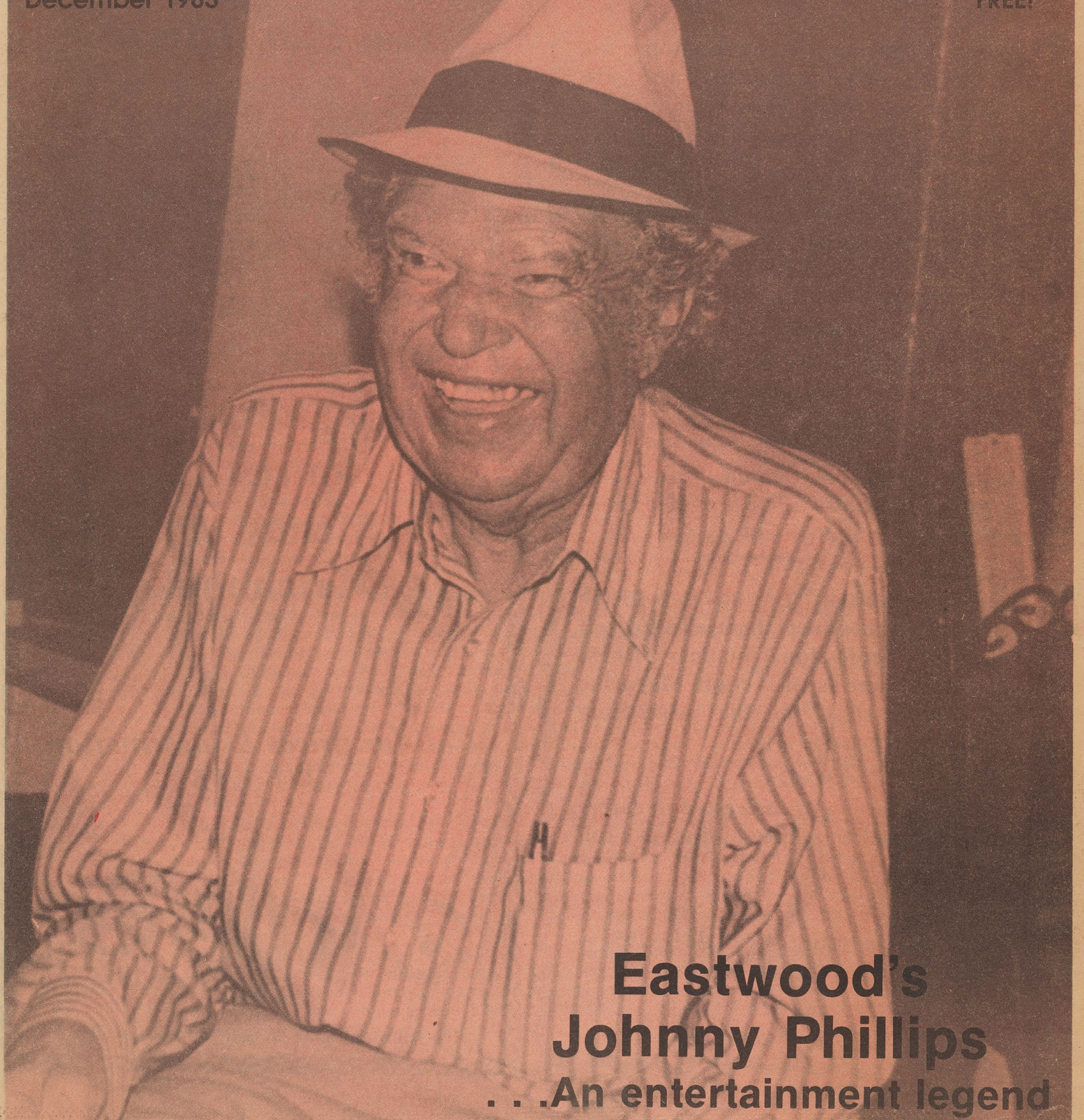


Action

December 1983

The Texas Entertainment Magazine

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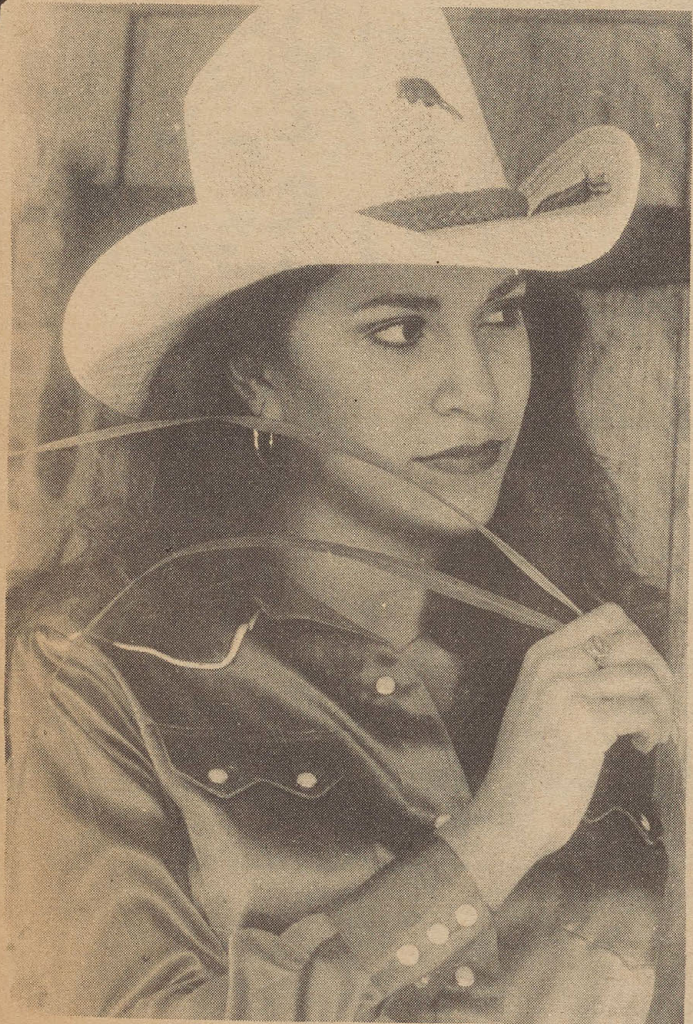
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Martha, Age: 20 More info & photos next month!

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Sad songs and waltzes ain't selling this year, but any attempt to be funny on my part would come across like Helen Keller jokes at a training institution for the blind and deaf.

We were gearing for a much larger Christmas issue than this when son Grady, my right arm and extra set of eyes here at Action Magazine, was knocked out of commission by a collapsed lung which caused him almost as much pain as he caused the hospital personnel who had to attend him for a week.

This was the big blow--an unexpected one along with the usual for a holiday season, for my luck generally shifts downward as Christmas approaches, and by New Year's the transmission usually falls out of my fortune wagon with a last rattle and klunk.

First Hoodoo Signs

First signs of the holiday hoodoo are relatively small but unmistakable. My own dog bit me right after Thanksgiving, and five days later I smashed my thumb with a hammer.

Recognizable symptoms are the lock-outs. I lock myself out of house, truck, and office. Then comes the hundred-dollar bill hangup. If I didn't mysteriously lose at least one hundred-dollar bill around this time of year, I'd figure something really weird was coming down.

It's been higgeldy-piggeldy as usual with intensification of the yearly snake bite. Good help has always been tough to find, but the magazine dodge is like crime in one respect--It could be a good deal except for the class of people you have to associate with.

This was one point I attempted to make when the Internal Revenue Service called for a meeting to discuss my record-keeping system.

Company Paid Abortion

One new female employee dealt herself a company-paid abortion before I had time to even register her social security number. After only one day on the job, she forged my name to a company check she lifted from a desk drawer, and cashed it for more than \$200 at my bank.

Next came the tall, scabby misfit who rode in on a 10-speed bicycle to pitch me for a selling job. Covered with scabbed-over abrasions, he claimed to have been in a motorcycle wreck. He could have been dragged on the end of a lariat behind a pickup truck from the Panhandle for all I knew, but the decision was made to give him a try.

Mildly amused at the idea of a 6-3 salesman in short pants on a bicycle, I allowed the 10-speed bandido to hang out for a few days. He hung on the phone, logging 165 calls to High Society Magazine's New York numbers which respond with the tape-recorded voice of a woman getting her sexual jollies. But I didn't receive the phone bill until after high pockets had pedaled off with my camera and recording gear.

A sub-conscious awareness of measured foot steps over the month of November brings to mind the Hustler cartoon which depicts masked ranger and Indian scout--ear to ground--with the caption: "They takin' short steps, Kemo Sabe. Either prairie dogs or faggots."

The short steps back over my shoulder were neither prairie dog nor faggot, however, but the relentless tread of a deputy constable bearing official notification of a civil lawsuit filed against me in Galveston by one Thomas S. Johnson.

The Song List

Johnson's claim to fame is a Willie Nelson discography (a listing of published Nelson songs) which was mailed to my office in 1981 along with the monthly Willie Nelson newsletter.

I reproduced the song list in Action, giving one Dr. Thomas S Johnson full credit for his herculean research project, and without noticing a little copyright mark Johnson had affixed to his listing.

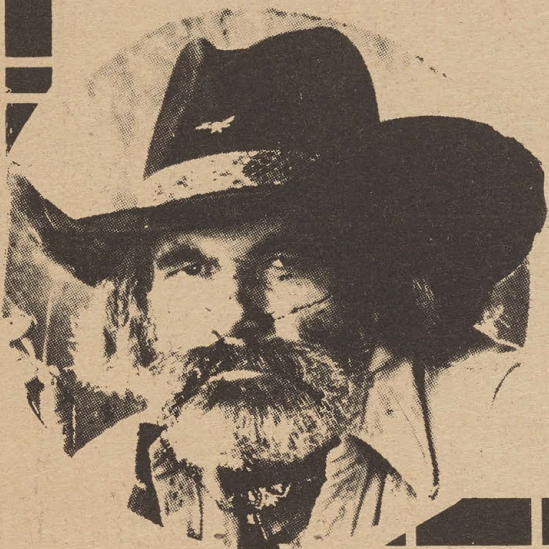
Since I have always reproduced items from the Nelson newsletter with no thought of repercussions, I was both amused and amazed to receive a letter from Johnson demanding a \$250 fee for use of his material.

