

Luckenbach MOON



"People can't believe we have such a big moon for such a small town" —Hondo Crouch

VOLUME 18 ISSUE 7

Dedicated to Peter Cedarstacker

July 2012

★ ★ **Wed., July 4th - 1pm** ★ ★



Hosted by
Walt & Tina Wilkins
The Mystiqueros,
The Tejas Brothers
& The Drakes

4pm - Lawn Mower Parade

6pm - Dale Mayfield - Picker Circle

Saturday, July 14th • 9pm



Jake Hooker



Saturday, July 28th • 9pm

Kyle Park



Cody Johnson Band
opening
(outdoor show)



Check website or call for ticket info & details
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FEST OUT WEST
JULY 7TH



RECKLESS KELLY
ROBERT EARL KEEN
DALE WATSON
DOUG MORELAND

TREVOR HICKLE + JIMMY LEE JONES

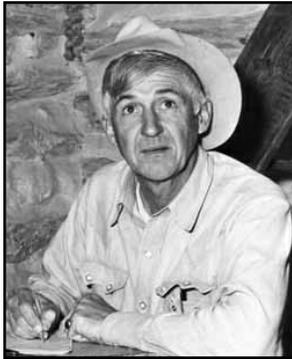
AT
LUCKENBACH TEXAS

JULY 7, 2012
12:00 PM - 8:00 PM



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Note: From 1961-1973, Hondo (nom de plume, or alias, or AKA Peter Cedarstacker) wrote a social satire column for the *Comfort News*. The fictional town of Cedar Creek and all of its characters eventually became the real town of Luckenbach and all of its characters (*and Luckenbach has some real characters!*) The MOON reserves a special corner for Peter Cedarstacker, Writer, as a corner of wit and human insight for us today.

-Becky Crouch Barrales

CEPARD CREEK CLIPPINGS

A beautiful dry still Indian Summer showed up and me and Mama celebrated it by takin' our blanket and sleepin' middle in the pasture under the big tree.

Do you ever sleep under a big tree? Heckee no. Most folks are afraid to sleep under a big tree. Afraid of bugs, gorillas or stingin' ants. Or you might be scared the Joneses will see you goin' to bed in your underwear or puttin' on your mornin' clothes.

The president of the Bear Creek bank is the outdoor type and would like to sleep under a tree but his customers would see him and lose confidence in him layin' there on the ground and take all their money outa his F.D.I.C. (as advertised) bank.

Mrs. Wurstbottom, president, usta sleep out but now she says it's too cumbersome.

Lenny Birmingham Jones doesn't like to sleep under a tree anymore because his feet'll stick out. He liked to when he was boy scout-length.

Me and Mama like every part of sleepin' under a tree middle in the pasture. Especially the people sounds you don't hear. A wonderful imagination can turn a distant, weak sound into a fairy prince or a big alligator.

Sleeping in the pasture will solve your problems of how early squirrel get outa bed or how late coons go home. And if you roll over on your side you will see how many different kinds of little bug-folks live so close to each other and how tall the grass must seem to a mouse even durin' the drought.

When you sleep in the pasture it seems to mean more when you accidently touch your pallet mate.

What I don't like 'bout sleepin' in the pasture is givin' up to the sun.

PETER CEDARSTACKER
WRITER

Remember: Fight Schweitzerkase!

Cowboy Doug

By Walt Perryman (5/26/12)

Cowboy Doug was a cowboy and he could play and sing.
He was not a drugstore cowboy, he was the real thing.

Last night the Lord called Doug over to the other side.
God gave him a guitar and a good horse to ride.

On Earth all he wanted was to be a cowboy and sing.
Only difference is he is in Heaven, doing the same thing.

The Sunday night picking circle will have an empty chair,
Although we cannot see him, he will always be there.

I believe that last night when Cowboy Doug died,
God said to him, "Cowboy up, it is time to ride".



Luckenbach MOON

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We would like to acknowledge and thank the following "Somebodies" who made this month's MOON possible:

Peter Cedarstacker aka Hondo Crouch, Becky Crouch Barrales, John Raven, C. P. Vaughn and Robbyn Dodd.

Help us keep Luckenbach legal,
Please do not bring alcohol or take it off the grounds when you leave.

Doug Davis and I became friends back in 1836.

