

# Luckenbach MOON



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

VOLUME 16 ISSUE 1

Dedicated to Peter Cedarstacker

January 2010

**Sat., January 2nd**

**RAY WYLIE  
HUBBARD**

**9pm**

Lincoln Durham



**Sunday, January 17th**

**5pm**

**Windows on Texas  
Finale**

for info visit:  
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**Saturday, January 30th • 3pm**

**The S.A. Blue Cats  
Ben Beckendorf  
Debbi Walton  
Guy Forsythe  
Danny Brooks  
Omar & The Howlers  
Seth Walker  
PAUL THORN**



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## MARK YOUR CALENDAR 2010

- Feb. 13th - 35th Annual Hug-In & Valentine Ball w/ Gary P. Nunn
- March 6th - Texas Independence Celebration
- March 12th & 13th - Spring Break Weekend
- March 27th - Mud Dauber Festival & Ball
- April 3rd - Ray Wylie Hubbard's 2nd Grit 'n Groove Fest
- April 17th - Texas Hat Dance Festival
- April 30th - May 2nd - Hill Country Run Motorcycle Rally
- May 29th - 31st - Luckenbach's 161st Birthday Celebration



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# *Luckenbach Daylight*

To Begin the New Year we bring to you Hondo Crouch's poem filled with hope and love and thanksgiving.

Nuthin' much happened in Luckenbach this month... 'cept the potato chip man came by-I forgot about that-and then there was Daylight!

A Luckenbach daylight is that time of day you wish would never go away... when ... BANG!...all of a sudden there's no dark and there's no light, and it's foggy-and it isn't! It's as humble as life being born! Ain't that nearly a blessin'?!

Daylight on earth is when light is busy makin' little ol'nuthins into somethins...and sometimes big brown bears turn into just big brown rocks.

Daylight in the wintertime is when little drippin' icicles get a new hold on their host...and Jack Frost is busy rolling up his carpet (always from East to West) that covers the hills we love so.

Daylight in Spring is when little ol' ladies are thinkin' 'bout puttin' on big ol' bonnets and long sleeves to hide from the sun...and little young ladies are thinkin' about takin' off all their clothes to lie in it! Scare me!

And Mama's thinking about pullin' the shades in the livin' room-where nobody has really ever lived-so the sun won't sadden the colors of the rug.

Daylight in the Fall is when big-eyed deer get closer to the ground-cause they know red-eyed hunters with heavy rifles will soon be stumblin' through the brush again-and again-and again.

And big trees brace themselves. The first norther's gonna tug pretty colors out of just plain leaves...and then walk off.

A Luckenbach daylight is that magic time of day when there's just thousands of insignificant miracles happenin'. Little quiet night feet are softly remembering their way home... And soon their little delicate night tracks will be erased by big fussy day ones.

And the squawkin' mockin' bird will wake the sun. And the sun will tell the mama hoot owl it's time to fuss her big-eyed babies to bed...

And all the stars that were admired last night will take a back seat in the bus...And the fantastic firefly will be just a bug. But a giant weed will turn into a beautiful sunflower!

Then there's that unbelievable...unbelievable smell of fresh coffee!...and leathery ranchers sittin' around sippin' too many cups...just to keep from going to work-until the distant, insistent naggin' of a chain saw jerks 'em back into reality.

Little empty lunch pails are meetin' full ones on the freeway.

You know-my music-makin' friends never get to enjoy all this...they're too busy racin' the day home.

Sad folks wake up and say, "Nuther day," I wake up and say, "There she is again! There it is!" Isn't that funny...all this pretty stuff doesn't happen unless I'm there.