He had given the Willie Nelson Newsletter explicit permission to reproduce his reproduction of Willie's material, but there was no mention of this with the newsletter packet I received. Now I know why copyright marks are so small.

The Brighter Side

Not all has been negative with me. Grady has recovered, and I'd like to mention a few souls who helped make things better. IRS examiner Phil Davis taught me how to write off my losses, and employees of two night clubs combined forces to recover my stolen Pentax Super 35 camera. So many thanks again to Tiffany Billiards manager Joe McClure and doorman Doug of the Abacadabra for grabbing the thief and snatching away the camera, and for the tireless surveillance assistance from Abracadabra door personnel George and Mouse. And a final whopping big thanks to Dirty Dan who got blind drunk and gave me his mink hat.

Merry Christmas!



Greatest black stars helped Phillips swing Eastwood integration

By Sam Kindrick

The legend of Johnny Phillips continues to grow with the weeds and Johnson grass which surround his now-deserted Eastwood Country Club on the outskirts of San Antonio.

Phillips integrated a great cross-section of San Antonio before some blacks and whites learned of racial strife, and he did it by presenting the greatest array of black American entertainment ever assembled by any night club operator in this area and probably Texas as well.

From Count Basie to Louie Armstrong to Miss Wiggles and

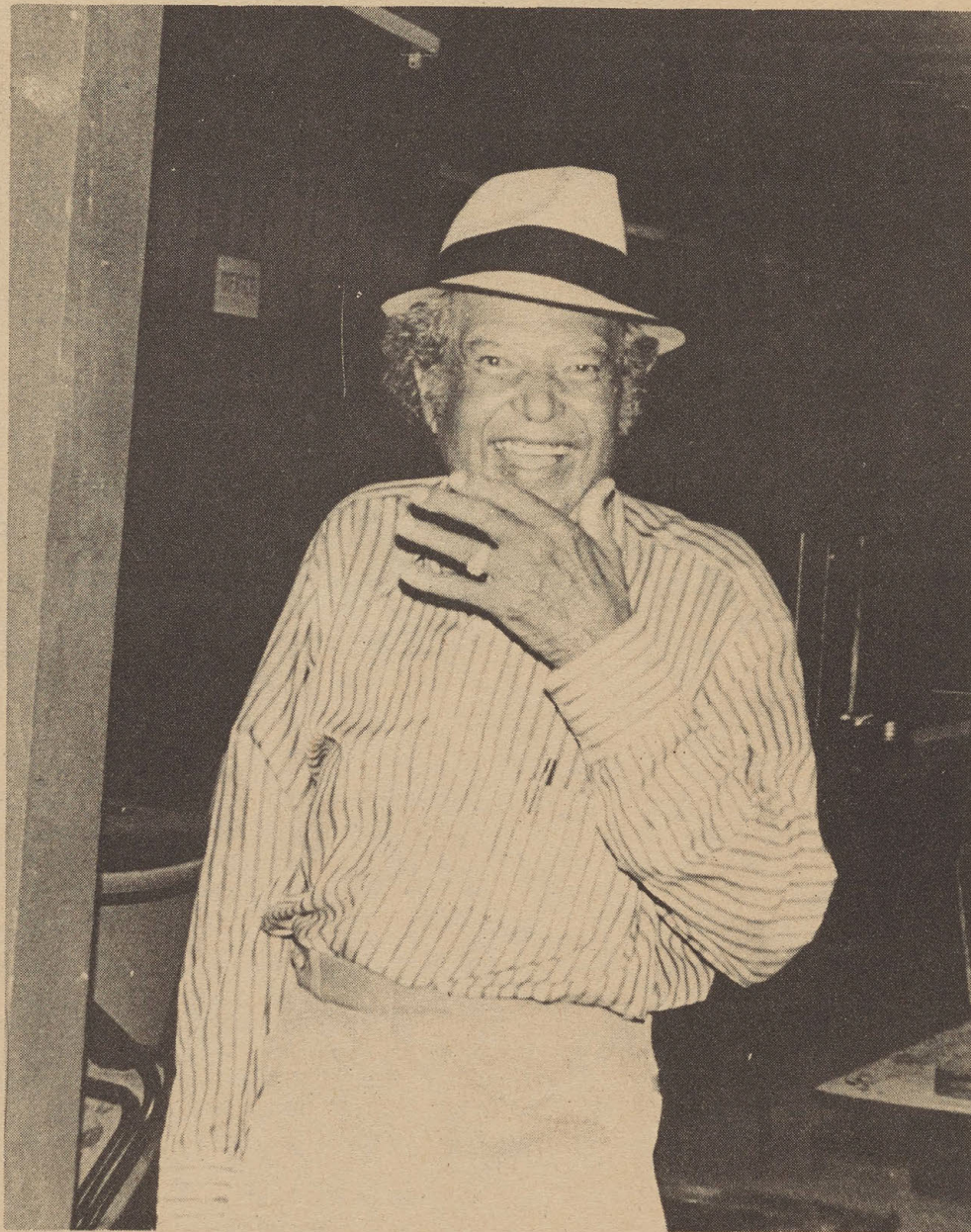
Gatemouth Brown they came, a treasure of black diamonds in the great American entertainment scenario still un-polished and yet to be show-cased in their entirety of impact before the legions of fans who are still paying millions upon multiplied millions to view and hear these black giants of the music industry.

The white stucco Eastwood Country Club is now closed and forlorn empty with dust layers now covering the once-posh leatherette chairs and lounge booths. The huge stage is littered with mops, dust rags, and bottles of cleanser where a cleanup crew had

seemingly began and then suddenly stopped following the last great Eastwood show.

The venerable Johnny Phillips leaned against one of the big Eastwood support beams as he allowed only a few of the greats and near-greats of black entertainers he has booked to swim nostalgically through his mind.

Spiderwebs of age lines form around Johnny's amazingly young face when he breaks into frequent smiles while recollecting his Eastwood Country Club headliners, many of which could now command up to \$100,000 for a single



Eastwood owner Johnny Phillips



Ike & Tina Turner

performance.

Little Richard has rocked the Eastwood rafters, and the crowds which consisted of as many whites and blacks leaped from their tables and booths to join Chubby Checker in his once-famed "twist" dance. I looked at the dust-covered stage, and for a fleeting moment the dust made room for those baby spots which illuminated such great blues wizards as Bobby Blue Bland and T-Bone Walker.

Comedian Redd Foxx of Sanford & Son TV fame was cutting risqué party records back in the early 1960's, and when Redd's raucous voice boomed over the old Eastwood sound system some of his lines were salty enough to embarrass a dock walloper and China Marine combined. Foxx worked Eastwood for a month.

Eastwood Country Club is located on a little dirt road which runs into far East Houston Street, and a low-flying chicken hawk might have trouble seeing the unobtrusive little Eastwood sign which is

painted on a piece of vine and weed-covered plywood. Yet cars streamed bumper-to-bumper and through clouds of caliche dust on that road in the wee morning hours to hear such greats as Duke Ellington, Ike and Tina Turner, B B King, Freddy King, San Antonio's own Cora Wood, and the incomparable Miss Wiggles, now 84 and still teaching dancing in Anchorage, Alaska.

Ageless in appearance, and muscled from head to toe, Thelma (Miss Wiggles) Patterson thrilled and amazed many an Eastwood crowd with a contortion dance act which may never be equalled.

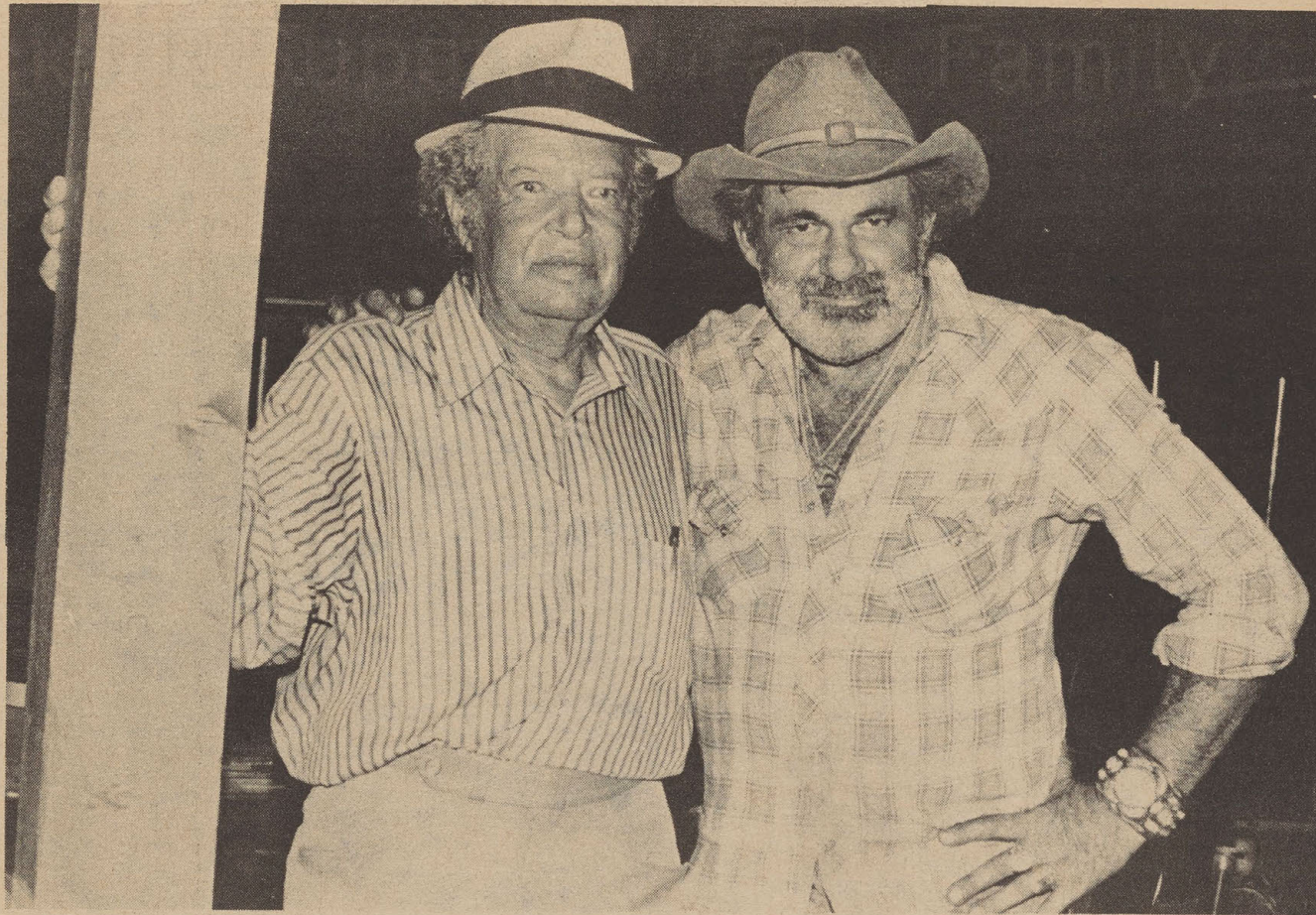
Standing on her hands on an ordinary straight-back kitchen chair, Miss Wiggles could move the entire chair with the music's beat all over the stage, while twisting and turning her sleek torso in every direction imaginable. She also had the capability of standing flat-footed and without a torso movement make every single muscle in her body twitch, ripple, pulsate,

