

Inside

Expanded Edition!!!

Now 12 Pages

The Art of Gigging,
Part II

Trips With Uncle Bob

The Great West Texas
Honky Tonk Tour



VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 3 • JULY 1990 • FREE

P.J. Belly

Rob Gamble Brings
The Blues To Town

BY SHANE WEST

To hear Rob Gamble tell portions of his life story, you'd think you were talking to a seventy-five year-old-man. Oh, it's not that he's all that slow in making a point or rummaging through his brain for information, it's just that he seems to have done a little bit of everything.

Yet he's barely in his forties.

Born in Lubbock in 1949, the very musical lad started playing the ukelele when he was only nine...

But already, we're ahead of the story.

Gamble says of musicians, "Everybody has their Buddy Holly story."

"I met him when I was four or five years old. My dad and brother were playing tennis and I was a little kid just watching. This fella came over and just sat down by the tennis courts. Well, we'd heard this band playing across the street in a garage. He was just watching them hit the ball back and forth across the net. In a little bit they took a break and Dad came over. Then this real nice young guy stood up and introduced himself. He said, 'Hi, I'm Buddy Holly.' Dad said, 'Is that your band over there?' He said, 'Yeah that's our band'. That was about the extent of it but I remember it real vividly."

Gamble, who came from an oil and ranching family, eventually enrolled for

SEE "BELLY'S" PAGE 8



COUNTERPOINT

Pride In Lubbock?

by Cary C. Banks

The group which put together the campaign for "Taking Pride in Lubbock" took it to Nashville! A record album of songs praising Lubbock, sponsored by KAMC-TV's Bob Nash, Charley Pope, and some area businesses, was recorded in Nashville, Tennessee, using Nashville recording studios, Nashville songwriters, and Nashville musicians.

Taking pride in Lubbock? Mr. Nash and associates are aware that there are quality recording studios, writers, and musicians in Lubbock ... musicians who have consistently donated hundreds of hours of "free performances"

to benefit such worthwhile community service projects as Crime Line, Hospice of Lubbock, the South Plains Food Bank, and many others.

The West Texas Music Association and other groups have been working for years to promote West Texas talent and we will continue to do so because we really do take pride in Lubbock and we take great pride in giving back to our community.

I'm sure Crime Line is thankful for what money it may receive from the sale of this album and I'm also sure the Nashville musicians are thankful for the business. As for the Lubbock music community, we have to say ... Thanks for nothing!

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The President Speaks...

Folks, this is the hottest time for live music this area has seen in quite some time. Every club or restaurant with enough space for a chair and a microphone is featuring some form of live music. We want to give these people all the support we can. I know it's real hard getting through these 100 plus degree days, but when the sun goes down and takes about 30 degrees off the old thermometer, there's nothing like sitting in a shaded beer garden or air conditioned spot with your favorite cold beverage and getting an earful of West Texas Music!! It's everywhere and if we don't support it, it's gonna go away! Again!!

A real positive aspect to all this music is the variety of forms it's tak-

ing. Ranging from beer garden, to warehouse, to hamburger joint, the stages are as varied as the types of music. From string quartet to bluegrass, classical guitar to hot blues licks, you can get your fill of music in Lubbock. Several of these places even have open mike nights and believe me there is a wealth of talent in this area.

The advertisers that support this publication and West Texas music deserve a huge thank you! Now what we need is more members and readers to contribute news bits and pieces. That's all for now.

Thanks,
Chester

"Hub-Bub"

MUSIC MUSINGS & ASSORTED WHAT-NOTS

BY CHRIS HARMON - MANAGING EDITOR

The SOUND is growing!! The response to the publication has been enormous. There has been such a tremendous response by advertisers that four more pages had to be added. Please make a point to show these businesses that their dollars were well spent by using their services or by just stopping by to say, "We appreciate you."

In coming editions, we hope to add a classified section - what do you think? Buy, sell, trade, or more importantly, advertise your professional needs or talents. Chester tells me he gets calls all the time from people asking if he knows anyone who can play for their wedding, family reunion, etc.. Let me know if you think there is a need for this section in the SOUND.

I would like to take this space to welcome the new members that sent in their applications during the month of June. Our new members include: Steven Paxton, Sherry Holley, Scot and Margie McBride, Nancy Walker, Nancy Bell, and Lucile Harmon (thanks, mom). Also, thank you Bruce Benton for renewing your membership.

The Roar From the Crowd

Fernie Perez writes: "I read your article on Pleh (May issue). It was great." Mr. Perez went on to write an article on the "underground punk scene." Thank you for reading and responding to the premier issue and I hope to get into your article in a future issue.

Chesley P. Millikin with NEBE COMMUNICATIONS wrote: "I was more than a little surprised at finding a copy of your publication. Congratulations on doing something constructive for the music scene in West Texas. It was extremely remiss of Shane West to omit the name of the recording studio wherein "Ground Zero" cut their album (June issue). I refer to JUNGLE STUDIOS,.... the engineer on the above was Jimmie Mason."

Thank you very much for the additional information to the article and I am very sorry it was not printed with the story. The SOUND certainly supports the work done by the studios in Lubbock. An upcoming issue will feature the "goings-on" in the Lubbock recording scene.

Lloyd Turner with ORLANDO'S made a good point about which of his locations host live music (there are three Orlando's). He went on to suggest that we, "include the performance times if available."

In response to your requests, Lloyd, I have added the address or club locations to the calendar; as for the performance times, let me just say that it's hard enough to print an accurate listing of performers a month in advance. I suggest that patrons call ahead to confirm the acts and find out the show times for themselves. Lloyd, thanks for taking the time to help us serve the public better, and I too "hope our paths cross soon."

In this Issue

Be sure to read Trips with Uncle Bob. This month Bill Manley wrote about one of his most memorable band trips. Thanks for sharing your story with us, Bill, and no you can not borrow my piano.

Lloyd Maines sent me an article that an old friend and Lubbock native sent to him. Even though I usually edit articles, this one was too bizarre to touch. By the way, who are these guys? If anyone can identify the author please write me and share the name(s) with the rest of us.