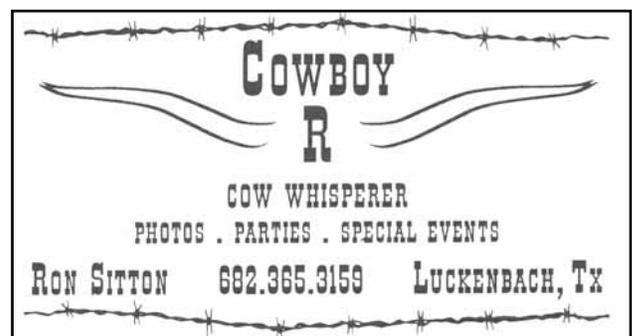
I get on my knees and pat the earth and say, "God, you done it again! God, you done good! Thank you, feller...friend!"

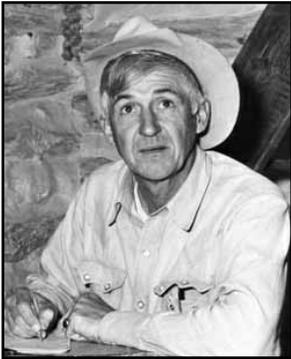
## Luckenbach **MOON**

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.





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

## CEEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS

The Cedar Creek Wurstbottoms visited the Big Flat Wurstbottoms Sunday.

Mr. Spite (white) just returned from a real successful deer huntin' trip. He belongs to a very exclusive, secretive huntin' group called the "Tidgerunner's Hunting, Eating and Explorer's Club." In fact, it's so secretive most of the members don't know what they're doin'. Since a member can take a guest once every ten years, I tagged along.

The place we hunted was way off, about two cases of beer south of Big Flat, a place called Brush Country, and none of the hunters lived there, they were way off, too.

One good rule the club has is that you don't kill for fun, you eat everything you kill. I'm sure the new member that was from the farthest North had forgotten that rule. Not bein' a gourmet like most of US (Ha Ha) he went wild the first afternoon. He started wadin' 'round in the pasture that was just crawlin' with quail, turkey, rabbits, deer; and black bass and ducks were just elbowin' each other 'round in the many lakes. His eye was on more exotic game, however, and came back with a mockin' bird, javalina, armadillo, roadrunner and mama coyote.

Since I wasn't doin' nuthin', just settin' 'round entertainin' a beer hangover and a sloshy stomach, I helped him dress some of those things. And cleanin' a yesterday's boar javalina that was shot in the corn where he eats, turned out to be a different experience. We ate parts of him and the meat had the flavor of toasted tennis shoe and texture of dandylions wrapped in dental floss. Like all the rest, it was my first experience at mockin' bird breast with mushrooms, roasted roadrunner aulupines, armadillo on the half-shell and fig newtons. The coyote we told

him to stuff it.

One good thing, the meal gave us a good excuse to drink more beer. In fact we started runnin' low on beer, down to 18 cases and had to make an amendment slowing' down on our take in and it did. We made a rule-no beer drinkin' in the mornin' till after you had brushed your teeth.

Peter Cedarstacker  
Writer

Remember: Fight the National Bird

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## FRI. & SAT. NIGHT DANCES

1st - Josh Peek Band

8th - Kathy Bauer Band

9th - Bo Porter -

Honky Tonk Horsepower

15th - Geronimo Trevino

16th - Anson Carter

22nd - Brigitte London

23rd - Mark Monaco Band

29th - Brent Allen Band

8pm

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# Good Hearts and Even Better Music:

## *A Songwriter's Circle in Luckenbach*

by Christian Wallace - President of the Texas State Terry Scholars, San Marcos, TX

The drive to Luckenbach from San Marcos is almost as rewarding as getting there. The Devil's Backbone stretches out in a zigzag of tree covered hills while deer dart across the road. Autumn is a particularly good time to make the trip down winding Ranch Road 1888. Blood red trees and patches of orange leaves along the side of the road appear

to have been colored more for their aesthetic beauty than to signify the change of seasons. The old road hugs the Blanco River most of the way and leads travelers down a beautiful path to the famous historic town.

