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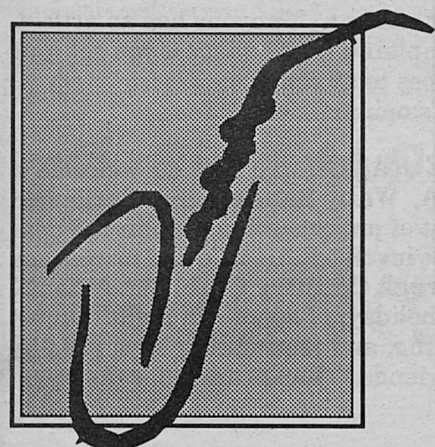
Great West
Texas Honky
Tonk Tour



Volume 1 • Number 10 • February 1991 • FREE

Don Caldwell

*For Over 20 Years, He's Been Instrumental
In Shaping Area Recording Scene*



BY CAT CRISP

When I first walked into Don's office, I immediately felt at ease. West Texas artwork, books, and furniture. As it turned out, his office directly reflected the man. No frills, no hype. Just down to earth, practical, and very much West Texas.

Don started down his chosen road as a sophomore in high school playing the saxophone. Sam Buetera and King Curtis really turned Don's head the most as a musician. In college Don played with various bands and listened to such artists as Stan Getz and Cannonball Adderly. He has traveled all around the country, and has been in many recording studios. In turn, he became very interested in the recording process, from a musician's standpoint. Don is still very active as a saxophone player, currently playing with his band called Mainframe. They appear on Friday nights at P.J. Belly's from 7:00 to 9:00. Even now Don says, "My first love is music. It's what makes me tick." The other members of Mainframe are; Bonny Dickinson on keyboards, Mike Halley on guitar, Steve Meador on drums, and the newest member Jeff Zinn on bass. Don is very proud of the players in his band and with much pride said, "We have some very fine musicians in this band with enormous potential. Mainframe is a jazz band I think you'll find quite entertaining!"

Don is a married man of 14 years (as of January 16th) with four children; Tim, Todd, Cami, and Toby. Don is married to a beautiful woman.

See STUDIO pg. 6



Photo by Cat Crisp

The President Speaks...

Now I know its difficult to remember that the WTMA has a meeting every 2nd or 3rd Thursday of every month at Tommy's Place on 82nd at 7:30 pm, beverages provided. So for those of you who can't attend, we're going to start printing the minutes of the previous meeting in the next issue.

We've got some events planned that are not only sponsored by WTMA, but are large scale events put on by other organizations that have asked the Association to be a part of. The sad part of this situation is, that unless the WTMA supports these functions in substantial numbers, we are limiting our ability to make a good event into a GREAT EVENT. I would hope that joining the WTMA meant more than just paying dues and waiting for a newspaper every month.

The positive side of this situation is that there is a group of members and Board members who are willing to give of time and energy to see that the job is completed. If you doubt the sincerity and good intentions of this group of people, I invite you to attend one of our meetings.

— Chester Marston III

• 'SOUND OFF' •

Apologies to Envoy Express...

Dear Editor,

This is an open apology to the members of the band Envoy Express. Sorry guys - the review of the gig at the Town Draw got lost in the holiday shuffle last month. If anyone has the opportunity to catch these guys, by all means Do It! The original tunes pumped out by David Blevins and the band are fantastic! Even Tommy Hancock would love them.

Thanks,
Nancy Walker

Will The Times Be A-Changin'?

Dear Editor, *West Texas Sound*:

With 1990 ending on a busy note, I took a few minutes to reflect on the year. My discovery was that resolutions are in order for Lubbock as a city on the move. I'd like to suggest three to the city fathers:

1. Provide the music lovers of this city with a decent place for some big name entertainment. Our local musicians are doing a terrific job of entertaining us, but we need a place to bring in some capacity crowds. It will have to be acoustically superior to the coliseum, cleaner, and cooler in the summer. And, we need an area dedicated to outdoor concerts. Maybe the city could sponsor these events and make some money out of the happenings. Leave "Select-a-Seat" out of it and have no non-reserved seating at the indoor facility. Seating could be non-reserved at the outdoor facility. Maybe even lawn chairs and bleachers.
2. Offer some free lessons about driving on ice for Lubbock citizens. And, post some minimum speed limits and enforce them on the loop.
3. Make some more roads around my house and eliminate the 55 mph speed limit on Loop 289. Make it 65 so we can legally drive 72 mph around it. Make 1991 more fun for me anyway, by taking some of this to task, especially number 1, Fair Park and the Coliseum are not suitable for live music.

Sincerely,
Rebecca Hopkins

The Thrill of it All ...