P.S. I hope you enjoy the third issue. Any comments or suggestions are always welcome. Please write letters to the Editor c/o WEST TEXAS SOUND, P.O. Box 65081, Lubbock, Texas, 79464. Until next time, Happy Picking.

WEST TEXAS SOUND

The Official Publication of the West Texas Music Association (WTMA), is published monthly as a forum for its members as well as the area music community. Its contents are comprised of submissions by members of the organization.

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THE GREAT WEST TEXAS HONKY TONK TOUR

"Singing For A Beer"

BY RON RILEY

When I was younger, say in my mid-twenties, I developed a nasty habit for curing boredom. I'd get into my old '51 Chevy panel truck and head for the first bar with more than just a bartender's car parked out front. Upon arrival, I'd get my guitar from the rear and walk in the front door, grinning from ear to ear as if I were old St. Nick himself bringing Christmas a bit early. Then I would approach the invariably unimpressed person behind the bar and proceed to make my pitch.

"Hello, my name is Ron and I'm a guitar picker and singer from Lubbock, and I'd like to know if you and your customers would like to hear a little live music?"

Well, few could turn down such an appeal, especially when the only music was from scratchy 45's on a marginal jukebox. At that point arrangements were made to take care of my bar tab and sometimes they would even pass the much appreciated hat.

Having done this many times in my travels, the routine and resulting consequences became known as the Great West Texas Honky Tonk Tour.

I ended up telling my Mason, Texas friend, G.T., about it and he, being a novelist and magazine writer of some note, decided to write an article, maybe even a book or, God forbid, a screenplay, on the events surrounding my routine. However, he convinced me that any such action on his part would require first hand knowledge.

So one fateful Friday night we decided he would accompany me to another stop on my on again, off again, Great West Texas Honky Tonk Tour.

Originally we were headed for the famous old London Dance Hall in the heart of downtown London, Texas, but this night we found it closed. Not wanting to waste a perfectly good Friday night, we hit the road for the bright lights of Junction, but never quite made it that far.

On our way out of town, we passed the old London High School building and noticed a crowd of automobiles surrounding what was once a school yard. Happily we pulled into the lot and eased between two well used, late model ranch trucks.

Now, London is a small ranching oriented town in Central Texas and is populated by a few hundred of the best folks our Lone Star State has to offer. Prior to this first visit to London High, all I had ever done was pass the 1930's school

building at a high rate of speed on my way to some event or place far more important than stopping at out of the way honky tonks in out of the way places.

Anyway, here we were, ready to see what the night had to offer. "Redneck City," I muttered under my breath as G.T. shook his head knowingly. We decided to go in anyway, figuring we might have to pay a cover charge at the door unless we did some fast talking or the freeloader's shuffle, which is simply getting in the door and mingling quickly in order to go undetected. The failure of either plan will result in sure expulsion and possible physical abuse, so we decided on a third plan, knowing that the nearest emergency room was at least 40 miles away. That plan was called improvisation.

Decked out in my best excuse for a cowboy outfit, and G.T. with hand made boots on bottom and an M.L. Leddy special on top, walked up and I opened the door just enough for G.T. to get his 6'4", mid-forties, ex-rodeo cowboy frame in behind me. We stepped in, hoping to look like enough of the rest of the crowd to pass unnoticed.

A quick look around and a couple of steps to the left and we were part of an obviously good-times oriented crowd. I knew this was my kind of a party the second I laid eyes on the inside of the place.

It was all one huge room with a 20 foot ceiling and a belly-up, put your foot on the rail kind of bar. The dance floor looked to be what was the school cafeteria at one time, but served as boot-scootin' territory now. It was topped with old green and white marbled, rubberized tile laid out in checkerboard fashion.

We were barely up to the bar, standing next to an older man with short red hair under a feed store cap and hands that were dried up and battered by the relentless hard work still required to make a modern day ranch hold its own in today's mass production, feedlot dominated, cattle industry.

Feeling as if we had successfully avoided the bouncer because we hadn't been thrown out yet, our next task was to get a beer. Before I could get the bartender's attention though, he walked towards us, reached over the bar and for no apparent reason at all slapped hell the out of the old man next to us.

Now, anyone in their right mind knows not to mess with a redhead of either sex,

but this guy - who later turned out to be Bo, one of the owners, didn't seem to care one way or another.

The next thing we knew, the old man had picked himself up and was striding around the end of the bar, cap tilted, jaw set and fists clenched.

Bo, thinking he was through with the man for the time being, sauntered towards the kitchen, but the redhead met him in the doorway and handily laid him down on a stack of empty beer boxes next to the cook stove with a single punch.

After surveying his K.O., the ranch hand went back to his place at the bar and called out: "Another Lone Star please sir and pour one on Bo if you don't mind."

The second, bear-sized bartender replied in a faintly familiar voice, "don't mind at all and as a matter of fact I'll buy 'cause it just don't seem like Friday night around here unless ol' Bo takes one on the chin from somebody, and Red, you just made my and everybody's night here."

As the bartender passed through the bright blue and red light of a beer sign, hanging on the mirror behind the bar, I recognized the face that went with the voice. Lane was his name and I had met him in a bar in Midland called The Four Seasons, owned and operated by none other than my baby brother, Bruce. I use the term "baby" loosely, because Bruce is a man who would easily dress out at 275 lbs. any day before breakfast and is known to possess a right cross that has sent many a would-be brawler into the night with unexpected abrasions and contusions about the head and shoulders.

Anyhow, the moment Lane recognized me, his face lit up because he was happy to see another fellow from West Texas in London. From what I'd known about him in the past, Lane didn't seem like the type of fellow who would stray very far from that region of the state.

Yet here he was, standing behind the bar, grinning from ear to ear, with a red bandana tied around his neck that looked like it had wiped more than just sweat from his brow. On his head was what was left of a silver belly Stetson, all rolled up on the sides, with oily sweat marks where a hat band should have been. His greeting was a warm one and he introduced me around the bar as the "best damned singer and songwriter West Texas has to offer" and it wasn't long before introductions got around to a now

recovered Bo, who was about to recognize me and G.T. as a couple of gate crashers that had never upped with money at the door.