After the siege of the Alamo and under the command of General Sam Houston, Doug and I became brothers in arms. We fought in, and won one of the most decisive battles in America's history, the Battle of San Jacinto. (The Alamo, 2004). Doug and I shared a love of acting and getting to play in some fun stuff...especially historical and western films. We always kept each other up on upcoming film opportunities. I also thoroughly enjoyed getting to sit in and play in his fabulous picker circles that he hosted every Sunday evening for years.

Doug's passing on May 25th had a profound effect on me. I traveled to his home the night after he died to take that ol' cowboy a boot full of flowers. The porch light was on but the rest of the old place was dark. Doug's 4 wheeled bronze stallion (old Chrysler Ambassador) was parked beside the house, loaded up with all his gear, ready to play what would have been this particular Saturday night's gig.

Earlier in the day I had developed an idea for a song reflecting the journey that surely laid ahead for Cowboy Doug. I had only written a rough verse or two and felt that I might get Doug to help me with this song...after all, it was about him. It was an opportunity for some closure too. So I asked Doug to wait there on the porch just a few minutes while I walked across the street to buy us some beer. I set a cold one on his chair and opened one up for me...lit a cigar, opened my notebook and wrote this....or did Doug write this?



The Cowboy Angel Trail

By Michael Waite, 26 May, 2012

Woke up early one mornin'.

Beat the sun to the day.

Saddled up my horse, away I did ride.

We were headin' someplace far, far away.

Up that old familiar path, to the end of the trail,

I'd ridin' so many times before.

It used to be so rough....but something's different now...

Could I be at Heaven's front door?

'Cause my senses were now sharp, my memory so clear,

I heard the creakin' and the smell of new leather.

Then my horse sprouted wings, and away we did fly.

Gliden' over them hills like a feather.

Oh we'll ride the wings of horses,

when we've rolled to the end of Earth's rails.

No fear, no pain. 'Cause the journey remains.

Saddle up for the Cowboy Angel Trail.

We traveled all day, and into the night,

Played guitar on some bright and distant star.

Though now I'll never tire, I'll still stop to admire,

All my friends down at the Luckenbach Bar.

A cool breeze always blows through my bunkhouse, now.

And the sun will forever shine.

The worst that could ever happen to me now,

My wings might kick a little stardust in my eyes.

So we'll ride the wings of horses,

when we've rolled to the end of Earth's rails.

No fear, no pain. 'Cause the journey remains.

Saddle up for the Cowboy Angel Trail.

Well the Earth was alright but you'll find me tonight,

Ridin' up the Cowboy Angel Trail.

Yeah, I've turned the tide boys, I made it to the other side.

Headin' up the Cowboy Angel Trail.

See you some day on the Cowboy Angel Trail.



EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY

by
Becky Crouch
Barrales

"Cowboy Up, It's Time to Ride!"

(A Tribute to Our Beloved Cowboy Doug)

Cowboy Doug Davis practically died with his boots on, singing everywhere up until the night he died, May 25, at 60, after losing his battle against cancer. I thought the name of this article would be "Cowboy Doug is Buried in Sheriff Marge's Grave". Sheriff Marge never used her plot that her daughter Roberta so generously offered up for him. Her spirit and ashes are "staring down at us" from the traffic light mounted up in the corner of the Luckenbach bar. So the plot changed. Cowboy Doug found greener pastures at the Greenwood Cemetery, where a riderless horse trotted beside his hearse, followed by two mounted horses. Bill Lewis sang "Ridin' Down the Canyon" with Ron Knuth on the fiddle. Mike Waite recited a song. Luckenbach Poet Laureate Walt Perryman recited one of the three poems he wrote. Doug's absence was so dreaded a stuffed dummy was immediately propped in a chair on his front porch, like he was still there.



Like many Luckenbach Regulars, Cowboy Doug found his way here and never left. He left his home in Charlottesville, Virginia, when he was 20.

Cowboy Doug was a cowboy who could play and sing. He was not a drugstore cowboy, he was the real thing. – Perryman. He worked on ranches from Texas to Montana, worked with race horses at Churchill Downs, Belmont, and the Fairgrounds in New Orleans. He also rode jumpers and cutting horses. As a cowboy poet, alias Johnny Inkslinger, his poems came from real cowboy experience.