Dear Editor:

I would like to say that I think there are more of the finest musicians in the Lubbock area and surrounding communities, by the hundreds. We are truly blessed with such top, fine talent, second to none.

It was my great joy to ask Mr. Cecil Caldwell and his fiddle to help me with my cajun accordion do a production with Bob Phillips Productions. Mr. Floyd Cable and NBC filmed nearly an hour of fiddle and cajun accordion music playing, many of the old time breakdowns, hornpipes, and country waltzes, for a T.V. program, "Musical America - How To," featuring my finest country fiddles made by me, and played by Cecil Caldwell. It turned out to be a truly fantastic musical production. I understand Phillips Productions wants me to do some more of these productions throughout 1991. The cajun accordions are also built by me, for many years. Along with the country fiddles, the cajun accordion and the fiddle blend together perfectly.

Susan Grisanti took notes of my musical life for nearly an hour, sometime back, where I was told someone would do the story of my life in this newsletter. But nothing ever came of it. I wonder what the score was. I am amazed at the piano music of Doug Smith and the Sweetheart of the classical guitar, Susan Grisanti.

Right now, I'm also teaching a nice sized 4 stringed mountain dulcimer class, free, every other Sunday afternoon, for two hours. If you have a dulcimer and have never learned to play, here is your chance, for free. Of course, I still make many fine dulcimers too. If you want free dulcimer lessons, call me any noon hour, toll free, 828-5358. My next teaching is February 3 and 17th in Lubbock.

I would like one time for Cecil Caldwell and I to play at the monthly "Saturday Night Opry." I want people to hear the cajun accordion. It is thrilling.

Is the September - October Tumbleweed Folk Festival to be held again??? Best of Luck to you all.

Sincerely yours,
Stinson R. Behlen
Slaton, Texas

LIVE MUSIC REVIEW

BY REBECCA HOPKINS

Bugs Henderson put on a super holiday week show at Tommy's Place on December 28th. The bluesman had three or four guitars of various colors, and when he played that red and black one... magic time. The crowd joined in for a tune or two as well. *Sure hope Bugs comes back to West Texas soon.*

Ponty Bone played to a small, but loyal group of fans on a foggy, foggy Saturday, January 5th at Tommy's. Ponty was his awesome self and the Squeezetones were hot. Lubbock's own Victor Jones played drums for a time, and then finished out the evening on the wash board with the Squeezetones. Great job on the board, Victor. A special thank you to Mike Burk and Tommy's Place for the December 23rd benefit for the WTMA. And thanks to all the musicians and everybody in the audience. West Texas music supports Lubbock and Lubbock supports West Texas music.

"Hub-Bub"

MUSIC MUSINGS & ASSORTED WHAT-NOTS

BY CHRIS HARMON, MANAGING EDITOR

EDITORIAL

The last issue seems to have raised a ruckus, of sorts. I tried to get the affected party to respond in writing, but as it turns out, it must not have been that important. Well, it's important to me! The problem, it seems, was over a review by Tommy Hancock. Tommy wrote, "This band could play the Town Draw! Anybody will like them." Some people took this to mean that Tommy had little respect for a club that's been around and, by the way, has supported live music for many, many years. Personally, I do not believe Tommy had a malicious intent in mind. But, what galls me is what happened next (and please understand that I am not coming down on the club or the management, I'm just trying to make a point). Some well meaning patrons demanded that the SOUND contact Tommy and have him publicly apologize for his comment or, as it was suggested, we may lose an ad. The point here is that this paper's reason for existence is to provide an open forum for the membership and, maybe, a little news and entertainment—but in order to continue providing that open forum, the SOUND cannot allow advertising dollars to make editorial decisions. In the last issue there were no less than four pleas for writers, and I am grateful for all the writers, including Tommy, who support this paper by submitting articles for print. I am not about to scrutinize articles for their opinion or content. If anyone has an article, then let's have it. If anyone has a complaint, then I suggest you get it in the mail before the price of stamps goes to 29 cents.

And that, my friends, is one man's opinion...

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH...I'd like to welcome a couple of new members to the WTMA, Wally Sanders from Littlefield and Laurie Turpin. There are a lot of projects coming up in the near future and I hope you have joined to be involved. Also, I'd like to welcome Tim & Linda Holt of the Cibolo Creek Country Club, San Antonio, as corporate members. During the holidays, I spent the night (almost literally) at their club, playing, wailing, and reminiscing days gone by with some old Lubbock pickers and friends. Thanks again for the warm fire and a great time...