and quiver.

Her grand finale for most sets consisted of Miss Wiggles turning an entire flip from the chair, landing in a full Chinese split, and with legs still extended poker-straight on either side of her body, she would literally run off the stage by utilizing nothing but her powerful buttock muscles.

After a chance meeting with Carmen Miranda, the Cuban fireball who danced in the 1930s and 1940s with a headdress of fruit as her trademark, Florida's Jimmy Buffett wrote a song titled: *They Just Don't Dance Like Carmen Anymore*.

Another apt song title could be: *Only One Miss Wiggles*, for at 84, Thelma Patterson still teaches tap and ballet dancing in her home city of Anchorage, Alaska, and the 72-year-old Johnny Phillips, who saw her only recently, said Wiggles doesn't look much older than she did some 20 years ago while performing at flamboyant ex-District Attorney Charlie Lieck's "last-blast" campaign party in the



Phillips and Action editor and publisher Sam Kindrick

old Granada Hotel with the great, but then unheralded, Gate-mouth Brown.

Like many other politicians and dignitaries who patronized the old Eastwood Country Club, former DA Charles Lieck Jr, loved both the high-caliber entertainment and the high-caliber gent who made it all possible, Johnny Phillips.

It was Lieck's son, Charles (Chip) Lieck III, who set us up with Phillips for the most enjoyable interview last month in the old Eastwood Country Club.

To meet Phillips is to like him, for the tan-skinned promoter and night club impresario has forgotten more about the band booking business than most of the contemporary tub-thumpers will ever learn, and the son of a Fredericksburg veterinarian down-plays his remarkable accomplishment of melding great after-hours crowds of whites and blacks into orderly and appreciative audiences who saw and heard some of the greatest acts ever to perform on the American entertainment scene.

Johnny was recovering from a recent hernia operation when he accompanied us out to his old Eastwood Country Club—the third and last one he owned and operated in San

Antonio. And although Phillips says he will now sell Eastwood if the price is right, he does not rule out the possibility of more great shows in the sprawling and thrice-expanded club which could easily accommodate a thousand music fans.

Phillips noted that the headliner for his next show, if and when it comes off, will likely be Bobby Blue Bland, his most consistent crowd draw over the years he owned Eastwood. But Phillips vividly recalls Duke Ellington as being his largest single draw.

Recognizing the need for an education, Johnny left Fredericksburg for San Antonio at age 16, and finished high school while living with an uncle and working as a waiter in the old Menger Bar. Club work just seemed to be his bag, and Phillips was emceeing at the old Shadowland when still just a pup. He was married and divorced without children, and served five years in the Army.

Phillips' first San Antonio night club was The Mona Lisa, which he purchased from funeral director I C Collins, who also built the Black Orchid and Eastwood Country Club. But Johnny's springboard to Eastwood came in 1950 when he sold his Famous Door, once the famed Horn Palace

show place hippidrome built by the late Billy Keilmann, king pimp gambler, policeman, night club czar, and turn-of-the-century publisher of San Antonio's never-to-be-forgotten Blue Book, a visitors guide to the "sporting district" of Alamo town which rated the whores in classes A, B, C, and designated the cat houses where strangers could hop in the sack with some brown-breasted mattress thrasher without fear of being Micky Fined or knocked in the head for their money.

As Phillips moved from his Famous Door to Eastwood, far out Houston Street and at that time in the gingleweeds, it was a period of troubled times among the black and white races, and an era when the idea of blacks and whites of equal numbers rubbing shoulders in a crowded night club environment was virtually unthinkable.

Johnny Phillips recognized the challenge, but the black man from Fredericksburg didn't see the odds against a successful black and white establishment as being unsurmountable.

Oddly enough, discrimination had not been a big thing in his early life around Fredericksburg, but Phillips knew its sting from such experiences

as the one during the 1940s when he and Duke Ellington were arrested as they sat talking in one of Phillips' earlier clubs.

The charge was illegally carrying whiskey, but Phillips said the real reason for the arrest was racial.

Of Ellington, Johnny

said, "He swore he'd never come back to this town. Yeah, he was really big then. But he finally did come back with a little coaxing. I told him we were fighting for a cause."

During those earlier years, Phillips was no militant integrationist. But he soft-pedaled the mixing of the races with a fierce determination which promoted a sort of brotherhood rather than a battle line which placed "niggers" on one side and "honkies" on the other. He successfully integrated his night clubs, and patiently worked with NAACP in helping to integrate other San Antonio businesses. He was responsible for getting the first blacks registered at the Gunter Hotel in the 1950s. And Phillips was capable of taking his setbacks with a philosophical outlook.

For no reason, he and 500 patrons of his Mona Lisa Club were arrested and hauled to the police station.

"The police just didn't like the idea of all those white and black people mixing together," Phillips mused.

The younger and more militant generations, Johnny has

always maintained, are going with the pedal to the metal with a frenzied inability to cope with real integration. He feels that too many of them have needles in their arms and air between their ears which spouting slogans of "black power" and "brown power", meaningless words which are anathema to Phillips' ears.

"Man power is what really counts," Phillips said. "And real man power will come someday when they all slow down and start looking at each other as just equal humans trying to eat and get by in this old world."

Phillips brought in the white music fans into his after-hours Eastwood Club with the aforementioned talent and so many others, including the incomparable Lena Horne, Fats Domino, Bo Diddley, Tyrone Davis, and the man whose popularity will never die—Ray Charles.

Johnny was never a musician—just a lover of music and musicians. He has loaned untold thousands to performers down on their luck, and he recalls with a laugh the day he had to rush out and purchase a
(continued on page 18)



The incomparable "Miss Wiggles"

Rowdy rednecks rough-up rockabilly rebel

Fast-rising songwriter and rockabilly tune stylist Steve Earle was a Holmes High

School drop-out before cracking the tough Nashville music market, first as a song-writer

and then as a performer.

Earle's songs have been recorded by Carl Perkins, Zella Lehr, Johnny Lee, and others, and Earle's first single on the Epic label made the national charts.

So it was a triumphant Steve Earle who returned to his hometown last month for his first professional gig in more than eight years, and the reception he received was typical of what one might expect for a Holmes High School drop-out with a Fender Stratocaster guitar and a gold star stud in his ear.

Booking Earle in The Gambler was a mistake from the get-go, for that club's hard-core country crowd was buying no rockabilly music on a belly-rubbing Saturday night, and some of the redneck regulars expressed their distaste for the music by physically busting up Earle's first set.

Faced by a belligerent circle of shitkickers, Steve Earle knew he wasn't playing folk music in the friendly

little Bijou or Gatehouse of years gone by when he wisely signaled his two backup musicians to join him in a hasty retreat from The Gambler's unfriendly stage.

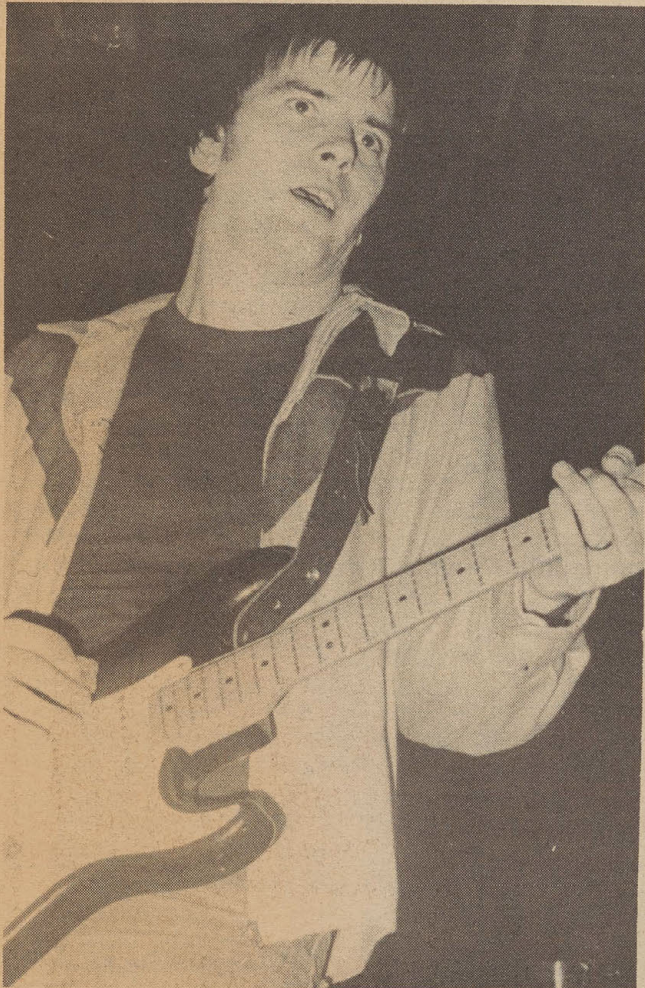
"What it really amounted to," Steve later said, "was five of the club regulars who wanted to fight. They had us outnumbered and they were bigger than us, so I could see no better way than to just back off and check it to 'em."