Doug's music career included bands such as Al Dressen's Super Swing Review, Intexication, The Supernatural Family Band, Freddy Steady's Wild Country, The 620 Ranch Hands, The Note Ropers, Texas Style, Flying J Wranglers, The Stony Ridge Playboys, The Lonesome Riders. He leaves behind singin' buddy Bill Lewis as part of The Elderly Brothers.

The Pickers Circle, invented by Hondo, was always a tradition in our family. We didn't have a TV until the Sixties so we spent our time sitting around in living rooms and patios listening to Hondo play guitar and sing with his friends, the Hills, and whoever else showed up. Its purpose was to keep someone from hogging the show, to take turns. He shushed the talkers, put the singer on a pedestal, taught us to be a respectful audience. One guest of ours was youngster Guy Clark (age 20) who said he'd never seen this custom before.

The Pickers Circle for Doug's wake under the canopy of oak trees at Luckenbach was 30 – 50 musicians, 200 – 300 listeners – all present to show their love for a man. The song tributes – with an occasional grito from a rooster – expressed their sentiments. Bill Lewis opened with "I'm Back in the Saddle Again", followed by Jimmy Lee Jones' "I'm Too Sick to Pray". "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry", "Will the Circle be Unbroken", "Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground" (Josh Peek). "I Believe" (Sol Patch Melissa Weatherley), "Revival" (Richard Vidmer), "Road Trip with Jesus" (Bill Nash), "Miss Molly" (Rodney Joe Smith), "If I Needed You" (Jake Martin). "Get On That Train", "Copperhead Road", and many more...

Bluegrass tunes were revved up with two dobros, a mandolin, a banjo. Two stand-up basses enriched the

chorus sound. Some of the other musicians were Barick Blackwell, Cam King, Bo Porter, Rob Davis, Shan and Annie from ShAnnie, Will Owen Gage, Kem Watts, Royce Laskoskie, Emily Herring, Bill Smallwood, Danny and Lorna Terry and many others who couldn't even find a chair in the circle.

Cowboy Doug owned a six-string banjo made by friend Bill Badeaux. Called a "guitjo" or "banjitar", Doug wanted a banjo sound without having to learn a new instrument. Made from a hodgepodge of parts, "the left hand thinks it's a guitar," said Doug, "and the

right hand thinks it's a banjo. It's a sound you'll hear no place else."

Doug's music tribute was a sound you'd hear no place else. If you've been to Luckenbach, whether to make music or listen, you're family, where love can offer up a family burial plot or bring an invasion of musicians with song monuments. Someday we will all go. But songs live on forever.

... the Sunday night picking circle will always have an empty chair, although we can't see him, he'll always be there; I believe that last night when Doug died, God said to him, "Cowboy up, it's time to ride!" – Walt Perryman



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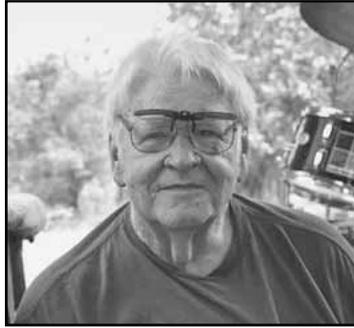
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You can't forget Memories

July 2012

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For my friends from out of state.

I know a lot of nice folk who show up to see and experience Luckenbach Texas are not fortunate enough to live within the borders of Texas so I thought I would do a few lines on the State of Texas FYI. "FYI" supposedly stands for "For your information". Actually it means, "I can't think of anything else to write".

Texas started out as the Mexican state of Coahuila y Tejas. In 1821, the Mexican population threw out the Spaniards who had been running Mexico. Mexico became a Nation.

In 1822, Mexico started allowing some immigrants into Texas to help civilize the place. This worked well until 1836 when the immigrants, legal and illegal took the state away from Mexico and formed the Republic of Texas.

Texas was a little larger then than it is now. The Republic of Texas included the present bounds plus parts of: Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico.

When we, the Texians, joined the Union, we decided all the land we would need would be the present bounds. The rest of our holdings went to the United States with the understanding that the US Soldiers would help us fight the Indians who were still not happy about the Europeans trying to take their lands.

Present day Texas is pretty fair size. It contains 268,820 square miles of land. It measures 801 miles from north to south and 773 miles from east to west.

