Luckenbach



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

VOLUME 18 ISSUE 8

Dedicated to Peter Cedarstacker

August 2012

BLUE DAY AUGUST **BLUES & BLUEGRASS**



Brennen Leigh - 3pm

Seth Walker - 4pm

Robyn Ludwick - 5pm

Mingo Fishtrap - 6pm

Shinyribs - 7:30pm

THE GREENCARDS - 9pm

Saturday, August 25th

Jason Isbell & the 400 Unit

Walt Wilkins & The Mystiqueros



Friday Nite Dances 8pm

3rd - Almost Patsy Cline Band 10th - Weldon Henson

24th - Jason Cassidy 31st - Jason Allen

Check website or call for ticket info & details

www.luckenbachtexas.com

Saturday, Aug. 11th



1pm - John Slaughter Band

Saturday, Aug. 18th Lone Star Music Day **<1pm** Shurman • Paula Nelson Band



Chris Wall 9pm **Band**



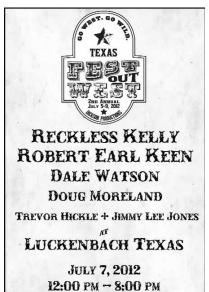


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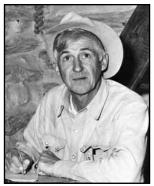


Luckenbach MOON

The LUCKENBACH MOON is published monthly by Luckenbach Texas, Inc. Opinions expressed in The LUCKENBACH MOON do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the owners, directors, or staff of Luckenbach Texas, Inc. 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.



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



The Wurstbottom family were breakfast, dinner and supper guests of the Joneses again Wed. of this week.

Senator Garble was an unexpected (he always is) visitor to Cedar Creek Wed. of this week. He came to thank all the people for votin' for him so much and nearly bought a round of beer, but he out-fumbled good little ole Jesus McNeil who let us use his unemployment check for a while. The one with the square holes in it.

After 4 more rounds, Senator Garble got more important and gave us a garbled report on several bills such as: HR 2468, ODT 3.00a, 24SKIDOO, and PS 007.

The Senator introduced PS 007 because he owes Mr. Spite a favor. (Has somethin' to do with a ballot box.) And the letters PS means "Pig Sales," and Mr. Spite is makin' money on his Home ranch for not raisin' pigs and on his pig ranch for raisin' 'em.

Senator Garble explained why, but I forgot now, the gov't subsidizes the pig breeder. Oh, it's to make the pigs cost more. But then they cost so much the feed lot man can't buy 'em so the people in Washington give some of our money (called a subsidy) to the feed lot man. Sos the pig trucker won't be left out they include him and that leaves pigs too high to export. And guess what? So the exporter and the butcher have to be subsidized too. And that makes a happy family.

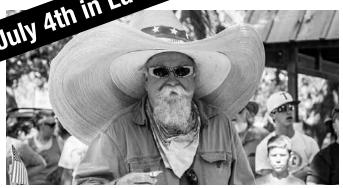
Did you say, how 'bout the customer who buys the pig meat? He was left out on purpose. To h--- with him. He's the guy who's furnishin' the money for the project.

Ain't it funny (it really ain't) how the fellows in Washington can get their tail in a crack like that? And now they're just itchin' to get a pig in your kitchen, even though it's subsidized from the gate to the plate.

Peter Cedarstacker Writer

Remember: Fight Pyracantha











EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY

by Becky Crouch Barrales

Our Luckenbach Poet Lariat (and Laureate) Walt Perryman

Laureate – distinguished, celebrated; worthy of honor; as a poet crowned with a laurel wreath Lariat – lasso, rope

- Webster's Dictionary

Poet Walt Perryman is both laureate and lariat. Our esteemed Luckenbach regular faithfully shows up at important times – to mark someone's death, to celebrate someone or something's uniqueness. He can put them on a pedestal with the monument of his poems. He is also our cowboy poet lariat because he throws a lasso 'round our hearts and draws us closer together.

Hondo, at 18, wrote in his diary (as if someone would read it someday), saying: "If this isn't plain enough, punctuated right, slang, then you ain't the kind to read it no how." Walt offered up the same artist license and apology to me. Like Mark Twain, he writes like he talks. "Becky," he said, "please excuse my poor grammar and punctuation skills."

"I was born in Pecos Texas in 1944, grew up in a small town called Grandfalls. I started out trying to cowboy but the money was in the oil fields. After several years in the oil field I went to work in Saudi Arabia for 26 years. When I filled out my job application for Saudi Arabia I mentioned I was in the top ten of my class. Of course there were only twelve in my class, but I always attribute my success as being in the top ten of my class."