Order was restored before Earle's second set, which he completed without incident after being paid in full, and his homecoming was partially salvaged as Steve played the next night to a receptive audience at Skit Row.

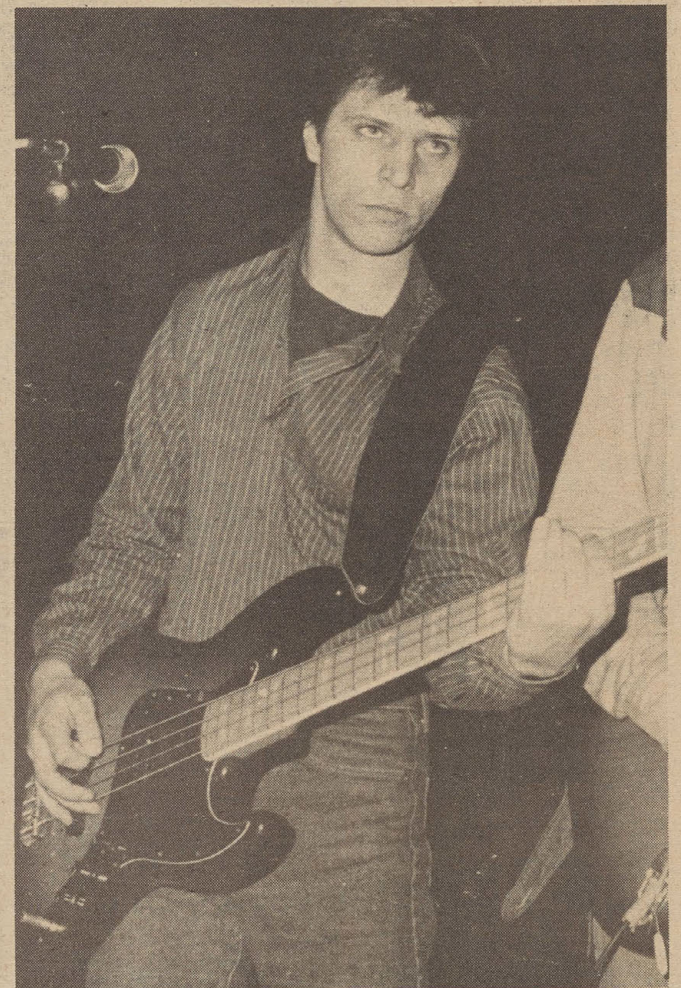
Throbbing rhythm with a penetrating jungle-like beat is the identification mark of Steve Earle and the Dukes, a trio comprised of Earle on rhythm and lead guitar, Zip Gibson on bass guitar, and Bullett Harris Jr., on drums.

Earle's voice is lusty and unrestrained rockabilly, made for such tunes as Creedence

Clear Water Revival's *Bad Moon Rising* or his tune *Nothin' But You*, which made all national



Steve Earle



Zip Gibson

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trade charts after its release in August on the Epic label.

Earle's second single, an original called *Squeeze Me In*, is due for release any day now, and both of the songs will be included on his first album to be titled *Cadillac* which is due for release in February.

Back during his early learning years, Earle was known by other musicians as the "kid", for he was doing single gigs while still in his teens and hanging out with such local musicians as Don Earl Harding and Will Beely.

"I was a folkie," he said. "I played folk music at all the little bars I could get into. The Gatehouse was sort of my headquarters. I played the Bijou and the Union Jack and some I can't even recall."

It was Townes Van Zandt of Austin, however, who proved to be Earle's inspiration, and it was Townes who helped Steve land work playing bass with Guy Clark when the "kid" reached Nashville in 1975.

Guy later helped Earle sign his first writing

contract.

Johnny Lee's 1982 hit *When You Fall In Love* was a Steve Earle composition which garnered Earle an ASCAP songwriting award which was presented in September.

Earle's originality in rockabilly has attracted the attention of such rockabilly pioneers as Carl Perkins, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran and his style of play has earned him critical praise from regional, national, and even foreign music writers.

Though not officially issued in England, his recording of *Nothin' But You* got play on more than a half dozen English radio stations.

Earle was in no way discouraged by the Gambler Club incident, and he plans a return to San Antonio in the near future.

"The incident was really the result of a mis-booking," he said. "It's all a part of the music business. It's a fucked-up business, but I know it and understand it and I accept it as my life."

Try Zip-a-Strip's Christmas Special



Zip-a-Strip president Lisa Stewart shakes her stuff

Lisa Stewart celebrated both her 24th birthday and her first year of being in business for herself last month by putting on all of her clothing and kicking back for a little rest and relaxation.

Lisa dresses to relax because her profession entails taking most everything off, and ther president of Zip-a-strip Telegrams would have it no other way.

After working as a topless dancer since her early teens in more smoke-filled titty bars

than she cares to recall, Lisa worked for a short while with the Strip-O-Gram people and quickly decided that this was the way to go.

Instead of sending greeting cards or presents for special people on special occasions, more and more people are using the nude dancer surprise package to show that they really care.

Lisa hates the hassles and restrictions the topless female dancer must endure, and she maintains that women

dancers are discriminated against by the city which requires them to obtain vice cards when there is no such requirement for male dancers.

Since forming Zip-a-strip Telegrams, Lisa has become able to furnish four dancers (including herself) at any timea for fees rancing from \$45 for a 5-minute show to \$100 for a solid hour of topless dancing.

"That's cheaper than most all of the others," she said, "Most of the

short gigs are office calls, and a hundred dollars for a solid hour of dancing is a bargain. If you don't believe it, just ask a dancer."

Lisa now has a contract for two shows annually at the Brooks AFB NCO Club, and she expects to stay extra busy during the Xmas and New Year's Eve action.

For Zip-a-strip, call 734-9570, and ask for Lisa.



Bullett Harris

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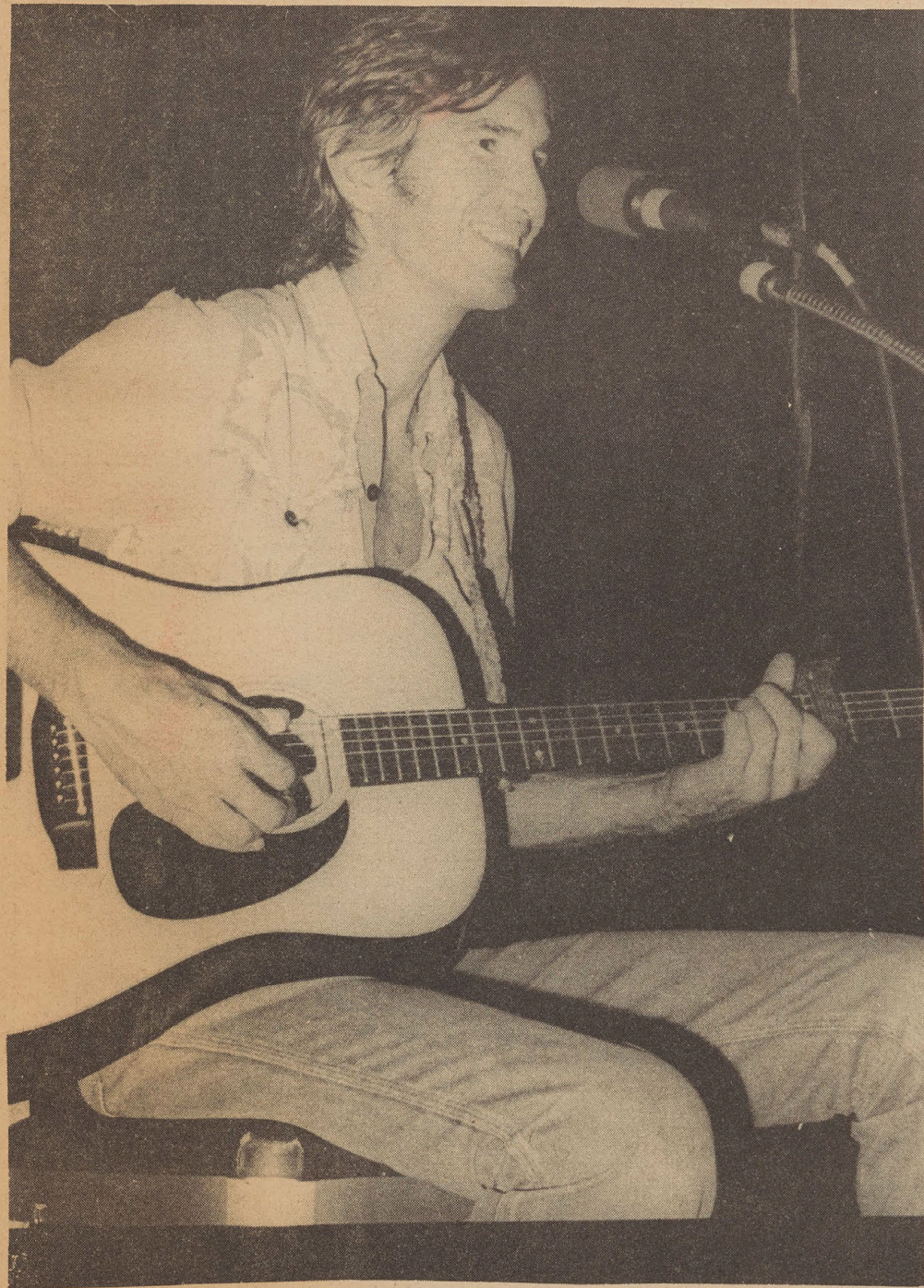
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Homespun Van Zandt says Pancho & Lefty a tale of betrayal



Townes Van Zandt

If Townes Van Zandt's high-sounding Hollywood name should appear on a Vegas marquee, people would no doubt flock to see and hear this wandering Texas minstrel who somehow failed to appear on their VIP list of entertainers.