Understand now, that I fully believe in supporting live music but my intention had been for me to be the entertainment and have them support my cause. I have never believed in paying to get into a place where I was going to play, scheduled or unscheduled.

How was I to know that these folks already had a whole band booked. Sure enough, the group of five local pickers cranked up with a fair rendition of "Fraulein" and Bo was wanting his money.

At that point Lane sets us up with a couple of beers and said: "Hell Bo, relax, I'd bet if you'd back off a step or two and give Ron a crack at singing with the band, you'd be willing to forget all about the cover and might even spring for the beer before it's all over."

Well, this still wasn't what Bo wanted to hear, but he indicated he might be willing to take a chance, figuring we were running a bluff. So he told me if I could get up next set with the band - and do a few songs, he would at least forget about the delinquent cover I owed, but G.T. would still have to pay.

I couldn't believe this guy was going to be that tight, but hell, that's to be expected. Anytime you're out on the road with guys named Lane and Bo, and especially G.T., somebody's going to get popped in the mouth. And so long as it ain't me who gets popped, which might seriously harm my singing career, I don't much care. Yet from the moment I opened my mouth on stage that night, I was treated just like one of the family. Partly it was because I'm a musician with a little different style of singing and playing than they were accustomed to, and partly because I had the guts to get up with a totally unfamiliar band and take my chances, but mainly I think it was because I was willing to give part of myself in the hopes that I could see a small part of what they are.

Well, that's what it's like. Especially if you can play and sing and stay out of the way of those flying fists. Granted, the Great West Texas Honky Tonk Tour doesn't always turn out this way, but more often than not, I'm going to make a friend or two and usually they'll buy the beer, Bo did.

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WEST TEXAS SOUND

Page 3



Matthew McLarty, left, and Ron Riley watch the "birdie" as they talk over recent developments on the Great West Texas Honky Tonk Tour.

WTMA To Provide Music Lineup For RiverFest '90

The West Texas Music Association has been asked by the committee sponsoring the annual RiverFest to help provide musical support for this year's activities, slated for Labor Day and held in Buddy Holly Park in conjunction with the annual Yellowhouse Canyon Raft Race.

The goal of the event are to sponsor an annual event which provides family-oriented fun while raising money through corporate sponsorships to help heighten the awareness of children's care groups which receive no government funding. The four groups include Family Outreach, South Plains Chapter for Prevention of Child Abuse, Talking and Listening To The Children, Inc., and Foster Parents Association of Lubbock.

Last year's RiverFest attendance figures totalled an estimated 6,000-8,000 people.

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THE HILLBILLY PECKERS

Mystery Writer Details Lively Details of 'Legendary' Group

Somewhere on Broadway, Friday, September 5, 1947, The Hillbilly Peckers were born in Lubbock, Texas. We went to church every Sunday as we grew up on Flint Avenue just south of town in the cotton fields. Looking back as we grew up in the cotton fields, it reminds us of the song, "Cotton Fields." When we were six years old we did not start school because we were not ready. Instead, we were sent to kindergarten in order for the teacher to get us to talk. It took her six months to get us to talk. At this age we used to look at the moon and told ourselves that some day man will go to the moon. We would like to go to Mars instead of the moon. When we were seven years old we were walking down the street after school and told ourselves that some day we were going to be famous. How, when, or where, we did not know, but we knew that some day we were going to be famous.

We started the first grade when we were seven. The first six years of our schooling taught us how to write poetry and little stories. When we entered the seventh grade at the age of thirteen, we soon found ourselves wanting to be very popular.

There were many of our fellow students our age that were popular in one way or another and we were determined not to be on the second seat. We knew that we could not hold an office or anything like that. All of the time we were fighting and striving to be looked up to and be popular for something outstanding. So we took the song "Cotton Fields" and put new words to it which we called "Peach Orchards." That was the first song we ever wrote.

Later on, we were sitting in our backyard thinking about hillbillies and Elvis Presley's pecker in outer space. We put them together and came up with Hillbilly Peckers. After that we added leg-

endary which means we are a legend in our own time, but later dropped the legendary.

When we were fourteen, we started doing Rebel yells and Indian whoops because we are part Shawnee. We taught ourselves to do bird calls and jungle sounds with our mouths. So we are the first to do it.

Our second song is called "The Hillbilly Pecker Theme." The third song is called "Our Beautiful Dream." Our latest song is called "Take a Train to Santa Fe." About this time we were writing short stories.

We did more singing around school. We figured that by singing we would be able to attract all the girls but we attracted all the boys instead. This same time we were learning a lot of western songs. When we were 15 and in the ninth grade we entered a talent contest and did some jokes, danced, and sang two songs. In 15 minutes we became the most popular students in O. L. Slaton Junior High School. Everybody knew us but we did not know everybody. The audience reception was tremendous.

Chet Atkins inspired us to learn to play our instruments and we prayed to learn how to play. A few months later we had the opportunity to learn how to play our instruments but we wanted to play like Chet Atkins. Later on, we started singing Johnny Cash and Buck Owens' music with guitars and drums along with Elvis Presley's music.

Our favorite type of girl is a blue-eyed blonde. We like blondes because Led Cash, our guitar player has blonde hair. A blue-eyed blonde is the most beautiful thing in the whole universe besides the stars in the night sky. If we had the opportunity, we would kiss every blue-eyed blonde in the world.

Along with this, we kept up with the space program and studied it while

writing songs about space and rockets. We have written more space songs than anybody.