IN THIS ISSUE...you'll find Cat Crisp has come up with another feature article. This month she worked up a great article on Don Caldwell. Don is as deserving a spot on the front page as anyone. He has worked hard, for many years, to keep Lubbock on the "music" map. Cary Banks writes about a song for peace and the *Fantom of the Opry* has some good new and bad news. Susan Grisanti has a piece on the essentials of chord charts and Rebecca Hopkins has reviewed some folks out at Tommy's Place. As I promised last month, I've included two of Paul Bullock's poems and Ron Riley has another tale from the West Texas Honky Tonk Tour. Lloyd Maines has a breakdown of who's doing what in the Studio and sadly reports the passing of a dear friend to West Texas Music, Wally Moyers, Sr.

THIS AND THAT

The WTMA should be happy to see the Texas Cafe is back on the live music bandwagon. The Cafe has always been a great music venue, I'm glad to hear that the new "old" format is back in the club. There's an old band with a new name and look on the scene. High Gear (formerly, Intruder) will be opening for Foghat at West LA, February 20th. Last but not least, I've finally heard from Uncle Bob. It seems he has been holed up in a jail down in Aabutole, Mexico. He wanted me to tell everyone that he is OK and hopes to be out in time for the next issue. You may have noticed that Charles Chambers' usual feature, *You Music and the Law*, is missing this month. Well, Charles is in the process of moving. Hopefully, he will be settled and back in the paper next month. By the way, he's moving his office into the old Main & Ave. U house. Boy, does that place bring back memories.....Happy Valentines, CH

By the way, articles, reviews, and editorials submitted for publication in the WEST TEXAS SOUND, do not necessarily reflect the views of the the West Texas Music Association Board of Directors or the membership as a whole.

The Great West Texas Honky Tonk Tour

BY RON RILEY

"Coyote"

© 1991 by Ron Riley

To the coyote I must have looked like an old hat floating on the water. I watched as he and his friends worked their way back and forth toward the tank, sniffing the air all the time, noses in the wind. The sun was near down, sinking behind me and casting orange light between black shadows of mesquite trees. The darkened frame of the windmill stretched far to the east along the bush tops and occasionally, with any hint of a breeze, the fan caused a slow strobe effect on the dunes in the distance.

They never even sensed I was there until two of them had begun drinking. I sat still and tried not to let on that I was a warm blooded animal. One coyote might get scared and run, but who knows what a whole pack of wild curs might do? I made sure I was sunk down far enough to submerge everything up to my nose. Bill would be arriving any time now and he would be a welcome sight.

I've known Bill all of my life. His family and mine have been interchangeable since way back before I can remember. His granddaddy taught me how to milk a cow and eat mountain oysters and "if a man needs a meal he can show up for breakfast, but he's gotta be saddled up and ready to work by first light." His Uncle Bud taught me how to saddle and sit that

horse. Then he showed me how to build and mend fences and he once saved me from drowning in the family swimming tank. My tiny footprints are in the concrete of his father's front porch and I call his mother Mom. So it's pretty hard for me to pull something on Billy that he hasn't already seen from me. When we were kids, I figured I'd grow up to marry his sister. I've looked up to his father all of my life, and he is my ideal of what a Texas cowboy really stands for because he lives and works the same land that his father and grandfather settled at the turn of the century. Now Bill resides there as well.

Bill now lives at the old home place, but when he was starting out, he was living with his new wife, Rhonda, in Kermit, Tx. He started by leasing land upon which to run his cattle and in the bargain he fixed a lot of fences and built new water tanks. Just like anybody else when they start out, Bill couldn't afford to hire professional fencers, and trying to train his distant cousins was just not in the cards.

So it was only natural when Bill needed some help building water tanks and mending fences that he would call and see if I had some time between gigs. I jump at every chance to

get out in the country and work with my hands, especially when the company is good. And working with Bill does a lot to remind me of my roots.

The sand is deep near the Texas-New Mexico border and the terrain is one rolling sand dune after another covered with scrub oak, mesquite, prickly pear, and just enough grass to sustain a few cattle per section if you can get them enough water.

Instead of a bulldozer, Bill had an old ground scraping device called a fresno. It amounted to nothing more than a large shovel shaped like the bucket on the front-end loader. It was made to be dragged along the ground by mules or horses, taking the earth one inch at a time. We used a pickup with a winch. After we leveled the ground we would build a round form for the tank and pour concrete. Each one took 3 to 5 days and we built three. Not trying to break any speed records. Taking our time.

At the end of each day though, our work was never done. We always broke for the day an hour before sundown because there were always cattle to be looked after in one way or another. Each day we would check fences, or windmills, or gates, whatever might possibly go wrong.

Bill had a little motor scooter that he'd built from a mail order kit. It had big tires so it wouldn't get stuck in the sand, but it didn't travel very fast. Most of the roads leading to the windmills were just deep sandy ruts, and it was less trouble to use the scooter to check them than to crank up the four wheel drive, or partially deflate the pickup tires for better traction.

