

# Action

January 1983

The Texas Entertainment Magazine

FREE!

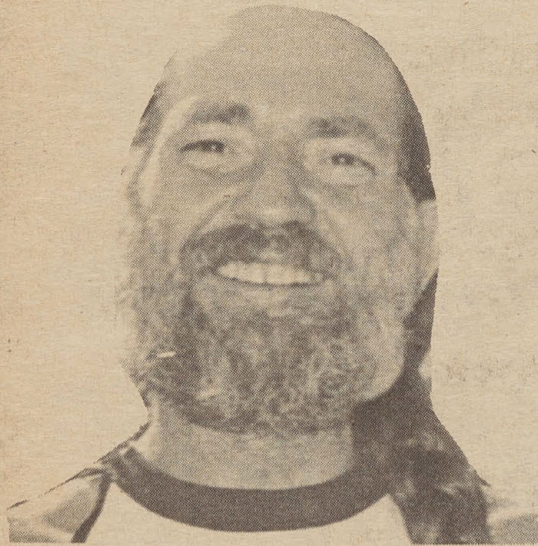
Flash is re-born

**Radiorocker  
trades drugs  
for the Lord**





# Nelson eyes sellout in toughest town



Willie

By Sam Kindrick

Willie Nelson has reached almost every pinnacle the music industry has to offer, and he promises to mark yet another first here Jan. 7 if he sells out Joe and Harry Freeman Coliseum.

This might be hard for new generation San Antonians to believe, but Nelson has never sold out a major hall in San Antonio, and members of his crew and family will tell you that San Antonio has long been considered Willie's hardest town.

From coast-to-coast, New York to L.A., Willie Nelson and Family have played to sell-out audiences, and Willie's record sales now threaten to surpass the combined efforts of all other country singers.

Willie's older fans attribute his past inability to sell out a major San Antonio hall to his almost weekly performances in years past at Floore Country Store in Helotes where he was considered to be all but a fixture.

Now the daily newspapers hold meet Willie Nelson promotions, and one of the dailies has already referred to him as "The King." And this is the same Charlie Kilpatrick-run rag which referred to "The King" just a few years back as an

"international drug-smuggling suspect."

Larry Trader, promoter of the local show, said, "Boy, but how things have changed. I don't have to go around town nailing up posters anymore."

Things do change, and it is indeed funny how time slips away, for even the rednecks who once dismissed Nelson as an off-key singer who couldn't carry a tune in a bucket have managed to convince themselves that they were front-line Willie supporters from the git-go.

It seems like only yesterday that Nelson rolled down to headline the first menudo cookoff I promoted, and we can recall many a Saturday night in the old Scotchman's Club after Willie's Floore Store gig ended at midnight.

Victor Lopez, Jimmy Casas, David Dee and other members of the old Sweet Tequila Band would always invite Nelson up to do a song or two, and Victor was reminiscing just the other day when he said, "I can't imagine us allowing him to step off the stage after doing only one or two numbers. I think maybe we had a bad case of head-up-the-ass at that time. Hell, we should have given Willie the damned stage."

## — DEPARTMENTS —

Editor's page .....	5
Everybody's Somebody.....	9
Scatter Shots .....	10
Band Directory.....	14

## — FEATURES —

Bepko, Fletcher, & Rose .....	6
Allen Grimm .....	8
American Cowboy .....	12
Poetry .....	13



Editor & Publisher ..... Sam Kindrick

Composition ..... Kitty Carson

Advertising Sales.....Christy Brooks  
Pamala Osbourne

Financial advisor .....Chip Lieck

Photography, articles. Sam Kindrick  
Contributing friends  
of Action Magazine

Volume 11 Number 10

Action Magazine is published monthly by Action Publishing Co. Inc. 212 Harriett San Antonio, Texas 78216. All rights reserved. Reproduction of any part of Action Magazine by any means without the permission of the publisher is a no-no.

Editorial and sales offices are located at 106 Hillwood, San Antonio, Texas 78213. Phone: (512) 341-3295

Advertising deadline is the 20th of each month.

**"Hell yes, I want to subscribe!"**

Enclosed is \$12 for a one year subscription to  
Action Magazine.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Action Magazine, January 1984 3 •

## Top Dollar for Top People

Action Magazine will pay top dollar for advertising sales personnel who are prepared to meet and maintain an equally high standard of performance.

★ ★ ★

The key sales positions we seek to fill guarantee commissions of 35% for each advertising account established, and 35% each time the advertisement is repeated.

★ ★ ★

Those who fill these positions will be required to devote a minimum of 40 hours weekly to establishing and maintaining advertising accounts for Action Magazine. Good leads and dormant accounts will be provided those accepted for employment.

★ ★ ★

Our key account executives will be required to conduct themselves at all times in a professional manner to best serve the interests of Action Magazine and the interests of the advertising customers we serve.

★ ★ ★

Only those seriously interested in career advertising sales and promotion on a full time basis need apply.

★ ★ ★

For an appointment call 341-3295.

## Action Magazine Now Offers Typesetting Services At Prices You Can Afford!

- Band Flyers
- Posters
- Napkins
- Signs
- T-Shirts
- Notices
- Menus
- Matchbooks

Call for prices & information.  
341-3295



106 Hillwood Suite D, San Antonio, Tx. 78213

# S A M K I N D R I C K

I stepped into a saloon called Sonny's Off Broadway to deliver a stack of Action Magazines last month to find the barmaid talking with one solitary customer who sat half slumping over his beer. Handing the magazines to the barmaid, I turned to go when the lonesome customer called out my name.

"Sam Kindrick. Is it you?"

Through the dim light, a familiar face began to take shape, and I was soon to recognize the person of Keith Elliott, one of the few real writers to toil with the daily newspapers here over the past 20-odd years.

## Pea-brained blacksmiths

Editors, sub-editors, and assistants to the editors, who are really nothing more than glorified re-write flunkies, all make more money than the average career writer with the dailies. And even columnists such as Elliott are paid less than the pea-brained desk blacksmiths whose longevity in the traces eventually wins them some sort of editorial title in the chain of command.

So the Keith Elliott types, with talent and imagination, are rare and near extinction among the literary tin ears who represent themselves as daily newspaper reporters. And the sad truth is that the truly dedicated newspaper writers such as Elliott just stuck around for sheer love of the written word until there was not much else for them to do.

At the instant that I recognized Keith, I realized that I had not seen his column in the Light for more than two months, but he answered my question before I had a chance to ask it.

"The new executive editor from Philadelphia tied the can to my tail," Elliott said, "and his timing was perfect. I'm right in the middle of a divorce and too broke to window shop. So what else is new, and a happy new year to you."

Keith Elliott had written an immensely popular general interest column for the Express-News in the 1950's and he had resigned to try his hand at free-lance writing shortly before I joined the daily in 1960, when it was owned by Frank Huntress Jr.

## The first big lick

I still recall Keith's first big lick as a free-lancer, an article he sold to Reader's Digest, and the ensuing celebration after he cashed the \$2,000 check. Round after round, and all night long, he set up the house at the Melody Room Lounge across the street from the Express-News offices.

There were a few of us then who believed that true talent would prevail, and we figured Elliott had the world by the tail with a downhill pull after his sale to Reader's Digest. And he continued to score after that as a free-lancer in the rough scuffle where today's chicken could be tomorrow's feathers. When he hit with the big slick cover magazines, he dined high on the hog. And when the dry spells came, he ground out copy for the pulps and supplemented the feathers with sardines and cheese.

For some 15 years, Elliott maintained as a hand-to-mouth independent, but the lure of a steady paycheck eventually brought him back to San Antonio where he was writing another readable general interest feature column for the San Antonio Light when Bob Page descended from New York to take over editorial management of the Hearst daily.

## Switched to sports

Before Page was to get the axe and hook up with Rupert Murdoch's chain of scandal sheets, he reached one of his many inscrutable decisions when he switched Elliott from a general interest column to a sports column. And although he didn't know a basketball from a football, Keith made the best of his situation by turning out a witty and deliberately fumbling approach to bigtime sports which many a greenhorn fan could identify with.

