed and asked, 'Just how long do you think you can keep that up?' I said, 'I'll eat like this for days if need be, and then I might just eat you when the other food runs out.' That's when the guy jumped up and said he wouldn't match up."

Showing off his true skill on the pool table, Fats put reverse English on the cue ball, then remarked: "I can draw a ball all the way from downtown if I want. I can do things that I don't even know I can do."

So just how good is Minnesota Fats? No one will ever really know. He now has his own line of billiard equipment. He has his own syndicated television show. He plays on the Johnny Carson Show. And he is the most famous of all pool players in the world today. The money continues to roll in.

It's just another form of hustle, and the fabulous fat man no longer has to run 300 balls to walk away with the cash.

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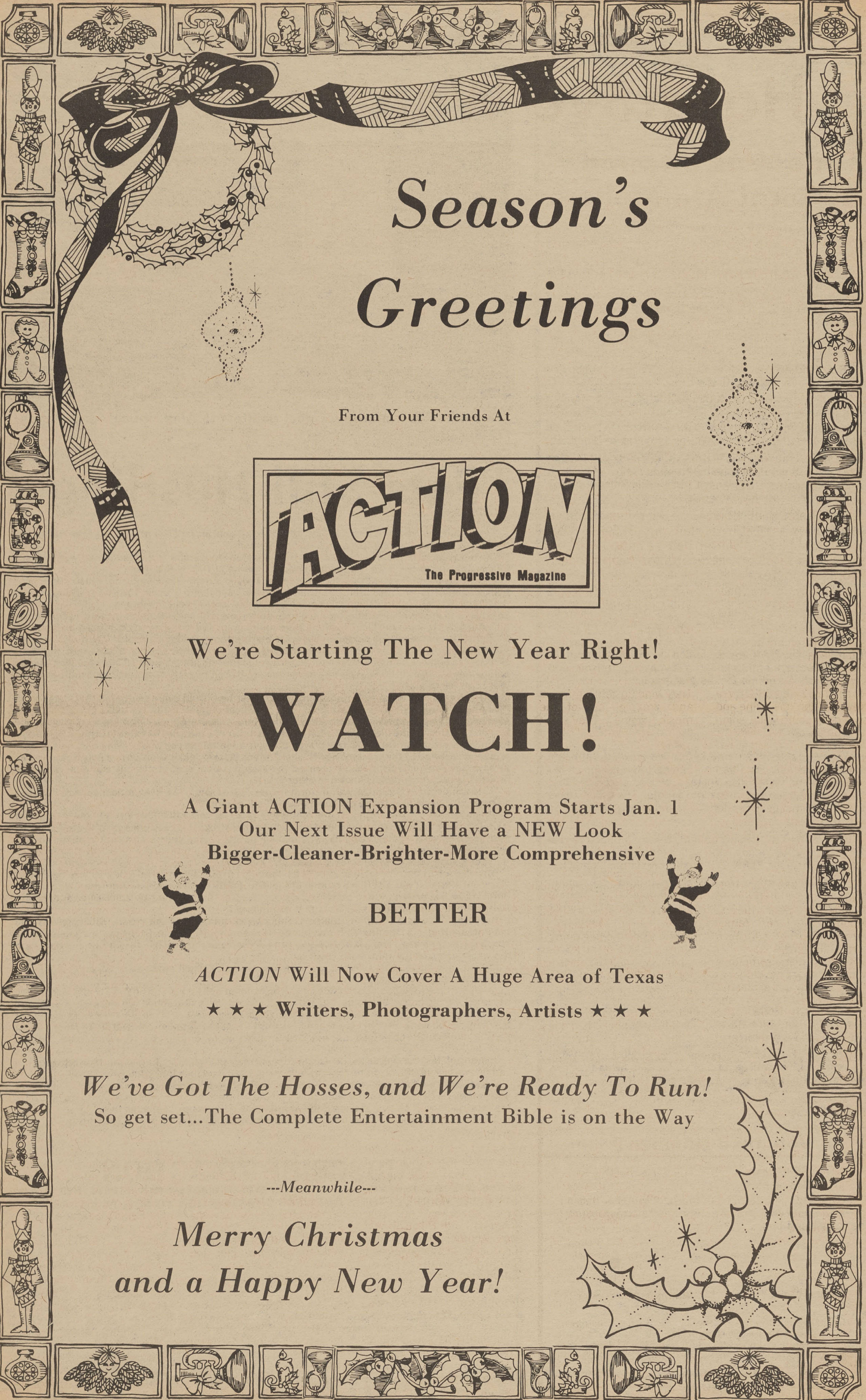
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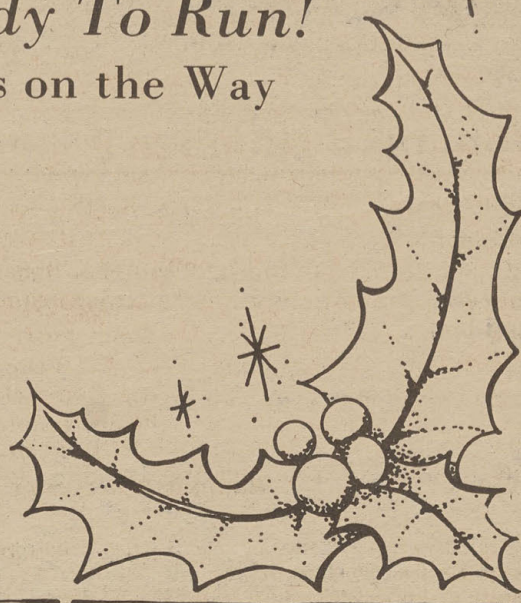
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Linda, Dos XXs & Mi Tierra

Hargrove Won't Cop Out

Tune Was Inspired By Local Atmosphere

Linda Hargrove's smash Texas hit "Mexican Love Songs" was inspired in San Antonio's famed Mi Tierra Restaurant and an obscure little pool hall next door where the tall brunette from Tennessee was drinking Mexican beer the night before Willie Nelson's last July 4 picnic at Gonzales.

Interviewed last month at Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin shortly after she, Willie Nelson and Johnny Rodriguez had literally torn up the KLRN TV studios during an "Austin City Limits" show taping the night before, Linda said of the song which has her waking up hungover in bed with a cowboy whose "breath would wilt the San Antone Rose": "I ain't copping out as to whether that is a true story. I wrote the song up to the point where the girl was lookin' around, then Pete Drake, who produces me, finished the tune."

Of the tune's success, Linda said: "It's a hit all over Texas, but now it's fallin' out of the national charts. It got to number 61 on the national charts, but now it's startin' to fall out. I figure poor promotion has kept it from being a national hit, but I've got to say that the record has been properly promoted in Texas."

Like many of the finer song-writers today, Linda's tunes have preceded her fame as a performer, but this is rapidly changing. The "Blue Jean Country Queen" who has penned hit songs for such performers as Johnny Rodriguez and Olivia Newton-John has a fine and pure deep south voice which is complimented with a natural love for doing her thing before a crowd.

A child of the southland who makes no bones about her country sound, the 5-foot-7-inch musician works with both guitar and piano, singing and swinging her head as the long, brown hair literally whiplashes around her freckled face.

Born in Jacksonville, Florida and raised in Tallahassee after moving around with her family through three southern states, Hargrove says her accent is just "something southern that I picked up."

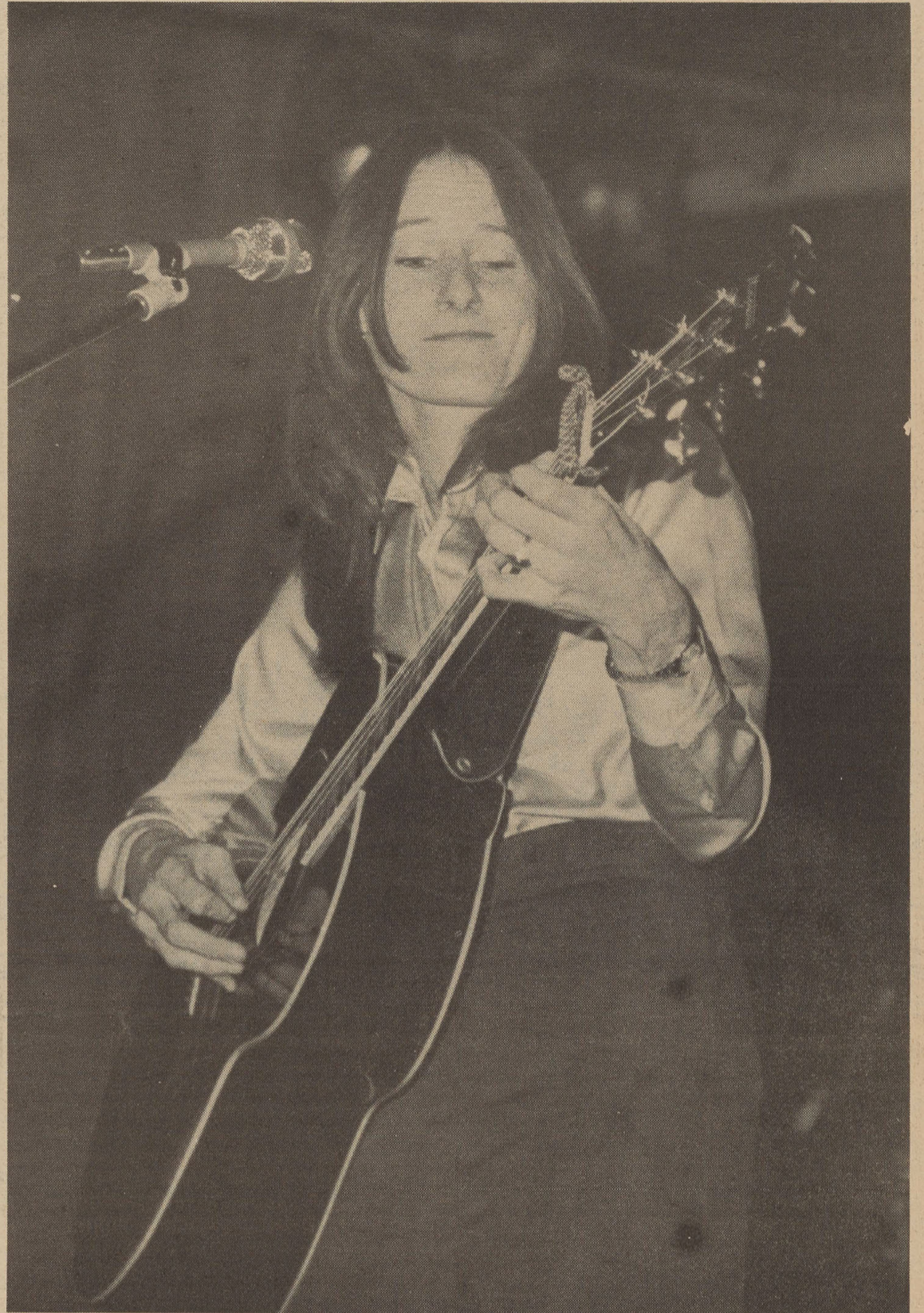
The 28-year-old picker has never married, says she hasn't ruled out the possibility, but went on to note that she is a dedicated musician with no plans to

halt her career as a songwriter and a performer.

"I've got a lot of determination," she said. "A lot of women go to Nashville and say they are gonna make it in the music business, but most of 'em I have met don't. They wind up gettin' married and droppin' out of the music scene. They quit tryin'. I won't do that. I'll keep on goin' til somebody tells me I ought to quit, then I'll probably keep on goin' some more."

Like most who have made it on the rugged Nashville scene, Linda did more than her share of struggling.

"I started playin' around Tallahassee with various bands in the late 1960's. We did rock and roll, rhythm and blues and some folk. My parents divorced when I was about 13. I have been in music since the beginning. I started taking piano lessons when I was 5. I took lessons for eight years, picking up guitar when I was 10. I also played the French horn all the way through junior high and high school. I had a few things recorded around my home when I was young.



Very un-professional stuff. Then I went to Nashville with a band that recorded seven of my songs. It was a band that no one had ever heard of, a group that has since broken up. I watched them do the session and thought, boy, there is nothing to this. Then I found out different when I went back to Nashville in 1970. I walked the streets and I knocked on doors. But with no luck. I was really getting discouraged."

If Ms. Hargrove got a break it came through singing star Sandy Posey and eventually Pete Drake, her current producer and co-author of "Mexican Love Songs."

Said Linda: "Sandy said she would listen to some of my stuff. She had two big hits in the 60's--'A Single Girl' and 'Born A Woman.' At that time she was on Epic Records and Billy Sherrill was producing her. He also produced George Jones and Tammy Wynette. Sandy introduced me to Billy, and Sandy was the first major artist to cut one of my tunes. Pete Drake was playing steel guitar on that session. Afterwards, he asked me to come by his office and bring some of my tunes. I eventually did just that and he told me he felt I had potential and that I didn't

sing like anyone he had ever heard."

When reminded that she sounds totally country, Linda asked: "Is there anything wrong with that?"

Ms. Hargrove noted that Dolly Parton's "mountain sound" hasn't hurt her success as a writer and a performer. Linda said that Dolly is a friend of hers who she admires greatly as an artist. Hargrove noted that she grew up revering the late and great Patsy Cline while listening to the radio as a child.

"If I had an idol," Linda smiled, "I guess you could say it was Patsy."

While most San Antonians hadn't even heard of Linda Hargrove until KBUC Radio started beating the hell out of her great "Mexican Love Songs," the young lady is a great writer, a fine performer, and a seasoned veteran with five LPs and some 75 songs recorded by both herself and other artists.

"I've got between two and three-hundred songs in my catalogue. Of the 75 recorded, I've recorded 56 of them myself."

She noted that Olivia Newton-John had a big hit with her "Let It Shine" tune, while Linda's "Just Get Up

and Close the Door" became a number-one record for Johnny Rodriguez. She also wrote several of the tunes on Rodriguez's brand new album which is destined to be the Sabinal goat rustler's greatest yet (Action folks listened to Johnny's tape of that session).