The little scooter ran on a small Briggs and Stratton engine and a bicycle chain, and the deep sand had proved too much. Fat tires won't get stuck in the sand and the little engine pulls me along at 20 or 30 mph. But the chain was just too small. Bill promised that he would get this jury-rigged contraption a stronger chain to keep the driver from having to walk back to the highway every time it breaks. Today though, Bill was going to meet me at the highway and pick me up when I got through checking the two north windmills. He would let me off on the west side of the pasture and drive around to the east using the highway, leaving me to travel the deep sandy ruts by two wheeler. The pickup often got stuck on these roads. Cattle can't go without water for more than a couple of days so the mills must be checked regularly and any malfunction corrected.

Today I was not lucky. The two-wheeler had broken down 2 miles before the last mill on my run and the sun singed my neck once again while I dragged myself toward the mill. It was mid-summer but I hurried along. We had worked very hard that day pouring concrete in the near 100 degree weather and I summoned energy from forgotten depths. Nothing moved around the mesquite lined, deep rutted road and the wind was vacationing in Palm Springs. I was in a big hurry to get to the cement tank and immerse myself until Billy got concerned and came to look for me.

I arrived, stumbling like a man wandering on the desert for days without water and finally reaching an oasis. I drank thirstily, immediately disrobed and slipped gingerly into the cool pool so as not to disturb the silt and bottom settling.

I sat now half-bouyant, in a 2 foot deep tank of cool, pure, water. My rump rested on the bottom and head, feet, and hands tried to

float. I wasn't about to walk the five miles out to the highway because I knew Bill would get worried and come looking for me soon. Meanwhile I enjoyed the coolness of the water wearing nothing but my hat.

Having lived around coyotes all of my life I always had the good sense to stay away from them. Once when I was 5, Dad brought one home and tied it in the garage for a few days to see if it was rabid. I was scared to death of that animal and wouldn't go near the garage door. He had warned me about the dangers of coyotes, instilling mortal fear in me. So I remember when he took me into the garage to see this vicious animal with possibly deadly fangs, that I thought it looked like nothing more than a very scared dog. And a cute one at that.

Now, I was forming a very different opinion. It was too late for me to run away unnoticed. So having made the decision to ride it out, I remained still.

I watched as the pack hid behind bushes, then quickly and silently scurried across the open areas to regroup behind another brush clump. They worked as soldiers might, moving in on a target. Steadily, stealthily, they approached the watering hole taking nothing for granted. In front of the tank they all disappeared. Then one by one they popped their heads over the edge and began to drink. I was frozen. They looked harmless enough. But the sun, gleaming yellow in their darting eyes, showed they were constantly on the lookout for intruders. Just for a moment, I became sympathetic to their plight.

Suddenly one of them noticed me. With a yelp, he jumped 3 feet back and into the air. The rest followed suit prepared to abandon the area, but the jumping dog wasn't convinced and came back to get a closer look. Eyes fixed, he eased toward the tank and growled a faint little growl, saliva dripping from his mouth. I began to color the water yellow. The others were getting curious too and looking hungry. I knew I must assert myself. I'd never heard of coyotes eating people, but if hungry people eat people, why wouldn't hungry coyotes? I hadn't intended it to end this way, but at this point I reasoned, "If you're gonna open up a can of worms this size, You might as well go fishin."

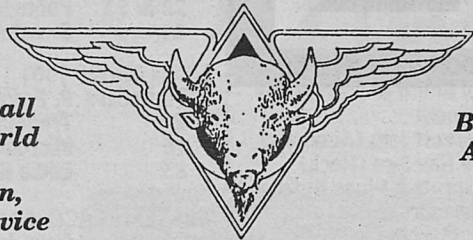
When they all got their heads near the edge of the tank, I knew it was time to make my move. I stood up as quickly as possible. Splashing and screaming, in all my nakedness, like a crazed devil with a hat. This time they all leaped into the air as if the ground had suddenly become very hot. In mid air they made enough of a turn that when they hit the ground again, they were headed away. They high-tailed it out of there at a high rate of speed, fading quickly into the underbrush and near darkness presumably never to water at this tank ever again.

The lights on Bill's pickup struck me just as I was pulling on my boots, and I got in and pointed the way to the broken down sand traveler. I explained to him in great detail the events of the hour claiming that one of the hounds had blood around his mouth. Bill never said if he believed me or not because stranger things have happened. But there was this hint of sarcasm in his voice when he said merely, "It happens all the time."

Not to me it doesn't! Not on The Great West Texas Honky Tonk Tour.