"I retired and moved to Fredericksburg in 2000. Started going to Luckenbach in 2002, right before the flood. I tell everyone that I came out to Luckenbach 11 years ago to drink a beer and never left. When someone asks me if I have lived here all my life I answer, "Not yet". I have written poems for many years but never shared them much until I came to Luckenbach. When I first got here I thought I

would learn how to play a guitar so I could get in the picker circle. Well, after three lessons and no progress, I decided one night to recite a couple of my poems. People seemed to like them so here I am. I probably have an hour's worth memorized. I usually get in the circle and tell a few, I always tell true stories, except for two and they are purtin-near true."

In just a short time, Walt can reach out to people, observe and sum up a story. Some of his poems come from heartache and he can't even write about them until fifty years later. Like My First Love, the first puppy he lost. He had his puppy on a rope and was going to the store to trade in his pop bottles for a candy bar. Either the rope was too long or the car drove too close. He buried it in his grandmother's yard. "At least", he said, "I didn't have to dig too deep a hole because my puppy was already flat." *True Love* is a love poem about Honey. At the end of the poem is when you realize he met Honey at the dog pound. Walt often brought Honey dog to the Luckenbach dance hall. Again, a little dog on a big rope. Do a double take. Walt kinda looks like Will Rogers.



He says, "I love Luckenbach for many reasons but here are a few. I have many friends here, good friends. I have met people from all over the world. What is really surprising is the people I meet from days gone by. People from my little home town, people I have worked with, people that know people I know and it goes on and on. Hondo once said, "Luckenbach is the center of the universe." Well it must be or at least it is for me."

Puppy Dog

by Walt Perryman

This is a true story that is fixing to unfold, It happened to me in Grandfalls, when I was six years old.

One day I got a little puppy and he was solid black. We were at Grandmother's house playing out in back.

I decided to sell some empty soda bottles and buy a candy bar. I would have to go to Miss Eudaly's store, but it wasn't very far.

I found a long piece of cotton rope that was plenty strong, And tied it around my puppy's neck so he could come along.

I started down the road, my puppy on a rope and bottles in a sack.

I heard something coming from behind, but I never looked back.

Then a man drove by in a black pickup truck. My puppy darted out and my puppy ran out of luck.

That man ran over my puppy and puppy made a splat. It was hit and run! He just kept a going and he left my puppy flat.

I was crying but still holding the rope. I had never let it go, I dragged my puppy back to Grandmother's and I was feeling low.

My puppy was leaving a trail of blood and I was feeling sick, And I remember how my poor little puppy wasn't very thick.

I buried that puppy out by Grandmother's clothesline pole, I remember that I didn't have to dig a very deep hole.

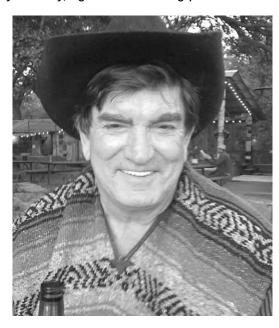
I never figured out who was in the right or who was in the wrong. I do not know if that man drove too close or my rope was too long.

It has been over fifty years since I lost that puppy of mine, But I think I will be ok, I just need a little more time.

True Love

By Walt Perryman

I love her so much I do not know what to do,
And, I know she feels the same way about me to.
Her faith in me I never doubt.
Her love I never want to be with out.
Even when I do something wrong,
She never stays mad very long.
She does not care about riches and fame,
I reckon we both feel about the same.
Yes, at last true love, I have found.
By the way, I got her at the dog pound.





Jimmy Lee Get Well! We miss you!

"BE SOMEBODY" in LUCKENBACH APPAREL & STUFF

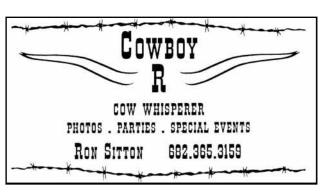


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You can't forget Memories

July 2012 Copyright John Raven



How I spent my Fourth of July

For many years the Fourth of July has been a pretty important occasion on my agenda. The past few years I had been coasting and not doing anything other than just getting through the day. I decided this year would be different.

A few weeks in advance I started planning the day. My hometown of Johnson City was promoting its big Razzle Dazzle celebration. Scheduled were: a parade, softball games and entertainment out at the Blanco County Fairgrounds.

Being I have seen a lot of parades and was even Grand Marshall of the Thorndale, Texas Chili Parade one year, I decided to skip the parade. The softball would have required sitting on a hard seat out in the hot sun for however long a softball game lasts. Scratch that.