When we were sixteen in Lubbock High School we did not accomplish very much. We then learned to play the drums, bugle, kazoo, harmonica, buffalo horn, and the rubboard. When we turned 17 in the eleventh grade, we entertained before school to 500 people on the patio, tennis courts, auditorium steps, teachers' parking lot, and in the halls and barracks. Boys threw money and candy at us while the girls cried because they treated us that way. We also entertained for fraternities at Texas Tech, Dairy Queen, Hi-Di-Ho Drive-In, Char King, many houses, and made some recordings. For seven weeks we sang in the parking lot of the Music Box, a teenage nightclub, to a crowd of teenagers. Girls would run their fingers through our hair while we looked into their eyes and we sang, "Last Kiss." We became the most popular students in our junior and senior years at Lubbock High School. When we graduated from Lubbock High School, we put away our instruments and quit writing songs for one year while we were majoring in electronics technology on college. For three months we thought about writing a wild song that would captivate everybody. So, one day we sat down and wrote "X With You" which we recorded for a talent contest at a radio station. We made the top ten and had a lot of requests for it on radio as well as at parties. Then we tried to get it on record because we knew we could make big money on it.

One night while we were still 19 years old, we got paid for entertaining at the Elks Lodge. We just then turned professional. We got paid for singing in most places.

Then we were lonely and we were jealous of all the other guys because they

had a girl and we did not. As we walked down the street we sang romance songs to ourselves. We spent many a night calling girls in dorms at Texas Tech to get a date. A lot of them never heard of us and thought The Hillbilly Peckers were characters that did not exist. We tried and thought up all kinds of ways. One night we walked three miles in a freezing rain to Hulen Hall to see girls. They were on one side of the hall and we were on the other and we missed them. Here we were, 21 years old, and still never had a date. Whenever we get on more T.V. shows and have more records out, then we will be successful in getting our first dates.

A lot of times we prayed to God to help us record a record so that some day we can record Gospel records. A year ago we were working in a factory from 5:30 PM until 3:00 AM. Our job was running a drill press and we dreamed of going to California to record a record and entertain in Las Vegas. We thought of walking all the way from Lubbock over the Rockies to Las Vegas to get a job singing, (a distance of 1,200 miles). We would be the first to hike over the Rockies with guitars and drums.

One day we quit our job and rode a bus to San Diego and lived there for awhile trying to get jobs singing. Then we moved to Hollywood and tried to record records for Capitol and Liberty. We went to several music studios to make a record. We even tried to get on the Steve Allen Show, Joey Bishop Show, and Art Linkletter's House Party. We made friends with a lot of people and bought buckskin coats.

Then we went back to San Diego for awhile and then back to Lubbock. We got a job in a warehouse working from 3:00 PM to 11:00 AM. We would entertain at two places at night. We wrote

SEE "LIFE" PAGE 12

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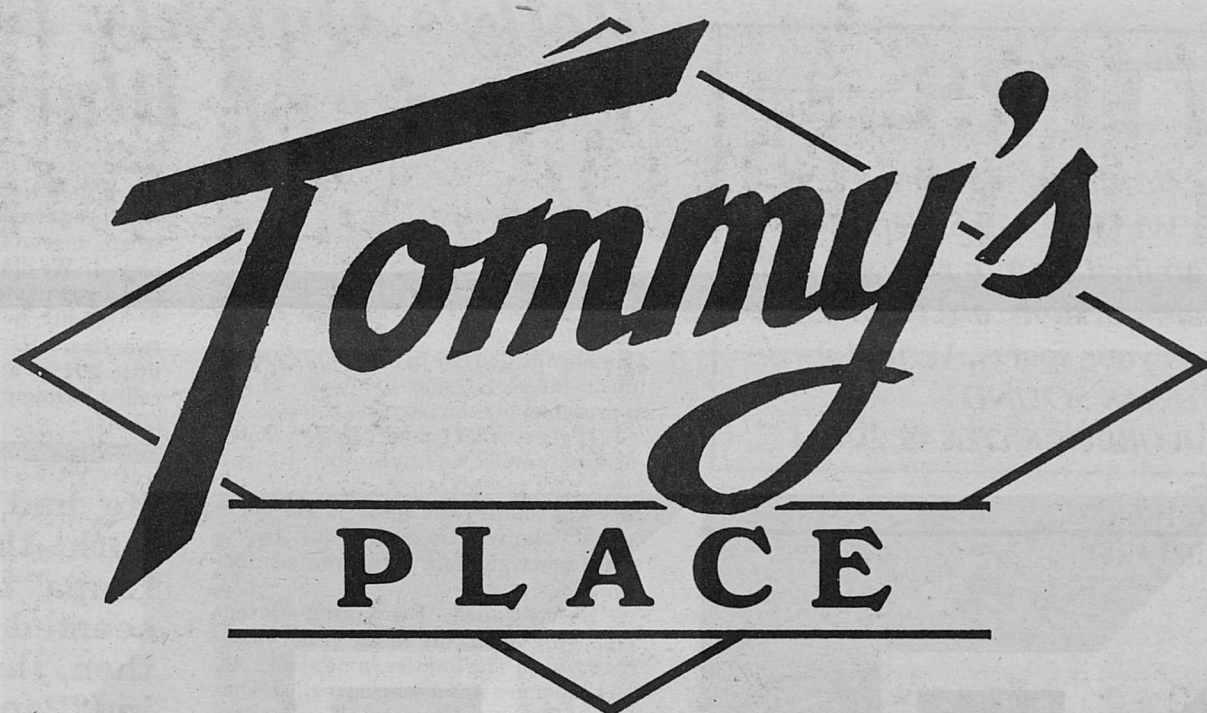
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Belly's Quickly Becomes Favorite of Blues Fans

continued from pg. 1

junior high at J.T. Hutchinson. A very active music "tradition" was in place as Buddy Holly and Bob Montgomery had laid the groundwork for others like Gamble and Joe Ely to follow. Gamble's music interest began to flower as he approached his thirteenth birthday.

"I guess what got me going on wanting to play music was my brother. He had a few rock records when everything out here was country and western. He had a copy of 'Johnny B. Goode' by Chuck Berry and I knew right then what I wanted to be doing."

He continued, "Everything started happening about my ninth grade year. That's when The Beatles came along. At the time there was a song out called 'The Slice of Pie' by another guy. The Beatles were doing 'I Want To Hold Your Hand'. I heard them do 'I Want To Hold Your Hand' and I said, 'These guys will never make it.' I said 'This "Slice of Pie" is a winner!' So that tells you how much I could pick 'em."