The new executive editor from Philadelphia read correctly when he told Elliott that he didn't know beans about sports. And Elliott was quick to agree as the new exec shifted him back to his general interest column. Then, in what was probably an after-thought, the honcho fired Elliott for reasons known only to the brasshat from Philadelphia, a move which stirred the union to Elliott's defense even though the writer never once joined the newspaper guild or paid a penny of union dues.

"If nothing else," Elliott said, "I hope the guild can get my pay for vacation time I had coming. But what the hell... I had fun, and what else is new?"

Then he ordered another beer, no doubt to help wash down the feathers.



# Bepko, Fletcher, & Rose

## A serious struggle not to be serious

The three members of Bepko, Fletcher, & Rose are trying awfully hard to keep the serious intensity out of their music act that sends pickers onto the road and into such music hubs as Nashville, New York, and L.A.

Each of the three veterans--Phil Bepko, Chuck Fletcher, and Ron Rose--has seen the big fame and fortune search movie before, and they keep telling themselves that their acoustic gig is nothing more than a fun thing designed to relieve tension and release some expression for friends and home folk followers.

They mean what they say, too, but there is much truth to the axiom that actions

refinement of their 3-part harmony package does strongly suggest that Bepko, Fletcher, & Rose may be sub-consciously, if not consciously, gearing for something far bigger than local club performances and birthday parties.

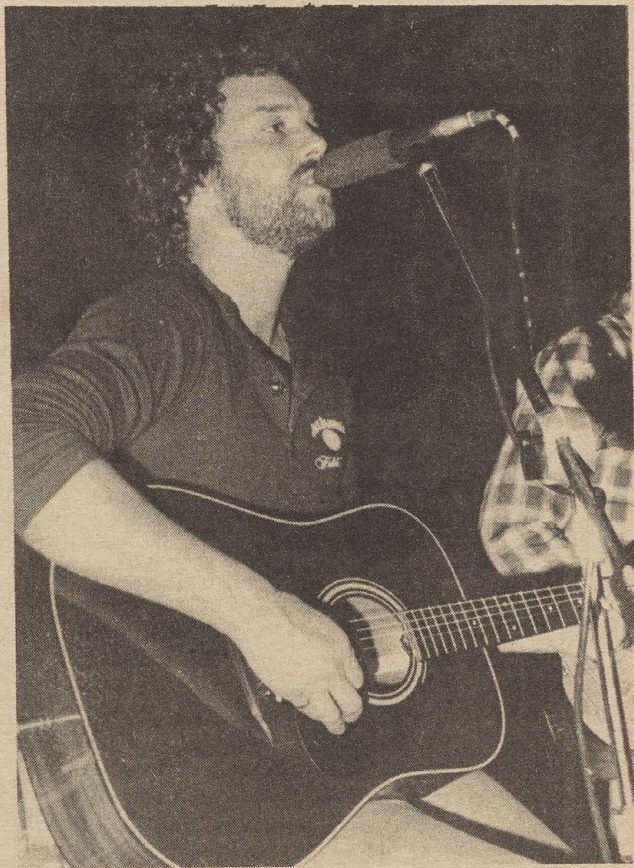
Their audiences, no matter how small, are going floor-stomping crazy over what amounts to the best vocal presentation in San Antonio today, and Phil Bepko lends weight to the afore-mentioned axiom when he says, "Yeah, the response has been terrific, and we've combined to produce a new and definite sound. But it's hard to know exactly what you've got until you get it all together in a high-quality

taping session. That's the big test, and I've been thinking strongly about it these last few weeks. Maybe we ought to go into the studio and find out if we really sound as good as some say."

Should this come about, the threesome can stow all talk of fun, frivolity, and birthday gigs, for each of them has traveled much too far in the music business to produce anything but a serious, high-intensity demo tape of the quality most frequently sought for the purpose of making record deals.

A mainlining heroin addict doesn't quit cold turkey, and then come back years later to chip around with junk on weekends.

So it's highly doubtful



Bepko

that Bepko, Fletcher, or Rose could withstand the rush of adrenalin that could result from the startlingly crisp and highly promising sound of their combined voices on a high-quality studio-produced demo tape.

One "fix" calls for another and bigger "fix", and all three of the musicians have poignant recollections of the big rush experienced when an entertainer stands just outside the music business throne room. The roar of a huge crowd still rings in his ears, and he visualizes the elusive record contract which has been dangled before his nose like a carrot before a carriage horse.

Each member of the group is returning after a hiatus from the music

business, and each is cautiously feeling his way along with a marked reluctance to say much of anything about the future.

Bepko and Rose are readily identifiable to most San Antonio music fans, for they have been absent from the main clubscene for a relatively short time, Phil leaving his group Stardust in 1980, and Rose breaking up his last Man Mountain band just months ago, after a series of balky starts which transpired after he lost his RCA Toby Beau contract. But one must go back about seven years to put a finger on Chuck Fletcher, and even those who saw him singing lead with the rock group Wateroak and for a short while with

Heronimus might have trouble recognizing Fletcher today. His hair was belt length when he sang with the rock bands. Today, he resembles a young business executive with closely-cropped locks.

Said Fletcher, "Phil and I have been hanging out together for years, and we were talking about getting a little something together when someone mentioned that Ron wasn't doing anything at the time. He agreed to join us, and he was exactly what we needed to complete the trio. Ron is a goo singer, and he is an accomplished lead guitar and banjo instrumentalist; and on top of that, he is an incredible writer."

# Maddie's

## Saint Pat's Day warmups

Join the fun. Warmup parties Jan. 17, Feb. 16.  
And the Saint Patrick's Day beauty queen contest and party March 8.  
Saint Pat's warmup party March 16. Then the Fifth Annual  
Saint Patrick's Day Celebration  
and street dance March 17.



## Live Music Nightly

24 HOURS A DAY

9715 SAN PEDRO

PHONE 349-4378

ESTABLISHED MCMLXXX

## Why do thousands of people come to Eisenhauer Road Flea Market?

Follow me and my trusty flea to the best darn bargains you'll ever see!

...Thousands of Bargains...  
...antiques galore...collectables...  
...fishing gear... western wear...  
...full service pet shop...  
...gold & silver buyers... guns...  
...jewelry... clothes...  
...large record shop...  
...ceramics...  
...and much more...

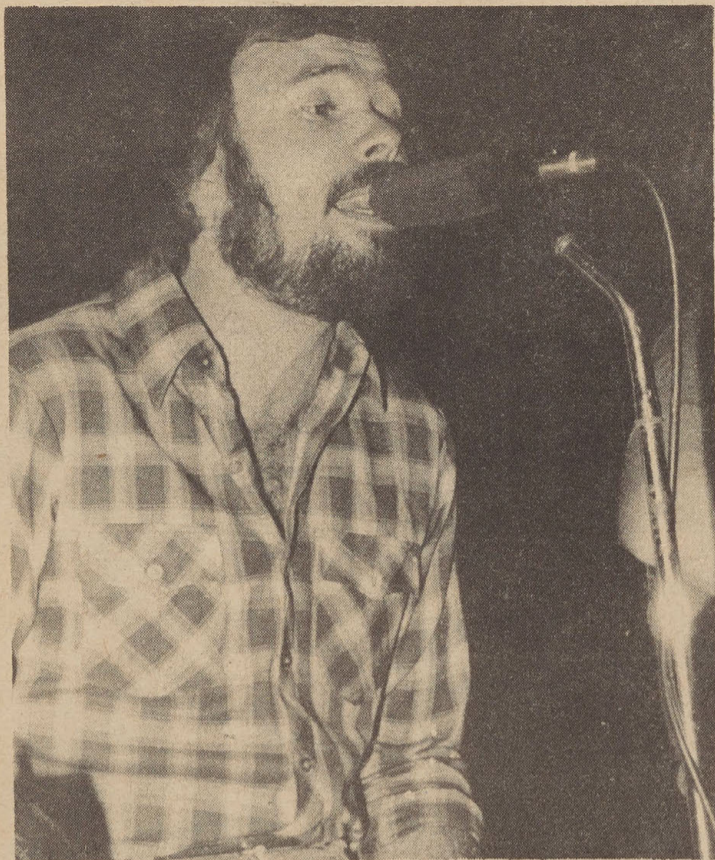


## Don't fool with the rest — come see the best! EISENHAUER ROAD FLEA MARKET

Open Wednesday thru Friday from 12 to 7 — Saturday & Sunday 9 to 7

3903 Eisenhauer Road 653-7592

(Between IH 35 and Austin Highway)



Fletcher



& Rose

Fletcher had left Ron's original Man Mountain and the Green Slime Boys to join Waterloo. And, ironically, Balde Silva, the only member of Toby Beau the record company opted to retain after letting Rose and the others go, was once a member of Waterloo.