That pretty much left going out to the Fairgrounds to see what was there. It was scheduled to kick-off about noon. I decided on going about one to avoid the incoming traffic.

I cleaned up and girded my loins and other exposed parts for my appearance. All during this time, my desire to go among the great unwashed abated. I checked the Luckenbach program for the day. Scheduled was the usual hoopla. Band and tourist. Still it was more desirable than the Johnson City Razzle Dazzle.

As I was gathering momentum to make the 60 mile round trip in an old truck with no air conditioning, another idea struck. Suddenly it seemed like a good idea to save the gasoline money and invest it in some barbecue and potato salad to go from the local BBQ establishment. That became the plan.

After driving the mile and a half to the BBQ joint, I find it *closed*. What kind of a BBQ joint on a busy highway closes on the Fourth of July? Apparently the one in

Johnson City does.

Never lacking a back-up plan, (If this were military operation it would be "contingency" plan). I got the truck across the highway to the Dairy Queen. This was a little after one in the P of M. There were about six people in Dairy Queen. I expressed my desire to have a steak finger basket and a medium drink. Money was exchanged, far less than it would have cost for gasoline to go to Luckenbach. I pumped my diet Coke and seated myself. Shortly my steak finger basket was delivered by a nice young lady. I started consuming the food. I know the French fries were fresh as they were hot enough to light a cigar with. I had to use a napkin to pick them up. The meal was "good". There was nothing special about it but it filled the empty space in my gut very nicely.

I had a couple of dollars left in the budget after cutting 54 miles of the original travel plan. So----I went over to Get-It-And-Go and picked up the makings for the traditional Raven Fourth of July supper, Baloney and cheese sandwiches.

Back at the ranch, in the shade, under the AC, I finished out the day emailing a couple of friends and watching some videos on YouTube.

About dark-thirty, I had my traditional baloney and cheese samwich. It was good. Half of what I have consumed in my life has been in the form of samwiches. My favorite has always been cold roast beef with Tabasco but I can no longer afford beef or Tabasco so it's baloney and cheese.

To make it to bedtime, I watched some videos of young people doing really stupid things. They are beyond "dumbed down", they

are brain dead. Where do they get the idea that they can do a backflip off a two story building onto the concrete and live to tell about it? I know, they see Spider Man do it all the time. Movies are real. I have though picked up the expressions, "Fail" and "Face plant" that I can work into conversation with the Y generation.

Have you heard about the "Y Generation"? Actually it should be "Why Generation" but it's so much easier to text just "Y".....

ROFLMAO, LOL

www.luckenbachtexas.com

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

Wed	1st	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm
Thu	2nd	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	3rd	Sol Patch Almost Patsy Cline Band - Dance	4pm 8pm
Sat	4th	Blue Day in Luckenbach Greencards • Brennen Leigh • Mingo Fishtrap Shinyribs • Seth Walker • Rolf Seiker Band Robyn Ludwick • Ruben V	1рт Тіскет
Sun	5th	Ed Jurdi & Gordy Quist	1pm
Mon	6th	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	7th	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm
Wed	8th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm
Thu	9th	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	10th	Sol Patch Weldon Henson - Dance	4pm 8pm
Sat	11th	John Slaughter Band Larry Joe Taylor • John Slaughter	1pm 9pm _{Тіскет} }
Sun	12th	Ed Jurdi & Gordy Quist & The Trishas	1pm
Mon	13th	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	14th	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm
Wed	15th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm
Thu	16th	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	17th	Sol Patch Josh Peek Band - Outdoor Dance	4pm 8pm
Sat	18th	Lone Star Music Day Shurman • Paula Nelson Band Chris Wall Band - Dance	1pm 9pm _{ТІСКЕТ}
Sun	19th	Thomas Michael Riley	1pm
Mon	20th	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	21st	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm
Wed	22nd	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm
Thu	23rd	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	24th	Sol Patch Jason Cassidy - Dance	4pm 8pm
Sat	25th	blacktopGYPSY Jason Isbell & the 400 Unit Walt Wilkins & the Mystiqueros	1рт 9рт <mark>тіскет</mark>
Sun	26th	John Evans	1pm
Mon	27th	Greg & Lisa-Picker Circle	5pm
Tue	28th	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle	5pm
Wed	29th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm
Thu	30th	Brigitte London-Picker Circle	5pm
Fri	31st	Sol Patch Jason Allen - Dance	4pm 8pm
		Most Sundays - Bill Lewis-Picker Circle 5pm	

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