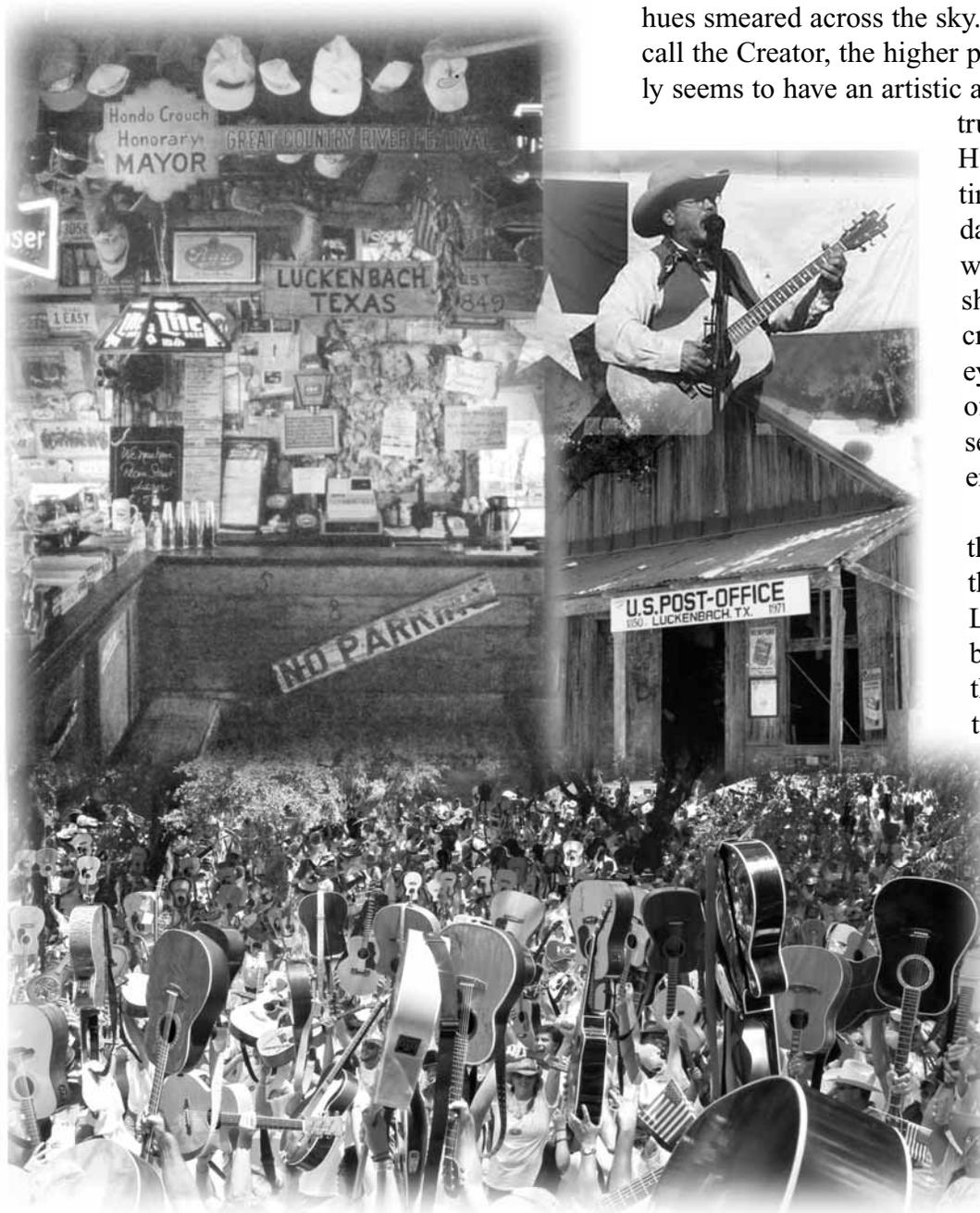
As I maneuvered my truck around the sharp curves into the setting sun, I set my sunglasses on the dashboard to get the full effect of the blending hues smeared across the sky. Whatever name you call the Creator, the higher power above us certainly seems to have an artistic appreciation. If this is

true, the sunset must be His personal painting time. On this particular day, the sky and land were his canvas as He showed the skill of His craft. Through squinted eyes I stared at strokes of red and pink that seemed to catch the entire horizon on fire.