Lynn Anderson's recording of Hargrove's "I've Never Loved Anyone More" became a top-10 record, and Linda points out that this tune was recorded by 22 separate artists.

It is true that Hargrove is as country as homemade soap, and the nickname she uses is the title from her second LP--"Blue Jean Country Queen." Her first album was titled "Music Is Your Mistress." Both of these were on the Electra label. On the Capitol label she has LPs titled "Love You're The Teacher," "Just Like You," and her current platter with "Mexican Love Songs" which is called "Impressions."

Elaborating on "Mexican Love Songs," Linda related: "I originally got the song idea the night before Willie's Gonzales picnic. I was in San Antonio, running around with John Steel and some other writers from Picking

Continued on page 9

ACTION

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Editor and Publisher Sam Kindrick
Associate Editor Pat Lalley
Cartoons Bob Rohan
Album Reviews Grady Kindrick
Advertising Grady Kindrick
C.J. Pound
Gogi Gale
Peggy Navarro
Pat Lalley
Composition Northside Recorder Staff

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Rowels Grab Two Wins



By Pat Lalley

Major League Rodeo came to San Antonio in the exhibition matches between the Texas Rowels and Utah at the Joe Freeman Coliseum last month.

Team competition replaces individual entries in events including calf roping, steer wrestling, bareback riding, mixed team roping, barrel racing and bull riding. Each team consists of 11 men and three women.

The game proceeds according to scored points. The winner takes two, the loser one and disqualification means zero. Timed events feature head-to-head competition.

The appearance of the MLR contrasts with the rugged individualism associated with the cowboy of legend. The various members of the two teams applaud his demise. That storied figure of independence and self-reliance had little to do with the business of rodeoing.



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Only a few top hands make real money on the circuit. There's a lot of world champion material around that just can't afford to travel, says Jim Stone.

He sits after supper at the Ranch House and talks a bit before preparing for the evening's exhibition. He works calf roping, steer wrestling and team roping, all the time events except barrel racing. His white shirt is dirtied from where he hit the dirt in turning a bull.

The team concept, Stone continues, allows the man the luxury of traveling. Since the boys drafted on the team need to work three events, more all-around cowboys will result. In regular rodeoing, a cowboy frequently concentrates on a strength in one or two events and allows other skills to slide, he says.

One more thing comes up. The issue is important to Stone. Rodeo cowboys are true athletes.

"Average people think rodeo cowboys just drink and raise Cain. You are just not an alcoholic. You got to be an athlete if you get up to the top rankings," he said.

Stone likes the idea of team rodeo. He believes the competition in bull dogging is better than in regular rodeo.

"Here you get bull dogging back in the box. You don't know when the box is going to open. A flag man opens the gate. If the horse or steer turns his head, you still got to go when the flag comes down," he said.

The chance element of the flag-drop serves as an equalizer, says Stone, especially if you're going head-to-head with a champion. One little mistake and I can beat him, he notes.

At a nearby table are two cowgirls dressed in red shirts. They're members of the Utah team. Both, it turns out, are from the area. The one sipping bourbon says they weren't contacted until the evening before the exhibitions.

The tee-totaller, at least before the match, is Penny Brooks. She barrel races and participates in mixed steer roping. Penny hails from Atkins, Texas and witnessed her first rodeo at age five.

"I saw it and wanted to do it," she said and added that a

lot of guys like the fact that she rodeos..

"As long as you present yourself right," she said. "Don't act like a man. Be your feminine self."

Back at the ranch, Penny breaks horses for barrels and the race track. She also spends countless hours practicing on her technique and training her horse for barrel racing.

The Utah coach Dennis John joins his two players at the table. John is a tall, handsome fellow who could stand in for the Marlboro man. When not coaching, he works for the Arizona correctional system. Interpreted, that says the state prison.

The biggest problem for a coach, says John, is organizing the cowboys and informing them which events they are in and when the events come up. There are limits to what you can teach cowboys, he explains, because the sport operates on their subconscious reflexes.

In the pre-game locker room, John draws up the roster for the night's match. Several cowboys surround him as he figures. Others stretch out on the narrow tables before the mirrors that line the green walls.

Joe Garren paces about while rotating the loop of his rope. Justin Huffman straddles a stool. Huffman says little and stares into the space before him.

Frank Nocella rides bulls and bareback horses. His profile is distinct. The nose is smashed flat from one too many explosions out of the chute.

Earlier he took a hard bump. A small cut is over his left eye. The flesh below it swells and begins to color purple.

Another cowboy for Utah landed hard in the afternoon show. He threw up blood after hitting on the small of his back in the saddle bronc event. Jeff Lune rests in the hospital and remains overnight for observation.

As Nocella points out, rodeoing is something you have to desire. He protests against those who "thought we were illiterate men that didn't know anything." Probably, he thinks, rodeo cowboys will start to get some respect as athletes.

He runs a rodeo shop in Tempe, Arizona and designs his own equipment. He favors team rodeo because the man short of money or supporting a family has a shot. Nocella fits both categories.

The "veteran" among the bunch is Ben Kimball out of Prescott, Arizona. He went to the Kansas City exhibition last July. The crowd was so enthusiastic I couldn't hear the tooter when I got off the horse, he says.

"When I went to KC, I didn't think it would work. But it does," he said. "Cowboys try to help each other. It was the first time I ever saw cowboys work as a team."

Team rodeo, as far as Kimball is concerned, is the best thing that ever happened to the game. He's been rodeoing steady for the past couple of years and punching cows for the Arizona Rodeo Association.

The cowboys straggle out to the pens. They inspect the stock and their horses. Afterwards, they lean against walls or prop boots on gates and make small talk.

Utah takes a licking. Texas leads 19-11 at half. The Rowels win 34-25. The home team squeaked past Utah in the afternoon match by two points.

We tested their air, says John afterwards. He points out a lack of depth on his roster. When last seen, he rides a wooden bench outside the post-game dance and converses with a pretty dark-haired lady.

Inside, cowboys and cowgirls, both rodeo and drugstore types, act sociable, dance and drink beer or sodas. Buying beer is a happy Stone who won the bulldogging event. Across the way on the dance floor, coach Bob Blackwood of the Rowels dances with his wife Ellen.

Number one boogies with number two, according to their team jerseys. They enjoy a sweep of the day's matches. Coach withdraws from the dance floor long enough to assess the day's showing.

The horses, he admits, weren't the best. They arrived from South Dakota two weeks ago and never bucked inside before. The bulls, though, were tough and ornery as any you'll see, he says.

Blackwood is proud of his team. He intends to land a number of them for the Rowels during the December draft in Denver. The biggest change he believes necessary is familiarity with procedure.

The team concept works fine, according to the coach. Cowboys usually don't have

much team spirit, he says. He gave the team a half-time talk and notes that second effort was the reason Texas whipped Utah.

"I don't care what kind of athlete you are. You got to have that rah-rah-rah spirit," he said. "Spirit is especially important in head-to-head competition."

Blackwood considers himself as a sparkplug igniting team spirit. He says that at first the guys were not that enthused. By the finish, though, the 'pokes were excited, jumping and hollering.

Of course, Blackwood is that sort of fellow himself. He might be a bit optimistic in judging growth of team spirit. But you can't fault the coach for his big, enthusiastic heart.

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LINDA...Concluded

Up The Tempo Magazine. They took me to eat at the Mi Tierra where we started drinking Dos XXs Mexican beer. When we left Mi Tierra, we walked around the corner to this little pool hall and kept gettin' drunker. That's where the idea started. I knew about San Antonio's River Walk, figured everyone knew about it, so that was just worked into the song.

Besides, I had been to the river before, and I had listened to the bands down there. I wrote the song up to the part where the girl was lookin' around trying' to figure out who was lookin' at her. When I got to that part, there were several options. Pete Drake finished the song for me and that was fine."

Linda laughed: "I wasn't gonna take full credit for the

obvious."

Hargrove said she often reads the Bible, noting that she has written and recorded gospel songs. One of her religious tunes—"Lilies of the Field"—was recorded by Leon Russell.

"My writing has paid off more than my singing. Up to this point, the writing has supported my career as a performer," Linda said, continuing: "I am touring around the country with my 'Go-Fer-Broke' Band."

Members of her group include Charlie Bundy on bass, Bob Ballard on lead guitar, and Tom Davis on drums. During her taping at KLRN in Austin, she had pedal steel whiz Paul Franklin with her.

Praising the 23-year-old Franklin as a peerless steel man (he plays now with Jerry Reed), Linda laughed: "I told Paul he should quit Jerry Reed and Go-Fer-Broke!"

Asked about Nashville's criticism of Dolly Parton's move into a musical field which some do not consider pure country, Hargrove said, "I try to stay out of the Nashville politics. Dolly is a friend of mine and I will be

the first to defend her right to do what she wants. I'm real easy to get along with myself. I get along with most everybody. I don't like being lied to, and this has happened a few times, but mostly I just try to get along with everyone."

Of her own records, Linda's highest on the national charts was number 39, a song titled "Love Was Once Around The Dance Floor."

Asked when she would have a hit record that she both wrote and recorded, Ms. Hargrove snapped cutely without a moment's hesitation: "Just any minute now."



Linda Hargrove

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Yellow Dog Marsh Turns Pro

Robert (Yeller Dog) Marsh, the recognized grand dragon of all chili cooks, begins a nation-wide tour of Macy Department Stores Dec. 1 which will take the "Hoot 'n Holler" kid through Frisco, Chicago and New York.

An electronics engineer and former computer systems analyst for Data Terminal on McCullough Avenue in San Antonio, Marsh got into the chili business quite by accident.

He attended the second World Championship Chili Cookoff some 10 years ago at Terlingua, became infected with "chili fever," and has since given up his secure position with Data Terminal

to devote mind, body and soul to chili.

The first "great pepper" (president) of the San Antonio Pod of the Chili Appreciation Society International (SAP CASI), "Yeller Dog" is now in both the restaurant and packaged chili mix business in a big way.

He recently took over the old Leon Springs Tavern and converted it into "Yeller Dog's Chili Parlor and Tavern" where such gourmet chili delights as "Hoot 'n Holler Pie," "Tex-Mex Burgers," and "Sloppy Yellers" are being served as fast as Marsh can cook them.

What's more, Marsh says,

his pre-mixed seasoning is selling big in Texas, Minnesota and the seven states surrounding Minnesota.

Titled "Yeller Dog's Hoot 'n Holler Certified Texas Chili Fixins'," the packaged conglomeration of spices and herbs come with this little addenda after the tongue-twisting brand name--"Guaranteed not to rip, burn or tear at the heels!"

Says Marsh, "I'll be putting on chili cooking demonstrations in the gourmet sections of the Macy stores. I'll start the tour in San Francisco, then head east for appearances in both Chicago and New York City. The Macy

stores will be carrying my Hoot 'n Holler fixins' in their gourmet sections, while I will perform my demonstrations with Macy cooking utensils. It should be real fun."

Although Marsh is a highly intelligent individual, he doesn't have many visibly serious moments. And it remains to be seen just how he will be received by Yankee spectators in the gourmet sections of Macy stores.

A drawing, slow-walking son of a rural Missouri school teacher, "Yellow Dog" could easily be mistaken for a looney bin escapee while treading on foreign asphalt. His face is about as expressionless as a mud flap, while his usual attire consists of overalls, tennis shoes, a faded yellow shirt with rip and burn holes, and a creaseless flat-brim "Billy Jack" hat which is even more yellow than canaries bathing in a pool of melted cow butter.

With wife Nan and 11-year-old step-daughter Madeline, Marsh is a familiar sight at all Texas chili happenings. He personally makes many of the happenings happen, and this is a major factor for his being named "Supreme Lifetime Exalted Great Pepper of the San Antonio Pod of the Chili Appreciation Society International" when he relinquished his old title to newly-elected "Great Pepper" Mike McGlothin.

Marsh was largely responsible for legislation which officially made chili the state food of Texas, and he was required to register, as a lobbyist as he prodded state representatives Ron Bird of San Antonio and Ben Grant of Marshal to introduce the historic House bill which went straight through the Senate and onto Gov. Briscoe's desk where it was signed into final law.

Both representatives and senators were invited to Austin's Zilker Park earlier this year to watch in amazement as "Hoot 'n Holler Yeller" cooked a world record pot of chili in a gigantic vat. The evil looking

pool of goup contained an unheard-of 2,593 pounds of chili meat.

"The representatives and senators even ate the stuff," Marsh said. "They said it tasted pretty good."

Each Sunday afternoon at 1:15, "Yeller Dog's chili cast" may be picked up on San Antonio's KBUC Radio.

Of his horrible and cornball trivia (Marsh strives for cornball trivia), "Yeller" said: "I spread the gospel of chili."

Back in 1967 when the chili cookoffs were just beginning to catch fire in Texas, Marsh and family showed up in a horrendous yellow polkadot 1954 Ford truck which still sports the painting of a big, droopy yellow dog. Still in use for special chili functions, the old truck comes equipped with a built-in device which belches flame, smoke and nightmarish noises at times when people are least expecting such commotion.

Marsh, one might say, has become a star in his own field of entertainment. And now he has turned pro. Asked why he and wife Nan donned clothing which could be rejects from a Salvation Army box to tour the chili circuit initially, Marsh said, "We were bored and looking for something to do. We like people and the idea of people having fun together attracted us. It's been fun all the way and it is still fun. So I just decided to get out of my daily grind and try to make a go of the chili business. Hopefully, I will now be able to have fun and make a living at the same time with chili."

Old "Yeller Dog" is making it fine, and he will be back at "Yeller Dog's Chili Parlor and Tavern" in Leon Springs if someone doesn't lock him away on either the West or East coasts. Any man who would cook and stir 2,593 pounds of Chili in what appeared to be a sheep dipping vat must go down in someone's history book as the "Supreme Lifetime Exalted Great Pepper" of all chilidom.



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Scotty's Offers 100 Proof Band

The 100 Proof band draws a classy Chicano crowd six nights a week at Scotty's on San Pedro Avenue.

The sleek patrons boogie to lively dance music and the taut vocals of Joe Perales. The stocky bass player is a jovial character whose warmth attracts a growing number to the Northside watering hole.