He does have a stand-in bit part in the movie **Songwriter** now being filmed with Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson, but Van Zandt's name would now be about as identifiable in the average American household as Franken Berry Artificial Strawberry Flavored Frosted Cereal with Marshmallow Bits.

Connect Van Zandt's name, however, to the hit song **Pancho and Lefty**, and then watch the music fans sit up and take notice.

It's one of some 150 songs that entertainer-writer Van Zandt has had published, and one he wrote some eight years ago while fiddle-footing from one beer joint to another across Texas and the country.

Emmy Lou Harris, an

old friend of Townes from their folk music beginnings, included **Pancho and Lefty** on an album which sold well, but Van Zandt's star really began to rise when Willie Nelson and Merle Haggard grabbed the tune in what was almost an after-thought to their recording session.

Here last month for an appearance at Skit Row, Van Zandt's dry wit matched his raggedy, poor-boned appearance as he sang and joshed both from the stage and during a little interview we conducted out in the parking lot as Townes chugged a half-pint of vodka with no mix while conjuring up his mind's eye view of what transpired when Nelson and Haggard decided to name their album **Pancho and Lefty** along with a hit single of the same name.

The Austin-based entertainer who started his career in Fort Worth when folk music of the early 60s was catching fire admits that he has never hung around Nashville to push his works as many song-

writers do.

Like most of his other songs made big by others, the 8-year-old tune **Pancho and Lefty** just sort of filtered its way along until the right people found out about it.

"Emmy Lou had known about the song six years," Townes said, "but it was Susan and Guy Clark who urged her to cut it. The thing with Merle and Willie was something else again. It all started with Peggy Underwood, my attorney and manager who is tight friends with Willie's daughter Lana. Peggy gave a tape of the song to Lana, who in turn reached her father just as he and Haggard were packing up their gear after a recording session."

Van Zandt spoke all parts as he surmised, "I guess it must have gone off something like this. Hey, hold it you guys. Listen to this. They unpacked. And I figure it went, hey, man, what's the name of the album? **Pancho and Lefty**. Hey, we could get a picture of us all dressed up like

(continued on page 18)

Meteor
MUSIC

Now, there's a bright, new star on the San Antonio music scene! Meteor Music is here with down-to-earth prices and out-of-this-world service. Come by and see John Ramirez, Scott Stephens and Robert Llanos at Meteor Music, the new, full-service music store catering to the needs of the professional musician of the 80's. Meteor Music, corner of Vance Jackson and Fredericksburg Road.

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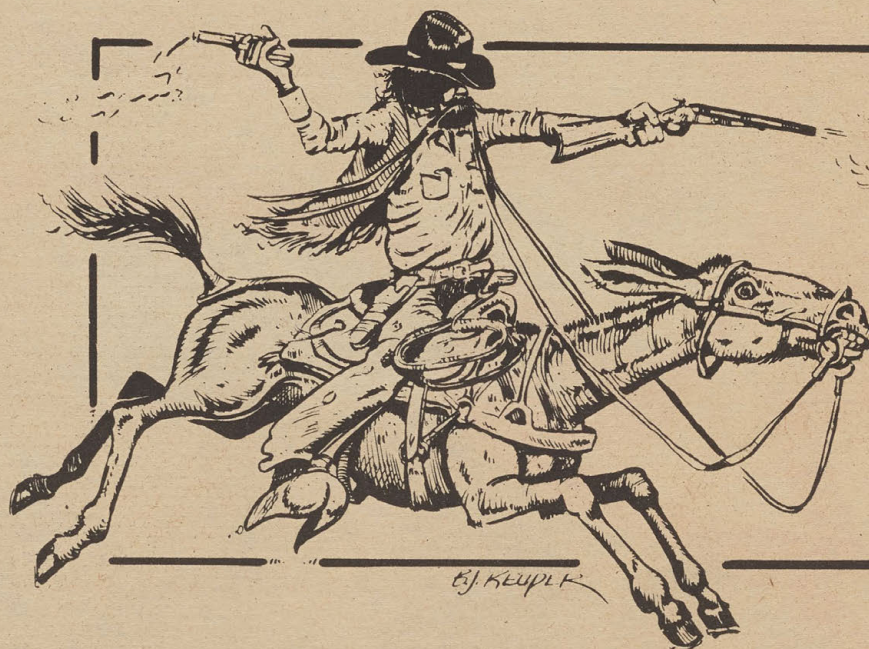
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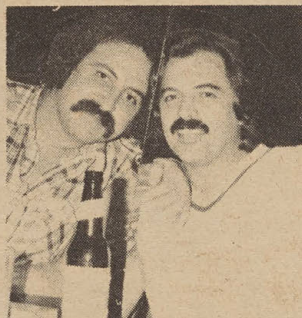


E.J. KUPPLER

Too Soon

The heart attack death last month of former club owner and Texas A.&M. University football notable Rick Oberlies came as a double shock to those who knew the robust, 33-year-old ex-athlete from San Antonio.

From a better-than-average-income family, Oberlies, who was a football standout at McArthur High School, never had money or serious job pressures hanging over his head, and from all outward appearances he was a single partying man who seemed happier than most with his lot.



Rick Oberlies (L)
& Rick Delgado

With partner Rick Delgado, now a representative with Crain Distributing (Budweiser) Co., Oberlies operated the old Opry House for several months before selling the place to Mike Scarnato.

Now defunct, the Opry House was in Colonies Mall, and just around the corner from the building which now houses Grafittis.

Wedded bliss

No matter what happens in the future, no one can say that Elizabeth McIlhane and Jerome Brown took their June marriage any way but seriously. Brown is president of First Credit Corp., and wife Elizabeth is a reporter with the San Antonio Light.

Guests invited to their large wedding were each presented with complete biographical

breakdowns on both Jerry and Elizabeth, phone book-thick and carefully detailed since childhood.

And since their marriage, the couple has been throwing monthly wedding receptions with no end to it in sight.

The big split

Morris Kalt and John Michael Ramirez apparently dissolved their partnership in River City Music at about the same time they broke up a longti personal friendship. The results, of course, sees John Michael opening his new Meteor Music Co., at Fredericksburg Road and Vance Jackson last month, while Morris maintains with the River City Music Store on San Pedro.

A half dozen years have drifted by since the two young men opened their first business on upper San Pedro Avenue in 1977, a venture which survived the new business shakes primarily because of the rapport maintained between Ramirez and Kalt with the youthful music community for the past few years. John Michael and Morris have expressed their thanks to their musician customers by throwing what has become an annual River City Music bash.

It's sad in a way, for loyalties will be laid on the line as Kalt and Ramirez compete not only for a new business, but for the patronage of old customers which the two of them worked so hard as a team to cultivate and please.

Stage front studio

A complete 8-track sound studio adjacent to the stage is the big surprise awaiting musicians at the newly-opened Meridian Club on Austin Highway where live rock, blues, and jazz music is now in the offing.

Formerly the Studio West, and before that Dan Cook's Time

Out, the club has been completely remodeled for both looks and comfort.

Manager William Guillott and in-house engineer Todd Hixson offer bands visiting the club an opportunity to record their shows live. Hixson is also prepared with an album agreement, and says he will soon be cutting some commercials with the club equipment.

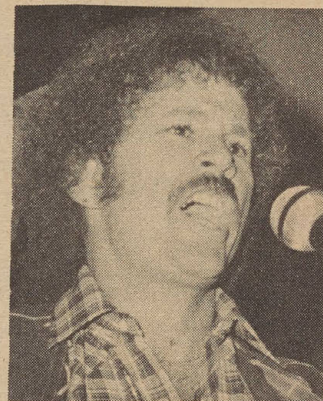
Jenkins album

Bob O'Neil of BOSS studios on Broadway will begin work next month on a new Bobby Jenkins album which has to be a



Bob O'Neill

good one. Neither of these Bobbys will settle for less than the best...And blues lovers are



Bobby Jenkins

finding some delightful surprises on Steve Chicetti's album which is now on the local market.

A near disaster

Maggie's

ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner, Late Night
You're Welcome at Maggie's Anytime
We're Always Open!