**WTMA Mixer 7:00 pm
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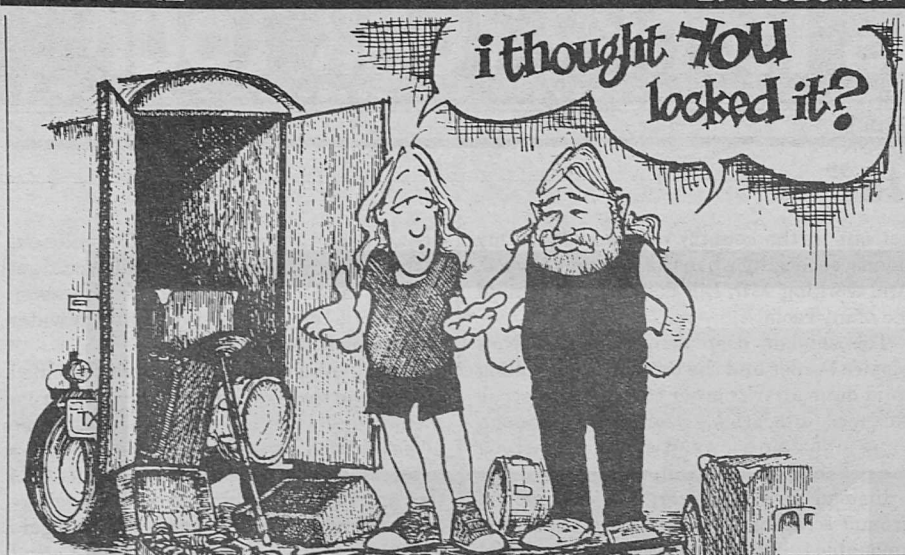
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Tuesday Specials 7-11 pm
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BELLY'S 5001 Ave. Q
Tues - Sat Donny Allison (Happy Hour)
Tuesdays Robin Griffin Band
Wed - Sun. P. J. Belly & Lone Star Blues
Band with Elvis the Busboy
Fridays Don Caldwell & Mainframe

BORROWED MONEY 910 E. Slaton Hwy
1/30-2/2 "Texas" the band
6-9 Lariat
13-16 Easy Money
20-23 Stallion
27-3/2 Southern Wind

CHELSEA STREET PUB South Plains Mall
1/28-2/1 Steve Oneill
4-9 Electric Gypsy
11-14 John Sproff & Blues
Butchers
15 & 16 The Traumatix
18-23 Off Limitz
25-3/1 ZycheK

DEPOT BAGGAGE ROOM 19th & Ave. G
schedule not available

DEPOT WAREHOUSE 19th & Ave. G
1 & 2 Ground Zero
15 Joe King Carrasco
27 Leon Russell

GREAT SCOTT'S BAR-B-Q FM1585 & Hwy 87
1 & 2 K.J. & the Heartbeats
8 & 9 Spillway Revival
15 & 16 Graham Warwick &
Strawberry Jam
22 & 23 Blue Steel

JAZZ 3703 19th
Thurs & Sun Tommy Anderson &
1277 Alley

MAIN STREET SALOON 2417 Main St.
Sunday Denzel Smith & Johnny Ray
Jam (Rock)
Monday John Sproff Jam (Acoustic)
Wednesday Johnny Ray Jam (Rock)
8 & 9 John Sproff & Blues Butchers
14 Adjudicators &
Tragic Machine
21 Rein Sanction
22 & 23 Ray Drew Blues Band
28 Plaid Retina with
Tragic Machine

ON BROADWAY 2420 Broadway
schedule not available

ORLANDO'S 2402 Ave. Q
12 A Class Act
18 Susan Grisanti
26 Susan Grisanti

SILVER BULLET 5145 Aberdeen
Fri. - Sun. Chuck McClure &
the Country Squires

SPORTS FORUM 3525 34th
Thu. & Sun. Todd Holley Jam

TACO VILLAGE 6909 Indiana
2 Bobby Shade with Noland &
Jo Harmon special guest -
Mathew McLarty
9 Bobby Shade with Noland &
Jo Harmon
special guest - Joey Bird
16 Yellowhouse
23 Andy Wilkinson
special guest -
Buck Ramsey

TEXAS CAFE 3604 50th
1 & 2 Dennis Ross/Axberg Bros.