Nonetheless, his love for all types of music soon took form. Gamble warmed up to the The Beatles and developed a deep love for the blues as well.

"Most of my life growing up I worked with various (ethnic) people and got just enough exposure. To tell you the truth, a lady who helped my mother clean house heard me playin' guitar in my room and one day gave me a little old 45 record and said, 'Here, you need to listen to this.' I believe it was Bobby Blue Bland doing 'The Swim'."

Emersed in this "new" type of music, he began to experiment with playing the blues in earnest.

"I started playing nightclubs here when I was thirteen years old," he said. "It was at the Lamplighter Lounge. That was my first exposure. They had a go-go girl in a swimsuit-type deal but that was pretty wild you know for a thirteen-year-old boy. Then somebody got us (my band) a booking at the Hodges Community Center and we got paid forty dollars. We each got ten bucks and when I got that I wanted to know how long that type of thing had been going on. To me, that was the ultimate bucks."

As for the nickname, that came about the same time. It seems that somewhere along the way the youthful Gamble had been given an old blues record sung by the legendary Leadbelly. In junior high, he had been tagged with the nickname "Papa" by the girls. It seemed only right, then, that by combining "Papa" with "Leadbelly", the name should be amended to "Papa Jelly Belly".

"I was always kinda heavy so the name kinda developed into 'Papa Jelly Belly'. From there it just got shortened to 'P.J.' and now it's mostly 'Belly'. People call me just about anything," Gamble laughed.

As he continued in his music career, he became increasingly interested in promoting and booking concerts in addition to playing. During the late part of the sixties, he stumbled into the chance of playing behind one of his earliest influences, the "Father of Rock and Roll", Chuck Berry.

"I was doing a little booking and I knew a booker who had him for about fourteen days. Chuck's the kind of guy who'll go anywhere and play with anybody; doesn't carry a band. So luckily I

got to ride on it...be his backup band."

"When we played here (in Lubbock), we played over at the Fair Park Coliseum where most of the black acts always played. We did some shows with Chuck and a guy named Eddie Floyd."

Finally, he got married in his early twenties. He and his wife soon had a little girl so decided to pursue the so-called "straight life" to support his new family.

He had been tagged with the nickname "Papa" by the girls...it seemed only right, then, that by combining "Papa" with "Leadbelly", the name should be amended to "Papa Jelly Belly"...

He began working closely with his father in the oil and ranch businesses, complete with three-piece suits, a regular routine and luncheons with various civic organizations. He became an attorney along the way and for the next twenty odd years, the world-at-large saw Robert (or Rob) Gamble playing businessman rather than the blues. Oh, he still played for an hour or so at home in his spare time, but for the most part, Gamble was a safe bet to stick with oil. By the turn of the 1980's, with the bottom quickly falling out of the boom, he began tinkering with the idea of a musical "comeback".

Between marriages and longing to reclaim his niche in the local music scene, Gamble had, by 1986, resurfaced in a major way. That year, he, along with his long-time friend Randy Smith, plotted a way to revive the dormant "annual" festival designed to honor the same Buddy Holly he'd met as a child.

"Everybody for years struggled to do something for Holly and this, that, or the other always got in the way of it. That was my first experience with it. I took a look at it from a business point of view and could see who was blocking things...whether it was committees or the city bunch, or whoever. I learned a long time ago in the oil business that percentages is what it's all about. I worked personally with men like Getty and Clayton Williams and I learned business. And in the music business, it's just that...business."

After his frustrating experiences with the Holly festivals, Gamble decided to pursue his music more seriously and wound up performing with friends like the Harry Leeds Band.

"They'd let me get up there with them and we backed up the Beach Boys out here (at Buffalo Lake) so I was having fun. I knew I wanted to play again, do some songs but it's hard to make a living doing that. You know I can go down to Austin or San Antonio and make \$1500 a night but people up here want to pay something like \$200."

About this same time, he began working with various clubs in a management capacity. In the off-hours, during various jam sessions held at his home where he'd provide the beverages, some-

SEE "BELLY'S" PAGE 9

Belly's

continued

one suggested to him the idea of opening his own place. Figuring he'd save a bundle on those jam sessions alone and hopefully profit at the same time, Gamble decided to go for it.

"Well, I was lookin' for a place to play and I saw a gap. I wanted a classy place where you could bring your wife and hear good music and have a good time. Our deal here is that it's a mom-and-pop situation. I'm on the stage, mama's in the kitchen and Larry's behind the bar. Our whole deal is that we want to have good music, good food and good drinks. Not great, just good. I don't want to have good service one time and none the next."

The name of the place? Easy choice. It's appropriately named "Belly's" and it is in fact the "classy little joint" his friends first suggested he open. And, after operating just since January, the club has attracted a faithful following of pleased patrons.

"I really haven't advertised other than a little spot on 'West Texas' (the local television show). Right now I want to stay kinda small and intimate. Right now I think it would lose some of its appeal."

Certainly, the up-front feeling that is immediately evident upon entering is the club's calling card. Resembling a bluesy version of something akin to Sam's Place in the classic motion picture "Casablanca", the small seating capacity makes for a most interesting setting. The walls are decorated with a vast assortment of music memorabilia, including signed pictures and posters from his various concert bookings and music friends.

So after years of wearing many different styles of hats, Rob Gamble, alias P.J. Belly, finally has a place to hang one of those hats. The establishment of "Belly's" seems to have made a happy man out of him.

"I've done a lot of things and played to a lot of different crowds all around and I know I want to play and do music...that's just what I want to do."



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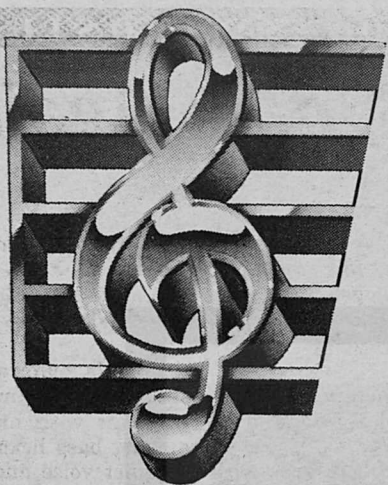
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MUSIC NEWS

Orbison Tribute Set For July 21st

Wink To Honor Native Son With Daylong Fest

The City of Wink, Texas, approximately 40 miles west of Odessa, and hometown of the legendary rock 'n' roll pioneer Roy Orbison, will honor their native son in an all-day festival on July 21st.