Bepko once worked with the group Homer, and he and Fletcher were the lead Heronimus singers while Rose, who was between his first and second Man Mountain groups, toiled as the Heronimus sound man. While with Stardust, Bepko released several regional hit records, the biggest a duet he did with Sylvia Leal.

It's all rather confusing, but one quickly gets the idea that Bepko, Fletcher, & Rose are familiar with one another, and the term "familiar" becomes a euphemism when one hears the three voices fuse as one as result of what Rose admits was "a lot of woodshedding."

Bepko, Fletcher & Rose do a lot of two and three-part harmony numbers from the libraries of Simon & Garfunkel and Crosby, Stills, and Nash. But the trio is hard to label, for they do a variety of tunes which lend themselves to acoustic harmony vocals, plus a couple of originals each from Bepko and Rose. And

during the second half of a show, Rose turns on the juice and breaks out his lead guitar and banjo for the board-stomping and some dancing as the clock hands near closing time.

No matter what type music he plays, the early influences of country and some bluegrass are evident in Ron's guitar and banjo licks, and he usually plays one instrumental a night which is nothing more than a fiddle breakdown on the banjo.

Fletcher's high and ringing tenor voice is the dominant one in the trio, but the leads are minimized by harmonies which lend themselves to listening and not dancing audience.

"Right now," said Rose, "we are sort of shopping for a market, and we are limited because we are definitely not a dance band."

Bepko, Fletcher, & Rose have built up a following at Sneaky Pete's, and they have performed at both Daddy's Money and Skit Row.

Fletcher sometimes plays the harp, while Bepko joins with Rose on rhythm guitar. And when Ron is picking lead, Phil handles all of the rhythm backup, stirring the ringing tones out of his flattop by utilizing the open chords as much as he can.

Rose has always been a prolific writer of songs, and he says he has three good ones in the can at this time which he hopes to eventually release on the B.O.S.S. label, independently of the trio.

When pressed, the three will not rule out the possibility of eventually expanding the group into a full-sized band, but they insist that the acoustic trio is sufficient to handle their present needs for expression.

Rose said he misses the bass and drums, but doesn't miss having to put up with a bass player and a drummer.

"Hunting them down and making sure they show for the gigs has always been a problem" Rose said. "With just the three of us, there is no such hassle."

Rose now dabbles in real estate. Bepko is in the business of hanging storm gutters. And Fletcher is a representative with a wholesale musical equipment company.

All three say they like their regular jobs, and all three say the music-making is a parttime fun thing for them.

That's what they say, but fun things or no, Bepko, Fletcher, & Rose have the best vocal presentation in the city today. That's worth repeating, so we did.

## WELCOME to Miller Time

1982 Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI

# Tiffany



Major Sports  
& Movies on  
Wide Screen TV

Snack Bar  
Now Serving  
until 1 am

## Billiards

7011 San Pedro San Antonio, Texas Phone 349-6091



**"Ladies Do Play Billiards!"**

# Rockingist radio rocker finds Jesus

## With eternity near Flash says he felt 'zap' of salvation

If there be a shadow of a doubt that the Lord doth indeed work in strange and mysterious ways, we may now dispel that shadow and banish it forever with living evidence in the form of re-born Christian Allen (The Flash) Grimm.

You heard right, music fans, the daddy of hard rock radio in San Antonio has undergone a spiritual transformation that saved both his life and soul almost simultaneously, for The Flash was all set to smoke himself out of the picture when he heard and heeded God's command.

"It was gonna be the suicide trip for sure," Flash recalls. "I was sitting in a Fredericksburg Road motel, and coming down hard from a bad drug binge. Probably my worst. I had no gig, no money, and no place to go. I had my mind made up to slide on out of the picture..."

As the cedar choppers used to say, Grimm was all set to pee on the fire and call in the dogs, but he hesitated when there appeared before him on the motel room TV screen none other than the form of evangelist Jimmy Swaggert, the preaching relative of both Jerry Lee Lewis and Mickey Gilley.

"I was just sitting there and thinking suicide when I started listening to Swaggert," The Flash recalls. "Then it hit me. Zap! From the bottoms of my feet to the ends of my

hair I could feel salvation going through me like a high-voltage current. I was saved by the hand of the Lord, and I knew it the second it happened."

A speed freak for most of his adult life, Grimm attributes his prematurely gray hair and beard to "not sleeping for the past 14 years," but now insists that he's wired and inspired over the work of the Lord.

The methamphetamine which almost cost him his life was the cause for his nickname Flash, which came about way back near the beginning, when old KEXL was broadcasting from the Hemisair Plaza area.

No one admits to recalling who handed Grimm that first gram bottle of methamphetamine, but there are a few who recall Allen inhaling the entire gram at one sitting. Grimm was here, there, yonder, and everywhere at the same time, jaws jacking with the rapidity of machine-gun fire, and as he flashed through the radio station offices, someone said, "There goes the Flash." The name stuck. There are users and there are abusers, but The Flash was an abuser from the git-go.

Now a member of the Dellview Baptist Church, The Flash is calmer than anyone can recall him ever being, and there is a glow of happiness about his gaunt features which has been missing since he lost his last radio job at KISS almost a year ago.

No radio man in this part of the country knows rock and roll music better than Allen Grimm, so it may come as quite a shock to his close followers when they hear that The Flash will play no more rock and roll when he returns to the radio world.

"Rock and roll just ain't where it's at for me anymore," Grimm said, his voice trailing off.

He didn't come right out and label rock music a tool of the devil, but he did say, "I just can't feel it anymore. When I get Back into radio, I'll play gospel, country, or beautiful music, but no more rock for the old Flash."

The hard rocker's hard rocker, Grimm spent virtually all of his radio life--and radio was his life-- with old free-form outlaw station KEXL, where he toiled as both DJ and program director for the duration of the legendary little station's life.

In a day when radio is stifled by tight programming which allows about a 15 or 20-record rotation of little else but hits, Grimm was a throwback to days when disc jockeys out-ranked computers, picking and playing the music which pleased their ears, and selecting new music with guidance from only their listening audience.

The mere thought of playing an unknown and unproven new artist not blessed and approved by Billboard and Cash Box magazines is anathema to most modern-day radio programmers, but The



Flash exhibits Bible, baptism certificate

Flash was a believer in flood gate progression with an endless procession of fresh, new songs by fresh and unheard-of individuals and groups.

At one point during his program director rein, Allen issued the outrageous edict that he didn't want to hear the same album cut played twice over a 24-hour period.

In this line of thinking he got little argument from the rag-tag band of talented free spirits who served as the KEXL air staff, for each had a personality which was distinctly projected through the music that particular DJ played. And with each 4-hour jock shift, one might feel that he was listening to an entirely new radio station. The non-continuity became KEXL's trademark, and the station's die-hard followers swore by KEXL's consistent inconsistency in the presentation of fresh, new music. Ron Houston greeted the morning drive audience with blue-ribbon selec-

tions which included country rock of the Marshal Tucker, Charlie Daniels, Willie Nelson, and Creedence Clear Water Revival caliber.

The mid-morning and early-afternoon jocks usually played a wide assortment of light and more laid-back rock and roll. The Flash took control during the early evening, and listeners had to all but strap themselves down lest the hard and heavy metal turbine whine pouring out of their radios did blow somebody completely away. The later evening hours were taken by jazz and D.J. lady Martha Martinez. And it was Sweet Michael Boykin on the late night and wee morning hours shift who no listener ever figured out. Boykin played good music, but it might range from Jackson Brown to Beethoven to Dolly Partan to Bill McCoy the Hill Country boy before his air stint was done.