Perales is also known as Joe Jama, a name he acquired while serving with the Royal Jesters in 1968. He was a 17-year-old kid playing with seasoned musicians, Perales recalls, and working out-of-town gigs provided ample evidence of his inexperience.

"I would take pajamas with me," he said. "All the rest of the guys were naked or in underwear. So they started calling me Joe Pajamas and then Jamas."

The name stuck in the shortened form of Joe Jama. Perales recorded a Spanish album bearing that title on the Freddy label in 1970.

At that time, his bi-lingual single "Happy Man" on the GCP label received plenty of playing time on local radio stations. Perales seized the opportunity to headline and split from the Royal Jesters.

His band Brown Brandy, "a kind of show band," lasted two years. Joe then rejoined the Jesters for a couple of years before signing with Mother Truck in 1974.

During his second tour of duty with the Royal Jesters, Perales met two of his current band members, David Solis, keyboards, and Ray Zule, lead guitar. The chemistry among their personalities flowed smoothly. We knew we wanted to get together, Joe recollects.

Solis and Zule are accomplished musicians in their own right. While Perales did his thing, the two backed Sunny Ozuna and the Sunliners. We worked the same Chicano circuit, says Perales.

Their chance to regroup came a year ago when David and Ray were backing Jorge Ramirez, formerly a singer with Rene and Rene. Joe came off the road just in time to replace a bass player who was giving everybody "hassles."

After three months, the trio gave Jorge notice that they would go it alone as a band. They were at the Laredo Hilton about seven months ago completing a month-long gig with Ramirez.

The problem was figuring a name for the group. The solution came one night during a fifth of vodka and a case of beer as the band played cards and watched TV after their performance, says Perales.

"One of those commercials came on about your religion. A guy says I am living proof of faith. I said, wow, Living Proof. That's a good name for a group," said Perales.

"Then I said how about 101 Proof which we were drinking from across the border. Our keyboard player said better yet 100 Proof," he said.

The band returned to San Antonio, rehearsed and

auditioned for the job at Scotty's. Perales fixes the date of their start at a week past fiesta. Apparently, the guys had better things to do during that week of revelry than work.

The band started on the Wednesday following their Monday audition. They've played at the club for over seven months. Tuesday is the band's night off.

Their sound features a combination of smooth keyboards and neat guitar licks on songs ranging from brisk disco to soothing ballads. Drummer Moses Bolibo shares vocal duties with Perales. The band punches out tunes eminently suitable for dancing.

Business, says Perales, keeps picking up week by week. Evidently, the band serves an intoxicating brew of good times and fun music. Even better, 100 Proof never inflicts a hangover the morning after a few rounds of their music.



(Left to right) Joe Perales, Ray Zule, Moses Bolibo and David Solis



Perales picks and sings

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MUSIC NOTES
From Austin & San Antonio
By
FRANK RODARTE



Merry Xmas, folks. Bubba (Big Dog) Perron should get a little something extra this Yuletide season. He works his ass off over at ZAZ Recording, and lately has

assisted such groups as Trinity, Pure Magic and Road Apple. These are three of the top show groups in Texas. Road Apple is one hell of a band that will get lost in the haystack if the

members don't stick to the studio.

Richard Garza, the band leader, should stay on drums once and for all. No one can play drums like Rich, so, boy, forget the horn. Make a cigarette lighter out of it. And Road Apple's Richard Garibay has never had a real shot in the studio. Maybe this is a new beginning for both Garza and Garibay. Hope so. These Chicano heavies have more miles on them than my '63 Cadillac.

Road Apple may now be seen and heard at the Sheraton.

The Austin-based El Molino group, led by Joe Carrasco, is just about done with their first LP. Sauce, the S.A. West Side Horns, Charlie McBurney, Rocky Morales, Ernie Durawa, Speedy Sparks, Ike Ritter, Louie Bustos and Augie Meyers make it happen for El Molino. Watch for their release soon on Augie's

Texas Re-Cord label.

Adam Najera has added a new dimension to his regular Thursday night gig and party at the Aquarium Disco. Oscar Zamora with his "muneco loco Don Chema" will be appearing every Thursday along with KEDA's Najera. The Aquarium is located in San Antonio at the Basse Road Shopping Center. Both manager Richard Martinez and big Marty Winter, DJ and host, invite you to come check out the action.

Horace Mann band director Paul Elizondo and his fine orchestra teamed up with Ray Maldonado's band at the Convention Center last month for the big Tech-Lanier scholarship dance. Paul never sounded better--"Eso pues Pablito." Playing with Ray are Henry (Flaco) Carrera, bass; Johnny Wing, guitar; Hector Molino, sax and flute; Henry Medrano, drums; and George Rivas on vocals and keyboards.

Bravo, a new band from S.A. led by Arturo (Sauce) Gonzalez, is presently touring Colorado and headed for Chicago to do a couple of weeks before returning home. Lead vocalist Joe Bravo, whose chops gave out due to mucho partying in the early 1970's is making his comeback. Viva Bravo.

Turning Point, one of the most promising bands in Tejas, was booked at Ruben Salazar's Pan American Restaurant for two weeks. This band has the stuff and is destined to go places quick. Catch 'em while they are in the immediate area. Hot.

Sonny Ace and the Twisters are keeping the Ooh-La-La Club jumping these days. Sonny has been a local favorite for many years and manages to always have a good sounding band. Felix Villarreal "El Compadrito" is super "bad" on the guitar, and he plays "Honky-Tonk Part I" just like the original recording.

Richard Celski from Channel 9 KLRN has produced seven shows spotlighting Chicano music and is interested in finding more professional talent needing exposure. Call Celski at 222-8041, and listen to "Wero Polkas" on KEDA for more info...Jack Barber, bass, and Ernie (Murphy) Durawa, drums, are backing Doug Sahm, but it is not known if they are steady with Sahm or just helping on a temporary basis...And Arturo Villarreal, one of the most successful concert and dance promoters around San Antonio,

has a dynamite package coming to the Convention Center Banquet Hall. Titled Super Dance 9, and scheduled for Dec. 17, the show features Jimmy Edwards, The Latin Breed, Ray Comacho, Augustine Ramirez, Canela, plus a new heavyweight band from Mexico called La Orquesta Macho. Also coming for a big Christmas dance is cumbia king Mike Laurie and "Chelo y su Conjunto" on Dec. 23.

Danny Cowan, guitarist with Augie Meyers, is one hell of a picker. He tops the list of underrated musicians around S.A. Ed Reeves, manager of Pinocchio's Cocktail Lounge, had at this writing hired Momentus for Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights...And bionic squeezebox man Steve Jordan and his boy Steve Jr., are really getting across with their new LP on Omega Records. Titled "That's My Boy," it features a variety of music, including a "pachuco" song that will tickle your taco.

Had a chance to sit in with Vic Love and band at the annual Fredrick Refrigeration picnic at Comanche Park. Vic has a young band, but boy are they good. The boys are available for weddings and divorces. Call 435-5224 in S.A. Joe Castillo and Paul Limon are the vocalists on the new Salaman 45 titled "Perico De Oro". Salaman band leader Ben Marines is responsible for the steady climb of this outstanding South Austin powerhouse group. Salaman drummer Gilbert Sanchez is also a talented song-writer.

A place called the Lonesome Coyote in Corpus Christi is a favorite spot for many Austin bands. Next time you're in Corpus, drop by and say hello to "Coyote" manager Gary Mizner...The Austin Sun is now without editor Jeff Nightbyrd. He says he'll just take it easy for a spell...The Austin-based Stevie Vaughn "Triple Threat Revue," featuring lowdown and dirty blues mama Lou Ann Parker from Fort Worth, is reportedly drawing big crowds.

Gerry Storm, a ray of hope for musicians in Austin, is trying to recruit members into Texas Local 433. The new American Federation of Musicians office is located in Austin at 302 W. 15th, and the number to call is 476-6798. It's our best chance to make a decent living, so take your questions to Gerry.

And have a musical jalapeno Christmas, everyone. And may Christ remain in your Christmas--"Feliz Navidad Mi Raza."

NEW COMPANY

Tommy Overstreet and Bill Blackwell jointly announced the birth of Pinnacle Records, a new recording company concentrating solely on developing new artists. Ermil Flatford leads off the label's releases with the single "I'll Be Around." First album is "There'll Never Be Another" by bossman Overstreet. The company labors out of Nashville.

HANK GOES NATIVE

Hank Williams Jr. and mate Becky headed for a two-week African safari vacation on the advice of his doctors. Africa is a favorite hangout for Bocephus who uses the place as a showcase for his b'wana scouting talents. Yep, Hank was once a Boy Scout. His all-American boyhood memories of the organization are so fine that Hank donated \$10,000 to a chapter in Louisiana where he was born.


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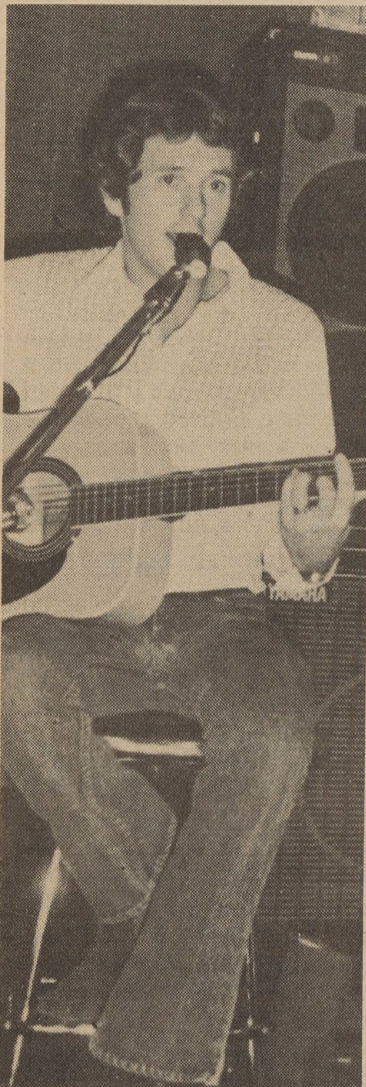


Town Crier Offers Trio

Jimmy, Johnny and Denise are a trio singing behind the bar at the Town Crier.

The club is on Gardendale, a couple of winding curves away from the cluster of pick-up joints at its intersection with Wurzbach. The short distance represents a world's difference in atmosphere and musical appreciation.

There is moving, shaking and assorted varieties of inter-personal hustling going down. A whole ghetto's worth of apartments surround the place. And a bar within walking distance means no driving - while - intoxicated citations on the return trip home.



Jimmy

The Town Crier offers more than convenience. The combo it pays can sing. People even pause to listen, especially when Denise Long belts out those torch songs that kindle the heart.

Johnny Gross and Jimmy Autry provide high-pitched harmonies demanded by several Loggins and Messina tunes. The two are talented musicians. Both study composition at UTSA.



Johnny

Johnny and Jimmy were originally a duo that began when Gross quit the road for graduate school. His career as a pedal steel picker was going nowhere despite his playing for the likes of Darrell McCall, Barbara Fairchild, Roy Clark and Cal Smith.

"I didn't want to be picking when I was 50-years-old and working for people making 40 grand and me \$40," he said.

Besides that, he didn't care for the road. Gross is a faithful husband who resisted temptation while away from home. He quit touring a year ago when his wife was expecting a baby.

Autry is his buddy from high school and surfer band days. He worked seven years for the American Can Company after a stint in the army.

"Then one day a little devil got on my shoulder and said quit your job. That was the little devil," he said pointing to Gross.

Denise joined the two a month ago after asking Johnny to copyright some music she had written. Long was a finalist in the KKYX music writing contest last July. UTSA gave her Johnny's name.

After he heard her singing, he invited Denise to sit in a bit. The audience's response combined with the three's easy camaraderie resulted in the formation of a trio.

Denise is "super-normal" and doesn't drink, smoke or tell dirty jokes, Jimmy says. He nods toward the end of the bar which he dubs the "horny corner." That's where the guys line up to meet Denise, he explains.

Denise giggles, playfully hits Jimmy and tries to squelch the description. She's from Devine and the baby in the family, she says. Eight years separate her from the nearest of two brothers.

"We're a close family. They were just always," she said pausing, "my big brothers."

Denise smiles brightly as she shrugs her shoulders. She's a sweet, sometimes

silly country girl who is neither plain nor simple.

The three produce melodic music highlighted by a variety of instruments. Gross handles a fine fiddle, flute and banjo. Autry's melancholy harmonica accompanies Denise as she sings "Desperado."

Usually, Jimmy and Johnny pick on guitars. Denise may bang the tambourine, but then again she may just drop the thing. Her partners shake their heads and continue playing.

The guys in the audience line up at the corner of the bar.



Denise

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This Presley Imitator Has Moved Around

There are a number of Elvis Presley imitators around the country, but none are more interesting than John Hawk, a rambling man who has done everything from newspaper sports writing to cherry picking.

With Rick Presley and other impersonators of the king working various stages around the country, Hawk does his rocking at the Horsing Around Club on Southwest Military Drive in San Antonio.

John decks out in a white, jeweled suit like the other imitators. His dark hair and sideburns are reminiscent of the former Memphis truck driver. But like most of the others, Rick Presley included, Hawk suffers from no delusion that he is another Elvis.

"There ain't nobody that good," drawled Hawk.

"I am doing a tribute to Elvis, not copying him," he said of his shows Friday and Saturday at the Southside nightclub.

A bit after midnight Hawk dashes to the dance floor and strolls through the audience crooning to women seated at tables around the floor.

The hour-long show ends with Hawk offering an honest rendition of "The King." Then he returns to his normal 50's songs with "Sweet Memories" providing the backing.

The band features Jim

Ryan, bass; Chuck Fansler, drums; Andy Anderson, keyboards; and Butch Denning, lead guitar. They appear with Hawk Wednesdays through Saturdays at the club.

Hawk is an interesting character himself even if he were not attracting large crowds to his special shows.

Casually, he tells a hard-luck story of his life with no hint of self-pity.

He never knew his father who, as he hears it, entered prison the day he was born.

