



# LONESTAR

*Round up*

WORDS & PHOTOS BY PHANTOM

**Well, Kats! It finally happened!** Texas has finally been invited to the prom and we're not leaving till the Homecoming Queen has our name tattooed on her back side.

I'm talking about the Lone Star Rod and Kustom Round-Up held in Austin this past April. It was hosted and held together by the Continentals car club. Don't get me wrong, Texas has a lot of reputable car shows but nothing like this has come on the scene before. This isn't your granddad's car show. And this was not a \$40,000-billet filled streetrod show. This show is for any guy (or girl) who has ever dreamed of having a completely one of a kind sled or bucket and spent every hour and every dime to make it happen.

I had caught the buzz about the show and I decided to make the trip down to Austin and check it out. Upon arriving in town I make a left on South Congress towards the Continental Club owned by the show's promoter Steve Wertheimer to pick up my registration and see who had made it down. As I topped the hill,

it's very apparent I'm in the right place. On both sides of the four lane is nothing but old school rods and sleds. Looking good so far, man.

Inside, the music is wailing from a rockabilly band and there is definitely an exciting hum in the air. I'm greeted by a Continental club member. Some of the most laid back and nicest guys you'll ever meet. It was definitely clear these kats had done a lot of planning to get ready for this shindig.

Outside it's gotten to the point that rides are having to be parked around the block and the sidewalk was





shoulder to shoulder greasers. There were people from just about every state in the union. Guys from California, Detroit, Indianapolis and of course from every corner of Texas. And I'm not talking about some fool trailering his ride down. I'm talking about the hardcore types who took on the challenge of Man and machine, cutting their way across mountain and stream (or six lane blacktop and toll bridges) to get here. You get the point.

Back inside, Beer was consumed, backs were slapped, toasts were made, old friends, new friends... you know, the whole Wine, Women, and Song bit. Speaking of Women: I can't remember the last time I saw so many of them at a car show. Younger ones I mean, and why does any guy build a HOT ROD? To impress the ladies, of course! Just joking (sort of)! But seriously, it was a refreshing sight.

After the great meet and greet on Friday night I was really looking forward to the car show on Saturday. So the next morning I'm up bright and early for breakfast at The Hula Hut on Lake Travis. What a way to start the day! Cool hot rods, breakfast burritos and a bad ass

Tiki bar on the water, NICE. Then it's over to the show. Again I have to thank the guys of the Kontinentals car club. There was plenty of space for all the rides to be displayed in a fine manner. These guys are all smiles and handshakes. Even after last night.

The next thing to grab my attention is the fact that it was an absolute Who's Who of kustom culture artists. Von Franco, McPhail, David Perry, Frank Palmer, Bass, etc, etc, etc. It's inspiring to see their

### ***Backs were slapped, Toasts were made, Old friends, New friends...***

work up close. Makes ya wanna go home and pull out your box of brushes and One-Shot. Needless to say every one of them is about as down to earth as you can get. No attitude or any of that bullshit. They're just katz who love hot rods. Like the rest of us. So after I blow all my dough on posters and t-shirts; I make the rounds.



# LONESTAR

*TEXAS*

It rocks to see what a guy can do to a piece of steel. The cars were incredible. T-buckets, Sleds, Sedans, Trucks... You name it, it was there. Not prefab catalog built machines. But individual hopped up, slammed, chopped, charneled and flamed works of art. Every one an extension of the kat who built it. It's sobering to see so many traditional rods in one place, and it's easy to tell if someone has built their own ride. You can see it in their eyes and hear it in their voice, and that's the feeling I got at this show.

Another surprise was the number of different Car Clubs in attendance. It seemed everywhere I turned there was a different club jacket or plaque. On hand were members from the Beatniks, Barons, Lucky 13, Deadbeats, Chupacabras, Road Rockets, Outcasts, Roadsters..... And of course the Kontinentals. Man, I know I'm leaving someone out.

Again, you get the picture. What a turn out! What a great show!

Usually that would be the end of the show. But more happenings were still planned. First it was over to Stubbs BBQ to see Nashville Pussy and The Reverend Horton Heat. Nashville Pussy tore up the stage with their hard driving, white trash, trailer park, whisky





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drinkin', cousin lovin' southern rock. And the Rev. was bad-ass as always. He covered all your favorites plus two cuts off his new album. Keep an eye out for that.

Then it was back over to the Continental Club to round out the night with more bands and a show from The Red Light Burlesque Girls. A perfect end to a perfect show.

I can promise you, this is going to be an annual event not to be missed. Mark it on your garage calendar folks! You'll be sad if you miss it. You can get more info at [www.kontinentals.com](http://www.kontinentals.com) or contact Steve at [www.continentalclub.com](http://www.continentalclub.com). Drop em a line. They'll be happy to give you the skinny!