24 HOURS A DAY



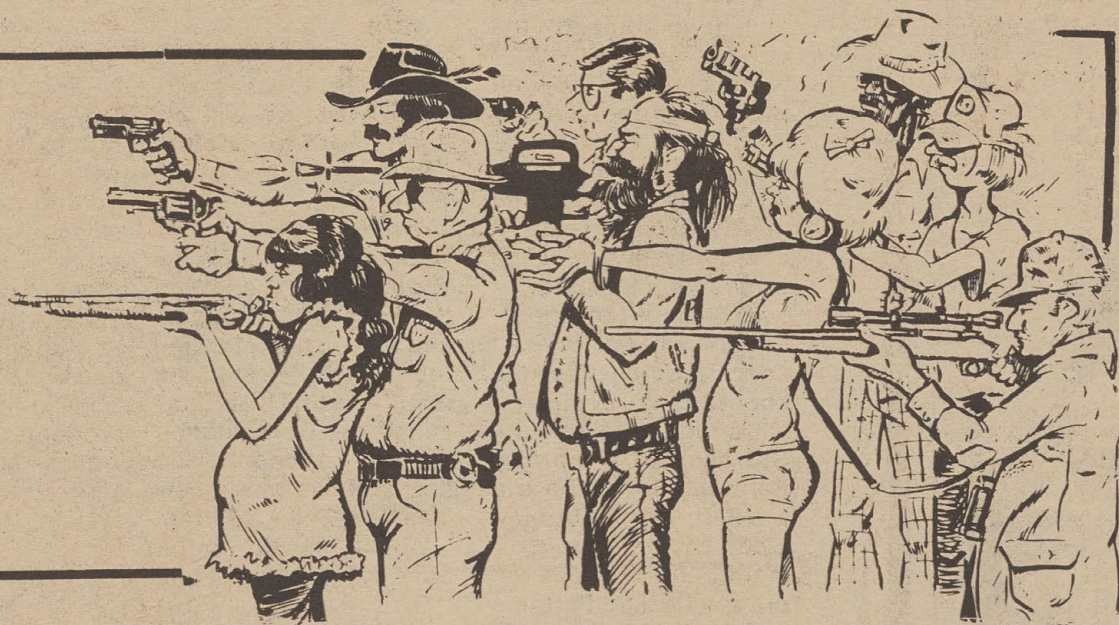
Live Music Nightly

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Back Fire



hysteria was the order last month as Willie Nelson proceeded to fire marginal personnel in his gigantic road crew.

Almost everyone in this phlanx of humanity could be considered to be marginal, from kinfolk to good ole buddies who have been hanging out in some paid capacity for years.

Management advisors seemed to have finally gotten their message through to Nelson after many unsuccessful tries to convince him that the gang just didn't justify its exorbitant upkeep cost.

Willie was swinging the axe with vigor, but the thought his unemployed crew members hanging out helpless on the streets must have softened him. Some of them have done nothing more strenuous than open a stage door over the past eight or 10 years, and Nelson must have considered their bleak future when his ultimate decision was reached.

He did fire almost all non-band members of the crew, then hired them all back at reduced salaries.

And, needless to say, there were no complaints. Only a great, shuddering sigh of relief.

Andy Stone's book

Vince Vance and the Valiants, the masters of controlled insanity, have established quite



Andy Stone

a following in San Antonio over the past few years, but we'll

venture to predict that not one Valiant fan could guess what band leader Andy Stone has been secretly up to during those years.



Professor Sid

Most anything would be within the realm of possibility for the blabbering Stone, the doctor of raunch who, with wild-eyed Sidney (The Professor) Arroyo, make the Valiant machine run at only one speed--full and ahead. A Valiant fan would not be surprised to learn that Stone has been operating a nutria rat ranch on the sly, or perfecting the world's first gasoline-powered vibrator. So it might come as a real shocker to learn that Andy Stone has been writing a book which includes his innermost thoughts and feelings on love and life plus a chapter of lyrics for the band.

Titled *You Made Me Love Me*, Stone's works have been published by Fullerton Books Inc.

Now we pause for a brief commercial, folks, for Andy Stone and the Valiants promote Action Magazine where ever they go.

To order one of Stone's books from this first limited edition, mail \$10 plus \$2.50 for postage and handling by check or money order to Fullerton Books, Inc., P.O. Box 18595, Dallas, Tex. 75218, and include your name, address, city, state, and zip. To buy two of the books, enclose 17.50 plus \$2.50 for postage and handling.

Point of interest

Scores of musicians in these parts who have had business dealings with booking agent Dean Bell have been reading the Light's unfurling expose' which involves two sets of contracts handled by a Hispanic organization which is partially funded by the city.

For a river show featuring Freddy Fender, Johnny Rodriguez, and other musicians, the Hispanic group submitted contracts to the city showing prices for the musicians which were about double the fees actually paid the performers.

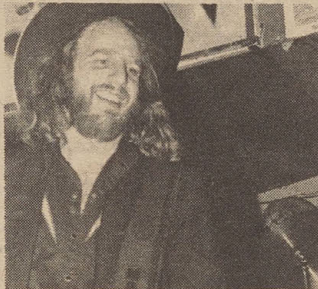
Records kept by the Hispanic group indicate that at least part of the spending not reported to the city was for the consultant services of agent Bell.

Also a musician, Bell plays with the group Shilo, and things really got sticky for Dean when other members of the Shilo learned that a big hunk of money on the city's contract for their services had apparently found its way into the consultant's pocket.

Just how much Dean milked out of that particular promotion is yet to be seen upon completion of a city audit which is now under way.

J.R.'s farwell

The memorial show Dec. 1 for the late J.R. Chatwell was a smashing success despite inclement weather, for Floore



Ray Benson

Store at Helotes was packed with friends and fans of the legendary fiddler and song composer who died this past

summer.

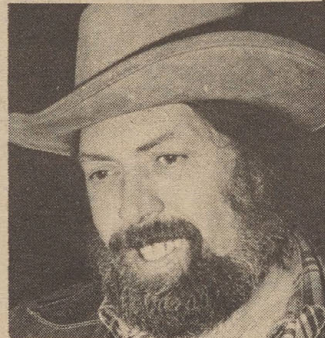
Credit for this production must



Chris O'Connel

go largely to Steve Laughlin and Tyrone Butcher, close friends and admirers of J.R.

Ray Benson's *Asleep At The Wheel* opened the show, and old "Wheel" fans were delighted to note that Christy O'Connel, the original female voice with the group, is back doing vocals with Benson. The late J.R. Chatwell was close to this group, and it was J.R. who penned the tune *Pipe Dreams* which Benson



Augie

does on the band's *Collision Course* album.

Doug Sahm and Augie Meyers followed Benson, with a multitude of old picking friends joining them on stage to make up more than a band. Jon Blondell was seen playing bass, Atwood Allen, former Sir Douglas Quintet member, was playing guitar and harmonizing with Doug, and the unmistakable West Side sax of Rocky Morales was all the horn section needed as they all joined in to say farewell to friend J.R. in the language he understood best--music.



WHERE TO FIND ACTION MAGAZINE

NORTHEAST

Kemosabe
Prelude
Rustic Lounge
Dirty Sally's
Lamp Post
Eisenhower Flea Market
Time Out
Winchester
Country on the Rocks
Galaxy Billiards
Jus' Country
Fuggawi Club
Oxtail Inn
Abracadabra
Top O' The Strip
Tiffany Billiards
Maggie's
Magical Spot
St. Nicks
Scandals
Texas Dance Hall
Copper Dollar
Jack of Clubs
Drum City
Midnight Rodeo
Rosie O'Grady's
Mobil Hi-Fi
Pappy's
Richard's Music
Billy Dan's
Iron Skillet
Ferdie & Pat's
Record Peddler
Magic Habits

NORTHWEST

Knights of Olde
Wildcatter's Club
Mad Molly's
Bogart's
Click's Billiards
Courtyard
La Cactus
The Doll House
Silky Sullivans
Galaxy Billiards
Cactus Club
Gardendale's
Turtle Creek Tavern
Walton Buggy Wrks.
Skit Row
Baby Dolls
Dallas
Graffiti's
Richards Music
The Gambler
Hidden Shadow
Daddy's
Mobile Hi-Fi
Bearclaw
Cooter Browns
Floore Store
Mulligan's
Maylin the Barber
Oy-steer
Yellow Cadillac
Texas Star Inn
Pompeii
Action offices

CENTRAL & DOWNTOWN

Alexander's
Goodtime Charlie's
St. Mary's Bar & Grill
River City Music
Banana's Billiards
Luther's Cafe
Union Jack
Little Hipp's
San Jacinto
Alamo Music
Chris Madrid's
Unicorn Shop
Raw Power & Light

SOUTHSIDE(Cont.)

Mobile Hi-Fi
Chaps
Billiard Palace
The Wild Turkey
Hollywood Music
Southside Music
Virgil's Music
South 40
Backway In
Goldie's
Cabaret
Jeanie's
Danceland U.S.A.
Continental Club
Chez When
Waterhole #3
Tiffany
Rainbow Lounge
Barton's Boozerie

SOUTHSIDE

Swiss Chalet Downs
Stockman Hat Shop
Apple Jack
Bum Steer



Hancock's Supernatural Family Band

Playing only at the Farmer's Daughter in San Antonio, Tommy Hancock's Supernatural Family Band is as unheard of here as it is everywhere else, includ-

ing Austin where Tommy moved his musical clan from Lubbock several years ago.

Hancock's Supernatural Family Band

doesn't adhere to a rigid or even predictable or even predictable road schedule, but the group is apt to surface anywhere--including such far-removed spots

as Lima Peru.

Most Austin bands, including some of the good ones, can't afford to travel over more than two or three county lines, but Hancock is somewhat of a scuffler who mails out a monthly mirth sheet he calls a newsletter, while at the same time keeping an eye peeled for opportunity which doesn't knock. Tommy does the knocking.

So who else but the Supernatural Family Band would land a trip to Peru through auspices of a non-government cultural exchange program called Partners in America?

Back now, and again playing on dollar whiskey night at the Shorthorn Lounge in Austin, Hancock message through his newsletter that the Peruvian caper left the Supernaturals with a fairly open schedule after last month's Farmer's Daughter show here, indicating the group is available for both Christmas and

New Year's bookings.

"So let us know of any goodtime holiday scenes that want a band," Hancock wrote. "Otherwise we will lay back and have another sleazy good time at the Shorthorn."

While in Peru, the Supernaturals did a TV appearance, a show at the Lima Polo Grounds, and played a joint called the Cowboy Restaurant in Lima. They declined a return invitation to play a rodeo and some Xmas and New Year's Eve parties.

Austin music writer John T. Davis said, "God knows what conclusions their native Peruvians drew about Texas from the Hancock electric mix of Johann Strauss waltzes, Buddy Holly rockabilly, and lilting Tex-Mex border tunes."