Scheduled to appear as musical guests for the event will be members of Orbison's two early bands, The Wink Westerners and Teen Kings, as well as Kenny Morrill, an Orbison look-and-sound-alike who performs regularly in a Las Vegas show honoring the late music great. Orbison's son Wesley is also slated to appear as are the Austin-based act Rotel and the Hot Tomatoes.

The music portion of the day's scheduled events is slated to get underway at 5 p.m. and continue until midnight.

Money raised through various concessions and admission will be used to help build a museum and a bronze statue of the musician.

This year's festivities will mark the event's second year.

Fine Arts Center To Showcase Musical/Visual Collaborations

STORIES FROM THE STORM CELLAR is an invitational event of artworks and music created by West Texas artists and musicians who are committed to the culture, history, and geography of this region. Presented by the Lubbock Fine Arts Center, the event will open with an exhibition and live performance September 4, 1990, and will include the collaborative efforts of Cary Banks/Paul Milosevich, Don Caldwell/Future Akins, Carlos Hernandez/James Johnson, Lloyd Maines/Sara Waters, Steve Paxton/John Chinn, Ron Riley/Chester Marston, and Andy Wilkinson/Steve Teeters. The theme of the program was developed collectively, and each artist and musician will contribute his/her response to the theme, i.e., the young boy who is more afraid of being in the cellar than the storm itself; the strange and priceless valuables taken into the cellar during the storm; the interaction of the people in the cellar the analogy of the storm to the lives of lovers; and what one may find afterwards and the different attitudes about rebuilding.

The Lubbock Fine Arts Center is currently requesting donations from individuals to make this unique program a reality. For more information call the Fine Arts Center at 767-2686, or fill out the information below and return to the Fine Arts Center at 2600 Avenue P, Lubbock, Texas, 79405.

Yes, I would like to help support COLLABORATION: STORIES FROM THE STORM CELLAR. Enclosed is my donation of:

\$ 25 _____ \$ 50 _____ \$ 100* _____ \$200 _____ other _____

*A contribution of \$ 100 or more entitles the donor to a free t-shirt.

You, Music, & The Law

BY CHARLES S. CHAMBERS

The rights to reproduce a copyrighted composition in records, tapes, or compact disc and to distribute them to the public are exclusive to owners of copyright. This is where the money is for songwriters!

This right is known as mechanical licensing and allows a manufacturer of records to reproduce the song on an album, tape, or CD for resale to the public, and the writer and publisher to receive a royalty for each song reproduced and subsequently sold to the public.

As of January 1, 1986, the royalty rate is 5 cents for each recording of a composition made and distributed or 95 cents per minute or fraction thereof, whichever is longer. It is important to note that the royalty rate applies to each song on a record. For example, if you wrote two songs which were recorded by Dwight Yoakum on his new album, the royalty rate payable would be 10 cents per album sold. If the album goes platinum, (1 million sales), the royalty payable to the writer will be \$100,000.

There is, however, one catch to this. Under most arrangements, the royalty is split 50/50 between writer and publisher. This fact has given rise to many songwriters owning their own publishing companies in order to avoid the split in royalties. It should be noted though, a new or unestablished writer would find it advantageous to hook up with a well-known publisher (such as Tree, who

has contacts in the business) making it easier to get a song recorded, which is the ultimate goal in the first place.

Mechanical licensing rights are often administered by a company known as the Harry Fox Agency, Inc., which represents several thousand publishers. Basically, the agency licenses songs to companies who desire to reproduce a song and makes royalty collections from record companies. These receipts are then paid to the publisher who then distributes to the writer his or her share. Needless to say it may be a long wait between the actual sale of the record and any money into the writer's pockets but eventually the check will be in the mail. So, until next time, keep writing those hits and wait for the bucks to fall from the sky!

Charles S. Chambers is an attorney practicing at 2012 Broadway, Lubbock, Texas, (806) 763-1944.

Club and Restaurant Owners...

Write to us with your lineup of entertainment for the following month. All information will appear in our Calendar Section.

The Art of Gigging...Part II

BY SUSAN GRISANTI

For all veteran giggers, this story is almost commonplace. For all novice giggers (those who are graduating from the "living room" concert circuit), the following is a good example of the old adage, "Practice in the optimum conditions, but when on stage be ready for anything."

The scene was a typical weekend background music gig at the Barcelona Court atrium in Lubbock, a week before Christmas 1988. The crowd was all geared up for the holidays and there were family reunions galore. I was playing classical guitar at the front of the atrium, when out of the shadows came a tall dark stranger in a suspicious looking coonskin cap. Veteran giggers are not unnerved by such apparitions, so I immersed myself again in the spirit of the music, never dreaming of what would happen next. As the last chord faded from the piece I was playing, who should be there towering over me but Mr. Coonskin with this glib query: "Nice music, lady. Oh...uh...my family's here for their annual reunion and they're just dying to hear my chicken farm, do you mind if I...?"

Before I had a chance to reply, Mr. Coonskin, armed for the occasion, produced a mini cassette player and proceeded to blast "chicken yard live", through my two stand-up guitar mikes. Hotel guests were shocked by the sud-

den change in format, from Mozart to the clucking-blucking of a hen yard. This proceeded for a full 30 seconds as I sat in dumb-fuddled amazement. My 20 years of musical experience did not include a chapter on hen yard, so this was the night for my on-the-job training indeed.

Somehow I managed to regain my composure and finish out the evening.

I left that night feeling somewhat disappointed because he had not diplomatically returned the favor by asking me to do a command performance at his hen yard. But the story doesn't end here - exactly one year later, Mr. Coonskin was back at the atrium. The time I was ready. During the year I had familiarized myself with the exact location of the "off-switch" on both my microphones. He apparently sensed the new strengths in my defense tactics and, somewhat to my disappointment, simply walked on by. From my experience, I believe one clucker in the hen yard is always better than a multitude of cluckers over the microphones.