Doubleday Broadcasting, owners of both KITE and little sister

KEXL, sold the rocker partly because of faulty financial records from San Antonio which reached the Doubleday offices in New Jersey with figures showing KEXL to be losing money and KITE making money. The reverse was the real case, but former Doubleday vice president Dave Scribner, who was directly responsible for KITE, had changed the reports. Scribner was later fired, but not before little KEXL had been sold to Arizona interests and converted into a Spanish language station.

It's doubtful, however, that Doubleday would have kept KEXL even if the true sales figures on advertising had been reported, for the gigantic book publishing firm was then in the process of phasing out its broadcasting division.

At the beginning, before KEXL was to become a 24-hour broadcasting station, Grimm had both opened and closed the free-form rocker, and his name had

continued pg. 14



EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY IN ACTION MAGAZINE



# The MERIDIAN

LIVE MUSIC: R&B, Rock-n-Roll & Jazz  
Wednesday - Saturday

Open Every Day 4:00 - 2:00 am

HAPPY HOUR 4 - 7 2 for 1 Bar Drinks

We Serve Draft & Imported Beer, Liquor & Wine

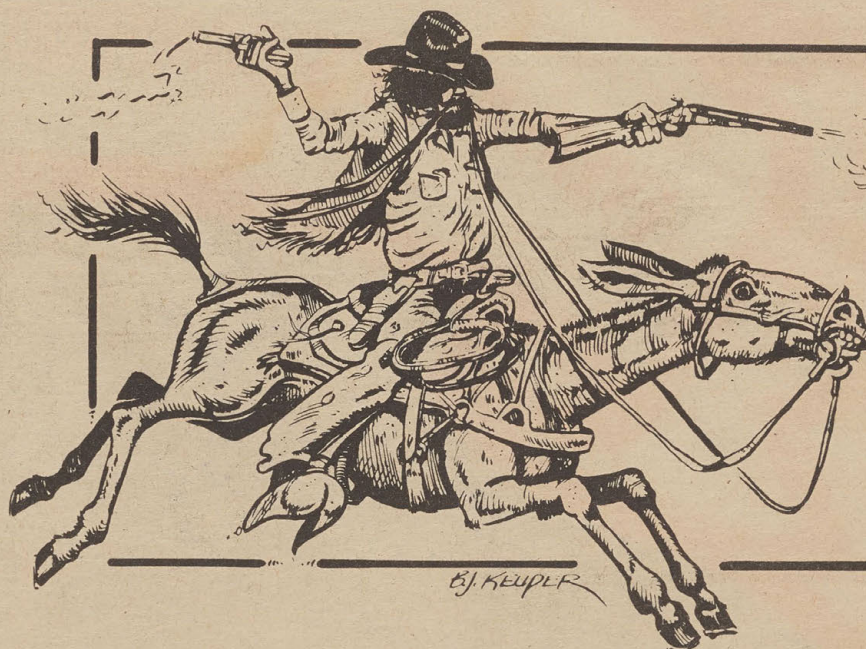
## LIVE RECORDING

The club features a complete sound studio adjacent to the stage, with it's own console, effects and mixer to allow quality 8-Track recording of live shows as an option to performers.

1122 Austin Hwy.

824-9054

# Scatter Shots



## Amazing Amelia

Red-haired songbird Amelia Garza, with her husband and manager Lester Whinnery, were in San Antonio over the holidays while enroute from Nashville to Los Angeles where Amelia says she will sing strictly rock-and-roll under guidance of a famed producer whose identity will be a big surprise to everyone concerned.



Amelia

Still undaunted and, exuding confidence after taking Nashville's hard knocks for the better part of a year, Amelia says, "I had to go to Nashville to find out that I'm a rock singer. How about that?"

Amelia and Lester count their disappointments only as "dues-paying," and well-learned lessons which they say they wouldn't trade off if they could.

## Two of them

Don't look now, but there are two Tommy Lyons individuals in San Antonio and they both have the same middle initial. So the one listed in the telephone book, our former night club owner and private investigator friend, set forth the other day to meet up with the other Thomas B. Lyons, who we will refer to as Tommy Lyons II. Being a private investigator, Tommy Lyons I had no trouble in locating Tommy Lyons II, who happens to be music director at Trinity Baptist Church, and the two hit it off well together.

"We're not much alike," said

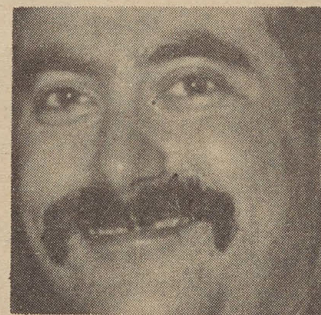
Tommy Lyons I, "If you look at backgrounds. He has two masters degree in music for one thing. But the physical descriptions match like the names. Height 6-3, weight 235, hair color brown. It's really weird."

## Full Tilt Boogie

Morris Kalt and Karen Dittman of River City Music have started publication of a tabloid about musicians and for musicians they call The Full Tilt Boogie. Although readership possibilities for such a journal are limited to the local colony of working musicians, the tabloid is another plus for Kalt, who built his musical instrument store business through personal involvement with the kids who pick and sing for a living.

The annual River City Musicians Appreciation Party sponsored by River City Music store showcases an assortment of local bands and has become a yearly highlight for local musicians. The sixth annual was held in November at Daddy's.

For the five previous parties, Kalt was associated with partner John Ramirez, who recently opened Meteor Music after he and Morris split on less than amiable terms.



Morris Kalt

## Chili Monthly

Some feelings have no doubt been hurt within the world of chili cookoff participants with recent formation of a second monthly publication titled Chili

Monthly which is in direct competition for advertising dollars with the established Goat Gap Gazette, original voice of the chili community.

Emergence of a second publication could have been expected since the death of Goat Gap Gazette publisher Hial John Wimberly, and because warring factions within the chili world can't even agree upon a site for their world championship cook-off.

The Goat Gap Gazette was originally started as a lark by John Raven of Temple, but when Wimberly took it over, the monthly publication became a profit-making instrument for the ex-newspaperman and wire service writer from Houston whose caustic observations and ribald sense of humor put the GGG in a class all of its own.

Since Wimberly's death more than a year ago, his widow Judy and Jo Ann Horton, also of Houston, have continued publication of the GGG.

The rival Chili Monthly is published by the Chili Monthly Press in San Marcos, listing Diana Finlay as editor. She is the wife of Cheatham Street Warehouse owner Kent Finlay.

In probable reference to Hal John's penchant for bawdy and irreverent humor, Ms. Finlay says in her Chili Monthly introductory column that the publication will a wholesome endeavor which you won't have to hide when the preacher comes calling.

It is not known just how many chili cooks are visited by men of the cloth, but we feel fairly safe in speculating that very few issues of the GGG have ever been whisked from the view of a calling minister.

The new Chili Monthly has

8753 Wurzbach

Open: Mon Sat 11am-2am  
Sun Noon-2am

690-9390

Happy Hour Mon-Fri 4-7pm  
\$3 Pitchers, 90¢ Bar Drinks

WALDO WALTON WANTS YOU TO HAVE FUN!