His mother, a full-blooded Cherokee, was a recurrent slave to the bottle. Her erratic behavior led finally to John and his brother Robert being placed in Buckner's Orphanage in Dallas.

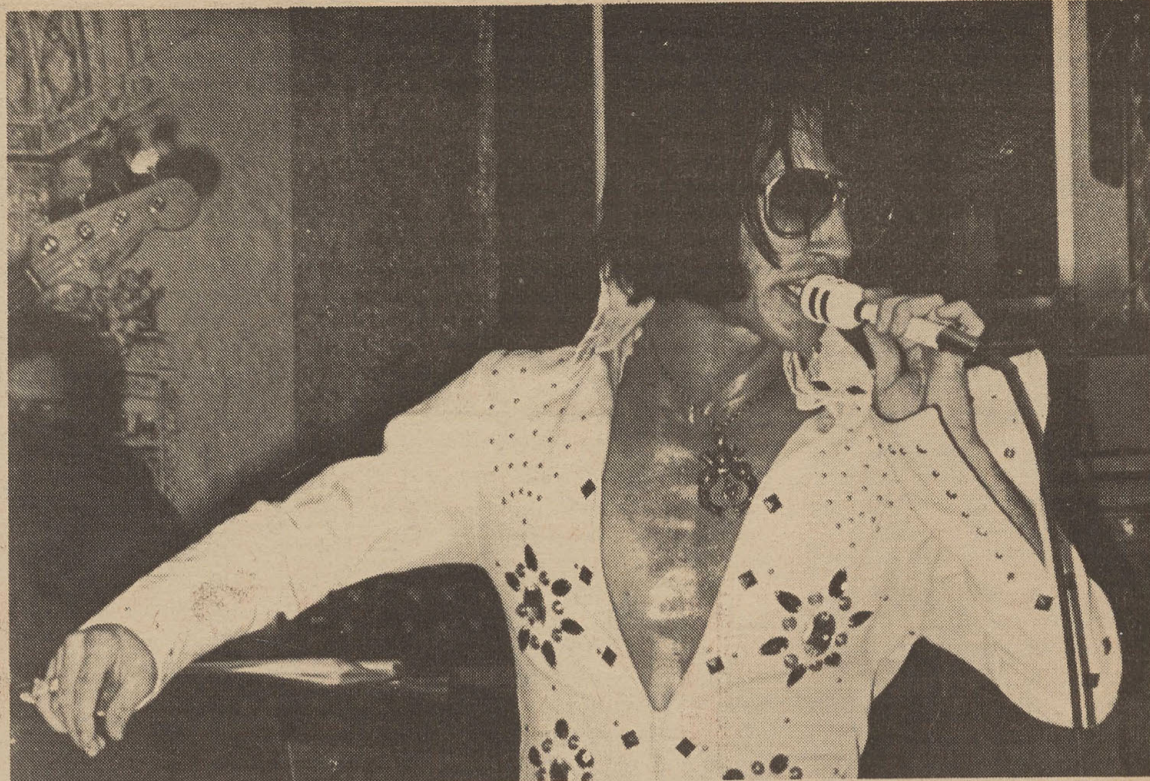
There he first learned he could sing.

"We was in the classroom and just playing when the teacher was out. We were copying Elvis as little kids. The teacher came in and caught me," she said.

"Then she made me sing Presley the rest of the day in front of the class," he said of the woman who was tickled to see the pint-size Elvis imitation.

Institutional life held little favor for John, who was perpetually fighting. His small size was one reason, but his brother was another.

Robert, a few years older than John, cried a lot because he missed his mom. He knew her better



John Hawk the rambling man

and he felt a greater absence, John said.

So John battled Robert's tormentors with his fists. Finally, he escaped from the joint at 13 and found a home on a ranch in Vivian, Louisiana.

A year later came his first club job at Rex's bar in Rodessa where the feisty kid just upped and asked to sing.

"It was cute. I was a little bitty guy and got to be their mascot. The ol' boy who run the place gave me three or four dollars a night to come out and sing," he said of his weekends where the boys from Texas and Louisiana met to fight.

His initial professional performance was in a Shreveport high school talent show. Hawk finished second to a kid singing opera.

This appearance led to an invitation to perform at the senior girls' beauty contest where he walked into his most embarrassing moment.

"I went downstage following my marks and took my spot. Then I looked down, and my foot was on this girl's titty. I laughed so hard I couldn't sing and ran off stage," he said of his first big bust.

Later, he returned and his sentiments matched his original song, titled "The End of the World."

During high school, John sang rock despite his favor for the vocal style of 50's songs. He worked with the band formerly backing Andy Wand and the Wandells.

Hawk nabbed a football scholarship to the University of Houston. He was small but quick during schoolboy play.

But at the college level, Hawk didn't fly fast enough. One brutal tackle during fall practice ended his athletic career.

As a student, John sang six nights a week at the Golden Fleece, a college place now boarded up.

The draft caught him in 1969 despite his marriage a year earlier.

After his stint in Vietnam, Hawk returned to Shreveport where his wife was living with another man.

The subsequent divorce set him rambling as a hippie who sang in coffee houses in Dallas before he drifted to California where the San Francisco scene proved too

much.

Broke, Hawk began picking cherries, but a week's worth of plucking ended his quest for non-material fulfillment.

He began knocking on doors looking for a job and lucked into the sports editor slot with the Democratic Herald in Baker, Oregon.

He had no experience as a journalist. But the publisher was looking for new blood in the staff, and John met the requirement.

After a year of pencil pushing, Hawk moved to Florida where a friend was starting a band, the Night Hawks.

A year there and broke again, Hawk hitchhiked to Texas where he met a truckstop waitress in San Antonio who put him up.

"One night she took me to the Elbow Room where I sat in a couple of sets with a three-piece band. The lady who owned it offered me a job five nights a week for \$150," he recalled.

John lasted a year before dashing back to Florida where he took it easy.

Texas and San Antonio beckoned once more. The prodigal retraced his steps to the Playgirl where he did an Elvis show. After that act broke up, Hawk journeyed to the Horsing Around where he's worked for nearly two years.

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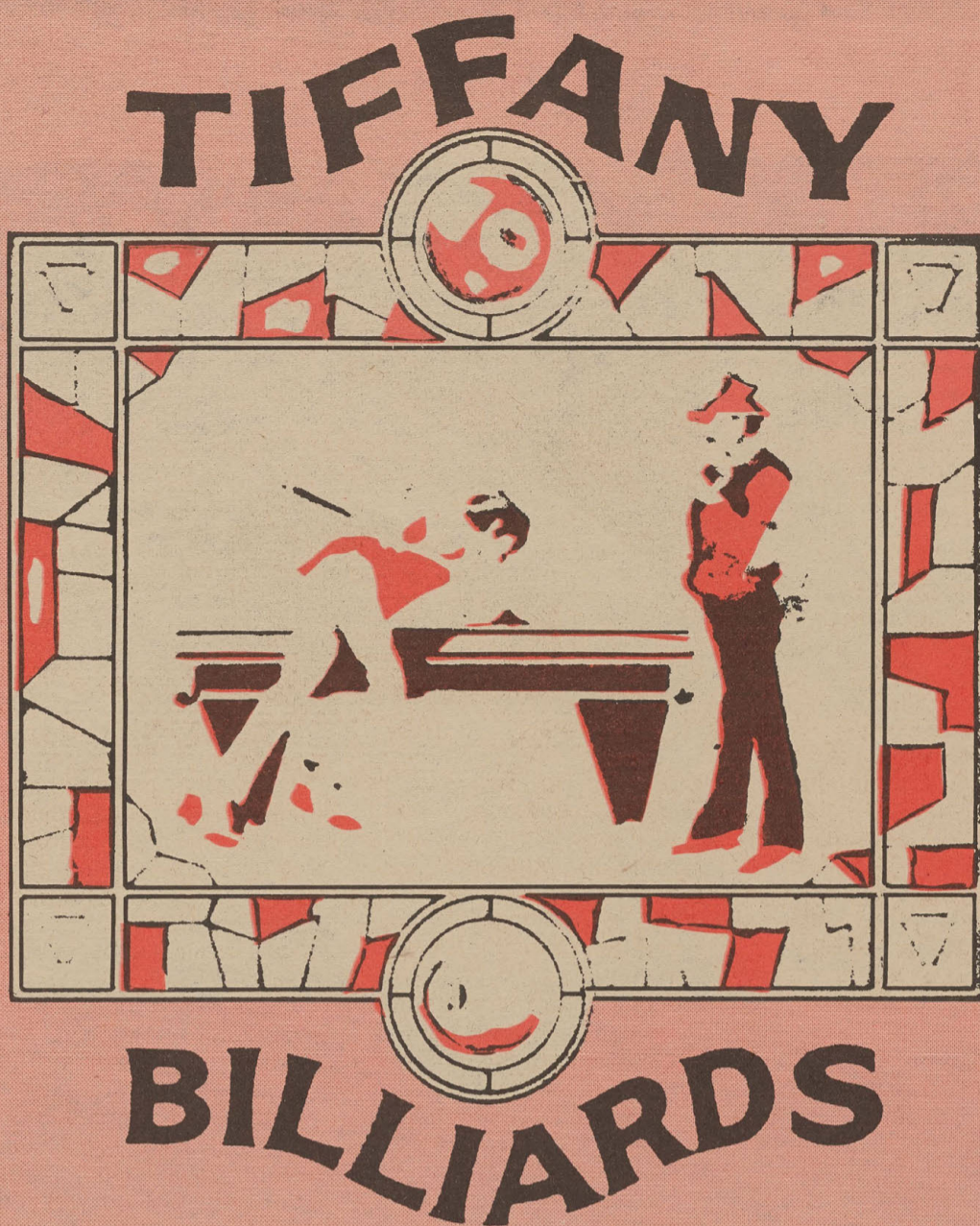


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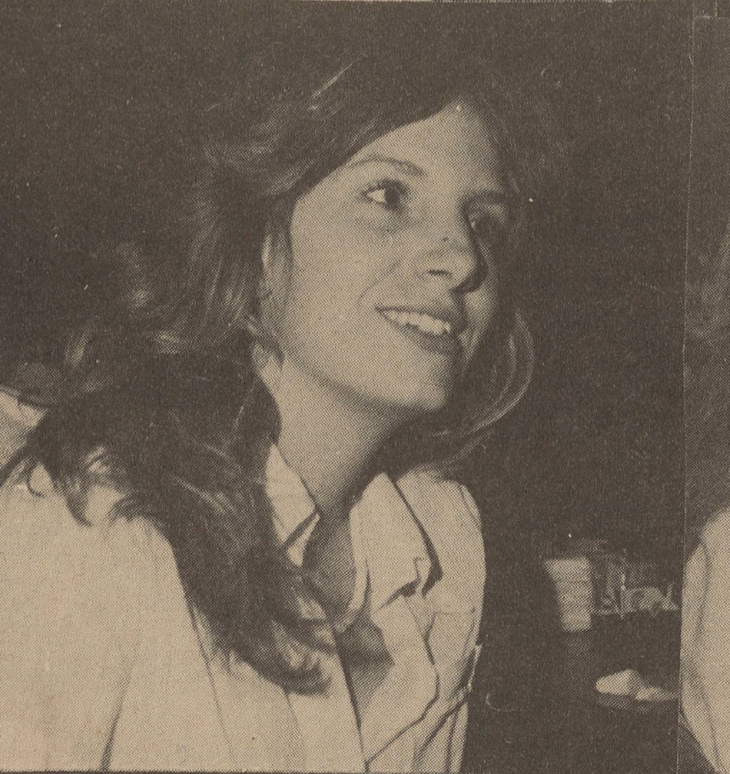
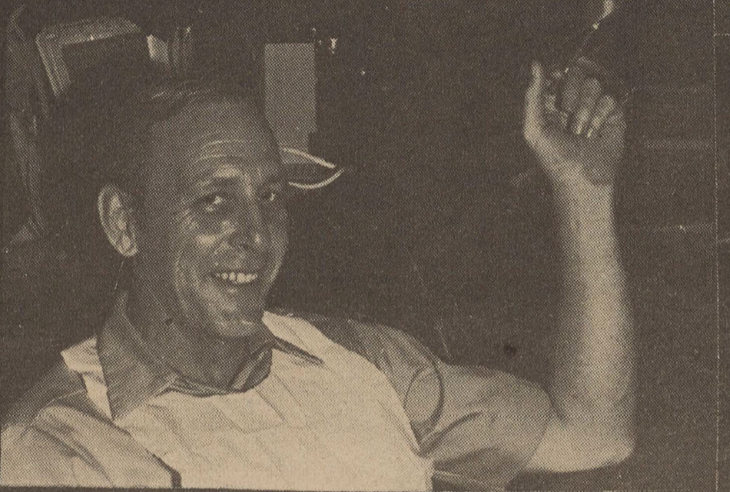
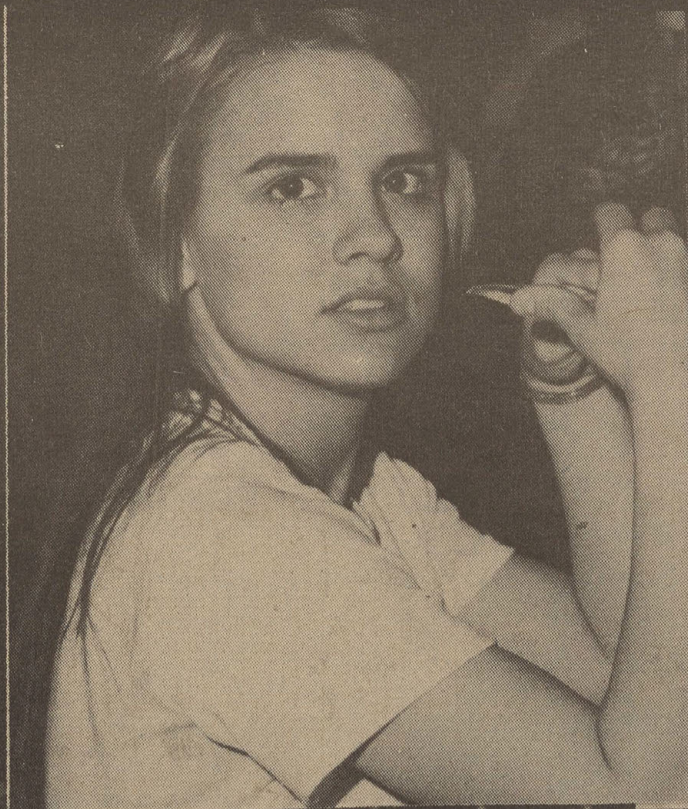
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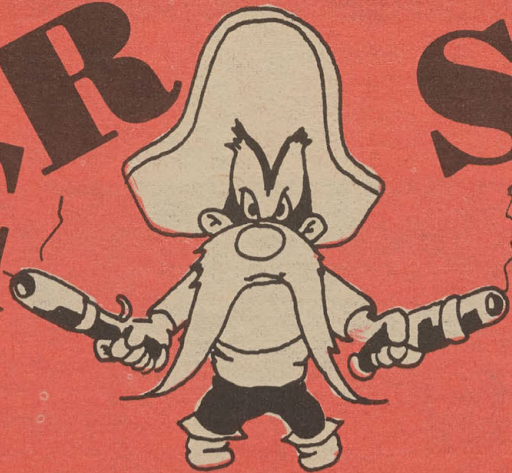
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BY IN ACTION MAGAZINE



SCATTER SHOTS



A TOYS FOR Tots benefit concert will be held Dec. 13 in **Willie Nelson's** Austin Opry House with all proceeds going to approximately 1,400 needy Austin families. The Marine Corps and Salvation Army are participating, and musicians invited to pick and sing include Cooder Brown, **Milton Carroll**, **Alex Harvey**, **Jerry Jeff Walker** and others. There is also a good possibility that **Willie** will show.