TOMMY'S PLACE 302 E. 82nd
1 & 2 John Sproff & Blues Butchers
7 Troy Turner
9 Ian Moore & Moments
Notice
10 Sweat Addicts
15 Squareheads
16 Clay Blaker & the Texas
Honky Tonk Band
17 Mustang Lightning
22 & 23 Ponte Bone & Squeezetones
24 Sweat Addicts

TOWN DRAW 1801 19th
Thursdays P. F. John Jam (Rock)
2 Traumatix
16 Microwaves
23 Eddie Beethoven Band

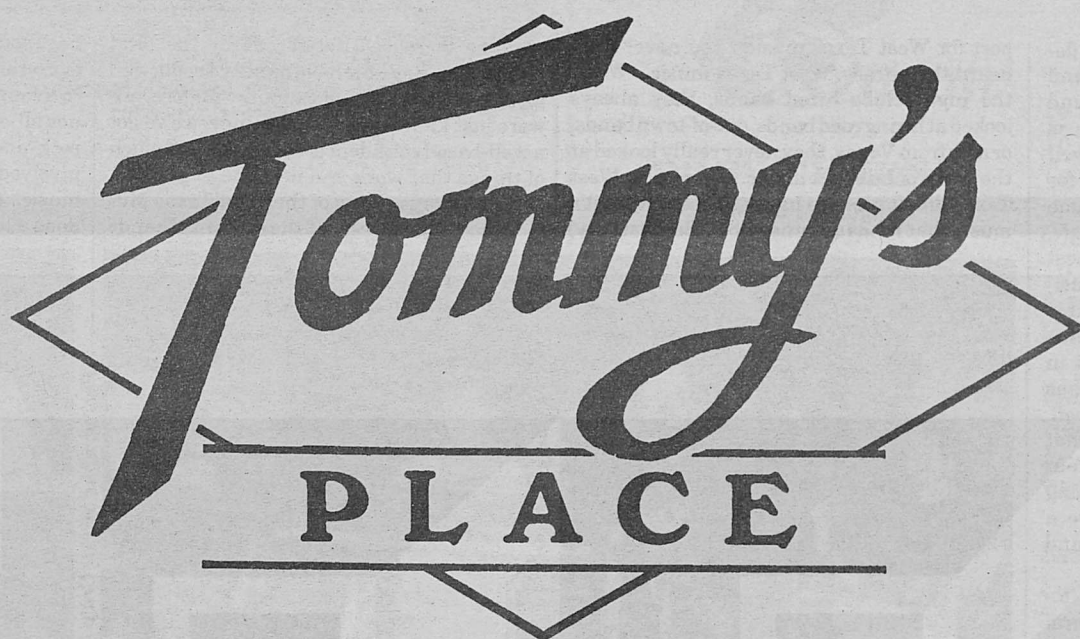
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Studio Only One Facet of Caldwell's Career

Continued from page 1

tiful lady named Terri Sue whom he describes as, "A very, very talented singer and songwriter." She does a lot of background vocals at Don Caldwell Studios. "She is constantly creating," says Don. Don Caldwell Recording Studios has been in business for nearly 20 years. As I spoke to Don, it became clear that he has a love for West Texas music, and a strong desire to help others be the best they can be. He enjoys the recording business and seems to feel the most comfortable staying behind the scenes as other musicians do their thing. Don is deeply involved in promoting music from this area, and has definite ideas on how to make that happen. "We need to develop a marketing leg that represents the kind of music that comes out of this area." Don believes that everything from country, to classical, to jazz, have a West Texas flare to it that is unique and worthy of national recognition.

I asked Don if he put this business together by himself, and he said, "No, several friends have helped out. About 18 years ago the first full time employee of the studio was Lloyd Maines. He is now an independent producer, but still works through this studio and maintains an office here. The next serious producer/engineer to come along was Mark Murray. He has been with us since 1984. Mark is a graduate of the South Plains College Sound Technology program. We've also had another very good technician come our way, Alan Crossland, also a graduate of SPC."

"The thing that's made it possible to stay in business and work this deal, is that everyone that has ever engineered here, and been able to survive, has been a musician." Don feels it takes a personal involvement to stay with it, especially in a small business. "You just don't have guys that are strictly electronics, they have to be jacks of all, in the trade."

So, just like being a musician you have to have a feel for it all? "Yes, exactly!"

What kind of changes have you seen in the last 10 to 20 years? "There have been tremendous changes; there were no recording studios in Lubbock. Historically somebody had a little garage studio, but nothing that ever stayed together or lasted. Basically there was very little, if any community sup-

port for West Texas music - you never even heard the phrase 'West Texas music'. When the night clubs hired bands, they always looked at hiring road bands, out-of-town bands, or acts from Vegas, they never really looked at the value of Lubbock music. Not really. West Texas didn't seem to have the respect for it's music that it has obtained now. So, basically,

and the increased awareness by the local musicians, they now have quality production facilities to get the word out. "Before, we were just kids experimenting, now we've got a well-based confidence, we've found a bunch of things that work and it's time to go on."