*Waldo  
Buggy  
Works*

Tuesday:  
Ladies Play  
Pool Free  
75¢ Margaritas

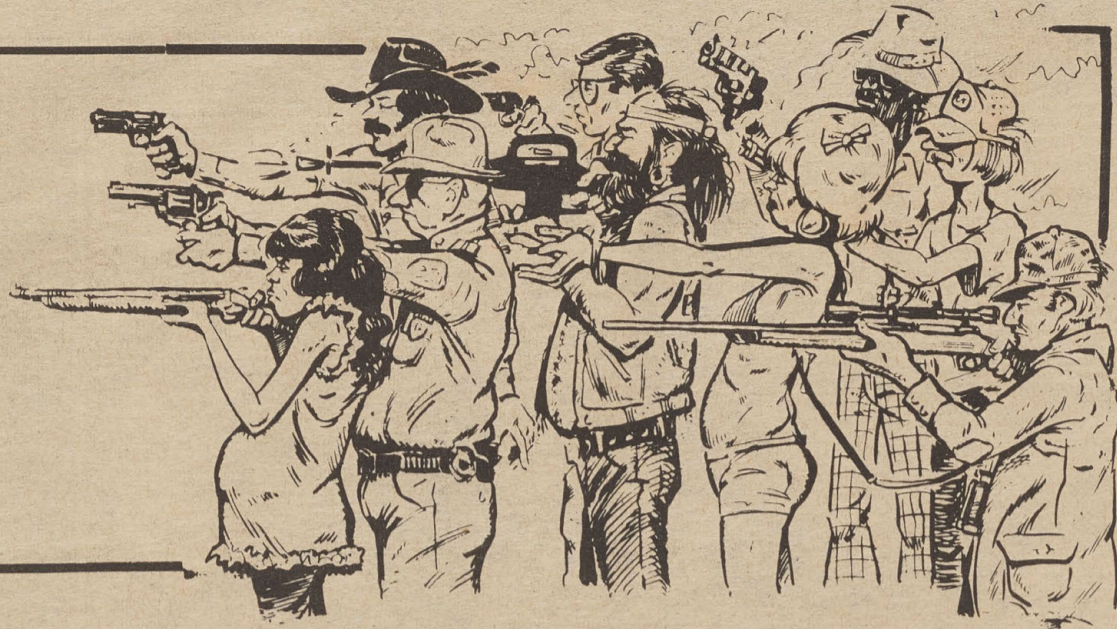
Thursday:  
75¢  
Import Night

Wednesday: 75¢ Bar Drinks

FREE POOL 11am - 7pm \* FREE POPCORN  
January

TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
3	4	5	6	7
Ladies Play Pool Free All Day Long on Tuesday!	Etienne		Rocksan Etienne	
		11	12	13
			Exit	Crucifer
	17	18	19	20
		Etienne		Rocksan Etienne
24	25	26	27	28
	Etienne		Rocksan Etienne	
31	Waldo Walton Welcomes 1984			

# Back Fire



obviously got some strong support from within the chili community. The contributors listed are numerous, and the new publication is printed on a high grade of stiff paper.

And it's possible, if not probable, that both papers will survive while printing news and gossip for the chili cookoff people.

But, unfortunately, neither will have the distinguishing characteristics of the old GGG which were made possible by the deft touch of old pro Hal John Wimberly—risque or no.

## The end

Live music suffered another crushing setback here last month, as a sorrowful Kay Ford was forced to close her Skit Row Club because she lacked the funds to renew the liquor license.



Kay Ford

All fluffed up and wearing her best dress, Kay thanked the media and those faithful followers who stuck with her until the end.

A musician herself, Kay paraded some of the finest night club acts through Skit Row that money could buy, but for some unknown reason the public just did not respond in sufficient numbers.

Steve Fromholz, Shake Russell, Townes Van Zandt, Steve Earle, Bobby Jenkins, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Bepko, Fletcher, & Rose, and Jerry Jeff Walker were among those to work the Skit Row stage. And to a man, the musicians praised the club for both its acoustics

and seating arrangement.

Shake Russell had a few good nights at Skit Row, and Jerry Jeff Walker performed two great shows to decent crowds, but most of the musicians found themselves facing empty seats when they performed.



Ray Wylie Hubbard

Kay had adequate promotion for a club the size of Skit Row. And it's doubtful that the club name could be the primary factor for low attendance. At the outset, Kay had intended to mix live music with short plays, but live music was soon to become the only entertainment attraction.

Dating all the way back to the days that Willie Nelson, Jimmy Buffet, Kinky Friedman, Alex Harvey, Leon Russell, and many more played the old Longneck Club, San Antonio club goers have a history of choosing the scene of plastic, glitter, and recorded music they can dance to over an atmosphere which calls for attentiveness to musical lyrics.

Alex Harvey—the man who wrote everything from *Delta Dawn* to *Ruben James*—played to an empty Longneck, and Buffet didn't sell the little club out when they appeared. Yet on the same nights, the Hallalejua Hollywood Disco was bustin' at the seams with humanity, and ditto for the Last National Bank, the other big disco of that time.

And little has changed over the years.

Ray Wylie Hubbard, the author of *Redneck Mother*, played to a mere handful of people, and Townes Van Zandt sang his hit song recorded by Emmy Lou Harris and both Willie Nelson and Merle Haggard (*Pancho and Lefty*), to an almost empty house. And both performed on nights when people braved sub-freezing winds while standing in line to enter the jam-packed Abracadabra, San Antonio's current "in spot" where the beautiful people gather to ogle and dance with more beautiful people in a make-believe atmosphere of high-energy recorded music, whirling lights, and glittering tinsel.



Jerry Jeff Walker

## Woody checks out

Woody Dalton spent most of his life trying to go straight.

He appeared to have finally made it, too, for he had hooked on with the Teamsters Union, and Willie Nelson had helped him get work on the location where Nelson and Kris Kristofferson are filming the movie *Songwriter*.

The big blond ex-hustler was thrilled with his position, and he was soon to quit smoking and start exercising on a daily basis around the filming location near Austin.

Then Dalton died of a heart attack. It happened last month on Nelson's bus as Willie and the road crew visited a little beer joint.

Woody knew his time had come, for when the others

followed him to the bus when he said he was feeling bad, he reportedly told them that he knew he was dying, and that there was no need for them to break up the party because of it.

Then he lay there and cashed in his chips with a half-smile on his face.

In his late 40s, Warner (Woody) Dalton was an old school character who dates back to the prime time of Bunny Eckert and the late Arnold McCoy, two of San Antonio's better-known hardcases who protected their strings of working girls with shotgun charges when it appeared that a prostitute theft might be in the offing. But while Dalton rode shoulder-to-shoulder with both Eckert and McCoy, he was better known as a "duker," for the thundering power of his fists could put a man down like a pole-axed steer on a slaughter house slab.

Big Woody was also a 3-card monte ace who many believed to be the sharpest stroker in the country when working a sucker into the old shell game which used playing cards instead of shells. But Dalton was a dead knockoff, and concealing his identity became next to impossible in San Antonio.

When a sucker yelled to police that he had been flim-flammed by a blond, 6-foot-4-inch, 240-pound fellow with a crescent scar on his forehead, robbery and theft division officers simply cranked up their cars and started hunting for Woody.

Dalton's biggest scare came when he and McCoy attempted to horn in on Madam Theresa Brown's operation, a severe instance of underestimation and poor judgement on their part. A clumsy fire bomb incident failed to scare Madam T. worth



## 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  
Villa Dorado  
Jerry Dean's  
Daddy's Money

### 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

Swiss Chalet Downs  
Stockman Hat Shop  
Apple Jack  
Bum Steer  
Capt'n Jim's  
Horsing Around  
Fatso's on Culebra  
Fertile Turtle  
Maxim's  
Sidewinder  
Pennies Cocktails  
Cabaret  
Barton's Boozerie

### 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  
Delta Pawn  
Comedy  
Comedy Club  
Sneaky Pete's  
Doc's  
Deefee's  
Cowboy  
Burnett's  
La Bare  
Harrison's  
Boozery  
Pressure Cooker

### 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

Hey, cowboy, don't miss this big show



## THE AMERICAN COWBOY

Hey, Tex, if you just found that cowboy hat, you'd best hustle on down to the Institute of Texan Cultures and find out what it's all about.

Throughout the month of January, the institute is serving up the biggest dose of cowboy culture to be found in the country, and no city dude, tenderfoot, or greenhorn ranch hand should miss it.

America's all-time number-one hero is on display in The American Cowboy exhibition, a production by the Library of Congress which explores the myth and reality of the men who made the West.

It's as real as a rope burn, humorous as a fat woman riding with a busted saddle girth, and sometimes as harsh as the stench of fresh-branded steer hide, for the exhibit encompasses all phases of the cowboy phenomenon with some 370 items on display.

In conjunction with the exhibit, the Institute of Texan Cultures has scared up a bevy of living, breathing, authentic cowboys who

will display the skills and pastimes of their culture--from trick roping, horsehair hitching, and rodeo clowning to the picking and singing of cowboy folk songs.