Nelson and friend **Larry Trader**, meanwhile, have decided to release volume I of **Willie's** 1961 album on the Lone Star Label in January. This is one side of a two-sided album released earlier by **Trader** on the Shotgun Records label. The songs on both volumes were recorded by **Nelson** in a rough dub session when the godfather of country music was flying under no man's banner. Although a few of the songs were later released through major recording companies, **Willie** and **Trader** take the position that the original taped session belongs to no one but the **Nelson** family.

"**Willie Nelson 1961**," the two-sided album which has been without national distribution, may still be purchased by sending \$8.40 for albums or \$10.50 for tapes to Shotgun Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 3771, Austin, Texas 78704. Only 5,000 of the double-sided albums were pressed, so one may readily see that these discs could eventually become rare collector's items.

Also in the **Nelson** mill is a Lone Star label album to be called "The Lone Star Six Pack." It will include two numbers each by Lone Star recording artists **Steve Fromholz**, **Ray Wylie Hubbard** (he wrote "Redneck Mother"), the **Geezinslaw Brothers**, **Kenneth Threadgill**, **Don Bowman** and **Willie**.

And this late bit of info came in as Action was going to press. **Willie** will play Municipal

Auditorium in San Antonio on Jan. 3 with Cooder Brown and Don Bowman.

★★★
AND IT'S NOW time for us to publicly swallow that headline in last month's Action Magazine which read: "Kinky Packs Floore's Patio." The fact is that **Kinky Friedman** and **Augie Meyers**, along with **Ray Liberto**, packed Floore's patio, and no small number of **Meyers** fans have let us know that they didn't appreciate the one-sided headline. It was truly an error of human sloppiness. **Augie** has already received a verbal apology. **Friedman**, incidentally, is once again without a band, while **Meyers** continues to tirelessly work the road with his Western Head Band.

★★★
BOB MARSH OF Pearl Brewing Co., says the Washington Post conducted a study of all 20 light beers in America and selected Pearl from Texas as the best. Said **Bob**: "We have distribution in the Washington area. The Post conducted its poll in one of the most popular of Washington's bars."

★★★
ABOUT THE NEWEST live music spot in town is **Ernie's** Club, located at 4437 Rittiman Road at Melton. Current band playing the club is the Rudy Tee Trio. According to **Ernie Espinosa**, the club owner, they do everything from country to cumbias...There has been a management change at the ever-booming Gasoline Alley. **Robert Kunz** and **Joyce Knox** are now running the place...And **Bailey Anderson** continues to draw good crowds Fridays at **Mel Muskin's** Sugar Shack on Basse Road...And you will find good live music at the Dutch Boy Club in Boerne. Another favorite hangout for the young folks there is **Eddie Vogt's** Cactus Bar.

★★★
BILL GILLIS HAS taken over the Harem Skarem Club on Nacogdoches Road. The club features live entertainment four nights weekly...**Bailey Anderson**, who packs 'em in Friday nights at **Mel Muskin's** Sugar Shack on Basse Road, has a new album which should be released at any minute. **Bailey**, a real local talent, is still tirelessly shooting for his big break...And **Mike Radford** of the Swamp Water Saloon may soon be bringing in top-rung talent. So watch...Our old friend **Jimmy Casas** and his fine band Pure Magic will be leaving on tour after Jan. 1. **Jimmy** says he'll be gone for a year. Pure Magic has been entertaining for the past year at **Dick Dyke's** Ricardo's Club on the River Walk...Guitar ace **Chris Holzhaus** is now being backed by the Home Cookin' Band...And sex goddess **Gina Bon Bon** is back in San Antonio for an extended stay at **Tino Longoria's** Show Palace on Hildebrand.

★★★
"THESE PEOPLE LOVE to dance, and I want to give them the chance," said **Edgar Von Scheele**, who owns Smokies Saloon. He's knocking out the wall beside the patio to gain more dancing room, band area and maybe some 100 extra customers...Southern Magic plays there frequently and continues drawing good crowds. **Robert Miller** is their new bass player. He was with Joker Moon. Southern Magic's special lyrics to "Lucille" are equally startling and uproarious.

★★★
THE STUFFED ANIMALS at the Bull Moose now keep watch over **Roxanne Krazdorn** and her band Wind Fall. **Roxanne** was the marvelous throat that filled the Satin Doll a few years back. **Bob Ragan** who runs the bustling restaurant and club knows how to pick his women.

In addition to the leggy ladies serving tables and mixing drinks came **Ashley Cox**, Playboy's December playmate. She celebrated her 21st birthday at the Bull Moose. **Ragan** served her a flaming baked Alaska, a cake filled with strawberries and covered with whipped cream. Inquiries as to whether anything else was cooked up draw only a sly smile and twinkling eyes.

★★★
OUT IN BANDERA the air is cleaner, the sunsets prettier and the drinking more enjoyable. The first weekend of deer season **David Zettner** and wife **Louise** put on the Bandera Fever Festival. Stalking the Cabaret Club premises was **Patsy Coleman** who says her ole man **Bubba Brown** is doing some publishing. She and her band Beaver Creek work down the street at the Purple Cow. Also present was **Clay Meyers**, the 15-year-old son of **Augie**. **Clay** is a drummer for the band now called Dawn and Cypress. He whips out a neat business card for the band and seems ready to start beating the skins immediately. Saxophonist **Frank Rodarte**, the jalapeno, says his daughter **Edna** is on the road with Trinity. All in all, the Sunday bash in Bandera was family day albeit few worthwhile Baptists filled the beer-guzzling, whiskey-sipping crowd.

★★★
IF THIRST THICKENS the tongue while around Kerrville, slake the taste for brew at the Waterhole on Junction Highway. **Sonny Henderson** reopened the place which is just a quick ride away from his restaurant known as Sonny's. The eatery serves turkey fries and mountain oysters for those so interested. Breakfast continues till four in the morning for late-night carousers.

★★★

A NEW ALBUM by the Amazing Rhythm Aces features a song by **Claude Morgan** of Buckboard Boogie Boys fame. The title is "Any Friend of Yours Is a Friend of Mine." The band appears Tuesdays through December at Smokies Saloon...While on the topic of records and such, Stardust still waits for their single to break nationally although their hopes aren't quite as high. Still a single is given a year's lifetime by record know-it-alls. So something may come of "Lovers Forever" eventually.

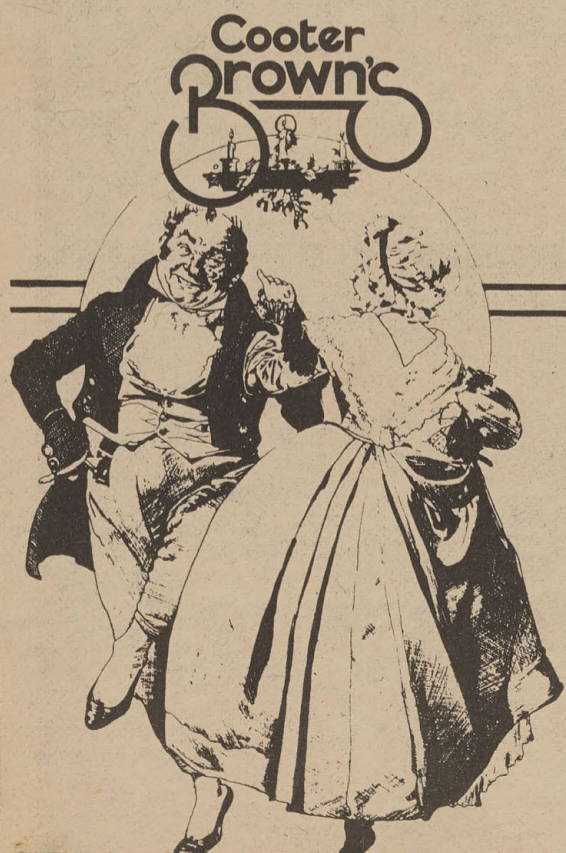
★★★
JOHNNY CASH AND wife **June Carter** will star in a 1-hour television special which will be filmed this month around Floresville and Brownsville. It will be titled "Thaddeus, Rose and Eddy." The cast and crew will take lodging for at least two weeks at the downtown Holiday Inn on Durango Street. **Jerry Retzliff** of Lone Star said the brewery will furnish longneck bottles for the film--but the longnecks won't be filled with good old Lone Star beer. They will be filled with water. Since **June** and other members of the **Carter** family got ahold of **Cash**, the man in black no longer eats rocket beans or drinks beer. **Retzliff** fears for the film's authenticity, since water often fails to foam. Close-up shots, he laughs, will be tough.

★★★
FIRE, WIRED AND inspired after **Minnesota Fats** pulled large crowds last month into their Tiffany Billiards Bar & Restaurant, **Danny Levinson** and **Alex Habeeb** now plan to install similar swanky pool emporiums in both Houston and Dallas. And **Levinson** says the "fat man" has agreed to appear for all grand openings of theirs in Texas, and to also act as a sort of in-resident pro and advice man for all Tiffany Billiards operations...**Ronnie Branham** and **Ernie Hoessly** have cleaned house at Sugar Daddys. Watch for their new deal. You'll like it. The menu will feature a wide variety of reasonably-priced food. And that great chili will likely be served once again.

★★★
BARRY SULLIVAN, WHO was vice president in charge of marketing at Lone Star Brewing Co., has resigned his position. It was a mutual agreement between **Sullivan** and owners of the brewery. Meanwhile, special events man **Jerry Retzliff** says Lone Star is pushing ahead with full steam on its music related promotions. A new sound truck and a new Lone Star love machine have been purchased, plus a van, and **Retzliff** says he is now equipped to handle even more outdoor shows, chili cookoffs, menudo blowouts, etc...**Sam Davis**, a fine musician who once headed up the Jasmine trio, has a new threesome called "Snapshot" which also features C.J. Troilo and Paul Thompson. The group plays a variety of good listening and dance music. Snapshot is now playing Thursdays through Sundays at the Mossrock inn.

★★★

IN THE WAKE of Roadside Attraction's split-up, the various



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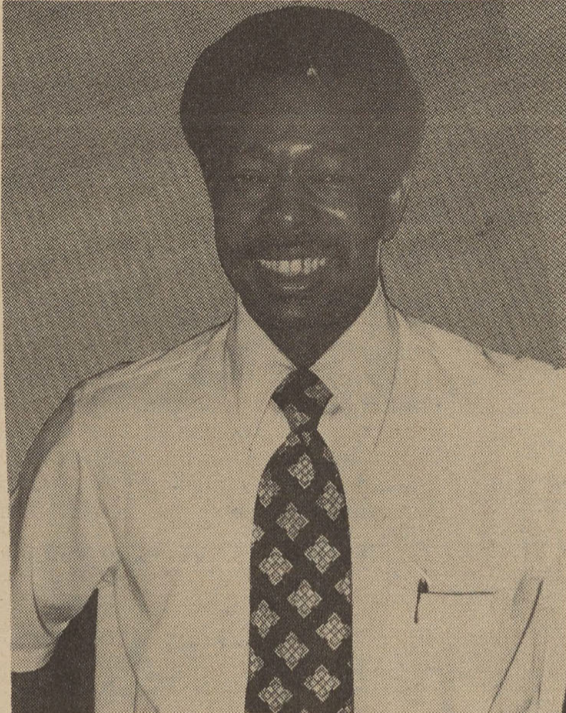
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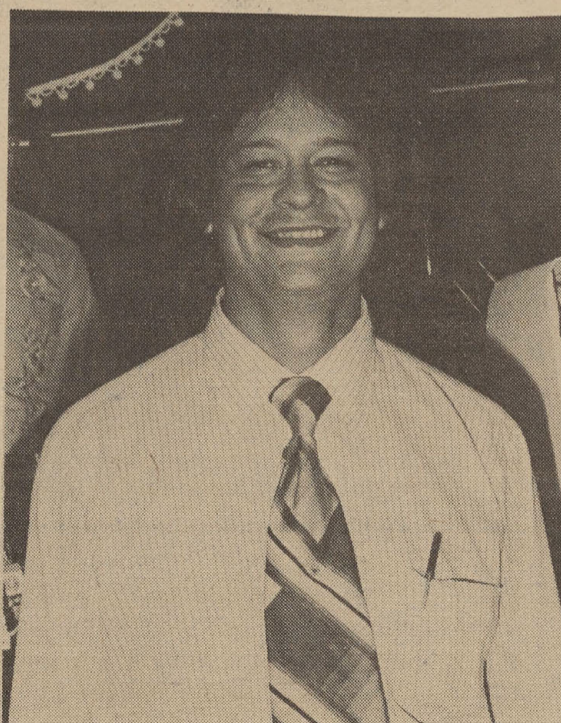
Joy
(Hostess)



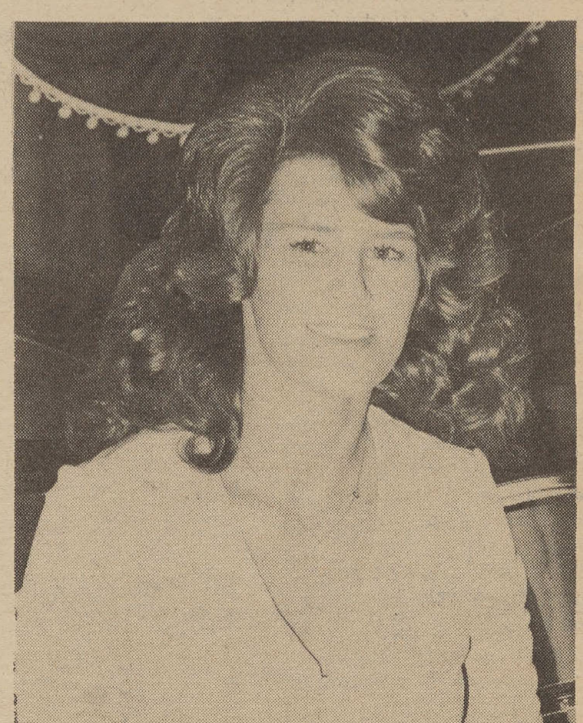
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Starcrost Wires House

Starcrost knocks out vigorous jazz that electrified an appreciative audience recently at the Bijou on San Pedro Avenue.