Since we started receiving Hancock's newsletters several years ago, Tommy has been running for president, and he notes some possible planks in his upcoming platform

as being:

Leave time alone. If God had wanted daylight savings time, He'd have put it in the Bible.

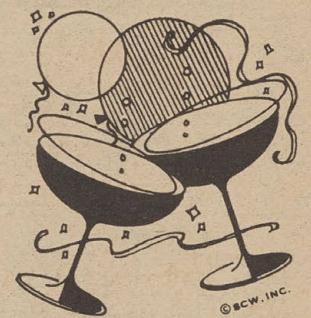
Make residential streets only one-half as wide as they are. Thus cutting down on traffic, saving on pavement, and having more greenery.

Make all drugs illegal--including the legal ones.

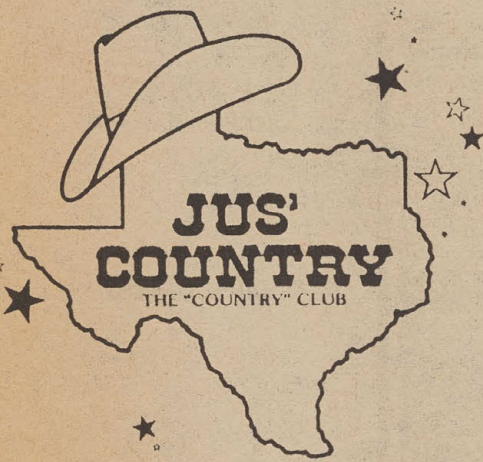
Make all petroleum products illegal, causing less pollution and an alternate economic system.



Supernatural Family Band in Peru



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One night a week
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Down from Albertson's in Parliament Square**

BAND Directory

The Band Directory is a free listing of San Antonio and area bands, complete with telephone numbers for bookings. No more and no less.

All from San Antonio and this area will be listed monthly-provided someone calls with the necessary information.

Misty Blue, country with variety, 654-7809, 655-7058.

•••

Smith Bros., blues, swing jazz & oldies, 698-1099, 674-3952.

•••

Myth, classical rock, 226-3773, 826-5983.

•••

Shawn Sahn & Prezence rock, 349-3766, 565-8330.

•••

Sunrise, rock, 692-7230.

•••

Morning, rock, country & blues, 349-4573(day), 635-8817(nites & wknds)

•••

Second Wind, soft rock & blues, 673-6148, 436-4646.

•••

Country Horizons, country, 222-8400, 340-8908.

•••

Joe Edwards Band, country, 673-1108.

•••

First Light, jazz, 732-2787.

•••

The Originals, 2 variety, 690-9356.

•••

Krayolas, rock, 341-6025.

•••

Sojourn, easy listening, 735-6333.

•••

Renegade, rock, 680-3140, 434-2809.

•••

J. Whipple Band, rock, 690-1420.

•••

Billy Ball Band, country, 658-0787, 658-2353.

•••

Silver Creek Band, country, 1-282-4472.

•••

Backhand, rhythm & blues, 699-6466.

•••

Boulevard, rock, 828-3174.

•••

Klocks, rock & new wave, 681-1352.

•••

The Sham, new wave, 434-2215, 737-3404.

•••

The Kids, pop rock, 824-8466.

•••

The Indecisions, new pop, 492-1990.

•••

Dogman & the Shepherds, rockin' blues, 337-2857, 333-3466.

•••

Moore Country, country, 349-0818, 349-0588.

•••

Obsession, rock, 496-3825.

•••

Coupe de Ville, r&b, 654-1747.

•••

Keith Adams & The Country Clover Band, country, 342-6439, 735-3322.

•••

McFarland & Co., variety, 657-4621.

•••

Revival Brothers Band, country & rock, 655-7357.

•••

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OPEN DAILY: 11 AM - 2 AM
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Retribution's Possum Old Grandpa McCash and poet Kevin Jolly

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Poetry has never been a part of Action Magazine for the simple reason that none was ever turned my way that I liked or felt until last month when a friend of one Kevin Jolly brought some of Jolly's poems in with assurance that Kevin had authorized their publication in Action Magazine if we cared to print them. If I have a tin ear for the poetic, then I'll apologize for those gems of wit and wisdom I've brushed aside throughout the years, but I damn sure won't apologize for running Jolly's nostalgic truths and word pictures of life which are as original as they are awesomely real to a country boy who can recall and identify with an older cowboy with a face, in the words of Kevin Jolly, "as rough as a pine slash."

So here it is--poetry by Kevin J. Jolly--rough-hewn, real, and, in the words of Hill Country author Fred Gibson, as pretty as hoar frost sparkling on a cow chip on a moonlit night.

Darryl Duncan

You took me to the Silver Dollar,
that one room dirt floored dive,

for barbecue and beer.
The beef was all end pieces,
black and smoky,
and the beer was longnecks,
iced in a tub.

The juke box had three plays for a quarter
and nothing but Bob Wills
and Hank Snow.
You always did know the best places.

You took me fishing,
that time the dust storm
blew the hell
out of
everything.

You took the deep end,
under the diving board,
and I got the three-foot, and
the ice chest.

I had two rods out,
but you still got the most bites.
You always knew the best places.

Three o'clock in the morning
and half across the country
the phone drug me out of bed.

and Allan told me how you'd
cleaned your apartment,
packed your clothes,
cleared your checks,
and shot the life right out of yourself.

I didn't sleep three days
thinking
how you always knew the best places.

Grandpa McCash

He was a grouchy old man,
All grey stubble and
overalls.

In nineteen-eight the doctor
and family

Told him how it was,
Told him how he'd die.
And they were right,
But sixty years too early.

He never did like doctors or
republicans or relatives.

Or much of anyone else.
He saved me though,
Saved me from those old-
maid-eisenhower aunts
With their wet sticky kisses,
Like the first bite of a peach
overripe.

And their fat freckled arms
and washcloths and combs.
He'd scoop me up,
Scattering that banty-hen
flock of print dresses
With gruff and growl, and rub
my cheeks.

His face rough as a pine
slash.

I'd hang on his flat brown
thumbs

With nails like quarters,
yellowed and split.

And swing, reaching for his
smile with my toes.

And when, not quite
reaching the patches on his
knees,

I blundered into my
first words,

He told me his
stories.

And I told him mine.

He'd tell me about wildcats,
and Indians.

And taming the western
frontier.

And I'd tell him how I killed
that orange bear

And made my mom a coat,
And how I drove tanks and
airplanes and submarines
In little known battles of the
Civil War.

He was ninety-six and
grouchy and telling stories
When those old-maid-
eisenhower aunts.

Talking of disease and
infirmity and old-age

Took him.
Took him to a doctor
Just to check, just to make
sure.

But he was a grouchy old
man.

And never had liked
doctors, or republicans, or
relatives.

So, he sat in that green
plastic chair,

Behind a National Geo-
graphic.

And died.

Died without a word,
Reading about Hottentots
and tombs.

And taming the western
frontier.

The Possum of Retribution

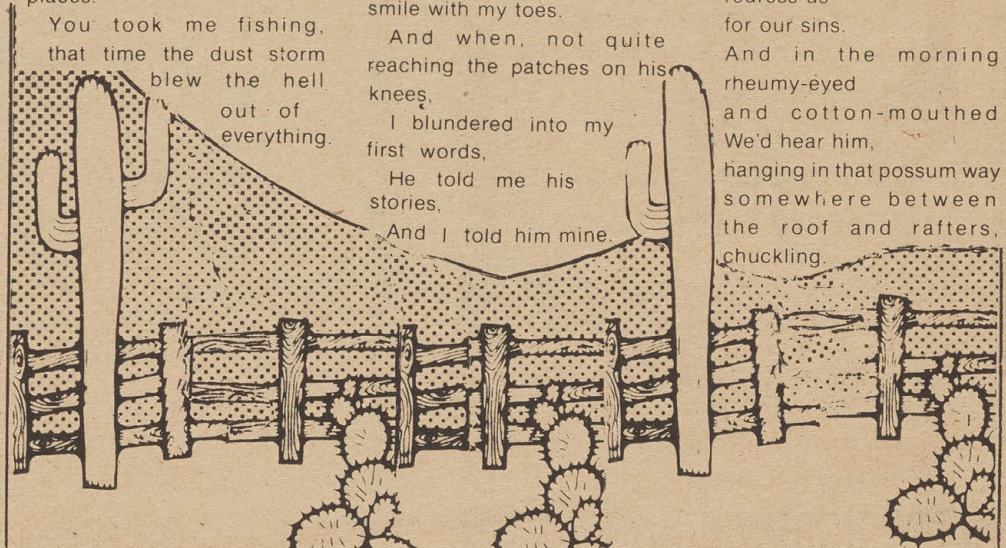
He lived on the porch
somewhere between
the roof and rafters.
Some said he was Baptist
or maybe Church of Christ,
Not that it mattered,
we were all sinners.

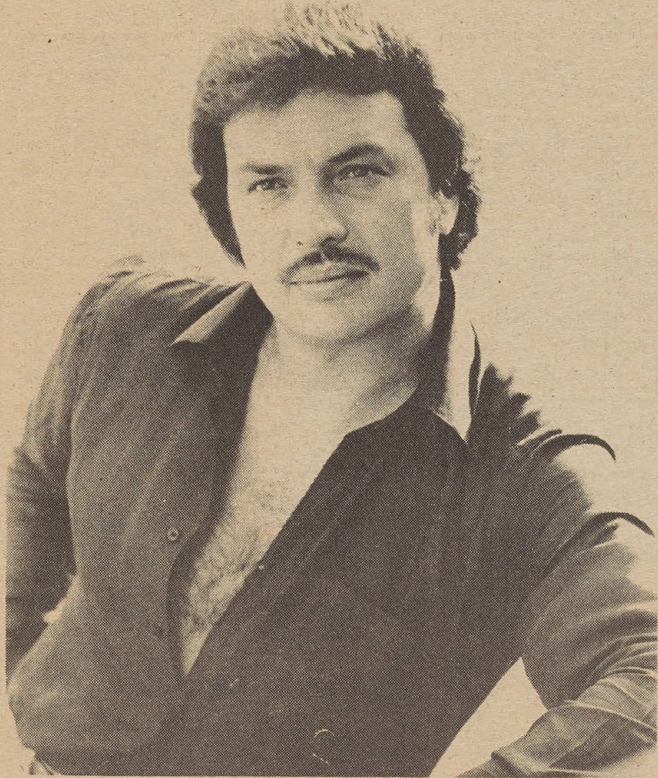
At night
drinking berer
swapping lies
and generally blaspheming
He'd stare

and with every "damn,"
or "hell,"
or "Jesus"

taken in vain
Hiss and spit
and in that possum way
redress us
for our sins.