The cowboy myth includes such transformations as the romantic cowboy, the heroic cowboy, the Hollywood cowboy, the singing cowboy, and most recently, the chic urban cowboy. These are all included in the exhibit, which excludes only the redneck cowboy who's 34, drinking in a honky-tonk, kicking hippies' asses and raising hell.

Items in the exhibition include paintings, watercolors, prints, posters, books, manuscripts, music recordings, film clips and artifacts. Special three-dimensional attractions include an 1866 chuck box and a 1940's Seeburg Wall-o-matic jukebox, which plays a selection of cowboy songs from the 1920s through the 1950s.

Programs to be presented by the Institute include a western film series

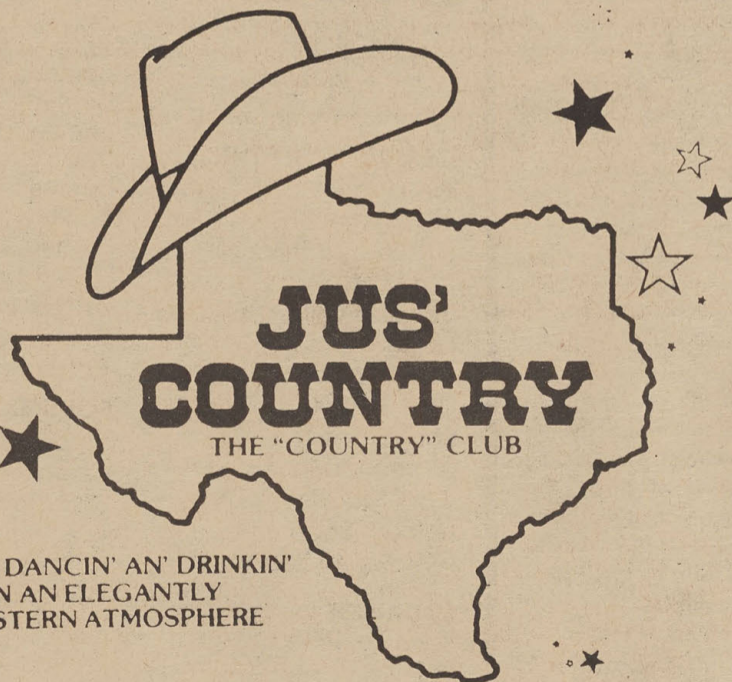
featuring such classics as *The Texan* and *Red River*, and public discussions with both scholars and working cowboys.

The exhibit was created by the American Folklife Center of the Library of Congress and it surveys the cowboy from his beginnings as a migrant agricultural worker to his status as a glamorous international celebrity. It reviews the history and real life experiences of the open-range cowboy of the 19th century and compares his lifestyle to the men and women working in today's cattle industry.

In addition, the exhibit explores how, from the dime novels of the 1870s to the fashion crazes of the 1980s, the cowboy myth has become a medium through which America's changing social values are displayed.

During the exhibit's opening in Washington, D.C. at the Library of Congress, President Reagan was to remark: "The exhibit's significance does not lie simply in its magnitude.

Continued on page 15



DININ', DANCIN' AN' DRINKIN'  
IN AN ELEGANTLY  
WESTERN ATMOSPHERE

### HOURS

Mon.- Fri. 11am-2am  
Sat.- Sun. 6pm-2am

5420 WALZEM ROAD

653-9707

**Scatter Shots continued. . .**

a damn, for she drew herself up in righteous indignation and brought the wrath of her higher-up friends in the cop shop down on McCoy and Dalton with the vengeance of a madam whose livelihood was in jeopardy.

Woody really took the vow to walk a straight and narrow path when he narrowly escaped going to the joint over this incident, and throughout the ensuing years he was to intermittently quit his scamming to take a wide assortment of square jobs, each time with a ringing pronouncement that he was going straight for sure and for good.

Dalton was a paradox, for he often showed a sensitive and generous side of himself, along with a winning personality which made many people love him. His friendship with Willie Nelson dates back to Nelson's humble beginnings, and while few knew it, Dalton was a closet songwriter who produced some tender but unpublished songs and poems which could literally grab you with their words of truth and beauty.

If the truth of the matter were known, Woody Dalton was most likely very sincere when he repeatedly vowed to go straight, and close friends

believe that he finally made it with his film industry job which he landed just a little too late and a little too far down the line to do him much good.

In one of those gushing, in-depth obituaries, the Express-News credited Woody with film activity which would have surprised even Woody, complete with misspellings such as "Cris Cristofferson," and the gut-busting honker of them all which listed among survivors "Momma, Michelle" and "Daddy B.C. Cooper, both of San Antonio."

Billy Cooper, a member of Nelson's road crew, and often referred to as B.C., is only a few years older than the 47-year-old Dalton, and Cooper's wife Michelle, is barely into her 20s. The couple lives in Austin, and although Billy Cooper and Woody Dalton were close friends, there was no family relation.

Just how the Excuse and Nuisance arrives at such pitiful conclusions as this "Momma Michelle" and "Daddy B.C." drivel is almost as unfathomable as Charlie Kilpatrick's ability to remain as publisher of Australian Rupert Murdoch's San Antonio rags.

**Resilient Brent**

Resilient little Brent Moore (previously Hays and Rece) is back bouncing around San

Antonio after delicate and extensive brain surgery which resulted from her falling off a mountain in West Texas while in training as a broker for a large real estate outfit.

Just a few weeks prior to the fall, a vicious Japanese akita all but chewed her arm off at the menudo cookoff, and the veteran cocktail waitress and later night club owner can still remember the awful car wreck which left her hospitalized for more than a year.



**Brent**

The daughter of longtime wrestling announcer Bill Brown, Brent was leaning over a mountain ledge while attempting to peer into a cave near Fort Davis in the Big Bend country when she fell headlong to land head-first on a boulder some 15 feet below.

Prior to making the trek to far West Texas, Brent told her

family and friends that she had been okayed for the real estate position, which would call for her to handle some land deals out in the areas of Alpine, Marfa, and Fort Davis.

Now, according to Brent, the man who pitched her on the job and hauled her to West Texas, is attempting to claim that final decision on her employment had not been made, an obvious attempt to crawlfish out on workman's compensation she says she is entitled to.

**Super salesman**

The Hispanic Arts Assn., has been disbanded, and its director, Alice Trevino, has quit her job with United San Antonio as result of the scandal which ensued after the San Antonio Light revealed two sets of contracts for concert entertainers were prepared by the arts group.

One set of contracts, showing the actual amount paid for entertainers, was filed by the arts association. The other sets, showing the entertainer costs doubled in some instances, were submitted to the City of San Antonio, which funded the arts group.

Dean Bell, local booking agent and himself a musician, has admitted that fat wads of the money not reported to the city have gone into his pockets

as payment for his services as a technical consultant, while Ms. Trevino and others connected with the arts group have insisted they are guilty of no wrong-doing.

City auditors are now trying to untangle the mess, and didn't go to entertainers went while it might be hard for the casual observer to believe, local musicians are betting that all of the money which into Bell's pockets.

We are talking about thousands of dollars, and if members of the arts group took none of the money, then how can they explain paying Bell as much as was paid for a headline entertainer such as Freddy Fender who got \$6,000 while the city's contract showed he was paid \$12,000?

"It's understandable if you know Bell," said a local musician who has had dealings with the promoter and agent. "Dean is a high-pressure and high-powered super-salesman. He uses the tactics of a used car salesman in the music business."



**Ladies wanted**

Action Magazine will resume the Lone Star Ladies feature when access is gained to the high quality of material we deem necessary for display.

We did not choose to start the new year with a sub-par Lone Star Lady who might be described by some of our more uncouth readers as "a dog."

So pick us a "race horse," a veritable traffic-stopper who will command and demand an audience for our Lone Star Ladies page, and we will give your entry every consideration for approval.

If you know a young lady who measures up to our lofty standards, and one who is willing to model for the feature, call Action Magazine at 341-3295.