John Mills writes most of the group's songs which veer toward a Chick Corea sound. He also plays tenor, soprano and alto saxophones and flute.

His adept use of the lyricon,

a synthesizer with reed played like a sax, adds a majestic tone similar to the better outings of Weather Report.

"January Cool" in the first set proved that the magic wand's range is astounding. Mills huffed a reverberating organ-pipe explosion before he puffed a melodic flute-like trill at opposite ends of a

well-crafted solo.

Less exotic but equally important are the drums of Paul Percy. His snappy play on the trap set shepherds songs from the bog of repetitive rhythms.

Because the band lacks a lead guitar, drums duel frequently with other instruments to provide creative interpretation.

Percy's several solos reveal a diverse array of beats roaming from smooth rock to clean rhythm to discerning jazz.

Starcrost features a talented songstress in Liza Farrow whose vocals serve as an instrument harmonizing with the horns when not delivering fine scat singing.

On occasion, her reliance on an echo-plex dulls the crackling energy of a voice trained in opera at the University of Texas, alma mater for all the band members.

Liza first explored jazz by imitating the sax notes of Wayne Shorter. It was natural, she says of her ability, and apologizes half-heartedly because her talent didn't require years of training.

The song "Return To Forever" is a Flora Purim property that Liza attacks with gusto. Farrow climbs impressive reaches though direct comparison with Purim remains unfair.

During several Stanley Clarke compositions, Jim Spector plucks an aggressive bass while David Deaton flashes tight keyboard runs.

Band leader Mike Mordecai did not always pump a crisp trombone.

Likely, his role as president of the Fable record label and a budding interest in the

sound business preclude the single-minded devotion necessary for sustained growth as a musician.

The band's brand of jazz-rock blends well in "Orang utan," a dance tune slated for pressing on their next album. Bright jolts of a whistle clash against a hypnotic sax blaring at song's end.

"Quicksand" from the first album unravels a soothing flute melody that floats over a calming drum beat.

Together for three years, Starcrost plays a form of music unfamiliar to many in this neck of the woods.

Percy allows that the band must educate people in what he considers the music of

the future.

"We want to turn people on to what we are doing," he said, dragging on a borrowed Marlboro Light.

"A lot of times we'll take the audience into consideration and play something hard and driving. We're trying to find that fine line of compromise between art and people-related music," he said.

In other words, the band has gotta sell with the people despite its sophisticated music.

So Starcrost caters some kicky tunes and showy tricks that folks recognize and applaud because even a prophet has to eat.



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Boogie Boys Get Hotter

Clowning Claude Morgan has gotten deadly serious for perhaps the first time in his life. It concerns his music.

The goateed imp who has shucked his pants to moon more than one honky-tonk crowd hasn't white-washed his stage act or stilled his caustic tongue. He's still the same squirrely, babbling Claude. But Morgan has emerged over the past six months with a new band of Buckboard Boogie Boys who present a drum-tight repertoire of original music that cannot go unnoticed.

"I got hungry," Morgan cracked. "I figured that something had to be done."

With Jimmy (The Bird) Rose on drums and Roger Santos on bass, Claude's Buckboard Boogie Boys trio now produces a sound which is good almost to the point of being scary. Especially so if the listener is accustomed only to the old Morgan routines.

Still insisting that his music can be labeled only "acid country," Claude is now showing everyone within earshot much more than his bare butt and pigtails. He's proving without

a doubt that Claude Morgan is truly a serious musician who can deliver his own tunes with the best of them.

This isn't to put down Morgan's last Buckboard Boogie Boys band which included fiddle whiz Ron Knuth, drummer Larry Roberson and bassman Larry Patton. The latter three can smoke with the best of them--and they have, from Faron Young to Hank Williams Jr. What's more, the two Larrys and Knuth are still doing their own thing in fine style. Ron is with George Chambers, Roberson is drumming with Judy Lynn, while Patton is picking with Barbara Fairchild. But Morgan just seems to have found the right combination with Santos, a member of his first Buckboard Boogie Boys group, and Jimmy The Bird. All good vocalists and instrumentalists, the three cook like a cedar fire in wintertime.

"We're all relaxed and in tune with each other," Claude said. "It's hard to explain, but I can now do my own thing secure in the knowledge that I really have the right people behind me.

We are working hard and getting down on a lot of new and original stuff that we have written. We believe in what we are doing. It's a

feeling."

A nonconformist if there ever was one, Claude still alternates his dress from overalls to derby and castoff

tux. He will say anything that pops into his head, and the limit to what might pop into that noggin has yet to be fathomed. But even Claude's



Morgan picks lead



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10-12 Southern Magic

13-21 Emma Chaney Band

22-24 Southern Magic

26-31 Amaretto

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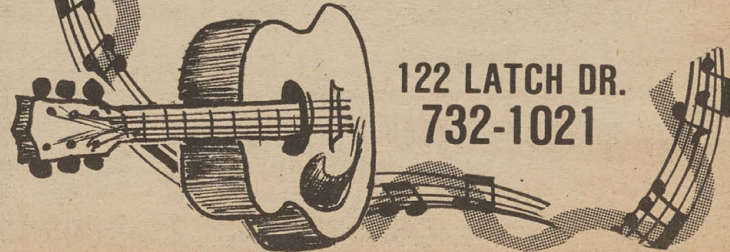
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fine lead guitar picking seems to have improved and tightened since he went to the woodshed more than half a year ago after disbanding his second group.

"We quit that last time of of sheer boredom," Claude said. "And it was a mutual thing. Ron and big Larry and little Larry are great musicians and fine guys. But we just got stagnant. It can happen."

Now steadily working a circuit which includes Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Colorado and New Mexico, the Buckboard Boogie Boys are justly being recognized for both their off-brand showmanship and their musical expertise. In typical Morgan style, the Buckboard Boogie Boys have promotional photographs of the three sipping with straws from a miniature

toilet. But Claude seems much more dedicated while working the neck of his home-honed solid body lead axe. It's rough to play all the lead in any group, yet Morgan is an accomplished guitarist who seems to have found that extra little touch which has solidified his confidence.

Santos is a solid bassist, while few drummers can outstrip The Bird Rose. Jimmy has jammed around with various groups, one being Man Mountain and the Green Slime Boys, and his vocals are well above average.

"Everyone in the band sings both lead and harmony," Morgan said.

With a sack full of original tunes, it's only natural that Claude and his "Boogie Boys" are aiming for a recording.

"First a single," Claude said, "and then an album. I guess we'll do it at the ZAZ studios here. And I imagine that we will be distributed on Augie Meyers' Texas Record label. Both deals seem okay to me."

Claude's group still does solid country music, but there is more rock and roll in the new package. One song Morgan hopes to put on his first single is a tune he wrote with Larry Patton titled "This Ain't No Jukebox." It's a rock number. Other good Morgan originals include "That's Not A Reason," and "Clickety-Clack," a train song.

A native of Devine, Morgan served in the Army and played around Stuttgart, Germany with a band he called "The Electric Company." Upon returning home, the 30-year-old Claude took up residence in

La Coste, and this proved to be a costly mistake.

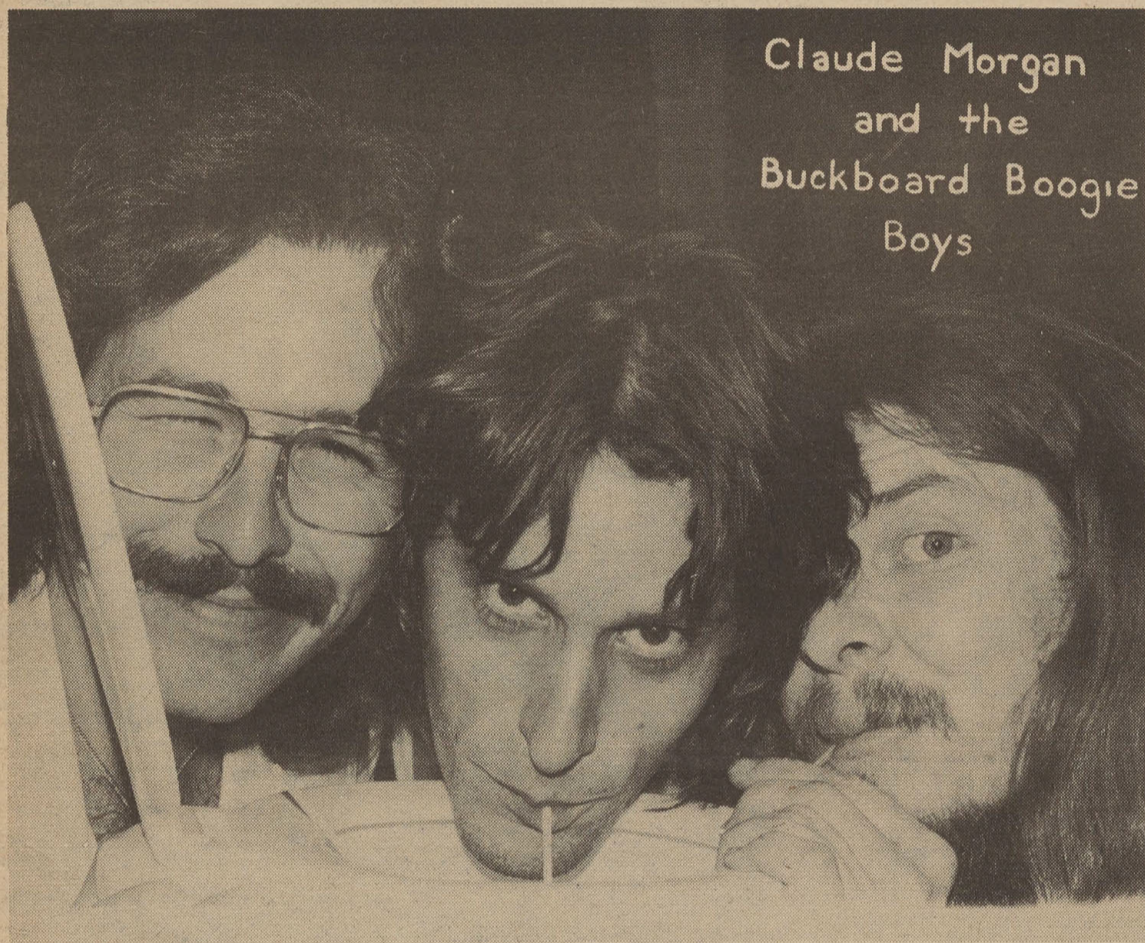
"This deputy by the name of Alvin Sandlaben brought my 8-year-old son home from school because his hair was too long," Claude said. "Then, when the deputy got in my house, he noticed this old road sign I had hanging on the wall. He said he was going to arrest me for having an illegal piece of property. That's when I took the sign, walked out back, and threw it over a fence. That did it. He arrested me and charged me with assault. Said I hit him with the sign. It was a damn lie, but what the hell could I do. All the way to jail, he was elbowing me, calling me a punk, and threatening to throw me out of the moving car. I got the hell out of La Coste after paying a \$300 fine."

Now residing safely within

the limits of San Antonio, Morgan said he has been writing original songs since 1965, explaining: "I just never had the right people to work on this stuff. Now I have. But I've got a reputation for being a comedian. And I guess I am one. I love to have fun while I work. Now we are combining our crazy bullshit with some serious music. And I believe it's working."

NEW AWARD

Kenny Rodgers and producer Larry Butler nabbed a different sort of loving cup for their tune "Daytime Friends." The Clement Cup, courtesy Clement Studios where the number one song originated, is a solid silver mint julep cup bearing the names of artist, producer and song title.



Claude Morgan and the Buckboard Boogie Boys

While Claude Morgan and his Buckboard Boogie Boys have gotten truly serious with their music, it's quite obvious by their promo photos that the group hasn't lost its sense of humor. Sipping from a man-made "spring" are Roger Santos, left, Jimmy Rose, center, and crazy Claude.

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- 9-10 Townes Van Zandt
- 16-17 St. Elmo's Fire
- 23-24 Cooder Brown
- 30-31 Claude Morgan & the Buckboard Boogie Boys

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They Dance To Cobra Blues

Paul Ray and the Cobras paralyze audiences with the sweet venom of rhythm-and-blues.