Has the organizing of the West Texas Music Association increased the amount of bands

have some kind of country music roots. Nearly everything that's done kind of attaches itself to a country basis. Now I'm saying most of it, not all of it. We deal with music that's pure rock and roll; we do classical music that's involved with the University, and we do gospel music. Not as much as we use to, but we've done a lot of gospel music. We also do a lot of



Don playing sax with his band Main Frame which includes Bonny Dickenson (keyboards), Mike Halley (guitar) and Jeff Zinn (bass). Not shown is drummer Steve Meador.

the overall that you look at now is a recognized 'music happening' in West Texas by the general population."

Don's present goals include promoting West Texas talent on a large scale, and making a definite space for "West Texas music." "It's a proven fact now, that music can be produced in this town that is worthy of national recognition. And I think the longer music is done here, the more solid it's going to get and the more attention it will naturally receive."

Don is also looking at all of this very realistically. He knows that getting the industry to acknowledge "West Texas music," and all it encompasses, is only half of the battle. He is very much aware that to market this area's music successfully, you must deal with corporate America. "You have to show them how they can make money," says Don. "They don't care about the music, they care about the money." But Don's not worried too much. He is confident that with the support of the people

that come to you? "There aren't necessarily any more bands than before, but more musicians from this area are centering themselves here for their recording activities. They are starting to look at Lubbock as a home to develop their music more than ever before. Caldwell Studios offers a relaxed atmosphere. And if you want input from our staff, we have a lot of experience behind us," Don says.

Caldwell Studios has been getting positive reinforcement from all across the country. They have a 24 track studio, an eight track studio and two recording rooms for live music production. They also have a MIDI room. For those of us who don't know what a "MIDI" room is (myself included), it's a room where electronic instruments that are addressable and computer synchronized are programmed into a computer. The computer, in turn, tells the instruments what to play.

What types of music do you usually record? "Most of the things that happen in this area

jingles for various businesses, and those range anywhere from rock and roll, to big bands, to country pop; whatever style you want."

Don was kind enough to give me a tour of the studio and I was able to meet his staff. Everyone I came in contact with seemed quite dedicated and sincerely interested in what they were doing. You could feel the talent, both technically and musically. I had never been in a recording studio before, and Don was very patient, explaining how things worked.

I think Don is what I consider a truly successful person. Not because he's a thriving businessman, not because he's a talented saxophone player, but because he has the ability to do something we all wish for ourselves. He makes a living doing something he loves and enjoys the most. I know with people like Don and his staff, "West Texas music" will make a mark on the industry that will last and last.



Mark Murray (above) and Alan Crossland make the studio "sing."

Photographs by Curt Crisp

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FANTOM OF THE OPRY REVIEWS

This is one of those reviews that has some good news and some bad news.

I had the opportunity to hear an artist by the name of MICHAEL J. MARTIN at Tommy's Place. MJM has a beautiful voice. It is easy, bluesy, and smooth on some songs and he can really deliver on others. His vocal style is really versatile. This artist is an enigma.

One type of songs that he writes are called OFF THE WALL SONGS. The lyrics are suggestive, vulgar, and in bad taste to any real music lover. The most offensive of these is "OFF MY FACE." The least offensive of this collection is "DARLENE."

On the flip side of the MJM cassette called "CHOICE CUTS," there is a complete change. Beautifully written songs, sensitive, and thoughtful. I liked "TEXAS TRUCK STOP CAFE," which shows just

how observant MICHAEL J. MARTIN is to the characters in life around him. My favorite song was "WRONG AGAIN." The saddest song is "WHO ARE THE NAMES ON THE WALL." This song was written about the monument of the names of our American soldiers lost in Vietnam, and the hurt and pain of the ones who came home. It really touches the listener.

MICHAEL J. MARTIN's melodies are all good. His lyrics make you wonder which style is the true MICHAEL J. MARTIN? Is he strong and sensitive or "off the wall?" I believe he's the MJM of Choice Cuts. Will the real MICHAEL J. MARTIN, please, stand up!!!

Until next month, I'll be around. . . . Somewhere!!!

The Fantom



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Rhyme & Reason

DIME A DOZEN

By Paul Bullock

Give a dime a dozen
A nickel for a half
Put more dough into the oven
Give our baker men a laugh
Giving bullets to our babies
Giving young men hate and wrath
Giving father's tears and maybes
Giving up the fatted calf.

Give a dime a dozen
Baker's dozen for you sir
Keep your buzz words buzzin'
Put gun barrels in and stir
Put a pinch of powder
Put a pinch of poison gas
Put land mines among the flowers
For young lovers as they pass.

Give a dime a dozen
Sugar coated if you please
Got a fresh batch in the oven
Got some land we need to seize
Got a brother killing brother
Got an orphan on the run
Got a son that hates his mother
And that mother hates her son.