It was almost dark by the time I pulled up to the General Store, Luckenbach's primary building, with a feeling that must be similar to travelling through time.

Knowing the history of feet that have stirred up dust from that caliche parking lot, I felt a sense of pride as if I had arrived on some foreign soil set some centuries apart from the rest of this world.

Inside the back of the store,



people were gathered around the bar talking like they were at a family reunion. Apparently, I had dressed appropriately for the occasion as my faded denim pearl snap blended into an abundance of denim jackets, shirts, and straight-leg jeans. Kent Finlay sat on wooden bench across the room from the bar with his sunburst guitar already sitting on his lap. Douglas Walker sat on a chair next to him and Aaron Einhaus was seated to the left of Douglas forming somewhat of a half circle. After uncasing my own guitar, Kent started off the music with "I'll Sing You a Story, I'll Tell You a Song."

From there on, the night began to tattoo itself onto my memory. Song-swapping began and I was fortunate enough to play a couple songs of my own as words and laughter passed between the circle. At one point, a "bandito" theme struck up and all four of us played a song that dealt with some form of outlaw. In my opinion, some of the songs were every bit as well-written as Marty Robbins's "El Paso" or Townes Van Zandt's "Pancho and Lefty." It seems both amazing and an utter crime that the world of country music is missing out on desperado lyrics like those I heard that night.

The atmosphere in the little smoke-filled room where Hondo once lit his cigarettes was not always the ideal spot for the occasion. My toes grew stiff with cold as they peaked through holes in my socks, but a wood-burning stove in the center of the room kept me warm enough to not really care. It was obvious that most of the people were locals, wearing Luckenbach emblazoned articles of clothing literally from their hats to their boots. With beer in hand, most of them talked a little above quietly to one another about a fence that needed mending or about their sons making it home for Thanksgiving. At times it was difficult to hear the finger-picking of a performer, but the local chatter never loud enough to drown out the words.

One lady walked in wearing black denim pants, a dusty cowboy hat, and a sheriff badge prominently positioned on her jean-jacket. She looked as if rather than sitting in the company of gossiping women at the beauty salon, she had taken shears or a weed eater to her bangs to save herself the trouble. She grabbed a cold beer from the bartender and smiled at me behind a leather face of kind wrinkles before putting a Marlboro to her lips. I could not help the grin that crept across my lips as I marveled about being among

the people who both administrate and define the spirit Luckenbach.

I soon ran out of songs worth playing, set my guitar back in its case, and sat back with a cup of coffee to enjoy the rest of the show. A song about the sexual promiscuity of older women made me laugh and another song about the mines of

Terlingua took my mind to Old Mexico. The place quieted down some and a couple of Luckenbach frequenters took their place in the circle. Jake, a cowboy with feathers stuck in his wide-brimmed hat, started off with a brilliant,



somber song about buzzards. A white haired man next to him sang a satirical song about Methadone addiction through whisky-stained vocals. The remaining crowd stood or sat with intense anticipation, listening to every rise and fall of strumming hands. I was awe struck sitting amongst such talented word-crafters and string-pickers.

My reverie was broken by a Blue-Heeler pup that had found my empty coffee cup. I thought for a second of all the greatness that dog was going to witness as it grew up roaming in between Wrangler legs in a world of good hearts and song. For me, the time to leave was soon approaching as Kent began the closing song. We all sang along as the last chord of "They Call It the Hill Country" was played.