The best antidote for the primitive energy surging through a listener's body is for him to rush to the floor and dance like mad.

The Cobras are not a dance band, says lead vocalist Paul Ray, as he points out that the second set is original material and hopes people listen to the music.

They still haul out of their seats and boogie.

When interviewed, Paul and the rest of the band sat in Pete's Bits and Pieces on San Pedro Avenue drinking a few before starting the Saturday night show.

Talk drifts past individual histories to musical roots. Names like Muddy Waters and Lightin' Hopkins weave through conversations. They acknowledge debts -- for sound, style and even success.

"It all comes down to the old rhythm-and-blues that have

come to the city. T-Bone Walker discovered electricity, and it was all over," said Paul, a 50s product when R and B was boss.

"There wasn't anything else to do in Dallas at that time," he said.

The Cobras work out of Austin where they were the first band to classify their music as rhythm-and-blues.

These days, continues Paul, Austinites pretty much gear to going out and dancing to the Cobras.

He delivers that assessment despite saying earlier that the Cobras aren't a dance band.

Saxophonist Joe Sublette doesn't mind that label. He conceives of dance as physical acceptance of the music.

"Whether they are listening or dancing as long as they get off," he said.

Joe, who handles a hot sax that also serves searing jazz melodies, agrees with Paul that the important thing is people getting off to the

music. That's where it's at for rhythm-and-blues.

In 1976, the Cobras got enough people off that they won the Austin Sun's reader poll as "best band of the year." That's a fine compliment to a bunch that once used a different name every night they played.

"Doyle and the Dallasties" was like the worst. Paul laughs and adds that its offensive ring turned a lot of people off.

The Cobras started four years ago when several musicians from different bands tired of unemployment. They threw a band together and shopped for some gigs.

R and B, their calling card, produced few gigs.

The Cobras hatched during the height of progressive country and club owners were looking for W and W-Willie and Waylon.

The Cobras still suffer from a reflexive association of Austin with progressive

music. Austin is a lot hipper than one form of music, says drummer Rodney Craig, himself a fairly recent convert to R and B.

He grew up on an orthodox, if now bland diet, of rock and roll and was ignorant of the spiced available in R and B. "I had never heard the

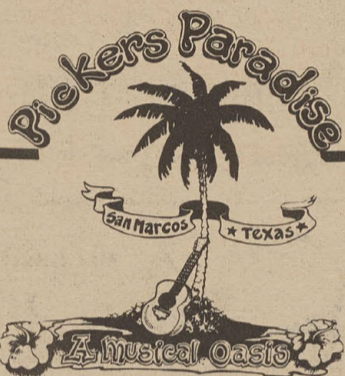
authentic versions," he said of the blues weakly available in most rock.

After getting to know Paul and lead guitarist Denny Freeman, also an original member of the Cobras, Craig grew hip to a "much deeper" kind of music.

"I didn't know how to play it, but I wanted to learn," he



Paul Ray



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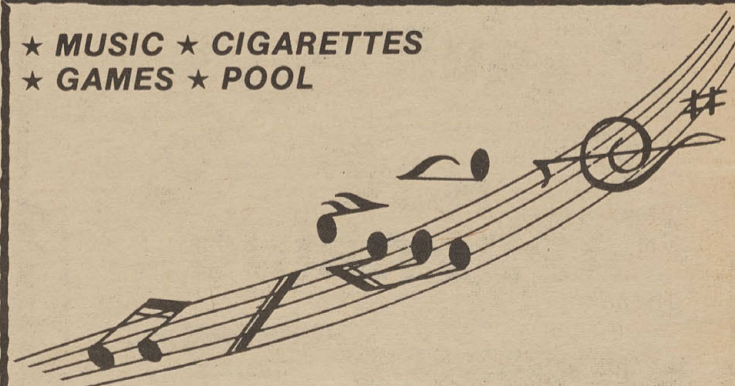
DECEMBER BAND SCHEDULE

MON. 5,12,19,26—STARDUST	FRI. 16—FLYING DILDO BROS.
TUES. 6,13,20,27—DRUG STORE COWBOYS	FRI. 30—DARRELL HARKINS PLUS BILLY MATA
WED. 7,14,21,28—BUBBA LITRELL & MELODY MUSTANGS	SAT. 3,10—DAVE RAGAN & NITE TRAIN
THURS. 1,8,15,22,29—DRUG STORE COWBOYS	SAT. 17—BOBBY FLORES
FRI. 2,9,23—CLIFTON JANSKY	SAT. 24—DARRELL HARKINS

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said of the complex rhythms. Craig is like many people who first hear R and B as played by the Cobras. They wonder at the similarity to everyday rock but discover a unique energy absent from the familiar stuff.

Larry Lange, the bass man, understands that sensation. The roots of rhythm-and-blues sprout in progressive country, he says.

"A lot of people from East Texas are exposed to both that black influence and the white-middle-class influence of country," he said.

His own childhood in South Texas exposed him to the black beat, he says, and makes R and B "instinctive."

The quiet man with a beard is Bob Dogan, a native of Chicago whose first blues piano lesson came with



Joe Sublette

Eddie Harris.

He grew up with the blues but asserts that music is one. "All music is relative to me," he said.

Paul is troubled at a comparison of his voice with David Clayton Thomas of Blood, Sweat and Tears. He never even heard of the guy, he says, until he'd been singing several years.

It's the roots of rhythm-and-blues, he explains, that types us and not so much the influence of individual musicians and singers.

"I am seriously into the music. It is not nostalgia for me. That's why I don't do Mick Jagger calisthenics," he said.

He adds another reminder that, no, the Cobras aren't a dance band.

"If people like it, wonderful and if they don't, there's another club down the street," he said.

He calms down a bit. "But we are always trying to stay loose," he said and finds a consensus.

Denny joins in. "We believe in what we are doing and know what we are up against," he said.

Showtime draws near, ten minutes according to "groovy" road manager Danny Porter.

The Cobras slither toward the bandstand.

Maybe they aren't a dance band what with their intimate knowledge of the music and evident respect and love for it. But the music sure swings. And folks keep trotting to the floor and dancing.

Group Assists Starting Artists

The San Antonio Songwriters Association supplies information and help for aspiring hit-makers unfamiliar with the workings of the music publishing business.

The non-profit organization is legally registered in Bexar County and functions neither as clearing house nor publisher, says president J.W. Lorentz, Jr. Instead, the association acts as a gathering point where songwriters can mingle and learn more about their craft.

"We intend to help young writers not to get ripped off for their songs. The association provides information and a place to meet people," he said.

He pointed out that many young writers fall for ads asking for material from young, unknown authors. Always the return reply assesses the songs as promising but requests money for further help. At most, says Lorentz, the songs may be registered.

"No reputable company will charge for a song. They'll front you money because they believe in the

song," he said.

Lorentz learned his lessons on songwriting by working as a clerk for Southern Music. He later served a year in their publishing department. Presently he acts as branch manager for their store on North Main.

The idea for the association came from one operating in Nashville, says Lorentz. He intends to parallel their structure and programs.

A \$5 membership fee defrays postage costs and pays for a music business library. The group will meet every two weeks and feature speakers, classes in song promoting and tours to recording studios and radio stations, says Lorentz.

A songwriters showcase is slated for February. The concert is exclusively for members.

Only mail inquiries are presently accepted because the association can't yet afford a phone. The San Antonio Songwriters can be contacted at 1418 Pasedena St. San Antonio, Texas 78201.



DEAR SAM:

I don't know if you remember me, but I play accordion for Joe Ely, and we took a ride together with Billy Cooper. Right? Anyway, I hope everything is going fine in my old home town.

What I'm writing about is your recent cover article on Esteban Jordan, my idol for many years. As I'm sure you've been told by now, the cover photo was printed backwards, but what I was wondering is if I could have a good print of it just for myself? It's a great shot. Steve and I partied some in Austin a few weeks ago and, man, you're right on in getting behind him and his upcoming career in the 'Anglo' market. He's another Hendrix, I think. If you have a print or two, I'd love to have one

as I save stuff about accordion music by Clifton Chenier and Steve and others.

If you're ever in Lubbock, call. I enjoy Action, by the way, and appreciate your frequent mention of Joe and the rest of us. See you in Austin--or somewhere.

Your's truly,
Ponty Bone

EDITOR'S NOTE: It's astounding to me, but Ponty was the umpteenth one to point out that Jordan's photo was printed backwards. I flopped the negative on purpose so that Steve would not be looking directly off the cover. The result was that his black patch appeared on the wrong eye. Mr. Bone, incidentally, is no slouch on the accordion himself.

"Drink Up at Durdy Annie's" "Drink Up at Durdy Annie's"

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"Drink Up at Durdy Annie's" "Drink Up at Durdy Annie's"

Bobby Sheds Kid Image

Bobby Flores isn't a kid anymore, but he's not quite the man he wants to be.

His sights zero in on status as a country music star. Helping him stalk that

elusive prize are his parents who guide and accompany him on his trek toward

success.

Flores started early. As an 11-year-old, he won the hearts of many in the area as he sang in a TV commercial for Big Red, a soda water famed for its bubble-gum flavor. These days, though, he wishes people would forget that commercial.

"It was a long time ago. I was a little kid," he said.

Flores stands outside Gasoline Alley decked in a silver-studded blue denim outfit. Inside, his band of several months called Brothers of the Road prepares to warm up the audience for his second set.

He's been serious about his music since he was eight. That's half a lifetime for someone 16-years-old. The turning point in his life came at a Glen Campbell concert, he says.

"That turned me on to performing. That's when I decided to be a singing star," he said.

He's absolutely serious. Flores points out that if he weren't he'd have burned out by now. He expects that within three or four years he'll achieve the stardom he desires.

God willing, he adds.

Flores certainly doesn't worry whether his parents approve such a risky career choice. His mother Mary Jane books him while father Robert manages. They sit at a dark corner table beside the dance floor while their

son performs.

Mom says that in a year or two Bobby will be on his own. But he's under her wing right now. His mother is a dominant force at the table.

She shushes a band member whose conversation with Flores interferes with the interview. Her frosty glare freezes still another member whose loony humor diverts attention from her son.

Mary Jane provides most of the background on Bobby. So far, the boy has four singles and his album "Bobby Flores" all on the Joey label. His first single, "Spin the Bottle," came when he was 11.

Flores sits silently during much of her talk. He listens intently to the band once they start. He gets up and tells bass player Carl Negley to adjust his equipment.

Later, he returns to the stage and whispers to Charlie Boswell on the pedal steel. Boswell quits his constant smoking long enough to calibrate his output according to Bobby's ear.

Bobby is in charge of the band, his mother notes. Unlike her son, she continues talking sporadically during the band's performance. Always she adds more information on her son's career.

Dad sits and says nothing until questioned directly. He recalls how his son started



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with the guitar.

"I just had an old guitar lying around the house. Bobby got on it like a little horse and broke it. I spanked him and showed him what it was for. By six years old, he was showing me chords," he said.

Mom says that Bobby now plays pedal steel guitar bought for him two years ago as a birthday present, six-string guitar, 12-string guitar and a fiddle that the band's

fiddlist Hank Singer gave him 18 months ago.

She recommends that a sharp ear be tuned for the twin fiddle playing. Sure enough, Flores and Singer whipsaw some smoking tunes from their instruments. "Faded Love" unravels in a textured sadness only grieving fiddles can weave.

But Flores' path to fame lies in his golden throat. His voice is excellent and

contains that extra fullness and energy only rarely heard. The longer he sings, the stronger his voice becomes.

About a year and a half ago, Flores says, his voice changed as gushing adolescent hormones overflowed into his throat. There's no problem now, he reassures, and his singing proves his claim.

He began performing at age 5 with gospel singing and eventually worked the little towns surrounding San Antonio. His mother recites a list of towns which include bergs like Seguin and Pearsall.

Flores moved into commercials after dad made the rounds of local ad agencies and informed them he had a kid who could sing and play the guitar. Executives heard the boy and used him, his mom says and adds that Bobby has had 13 commercials on TV.

All this success removes Flores from the normal pattern of growth associated with the typical teenage boy. For instance, he doesn't have a driver's license although, his mother says, he drives his father's truck very well.

Bobby's face lights up. Of course he enjoys driving around, he says. Just because he doesn't have a license doesn't mean he walks all the time.

Correspondence lessons replace a high school educational experience. A demanding schedule books Bobby two or three nights a week throughout Texas. Mom says his correspondence school is the same that Donny and Marie Osmond use.

Socially, Flores deals with mature women as well as young girls. They come knocking at his home all the time, says mom. Flores adds that he doesn't get enough of their attention.

As he goes outside to escape the noise and smoke, a middle-aged darling takes firm hold of his arm and speaks at length to the smiling singer. He's hobnobbing with another fan. Once outside, a girl comes up to chat with the cute vocalist.

He takes the attention in stride. After all, it's the just reward for his labors. And all those females may be buying his records some day.

Flores is sure of what he wants and how he'll get it. "Country is where my whole career is set," he said.

His other big interests in life are martial arts, he says and claims first degree black belts in both Tae Kwon Do and Hapkido. He's presently studying Omei Kung Fu, he says.

The band within Gasoline Alley starts playing again. The lead guitar of Jerry Motley twangs through the rock wall as drummer and vocalist Charlie Hunnicutt begins singing. Bobby returns to the club and sits with his parents. Vocalist Bridgette Singer, wife of

Hank, croons her unreleased single "Whiskey Whiskey." After several numbers, she introduces the "youngest and nicest boss man she's ever had."

She returns to her seat offstage. Bobby sings alone in the spotlight.

Back at the table, mom reveals that another potential star exists among Bobby's three sisters and one brother. "A little 11-year-old may be a Tanya Tucker," she said.

Meanwhile, Bobby carries the family banner toward the fame and fortune available in country music. Should he falter or fall, his folks might recruit another Flores sibling for the engagement with destiny.

Several people in this family are determined to have a star over the Flores name on the proverbial dressing room door. When and if that happens, mom and dad will have the psychological, economic and biological satisfaction of helping that star to shine.