Send your funniest or most tragic gig stories to the "Sound" for possible publishing in future issues.

Note: During the week of June 19th, we broke an eight year (or longer) Lubbock record with 46 acts appearing at 27 different outlets listed in the local music tabloids. Keep on truckin' musicians.

Trips With Uncle Bob

Back in the middle 50's, we were playing a rodeo dance in Hereford, Texas, with Tommy Hancock. We had a piano player by the name of Bill Picket and wouldn't you know, the old Quonset Hut dance hall didn't have a piano (in those days you didn't carry your own piano).

There was this 'good ol' boy' who got friendly with the band while we were unloading to set up and he said his wife had a good piano that she might loan us (she didn't come to the dance with him). Well, he and a couple of the band guys took off to his house and sure enough she said we could use it, on one condition... nobody could set a drink or put a cigarette on it.

The first hour went pretty well. Then everybody got to feeling their drinks pretty good. After that, anybody close to the piano started putting their drinks on it. At intermission we thought we better check the piano and sure enough, beside the drink stains, there was a long cigarette burn. Now this was a beautiful baby grand and pretty expensive too. Well, we were pretty deep in the toilet now. After this, even though the band was pretty well oiled up, we watched this piano like a hawk.

The rest of the dance went well and after we were packing up, this "good ol' boy" got his old pickup backed up to load the piano. Now the piano was too long

for the tailgate to close so we just left it down. I don't know why, but nobody tied the piano down. Curley Lawler and this "good ol' boy" had been hitting the bottle pretty good and nearly had to look at their driver's licenses to identify themselves but they said they would take the piano home if someone would follow them to help unload it. Since I had my car, I said I would help them unload it.

They had weaved down the street a couple of blocks with me following them when all of a sudden the "good ol' boy" gunned the pickup and out flew the piano. The piano went "SPLAT" right in the middle of the street. You think that's bad? Well it isn't.. The "good ol' boy" goes up the street and makes a U-turn. Then he comes back just flying and runs over this already busted up piano. I nearly had the vapors. I turned my car around and hooked 'em for Lubbock and never looked back.

I forgot how this turned out, but I do remember some of the guys in the band would call Curley up and say they were calling from Hereford and would like to talk to Curley Lawler about a piano - he would say, "nobody by that name lives here."

P.S....Curley Lawler was our BIG fiddle player.

NATIONAL COWBOY SYMPOSIUM

Back In The Saddle Again

BY ANDY WILKINSON

I had the distinct pleasure of participating in the Second Annual National Cowboy Symposium, held June 1-3 at Texas Tech. Sponsored by the Ranching Heritage Center and the University, the event is a unique blend of cowboy songs, poetry, storytelling, folklore and general information. Also included were sessions on cowboy craft, and academic papers touching on all of the above.

Like last year's maiden presentation, this edition was well attended, with a substantial number of folks from all around the United States. The format involved two days worth of sessions running concurrently with one another as well as a huge exhibit of cowboy-related goods and services. At any given time, attendees could hear cowboy poets presenting their works, cowboy singers doing their own and traditional songs, seminars on such esoteric crafts as horse training and ranching economics. Participants could also wander the many aisles in the exhibit hall in search of saddles, period western wear, rare books, artwork, hand-made spurs and boots, and even record albums (like those of yours truly).

It's a hard event to describe. The closest that I can pitch the horseshoe (pardon my verbal weakness) is to say that the Symposium is sort of like the Kerrville Folk Festival on horseback. There were stylish cowboys and cowgirls who had their jeans tucked neatly inside their fancy boots, wearing the latest creases in their hats, with flamboyant wild-rags tied tightly about their necks. There were older cowboys with rainbow-shirts (you know, the shirts with the pot at the end) and worn jeans and unfashionably-creased hats and laced-up shoes. There were well-intentioned city folk trying to dress western with yuppy jeans and shirts from Chess King, bolo ties from the Buffalo Beano Company, and boots that stuck too far out the ends of their pants.

Underneath a hat measured in acres instead of gallons, Alvin Davis was everywhere, working hard to keep everything running smoothly, and succeeding

at it. Big names in "cowboyology" were there because of Alvin, folks like Red Stegall, R.W. Hampton, Don Edwards, John Burrus, and Rhonda Coy Sedgewick.

There were a lot of friends, many of them made at last year's Symposium, like: Washtub Jerry Wiant with his incredibly hot, galvanizing bass licks, Ray Hughes with his quiet voice and poem about day-working cowboys, Jack Douglas from Levelland with his ink sketches and Martir guitar picking, J.B. Allen with his long face and wrinkly grin, Cyndy Buchanan with her fresh smile, and Duward Campbell with his phenomenal art and non-stop ideas. There were old friends as well, like: Chester Marston, Jim Pfluger, Lanny Fiel (all of whom I've known since high school), the Gene Brocks, the Cecil Caldwells, Cindy Martin, Richard Mason, Susan Miller, Sharon Aronson, Chris McClure, and my good friend Kerry Ford. We made lots of new friends too, such as: Gilbert Prather, Glen Moreland, Betty Wheeler, Marshall Trimble, Stan Cobb, and Guy Logsdon. And we got to know the art and talent of lots of folks, some new to me and some just better known now than then, like: Jimmy Burson from Silverton, Michael Carlson from Cambridge (yes, Cambridge!), and Buck Ramsey from Amarillo (one of the best songwriters I've heard in years). And there are still names and faces milling around my head like a restless herd with the strays lighting out for the corners of the motel room where I'm writing this tonight.

This is your heritage, folks. It doesn't matter whether or not you're a "roper" or a "doper"; whether or not you like John Wayne, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, or Larry Mahan; or whether you wear boots and hats or deck shoes and silvered sunglasses. Fact is, these people are keeping us all in touch with what made us as we find ourselves today.

Next year, get off the split-rail that's holding up your butt and come out and enjoy a truly special event.