Afterwards, we shook hands and thanked one another for the songs. Before I pushed the door open into the cold, I took one more glance back at the barroom. I decided that the night had been pretty near perfect. On the way home, I prayed that when I get to heaven instead of the streets being paved with gold -- my boots will touch down on creaky wooden floorboards with a dog lying next to an old wood stove and that the angel in charge will greet me wearing a sheriff badge with a smile as crooked as her bangs.

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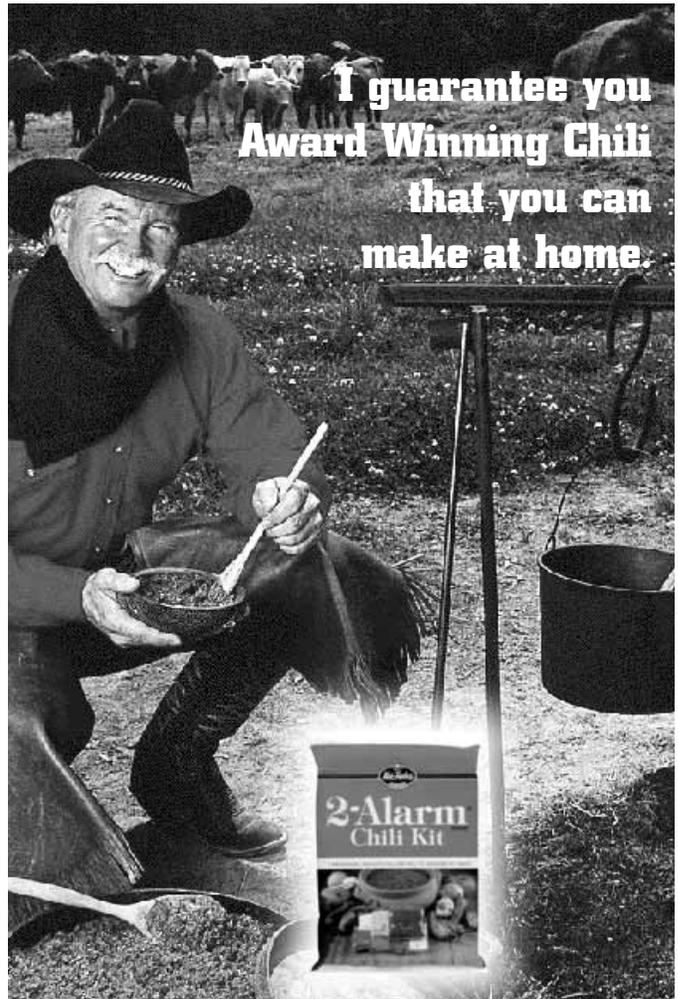
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# You can't forget Memories

January 2010  
Copyright John Raven



I have in my large collection of "Stuff nobody but Raven would keep", an August 1955 issue of "Mechanix Illustrated", a magazine for the mechanically minded and the do-it-yourself folk of the time.

This issue contains an article titled, "Amazing Marvels of Tomorrow". The contents were submissions by readers as to their visions of the days to come. Remember now this was 55 years ago. Some of you weren't hatched yet. Some of us were beginning our trip down life's dusty road.

The first entry on the list is: "Wipe-off whisker solvent".

*We have that now but I don't think it is confined to whiskers.*



The second vision is: " Sound and color cameras that record on tape. Home movies can then be played back on your TV set.

*That sure sounds like a good idea.*

On down the line: "Recording tape that plays back voice and images on receiving machine, to be mailed like letters"

*Sounds a lot like the TV tape.*

"How about a carwash built into your garage so you could keep your truck shiny"?

*That would work if all the garages were not packed full of crap all the time.*

" A central information bureau that flashes desired information on any subject after question has been dialed in".

*Can you spell Google?*

"For mothers, a pocket viewer similar to a tiny TV screen, enabling you to keep an eye on what's going on at home"

*Cell phone?*

"Moving road map on your dashboard that shows the exact location of your car as you drive merrily along your way".