And in the morning
rheumy-eyed
and cotton-mouthed
We'd hear him,
hanging in that possum way
somewhere between
the roof and rafters,
chuckling.





Teodoro Galvez, dynamic new star of Fiesta Noche del Rio, has decided to make his home in San Antonio despite requests by entertainment agents who want him to return to Mexico City. He came here in June at the request of Rosita Fernandez who wanted Galvez to replace her on the spring and summer river show which she has headlined for the past 25 years. Galvez, who has performed all over Mexico and South America, said he chose San Antonio for his headquarters because of the friendly crowds.

Happy birthday, Teddy

The teddy bear is 80 years old in 1983, and the San Antonio Public Library's art and music departments are celebrating the anniversary in December with an exhibition featuring the bear and selective relatives.

A library press release says the teddy bear was first made in 1903, and

named for President Theodore Roosevelt. Steiff of Germany and the Ideal Toy Co. of the United States both claim to have fashioned the first teddy bear.

Teddy, whatever his origins, has never been more popular, as evidenced by the swelling number of bear collectors.



Friends don't let friends drive drunk.

If your friend has had too much to drink, he doesn't have to drive. Here are three ways to keep your friend alive...



drive your friend home

A Merry Christmas

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PRO-AUDIO		KEYBOARDS
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THE SOUND ADVICE STORE

Van Zandt continued...

outlaws in the desert. Hey, yeah...."

Townes' voice then fell back into its usual laconic pace as he summed up: "So there's your song. Right place and right time. And they did a good job on it, too."

Van Zandt's stock is rising now that it's on the open market where more and more may become aware of it--such people as the CBS executives who have given Townes a hand-shake agreement on a recording contract which would be his first on a major label.

The entertainer hasn't changed, however, since his days of playing here at the old Stonehenge, and at the Eleventh Floor in Houston. He handle thin with bobbing adam's apple and a big rip in his right shirt sleeve. Van Zandt might have been mistaken for a front man for a famin as he joked about his movie career just started.

"I got a part in the movie *Songwriter* as a spectator who throws beer cups at the stage. I know I've got leadership

qualities, because I throw another cup at the stage, and then another, until finally I wind up being sort of the head beer cup thrower in the scene. It was really exciting," Townes said without showing a hint of a smile.

Now on his third marriage, and with a seven-month-old boy running about, Van Zandt says he has settled in Austin and is ready to help his songs more with a bit of a push here and there.

He recalled his first song to be recorded by one other than himself as *Tecumseh Valley* by the Stoneman family. Emmy Lou Harris and Don Williams did well with Van Zandt's *If I Needed You*. And George Hamilton got on the charts with Van Zandt's *I'll Be There in the Morning*.

With eight albums of his own on small or medium-sized labels, Van Zandt will be firing his best shots with his upcoming CBS opportunity. He gave Skit Row audiences a sampling of 11 yet-to-be-recorded tunes he calls *Blue Inn Blues*, *Snowing on*

Raton, *Looking For You*, *Catfish Song*, and *At My Window*.

Townes had finished his half pint and was ready to finish the last part of his show when we thought to ask him exactly what *Pancho and Lefty* was all about.

We got a Van Zandt answer: "Well, it's about whoever and whatever. Two guys, outlaws, one betraying the other. Some think it is about dope dealers. Others think it's about Pancho Villa. But I didn't have anyone in mind when I wrote it. Although a guy I know has done some research and found that Villa did have a companion who betrayed him, and translated into English, the man's name would have been Lefty. In the song, Lefty ratted and ran. They smoked Pancho. Fill in the blanks like you want them."



Phillips continued...

saxophone so that Illinois Jack could fulfill his contract. Phillips bought Gatemouth Brown his first guitar, and his face was a wreath of happiness and personal pride when he recently visited Las Vegas to see Gatemouth double-billed with Roy Clark at one of the top casinos.

The room labeled "office" in the center of Eastwood was never occupied by club owner Johnny Phillips. It was the hangout of his old cronie, the lat Boobie Obadahl. Phillips numbered among his friends people from all walks of life. He once visited Vegas in the company of the late State Senator Red Berry and the late beer distributor John Monfrey, and Johnny speaks favorably of his long-time East Side gambler friend Willis Sterling, proprietor of the infamous Big House.

Amazingly trouble-free, the after-hours Eastwood recorded only one minor shooting during the years of Johnny Phillips reign. As Phillips explained, "I never did hold for no wrong-doing, and what I couldn't attend to Big Moore usually could get the job done." Known only as Big Moore, the seven-foot-plus bouncer was also wider than two upended pool tables, and Phillips himself could get pretty feisty on rare occasions. But Eastwood Country Club, famed for its sizzling steaks and blue ribbon late night entertainment, enjoyed the best reputation of any nightry in these parts.

Johnny played the old political game the way he was supposed to during the rein of two sheriffs, Owen Kilday and Bill Hauck—not to mention the late Texas Ranger Zeno Smith and others; All guns were checked at the door.

Johnny still lives in the little frame home he bought some 28 years ago not too far from Eastwood.

Johnny's love of music started in Kerrville when he met a fine piano player. His biggest buddy in the industry was the late Spats Burleson, who died only a few years ago. He booked the big

acts, and he also had an eye for the novelty sidelines such as Wiggles and Curley Mays, who picked guitar with his toes. But he didn't just plink around on the instrument. Mays played hell out of the thing.

Al Hirt was one of the few white acts booked by Phillips, and he recalled that the New Orleans trumpeteer put on one hell of a show.

When one entered Eastwood after the legal drinking curfew, the custom was to half conceal a bottle of booze in a coat or hand bag. This information, of course, did not come from Phillips. I write now from my own personal experiences.

Most everyone set their bottles under the tables. The very efficient cocktail waitresses served setups, ice and glasses to those sitting around the table.

Phillips operated during the tenure of sheriffs Owen Kilday and Bill Hauck. The sheriffs, their staffs, and many other dignitaries and politicians were frequent visitors to Phillips Eastwood Country Club. For Former DA Charlie Lieck was a regular, and Lieck has always maintained that songstress Cora Wood of San Antonio should

have hit the bigtime and more.

But in those days, Eastwood Country Club was the bigtime. Phillips once booked Louie Armstrong for \$800, but in those earlier years this wasn't a peice of change to be sneezed at.

One could all but feel the ghosts of the blues echoing through the big and deserted club as we talked with Phillips about those halycon years. Those were the times that such white blues pickers Chris Holzhaus and Doug Sahm layed outside in the weeds, too young to enter the club, but within good earshot of those mournful licks hit by the likes of B B King and T-Bone Walker.

Johnny Phillips was smiling broadly and laughing frequently as our interview ended. By booking the best black entertainers America had to offer, he figures, the integration problem was lessened, and both blacks and whites were given the opportunity and rights to join together for the greatest and most continuous array of high-caliber entertainment any city could offer.

As he has always said, Phillips repeated: "If you don't have no rights, life ain't worth living."

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They Said It Couldn't be Done

They said it when Action Magazine was established as a free-distribution entertainment magazine almost nine years ago.

Many said the magazine could not survive on advertising support alone.

Some said our straight-forward editorial style was too abrasive for a San Antonio reading audience.

Others criticized us for over-playing the so-called redneck rock or progressive country music movement that Willie Nelson was leading out of Austin in the early 1970s.

Nelson the outlaw would never make it, they said. He dressed like a cowboy hippie and sang off-key.

Action Magazine would never make it, they said. It wasn't on slick paper and it didn't carry a little tourist guide like the other magazines did.

There has been some rough and rocky traveling, but Action Magazine is still very much alive as we approach our 10th straight year of publication without a single monthly issue missed.

Like Miss Piggy the sow and Hercules the goat, we were confronted with some seemingly-impossible situations along the way. Production costs have increased by more than 200% since our beginning, and we lost our biggest advertising booster when Lone Star Brewing Co., sold to out-of-state interests.

We've tightened our belts and maintained, however, because our readers and our smaller business advertisers have hung tight throughout.

In addition to establishing itself as the Texas entertainment magazine, Action has evolved into what amounts to the only independent free voice in this part of the country. When a Secret Service agent shot Alamo Graphics president Joe Cardenas in the back during the recent counterfeiting bust, we found ourselves in the curious and exclusive position of being the only media vehicle to even ask who and why.

Both daily newspapers dutifully printed the government's outrageous excuser for shooting an unarmed prisoner in the back. First, they said Cardenas was reaching for a dangerous weapon. Then they did an about-face on this lie with the equally preposterous excuse that he appeared to be reaching for a dangerous weapon.

So perhaps Action Magazine is ready for yet another dimension. Entertainment is still our bag, but when rank injustice cries out for one word of truth, we will attempt to stand up and speak it.

All of which brings us to the point at hand. We need advertising sales representatives with staying power who are not afraid of seemingly impossible situations such as swimming upstream when everyone else is paddling downstream. It's work, plain and simple, with our one company benefit being the fact that no employee of the magazine has starved to death thus far.

Photograph courtesy of the Jimmy Weiss Pig and Goat Ranch, Bulverde, Texas

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