**Next Week Billing**



242 "Torso" 2 Pc. Black/Sun, Black/White, Black/Scarlet

- Silky's
- Barton's Boozery
- Burnett's
- Jerry Dean's
- Turtle Creek
- Fertile Turtle
- Wayfarer
- Cabaret

**LINGERIE FASHION SHOWS**

- SENSUOUS LINGERIE
- ELEGANT GOWNS & CASUAL WEAR
- Exotic swimwear
- BEAUTIFUL MODELS

\*Available for your Club, Restaurant or Organization

— GO WITH THE BEST —  
**De L'Amour Fashions**

For more information call: 732-2879 (Jerry) or 6961964 (Sal)



7322879

*Silky*

*Sullivan's*

Happy Hour 4-7

Live music on the weekends

3903 Fredericksburg Road

Flash continued

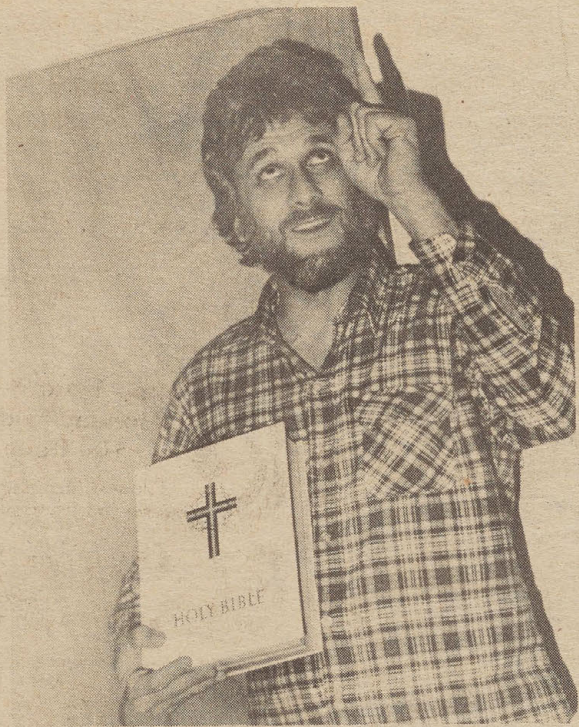
almost become synonymous with the call letters. And on that sad and final night that KEXL was to go off the air forever, it was a tearful Flash alone in the control room as hundreds of rock music lovers telephoned in their condolences.

Grimm later joined the KISS air staff after the widow of longtime KISS owner Howard Davis had sold the station to interests which had tightened that station's programming and installed a lineup of slick and glib top-40ish DJs.

The Flash just didn't fit the team scene at KISS, for half of his radio heart had been left with the remains of old KEXL, and he was subsequently fired for breaking the KISS play list.

Grimm said he had been totally drug-free for more than three months when he visited the Action offices last month in the company of old friend Tommy Lyons.

Allen said he is confident of finding suitable radio work as soon as the current station rating figures are in, largely because his new life style makes him



Flash knows who is Numero Uno

far more acceptable to radio station management.

Private eye Lyons, always the jester, put in, "His mother says she loves to have Allen around the house now, too. He comes and goes, and she doesn't even have to watch the silverware."

The Flash visibly winced with each of Tommy's latest smutty jokes, and the wincing were frequent, for Lyons can repeat in detail every

heard in his life. "You'll never hear another cuss word come out of my mouth," Grimm proclaimed.

But the loveable Flash hasn't lost his sense of humor.

We were just making idle conversation when we asked Grimm what he had been doing. His eyes danced as a wide smile spread across his face.

"I ain't been doing anything," the Flash exclaimed, "and, man, do I feel terrific!"

## The Bluebonnet Cafe and belly buttons described by poet

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The homespun poetry of Kevin Jolly which appeared in last month's issue of Action, has resulted in a popular demand for more, confirming our suspicion that Jolly's countryfied prose can grow on a city dweller as well as an old country boy. Here's another dose, and anyone who has ever crossed the dust storm-swept reaches of West Texas can identify with the first one.

### Lubbock, April

Fifteen miles west where the horizon draws its fine line

You see it, like some far hills at the end of a speeding highway.

Boiling into the burnt white sky rolling brown

and shimmering red across the pencil-stick cotton plants like a million

dirty dust mice clawing and crawling racing from the broom.

From the wind sweeping Clovis and Muleshoe and Littlefield

Clean across the state

### Zourie Bayou

Just pickin' ticks, off me,

and the black dog, And findin' 'em,

like old lovers, in the strangest places

They grab ahold with eight legs and burrow in,

So, when you pull 'em away,

they take a piece or leave one.

And neither's ever the same.

And the black dog, he be knowin'.

### Why I'm Not Married

Three pair, that's what I have.

Those Red Wings down-at-the-heel,

scuffed rough and dusty from a thousand miles of work

And the Go-Fasties cotton and rubber soles,

for volleyball and fishin'.

And the Tony Lamas brown bullhide,

slick soled and shiny for dancin' and dress up

Three pair, And in her closet

the floor is just a fond memory.

Covered with a succotash of sharpes and colors.

Red boats, and purple spaceships

and five pair brown, All different, she says.

Little flat things with straps and buckles

and ones all string what come with a Boy Scout

to lash 'em on And those registered-with-the-FBI

deadly weapon high heels

ready to snap her ankle with every step.

Three pair, and I don't go barefoot.

Every morning it's a half-hour deciding

she's a pair short.

### Bluebonnet Cafe

They come in bleary-eyed, the Joe Bobs and

Bubbas, and the rare Frank

In Squealer Feed caps and burr haircuts,

stomping their boots and swatting their friends.

Amid the waitresses, those queens,

or princesses, Possessed of a magic

float through the tangle of tables

and propositions with steaming pots

and piled plates. Casting

eggs over, up, easy, and hard

bacon and sausage and ham or none

grits or potatoes or bisquits or toast

Conjuring cup after cup

of coffee, black, or not forgetting the

cream And enchanting

with a wink or a wiggle

just enough, to make dawn

seem worthwhile And all

for a quarter. **Belly Buttons**

Belly buttons my uncle had one,

He called it a stomach sump.

He liked beer and boiled eggs,

the beer kept his stomach big,

and his sump deep. In June and July and

August he'd lay on an old

Studebaker seat under the chinaberry

tree, his sump full of salt.

A dozen eggs and a case of beer,

cans on the left, shells to the right.

He'd put the eggs to his sump,

like chalk to a cue grinding it Dead Sea

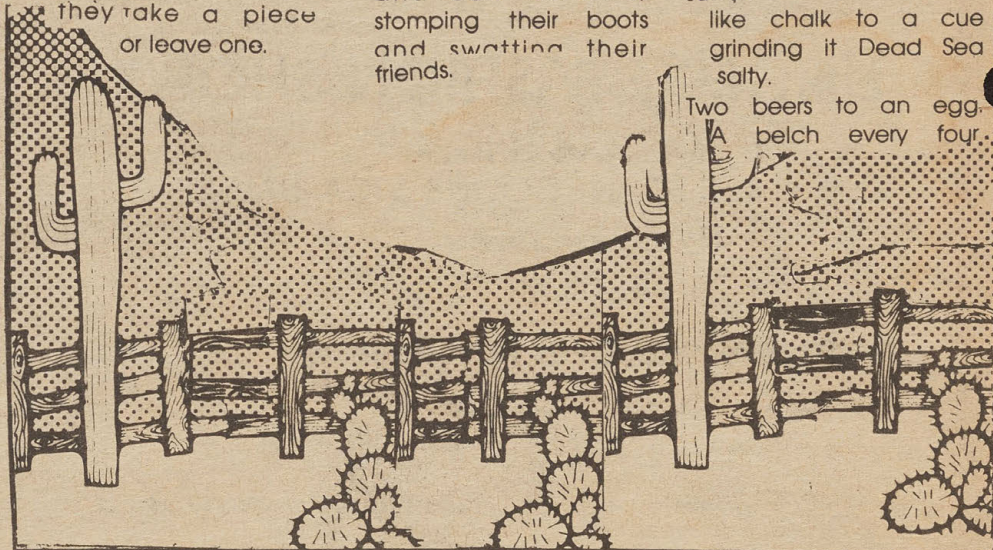
salty. Two beers to an egg.