The highest place in Texas is Guadalupe Peak in far West Texas at 8,751 feet last we measured it. The lowest place in Texas is sea level which runs all along the coast. The longest river in Texas is the Colorado at 600 miles.

There has been a lot of talk about Alaska being the biggest state in the Union. Well, the latest scientific studies show that with global warming, when all the ice melts off of Alaska, it will fit nicely in the Waxahachie city limits.

As of last count, Houston is the largest city in Texas. It also ranks as fourth largest city in the United States. Smallest city is Luckenbach with population of 3, not

counting chickens and pickers.

We have several "cities" with interesting names. I like Nacogdoches which is not to be confused with Natchitoches which is in Louisiana.

Some place names are hard on non-Texans. Bexar County where Sanantone* lives is not pronounced (bex-er) It is properly (bay-har). You can get away with "Bayer" if you are a county commissioner.

Another "X" name is Mexia. Properly (Muh-hay-uh).

Iraan is not misspelled mid-east country, it is (Ira-Ann) after a brother and sister.

Mobeetie, up in the Pan Handle, was originally "Sweetwater". When the town applied for a post office the name Sweetwater was already taken so the Indian word mobeetie which was supposed to mean sweetwater was chosen. Later they found mobeetie was actually Indian word for buffalo feces.

Refugio is not (re-fuge-e-oh) it's (Re-fury-O). No one seems to know why.

Falfurrias is pretty well pronounced that way. It was named after a big ranch. Jury is still out on what Falfurrias means.

Texas is big on descriptive place names. For example, if you are hard to get along with, you can live in either Gun Barrel City or Cut and Shoot. If you like food you can have Oatmeal, Bacon, Turkey or Rice. If you like nice things you could live in: Happy, Friendship, Smiley, Paradise or Comfort.

If you like to visit around, you can find: Atlanta, Detroit, Memphis, Miami and Reno all in Texas.

Yep, Texas is a big place. If it wasn't so big there wouldn't be room for all the tourist and wineries.

As you may or may not know, Luckenbach Texas was named after Albert Luckenbach. In nearby Blanco County there is another "town" named after Mr. Luckenbach. It is Albert, Texas. If you want to visit Albert you can go via: The Lower Albert Road, The Upper Albert Road or The Hye (Pronounced "Hi") Albert Road. It would be best to let your GPS figure it out.

*The proper name of the home of the Alamo is San Antonio. If you are old time Texan, it is "Sanantone". If you are really old time like me, it's "Santone". There are from time to time fist fights over the correct pronunciation.

www.luckenbachtexas.com

JULY CALENDAR

This schedule may change... Call or check online for info on **TICKETED** events 888-311-8990

Sun	1st	Ed Jurdi & Gordy Quist	1pm
Mon	2nd	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	3rd	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm
Wed	4th	4th of July Celebration • Hosts-Walt & Tina Wilkins The Mystiqueros • The Tejas Brothers • The Drakes Dale Mayfield-Pickers Circle	1pm 6pm
Thu	5th	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	6th	Sol Patch Rosie Flores - Dance	4pm 8pm
Sat	7th	Fest Out West- Reckless Kelly Robert Earl Keen & Many Others blacktopGYPSY	Noon TICKET 9pm
Sun	8th	South Austin Moonlighters	1pm
Mon	9th	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	10th	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm
Wed	11th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm
Thu	12th	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	13th	Sol Patch Kick-A-Boot Band - Dance	4pm 8pm
Sat	14th	Sons of Fathers Jake Hooker	1pm TICKET 9pm
Sun	15th	Thomas Michael Riley	1pm
Mon	16th	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	17th	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm
Wed	18th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm
Thu	19th	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	20th	Sol Patch Josh Peek - Dance	4pm 8pm
Sat	21st	Lone Star Music Day Two Hoots & a Holler • Mike Stinson	1pm
Sun	22nd	John Evans	1pm
Mon	23rd	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	24th	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm
Wed	25th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm
Thu	26th	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	27th	Sol Patch Drew Womack - Dance	4pm 8pm
Sat	28th	Emory Quinn Kyle Park • Cody Johnson Band	1pm TICKET 9pm
Sun	29th	Adam Hood • Jason Eady • Brian Keane	1pm
Mon	30th	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	31st	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle Monday-Friday - Jimmy Lee Jones-Picker Circle Most Sundays - Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm 1pm 5pm

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