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New Membership

RHYTHM, RHYMES, & ROYALTIES

BY CARY C. BANKS

Editor's Note:

This is the first segment of a two-part series

So you've finished that masterpiece. You know, the song that's going to make you rich and famous....the one that's so good even your tone-deaf Uncle Fred swears it's a hit! Congratulations! The easy part's over! Now, where do you go from here?

The next step on the "hit song ladder" is the "demo". In other words, the demonstration tape of your song. This is what the publishers, producers, artists, etc., will hear when they consider your song. Music business people will argue from here to Christmas as to how a song should be demo'd. There are those who claim the "writer's demo" (just one voice and guitar or piano accompaniment) is the truest way to hear a song. They may argue this especially true of slower, lyrical ballads. On the other hand there are those (including singer/songwriter Barry Manilow) who say the only way to capture the ear of the music industry, especially in our high-tech society, is with a full blown demo....i.e. drums, bass, guitars, synthesizers, sequencers, bells, whistles, strings, horns, sound effects, and gold embossed lyric sheets hand delivered by scantily-clad dancing girls. I believe the answer lies somewhere in the middle, and it is toward that end that we will examine several ways of presenting your finished song. The demo is the songwriter's best ally or worst enemy. As a member of a recording group that has listened to hundreds of demos from independent writers as well as major publishers, I can tell you this: a poor quality demo is a guarantee that your song will not be heard past the first eight bars. Now that we've established the importance of a clean, clear-sounding demo, let's examine how we can achieve "demo-nirvana" on a limited recording budget.

Songwriters on staff at the major publishers have a distinct advantage as they are afforded "free" demos at the publishers recording studio. That means that every few weeks, a writer brings in

his best (usually three or four) new songs and with the aid of staff recording musicians, records his new tunes. These demos usually consist of voice, guitar, keyboard, drums, bass, and perhaps a lead instrument/synthesizer. Once again, this is a topic for controversy.... how much is enough....less is more....etc. Songwriter Randy Goodrum always does a piano/voice demo of each of the tunes which he full demos. He tells that his piano/voice demo of "You Needed Me" was the one Anne Murray first heard.

Now as independent songwriters with limited demo budgets, we have to be selective and frugal with our demo investment. The good news is there are "quality" recording studios right here in Lubbock (Jungle, Broadway, and Caldwell to name a few) that can help you make your demo as professional sounding as anything you hear from Nashville, L.A., New York, or Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

Don Caldwell Studios, for example, has different demo packages for the songwriter. A full blown demo in Studio A - a 24-track state-of-the-art recording facility - has a basic rate of \$65 per hour plus \$45 per hour mixing time (If you do multi-track demos with overdubs, the final tape must be mixed down to 2-track, but we'll cover this in the next issue). Your studio musician rate is usually \$20 per song for demo sessions. A five-piece rhythm section will run around \$100 per song plus overdubs (usually \$10 per overdub). If this seems a little expensive, check out the same rates in Nashville or even Dallas. You'll probably find Nashville rate as much as three times higher. As an alternative, some studios occasionally offer "demo" packages, whereby you can record your songs on a per song or per session basis. Check with the different studios. Caldwell Studios has a printed studio rate sheet, with prices, equipment available, service fees, etc. Caldwell also offers an 8-track studio equipped with synthesizers, midi-capable sequencers and all sorts of electronic gadgets. This Studio B is masterminded by Mark Murray. The 8-track studio time is \$45 per hour plus editing and copy time. If

you are a pretty fair keyboardist and not afraid of computers and synthesizers, this avenue for demos can be very cost efficient and produces some very good sounding demos. This is not for everyone, but is simply one alternative to the art of demo making.

For the uninitiated, the recording studio can be somewhat of an intimidating place. No need to worry, folks. The engineers, studio musicians and staff of local recording studios are there to assist you in making the best demo possible. It has been my experience that the musicians are open to suggestion and eager to make your song sound the way you hear it in your head. They are experienced musicians and have lots of good ideas to make your demo a quality sound recording that you can proudly play for anyone, any where. Craig Alderson of Broadway Studio reminds us of a good point to remember when choosing a place to record your demo, and that is that you as the writer/financier of the demo session feel comfortable, at ease and confident wherever you decide to record. After all, this is your song, your baby. You want to make it a positive experience. One thing to keep in mind, especially for the newcomer is the demo is a learning process.... it may take a few times to get the hang of it. Just be open to suggestion and ideas from the more experienced. Little things like making your intro short, making sure the lead voice is intelligible and in tune and avoiding long instrumental rides (I know your cousin can play just like Eddie Van Halen, but I don't think a publisher wants to sit through a four minute guitar solo right in the middle of your song....Get my riff?). In the world of demo making, clear, concise, and to-the-point is usually the best approach.

Check with the local recording studios and let them show you what is available for you. It has been my experience that these folks are friendly and aware of the songwriter's unique problems and needs. They'll work with you and help you get the most for your demo dollar.

Next issue we'll examine the world of the "Home Studio." Till then....Keep writing.

Life After Elvis?

continued from pg. 5

songs and learned songs like mad while we were getting four hours of sleep each night for five months.

We got tired of working in a warehouse so we wrote Tiny Tim a letter with a picture of ourselves and musical instruments. We wanted him to help us record a record. By the way, E.P.s' dad died when we were 17 and he never heard us sing. Then his mother remarried. We wanted to be on the Johnny Carson Show like Tiny Tim.

A couple of Yankees from New York talked us into moving to New York. The latter of September after we turned 21 we quit our job in the warehouse and left Lubbock bound for New York to be on the Johnny Carson Show. All of the way we were determined to sing at places to earn our way there. In our pockets only \$160, we went 350 miles to the east and pulled into Fort Worth.

We sang at a few places, made some money, guys discovered us, and in three days our dream came true of recording a record called "X With You." In less than a week we were on Mercury Records. Then we did our first national T.V. show called "Laugh-In." Our new record is called "I Took a Trip," which we dreamed would be on record for five years.

God is our partner and he is on our side. It looks like that we will be able to record Gospel records, be on Johnny Carson, have our first date, and later on be in the Western movies.

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