A belch every four.

**ATTENTION**  
**NITECLUB PEOPLE**  
**Action Magazine Now Offers**  
**Typesetting Services**  
**At Prices You Can Afford**

**Band Flyers      T-Shirts**  
**Posters            Notices**  
**Napkins            Menus**  
**Signs                Matchbooks**

For prices and information —  
**(512) 341-3295**



## 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.

**Sojourn**, easy listening, 735-6333.

**Obsession**, rock, 496-3825.

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

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

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

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

**McFarland & Co.**, variety, 657-4621.

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

**J. Whipple Band**, rock, 690-1420.

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

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

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

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

**Sunrise**, rock, 692-7230.

**Backhand**, rhythm & blues, 699-6466.

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

**Boulevard**, rock, 828-3174.

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

**Klocks**, rock & new wave, 681-1352.

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

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

**Joe Edwards Band**, country, 673-1108.

**The Kids**, pop rock, 824-8466.

**First Light**, jazz, 732-2787.

**The Indecisions**, new pop, 492-1990.

**The Originals**, 2 variety, 690-9356.

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

**Krayolas**, rock, 341-6025.

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

Cowboy continued however, but in its searching and scholarly look at the origins of a national myth. This exhibit can remind us what America is about. If we understand this part of our history and our continuing fascination with it, we will better understand how our people see themselves and the hopes they have for America."

The American Cowboy was made possible by a gift to the Library of Congress from United Technologies Corporation and its appearance at the institute is sponsored by donations from individuals and organizations throughout Texas.

Following its showing at the institute, the exhibit will travel to the Denver Museum of Art in Colorado (March 7 to April 29); Glenbow

Museum in Calgary, Alberta, Canada (June 5 to July 29); and San Jose Museum of Art in California (Sept. 3 to Oct. 26).

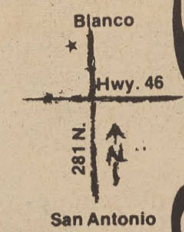
All special events and activities scheduled for the exhibition in January are free and open to the public.

### HILLSIDE

*"The Best Little Beer Joint In Texas"*  
 & A Blanco Tradition  
 Hwy. 281 N. • Blanco, Texas

**75¢ Beer**  
 Ice cold longnecks & cans

**Happy Hour 5-7 pm**  
 Monday-Friday  
**50¢ Beer**  
 (Closed Mondays)



# WELCOME

# to Miller Time

1982 Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI.



This cowboy's method of holding the reins indicates he probably obtained his riding skills in the East or in England. During the 1880s, were a mixture of Texas ranch hands, eastern college graduates, British remittance men and midwestern farm boys. northwestern cowboys

*Happy New Year!*

## CB 700 deep shell international drum outfit

\$489.50

**AT KIRK SCOTT'S  
DRUM CITY  
OF COURSE**

10708 PERRIN BEITEL  
(512) 656-4785





Dustrin Farnum starred in the title role of the 1904 play *The Virginian*. The play and book of the same title firmly established the image of the romantic cowboy as being a guy in a white hat.

## The Stackman's Boat & Hat Shop




FEATURING

- ★ COMPLETE HAT SERVICE ★  
CLEANING & BLOCKING, BRIM CUTTING  
BRUSH & RESHAPING.
- ★ COMPLETE BOOT SERVICE ★  
BOOT REPAIR, DYING PATCHING  
BOOT CARE PRODUCTS  
SHINE PARLOR — HOT WAX SHINE

HERB CARROLL - OWNER

(512) 648-1645

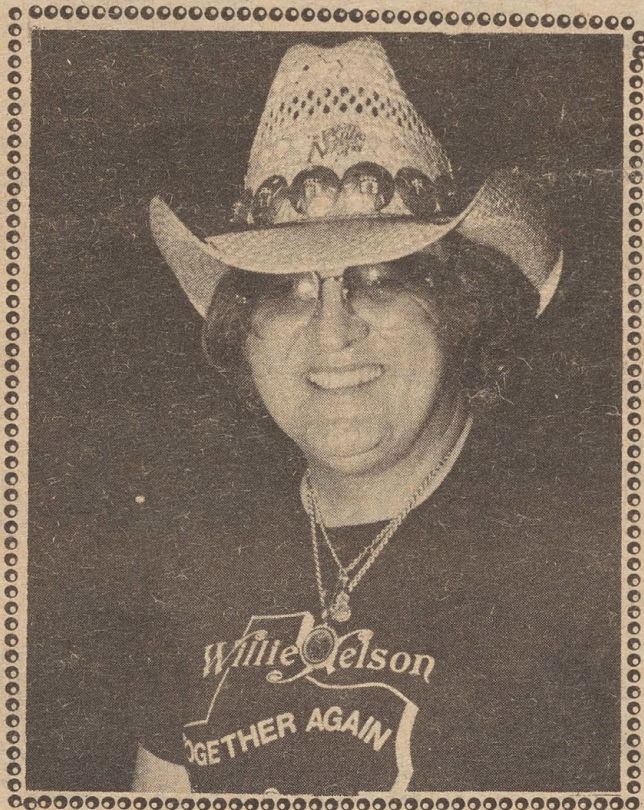
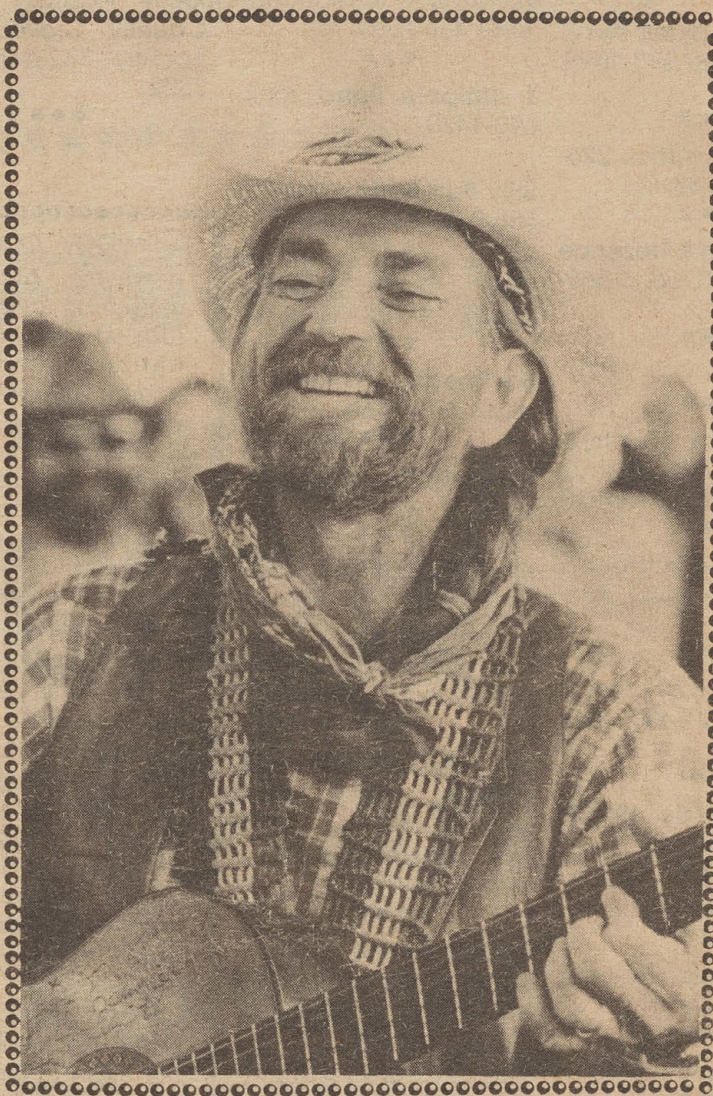
4535 RIGSBY SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

# Coming in concert...

January 7 .....

..... 8:00 p.m.

**Willie Nelson**  
and family



With special guest artist  
**Johnny Bush**

..... Joe and Harry Freeman Coliseum .....

San Antonio, Texas

Tickets \$10.50 and \$12.50 All seats reserved  
Tickets available at all Rainbow Ticketmasterr locations  
Ticket information: 224-3000