As Bobby himself admits, he owes so much of it all to his parents.



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**Jazz Rocks County Jail
As Inmates Remain Cool**

The Bexar County jail is an unlikely site to witness a live jazz concert.

Prisoners wearing sandals and clad in white uniforms clip-clop into the fourth floor chaplain's area. They stretch out on the blue-green rug and several bulky pillows.

Two uniformed guards stand watch. Several hand-drawn portraits of Jesus also look down on the inmates.

A five-piece band featuring pianist Nobuko commences to play. Three cameras linked to a closed-circuit TV network sends the show to cellblocks below. Prisoners man the cameras.

The fourth-floor cellblock visits tonight, says Frank Morales, educational instructor and counselor for the jail. He explains that the attendance privilege rotates among the floors of prisoners.

Jazz is the most popular form of music with the young kids, Morales says but points out that 20 pieces from the San Antonio symphony will appear next week. They're

rehearsing in a few days with five inmates because the symphony wants to involve the men, he says.

Morales shares that goal. He also wants to gain the active participation of the prisoners. Just locking them up is no answer, he says.

"They say nobody gives a damn about me. These kids are ignored by their parents, their teachers and counselors in schools," he said.

Morales attends to the human needs of the inmates. Along with occasional musical diversion comes educational efforts. The jail offers classes in GED test-taking as well as low-level literacy skills.

"You have to keep them in touch with the outside world. You get them away from everything that is their reality. Jail is the experience of jerking someone out of society," he said.

He squats in the back of the room behind several rows of prisoners. He watches a few handkerchiefed heads bob as feet

tap in time to the thickly-textured piano playing.

The United Way plays a big role in funding the program which is now over a year old, says Morales. The show is part of Tempo '77, a music program sponsored jointly by the city's Parks and Recreation department and local 23 of the American Federation of Musicians.

Morales is a believer, a man certain that these guys in white suits will respond to help. He's an optimist who says your coat and wallet are safe on a table because "the guys are good about not lifting things from here."

The band continues playing. It's a treat for the guys just to get out of the cellblock, says Morales.

Tonight's show goes downstairs courtesy of station KBCJ, according to a sticker on the video console. The call letters stand for the Bexar County jail.

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w/San Antonians | 31 San Antonians |
| 10-16 To Be Announced | |

JAN. 6 BUBBA LITTRELL ***JAN. 13 KENNY STARR

Band Seeks Own Sound

Partly Cloudy is a San Antonio combo whose music defies easy labeling.

Jazz identifies incompletely a band that after a Stanley Turrentine number mellows out with a couple of acoustic guitar compositions.

We're trying to establish our own image, says Eudell Hannah, keyboards. He offers the adjective "progressive" for the band's music.

Hannah started in classical piano at age four. His father's service career carried the family to Europe where Hannah studied in Austria for a while. He gave up the time-honored stuff for the avant-garde.

"I think Chick Corea is God," he said and laughs at the thought of continuing in straight piano. Hannah says he quit Trinity University after a year because academic music was too tight.

The power of Corea's influence is indeed strong, if not divine. The band's trombone player also turned on to jazz after hearing Corea on keyboards.

"I saw Chick Corea one night on channel nine," said Jon Sanders of his conversion experience. He's played jazz for about two years now. Sanders writes much of the group's songs which constitute 60 percent of their show.

Bruce Bernardini, bass, agrees that the band suffers from the labels used to identify their sound. The problem is that we have been categorized, he says. His hero is Stanley Clarke, a bass player who just happens to work with Corea.

Bernardini points out that contrary to the Bijou's

outdoor sign proclaiming Partly Cloudy "Austin jazz," the band has never even played in the capital city. There is a real problem in labeling, he concedes.

"This band is not a jazz band. I don't know what jazz means. This is a contemporary music band" said Steve Doster, lead and rhythm guitarist who kicks in the acoustic set.

Doster, unlike the band, has played in Austin as a solo acoustic act. He's been with Partly Cloudy three months. When asked about musical influences, he names Joni Mitchell and Jackson Browne for lyrics and Larry Coryell and John McLaughlin on instruments.

The unusual conjunction of names approaches the strange blend of sound that the band produces. His concern for lyrics, says Doster, isn't in keeping with jazz which typically demands that instruments alone articulate meaning.

Basically, the band sounds like jazz when it plays. On "Tom Cat," a tune by Tom Scott and the LA Express, the strong keyboards of Hannah travels well with the drums of Elias Hooi.

"Song for a Woman," a tune composed by Hannah, is another fine number that opens dramatically and features a winding sax element by Tom Miller.



Jon Sanders



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Loretta Lynn...A Book Review

This is the first book review to be published in Action Magazine. It's on Loretta Lynn's autobiography, the runaway best seller which sparkled for eight weeks on the New York Times best seller list. Plans are now in the mill for a movie based on the book.

Titled "Loretta Lynn--Coal Miner's Daughter," the book is in Loretta's own words as told to typewriter jockey George Vecsey (she refers to him throughout the book as "my writer.")

Following the age-old story formula of hardship to riches, one of America's country music queens hits the reader with some very believable horror stories of her squalid existence as a barefoot and pregnant 14-year-old mother in the backward little hole of Butcher Hollow, Kentucky, a coal mining

area where men died of black lung (including her father) while still owing their souls to the company store.

What gives this book mass audience appeal--and it does have that--is that a non-music fan who has never heard of Loretta Lynn would enjoy reading the story. It's basic and simple, perhaps a bit too simple if this is possible, but Loretta's naivete will grab you. Not once throughout the book does she deviate, or allow ghoster Vecsey to deviate from the vernacular of a pitiful, ignorant child of the coal mines. But the book, like some of Loretta's hit songs such as "The Pill," carries a strong women's lib overtone, and she makes no bones about this fact. Loretta denies that she has ever had sexual relations with any man other than her husband Doolittle (and this includes

former singing partner Conway Twitty). While she praises hubby Doolittle throughout the book, his transgressions (including a bit of extra-curricular sexual pranking) are duly chronicled. Although Loretta has more praise than criticism of good ole "Doo" as she calls him, her man come through between the lines as somewhat of a buffoonish slob-- "Don't Come Home A-Drinking" (with lovin' on your mind). "This might be inadvertent on Loretta's part. If so, she has subconsciously evened the score with old "Doo."

We will thoroughly agree with the Kansas City Star's comment in review which states: "Whether you are a fan of Loretta Lynn, the country songbird, you are bound to admire the whole-souled, candid and courageous woman who emerges from the pages of this book." But without questioning Loretta's moral fiber or her attempt at total honesty, it goes without saying that no autobiography--including this one--totally exposes the soul of the person telling his or her own story. Ms. Lynn never admits to willingly committing any wrongdoing of her own throughout the book. But it's to her credit that Loretta doesn't go out of her way to really stomp on very many people. She dwells heavily on her poor background, her wonderful fans, fellow musicians who she loves and admires, her physical ailments, the sorrow of not being able to spend enough time with her children, and the wonder of being a dyed-in-the-wool country music star.

Unlike Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings and some of the other so-called "outlaws" who feel that the panjandrums of the country music industry are shorting many talented pickers, Loretta comes through as a grateful and gracious lady who is tickled pink with every little bauble that the Country Music Association has tossed her way (entertainer of the year being

one of them). But while she gushes about the awards she has won singly and with Conway Twitty, Loretta projects a live-and-let-live philosophy which is salted with feeling, understanding, generosity and bigness of heart that makes her more than okay in our book.

Of Nashville's clique castigating Olivia Newton-John, Loretta writes in her book: "Some of my fans were upset because they said she wasn't country. But her records had kind of a country sound to 'em, and they also sold big on the pop charts. I know MCA was glad to have her. It's like a restaurant. Some people like steak, some people like lobster, so you sell both. And if your got something new on the menu, you advertise it a little extra."

"That didn't bother me any, but a couple of female singers were sitting around the dressing room on the night of the awards (female vocalist of the year being one), griping 'cause Olivia Newton-John didn't even come to America for the awards. She was on tour in Spain somewhere. Well, all I could remember was me winning the top female singer's award in England four years in a row (Olivia is from England) and how nice people were to me there. So I told the girls to cut it out. I hate to hear all that jealousy coming out.

"Anyway, Olivia Newton-John did win the top female vocalist award. I don't think the applause was very big, and some of the Nashville people were still grumbling backstage. Later they even organized something they called the Association of Country Entertainers to make sure country musicians get their fair share of the awards. But I stayed neutral. I don't want to get involved complaining when Lynn Anderson's record of 'Rose Garden' crossed over into popular music sales, or when Tammy Wynette crossed over with 'Stand By Your Man', or Johnny Cash had a big record with 'A Boy Named Sue.'"

So one may readily see why Loretta comes through in her book as a sincere lady of the music world. And if she hasn't actually sprouted a set of angel wings, Ms. Lynn is a pretty credible ole country gal who hoed a hard row since leaving her tarpaper shack in Butcher Hollow, (she calls it Holler) Kentucky.

Loretta says enough in her book to make you like her, and I'll give her a B+ for damn near letting it all hang out. Autobiographies are rough to honestly do, and I'm sure mine would rate an F-- should I ever decide to write one.

Sam Kindrick

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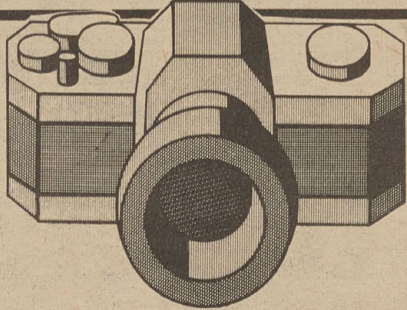
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 Fri. & Sat. 23 & 24--Closed for the Holidays
 Sat. New Years Eve 31

Old Fashioned New Years Eve Dance
 with Old Fashioned Prices

featuring
Joe Bob's Bar & Grill
 Prices \$4 at the Door
 Free Champagne to first 50 couples

Take Canyon Lake exit West of IH 35, go 1 1/2 mile, then turn left and go 1 mile to Gruene Hall...Or pick up a map at any Lone Star Ice & Food Store.



The 35-mm camera looks imposing. All those dials, digits and devices that need turning. How do you ever get around to taking a picture?

It's easy. All that's needed is the desire for a high-quality photograph. And a small bit of time to learn how quickly and easily that 35-mm camera works.

Photogenesis sells you the right camera and then teaches you how to use it. We've been so successful in this dual task that another store is now open to serve you.

Drop in. Photogenesis carries a wide array of cameras, accessories, darkroom equipment and information. We're the largest and most complete camera store in South Texas.

Ask a question. How do you even get around to taking a picture with that camera?

Photogenesis shows you how.

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DISCOUNTS from Jerry Dyer . . . a very different discounter!

He's in the people business.

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Putting this into practice in today's stereo market hasn't been easy . . . or cheap.

Passing up the huge profit in private label merchandise, maintaining a complete factory service department to service what he sells, paying top-dollar for the best employees he can find and giving them the best training available. . . .

ALL this costs money.

Yet Dyer's prices are competitive with any you'll find. Selection, Service, Savings...that's what makes a Dyer Deal different.

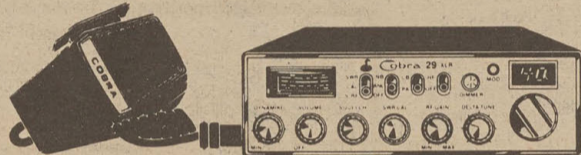
And he must be doing something right because Dyer has more repeat business than any other stereo discounter in town.

So what do you get out of this? Customer satisfaction. And what does Jerry Dyer get? A good night's sleep.



Cobra 40-chnl. C.B.

"The Trucker's Favorite"



Cobra 29-XLR Deluxe

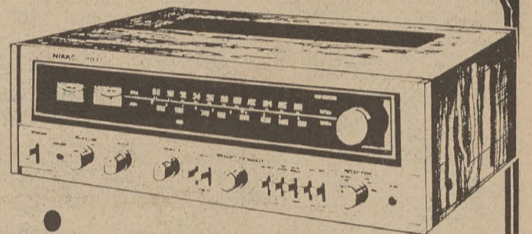
SUPER DYER DEAL

\$119⁷⁷

- Adjustable squelch • Delta Tune • Detachable mike • PA capacity • SWR & Signal meters • Switchable noise limiting/noise blanking • Maximum legal 4-watt output • Illuminated LED digital channel selector • Dimmer control • Dynamike • High frequency (HASH) filter

NIKKO

Model 8085
53 watt per channel



Stereo Receiver

- Two tape monitors with dubbing
- Three speaker hook-ups
- Microphone input
- Complete circuit breaker protection
- Three-year parts and labor guarantee
- The best big receiver buy ever!

SUPER DYER DEAL

\$249⁷⁷



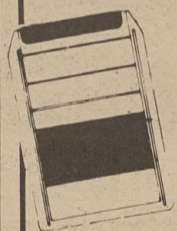
- 12 inch woofer
- Circuit breaker
- 5-year warranty
- Model 225

Ultralinear 3-Way Speaker

Our best selling speaker on sale at half-price! This is the brand new model. Hear 'em today!

DYER DEAL \$139⁷⁷ ea.

90 Minute
8-track Blank Tapes



No Limit

DYER DEAL

99¢

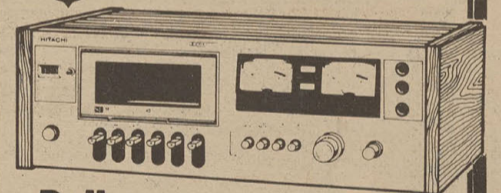


Sound Guard™ Record Preservation Kit

Protect your new records—quiet your old ones. Sound Guard has been recommended by every leading stereo authority.

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Dolby Cassette Deck

The most popular cassette deck we've ever had is the D-410 Hitachi. Output control, FM Dolby and Dolby NR, and the best specs for the price anywhere!

DYER DEAL \$189⁷⁷

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from
Your Friends
at
Lone Star



NUMBER 2 - IN THE SERIES.
(A TRIBUTE TO THE LONGNECK BOTTLE)
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LONG LIVE LONG NECKS