*I have one that tells me which way to turn, among other things.*

"Busy housewives can freshen up fast with ten-second ultrasonic shower".

*[ note: a "housewife" was a female married person who did not have an outside job. Her principal duties were to: cook, clean, wash, iron, sweep, mop, make up beds, tend the children, be versed in first-aid and family medicine, be able to sooth a grumpy child and get it to sleep, be attractive for her husband. While not occupied with the above the "housewife" just sat around the house in her robe and listened to "Stella Dallas" on the radio]*

"Electronic money: funds are automatically transferred by pocket radio hook-up to a central bank".

*We have that, it's called "plastic".*

"Shopping TV: You have only to dial the item number; it is billed and shipped to you immediately by underground tube".

*Tube is now spelled "UPS".*

"Electronic master clocks that control all time pieces in the area, keeping them on time".

*That is located in the lower right hand corner of your monitor.*

"For bars: automatic drink mixer. Push a button and get your favorite drink just the way you want it, effortlessly, in only a few seconds".

*In the Luckenbach bar there are three favorite drinks: Free beer, cold beer and beer. They are just a pull tab away.*

Happy New Year to all.

# JANUARY CALENDAR

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

Fri	1st	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle Dance - Josh Peek Band	4pm 8pm	
Sat	2nd	Bill Lewis-Picker Circle <b>RAY WYLIE HUBBARD</b>	1pm 9pm	TICKET
Sun	3rd	T & C Miller-Picker Circle	1pm	
Mon	4th	Open Picker Circle	5pm	
Tue	5th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle	5pm	
Wed	6th	Ben Beckendorf-Picker Circle	5pm	
Thu	7th	Scooter Pearce-Picker Circle	5pm	
Fri	8th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle Kathy Bauer Band - Dance	4pm 8pm	
Sat	9th	Claude Butch Morgan-Picker Circle Dance - Bo Porter - Honky Tonk Horsepower	1pm 8pm	
Sun	10th	George Ensle-Picker Circle	1pm	
Mon	11th	Open Picker Circle	5pm	
Tue	12th	Levi Darr-Picker Circle	5pm	
Wed	13th	Ben Beckendorf-Picker Circle	5pm	
Thu	14th	Scooter Pearce-Picker Circle	5pm	
Fri	15th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle Geronimo Trevino - Dance	4pm 8pm	
Sat	16th	Cowboy Doug Davis-Picker Circle Anson Carter - Dance	1pm 8pm	
Sun	17th	The McKay Brothers Windows On Texas Finale	1pm 5pm	
Mon	18th	Open Picker Circle	5pm	
Tue	19th	Levi Darr-Picker Circle	5pm	
Wed	20th	Ben Beckendorf-Picker Circle	5pm	
Thur	21st	Scooter Pearce-Picker Circle	5pm	
Fri	22nd	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle Dance - Brigitte London	4pm 8pm	
Sat	23rd	Kathy Bauer-Picker Circle Dance - Mark Monaco Band	1pm 8pm	
Sun	24th	Richard Vidmer-Picker Circle	1pm	
Mon	25th	Open Picker Circle	5pm	
Tue	26th	Levi Darr-Picker Circle	5pm	
Wed	27th	Ben Beckendorf-Picker Circle	5pm	
Thur	28th	Scooter Pearce-Picker Circle	5pm	
Fri	29th	Dale Mayfield-Picker Circle Dance - Brent Allen Band	4pm 8pm	
Sat	30th	<b>3RD ANNUAL BLUES FESTIVAL</b>	3pm	TICKET
Sun	31st	Rodney Joe Smith-Picker Circle	1pm	

Monday-Friday - Jimmy Lee Jones 1pm  
Most Sundays - Cowboy Doug Davis-Picker Circle 5pm



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Please do not bring alcohol  
or take it off the grounds when you leave

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