Give the damned a dozen
They will take them anyway
Talk Afghanistan to Russians
Vietnam in the U.S.A.
Talk life and limb we've all lost
Tell a mother not to cry
Then divvy up the whole cost
Dime a dozen is a lie.

UNTITLED

By Paul Bullock

It ain't easy, don't you know
To make the music flow.
To hold a note or let it go.
To inhale a piano.

Oh impossible you say
To watch a player play.
A player cannot play that way.
He can't inhale a piano.

Well just sit down there and see
Hear the music that he weaves
And watch this player breath.
Watch him inhale the piano.

See him pound and pull and thrust
See a bass string strain and bust
See he turned the ivories into dust.
See him inhale the piano.

See him breath up dust and sweat
See him bleed without regret.
Sorry sir you've lost your bet.
He can inhale a piano!

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RHYTHM, RHYMES & ROYALTIES

BY CARY C. BANKS

It is in troubled times like these that writers and artists are needed most. In the midst of helplessness and despair, the poet gives the world what it so desperately desires. Hope! Songs of peace bring renewed hope that nations and people will work together to overcome differences, and respect the sanctity and dignity of life here on this earth. Hope that someday we will use our wealth and energy for education and art, rather than missiles and munitions. It is for this reason that I have chosen this column space to reflect on Julie Gold's beautiful and moving song, "From A Distance."

I first heard it on Nancy Griffith's album, "Lone Star State of Mind." (Nancy's rendition of the song remains my favorite.) Recently the song has become a Top Ten hit for superstar Bette Midler.

Julie Gold has captured what so many of us hope and believe, and I consider it altogether fitting we take to heart the message presented in this timely and timeless anthem. The lyrics speak for themselves and I can only add a hearty "Amen."

Till next time . . . Pray for Peace.

"From A Distance"

words & music by
Julie Gold

I.
From a distance the world looks blue
and green
And the snow capped mountains white.
From a distance the ocean meets the stream
And the eagle takes to flight.

Chorus:

From a distance there is harmony
And it echo's through the land.
It's the voice of hope. It's the voice of peace.
It's the voice of every man.

II
From a distance we all have enough
And no one is in need.
There are no wars, no bombs and no disease
No hungry mouths to feed.

Chorus:

From a distance we are instruments
Marching in a common band.
Playing songs of hope. Playing songs
of peace.
They're the songs of every man.

Bridge:
God is watching us, God is watching us
God is watching us from a distance.

III
From a distance you look like my friend
Even though we are at war.
From a distance, I can't comprehend
What all this war is for.

Chorus:

Form a distance there is harmony
And it echo's through the land
It's the hope of hopes. It's the love of loves.
It's the heart of every man.

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West Texas Recording N•E•W•S

BY LLOYD MAINES

Well, there's nothing more exciting to a songwriter or singer than to get their material and talent preserved on tape. West Texas is lucky to have several great recording facilities.

Here is what has been going on in the West Texas recording world from December 1-January 20.

Don Caldwell Studios:

Song demos- Eve Johnson, Jere Lowe, Nowlin Tubbs, Betty Chisolm, Laurie Turpin, and J.W. Daniel.

Album Projects in Progress- Aces and Eights, Tick Tock, Reggie Vaughn, Wilson Baldwin, Andy Wilkinson, and Brent Cox.

Albums Completed- Tres Con Fe, Noelia Cavazos, La Paz De Cristo, and Joe Whitten.

Jingles and Production Music- HMC Advertising-United Christmas Jingle, Armstrong Advertising-Gebos, KJAK station ID's, Mac's Olds, The Villa Club, Parkinson Electronics, Ogletree Productions, and Indiana Avenue Baptist Church.

Interesting Note: Jimmy Collins, singer-songwriter from New Mexico who recorded an album at Caldwell's a few months ago has gotten national attention for the song "Cowboy Rap." Jimmy started his own record label "Platinum Edge." Cowboy Rap has created such a stir that as of mid-December he had sold over 28,000 copies nationwide. This is pretty amazing for a

new label and on the first album. Congratulations Jimmy!

Broadway Studios:

Craig Alderson tells me they are staying busy with their sound reinforcement business and still doing song demos and video sweetening.

Audio Chain Recording:

Albums in Progress- Robert Dupuy, Blake Kitchens, Southern Draw, and Crystal Creek.

Jungle Studios:

Albums in Progress- The Nelsons
Albums Completed- Bugs Henderson
Demos- Woody Key

• IN MEMORIAM •

Wally Moyers, Sr.

On a sad note, long time West Texas musician Wally Moyers Sr. past away on January 21, 1991 after a lengthy illness. I had the opportunity to work with him in the studio. He was a great musician and great person. He will be missed by the West Texas community.



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