In memory of Red Smith--
a 'horse-trainer, not a bronc-stomper,'
and the greatest cowboy who ever lived

Sam Hindrick
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Individual Small Medium Large

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MR. GATTI'S GREAT DEEP PAN PIZZA

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Tossed Salad 1.29
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City at war with one little peep show

Mayor Henry Cisneros, the DA, and other politicos insult the intelligence of such cheesy carnivals as their declaration of war on one dingy little North Side peep show.

With the daily newspaper puppets dutifully scribbling down notes, Cisneros detailed with a straight face how the governments of a metropolis with over a million population would combine forces to rid our fair city of that dreadful blight on upper San Pedro Avenue which has residents of neighboring Shearer Hills spluttering with rage and indignation.

It must have rivaled a scene straight out of By Crackysville as Napoleon Cisneros outlined his three-pronged plan of attack. The news conference was given impetus by the solemn presence of Dist. Atty. Sam Millsap and Police Chief Charles Rodriguez.

This sword-rattling array of official muscles might have prompted peep show owner Elliot Garner to either run up the white flag of surrender, leave the city, or both. But Garner isn’t known for hanging out at his grubby little peep show and dirty magazine store. And the battle scarred veteran of similar smut-buster campaigns in the past seldom even gives the crusaders the satisfaction of seeing him at the courtroom announcements of his peep film, dirty book, and dildo store.

Garner sends a lawyer to file appeals and answers, pay fines, or whatever is necessary. And business flourishes as always. These periodic flares of the social conscience are annoying hazards of the game, and people in Garner’s line of work budget for anticipated legal expenditures.

It could be that Mayor Cisneros and his anti-porn task force will succeed in running Garner out of business. But don’t go betting big money on the possibility.

Residents of other large cities would no doubt get a gut-busting honk out of the mayor’s peep show crusade. But for San Antonians with good sense, the whole scenario is tragic.

Cisneros promised the incensed residents of Shearer Hills that the vice squad would continue filing pornography cases against the peep show.

Then he announced that DA Millsap would study the possibility of legal action against the place for violation of a zoning ordinance which regulates the distance such an operation may operate from a residential area.

To curb reported cases of male prostitutes soliciting through the neighborhood, vandalism, burglaries, and sex acts performed on the very door stoops of embattled Shearer Hills residents, Cisneros hauled off and promised a fulltime police portal car for that immediate area.

So what else is new? The appeals courts have failed to clearly define pornography, and most cases are either dismissed or so hopelessly entwined in legal red tape through the appeals process that they are never heard of again.

If there is a zoning ordinance case, then why hasn’t the DA just trotted right into court and taken care of the matter with no fuss, bother, and noisy news conferences?

And if there is flagrant fornication and other monkey business on the front lawns of Shearer Hills residents, maybe the police chief should have assigned two portal cars to the area long before now.

Peep show owner Elliot Garner may be in a heap of trouble with the mayor’s great declaration of war. But at this writing there were no white flags flapping from the dingy little dump, and business appeared to be as brisk as always.
Adam Steele

When Adam Steele took up body-building it was a from-the-ground-up project.

Adam was too light to hang four years ago. He was trying to play tennis for Holmes High School while plagued by injuries. Wind from the tennis balls kept knocking him off his feet. Being bullied by bigger guys didn’t turn Steele to body building. Bullies were no problem, for Adam could turn sideways and they couldn’t see him.

“I started pumping iron because I was so dang skinny,” he said.

No other reason.

Big, bulging weight-lifter muscles are not good for much. Steele was told, but at 5’11 and 125 pounds, Adam didn’t figure to qualify for much more than a Farme advance man job. And not many of these positions were available.

That was four years ago. Adam started working out in his backyard like a man possessed. For hours every day he performed the exercises he had read about in books.

Then he progressed to a gymnasium where there were weights and other body-builders.

The change was dramatic. Adam Steele has entered and placed in two body-building competitions, and he is now shooting for the National Body Building Championships to be held an 1987 at a place yet to be announced.

“To qualify,” Steele said, “I will probably have to place in a competition out of Texas, but that will be no problem.”

Steele built his confidence as he built his body. Four years ago he weighed 125 pounds. Today he weighs 235 and can bench press a 500-pound barbell.

To most, body-building is a pastime. To Steele, it’s his life.

He started with a job instructing in body-building at the Power House Gymnasium. He is now an instructor at the Fit-All-Over Gymnasium on Wurzbach Road.

At Fit-All-Over, Steele puts in eight hours daily working with the customers. He does a two-hour personal workout seven days a week.

Adam says he now eats like a horse but prior to a competition he adheres to a strict diet of 1000 calories a day. The fare includes tuna, baked chicken breast, fruits and water.

When he was 19, Steele placed 11th in the National Teenage Body Building Championships. He placed 6th in the heavyweight division of a South Texas competition and Steele finished third in the San Antonio contest held a year ago.

Adam expects a steady improvement in competition to continue as he continues to build his body. From his current weight of 235, Steele predicts that he will weigh around 290 a year from now.

Steele “spots” for the weight-lifters. Which means he stands ready to keep a barbell from falling across a chest when the lifter is performing a bench press. And he has hundreds of other related duties.

Steele was asked his opinion on the use of (continued on page 14)
The bad news is that Action's editorial offices were burglarized. The good news is that the only stolen item, an IBM typewriter, was recovered. I had accidentally left my front office door unlocked when along came what is believed to be an organized daylight burglary team that specializes in business office equipment. They had apparently lifted the IBM, and were preparing to re-enter the office for an overall clean-out when lady luck intervened in the form of Mark Dawson and Maxine Remmelt, friends who had been out distributing the magazine.

Mark and Maxine inadvertently interrupted the burglary when they walked in, and they didn't know the typewriter was missing when one of the burglars came in right behind them. They recognized him as someone who had been around the office before, doing odd jobs and hanging out. When he saw Mark and Maxine, he immediately engaged his mouth to say, "I've got a price on those wrappers Sam wants us to order. It'll be $97 for 10,000 of 'em." I don't do business with anyone fitting that description, and I have never ordered wrappers for anything. Red and his sidekick indicated that they would hang out until I returned, but my helpers insisted that everyone leave together. And they pulled the door locked behind them when everyone was out of the office.

This decision on their part was no doubt the salvation of Action Magazine's physical properties, for had those two men been left alone in that unlocked office, I feel certain that everything but the paint on the walls would have been missing when I returned. Maxine still didn't know the IBM was missing when she called me at home to say she had found the office open. She did mention the visit by Red and the other fellow she identified by name. I thought no more about it until I entered the office later in the evening to find the typewriter gone.

Then it hit me, because I had been wondering about Red and the wraps he said I had ordered. It was all a smoke screen to cover his real reason for being in the office.

I then learned from the neighbors that a black van had been jockeyed into position near my front office door by possibly the third member of the little group. Had there not been an interruption, they would have been loaded and rolling within a matter of minutes. So the Action Magazine in-house detective agency was to solve its first case. I recalled a T-shirt I had seen the man we were familiar with wearing. It bore the name of a towing service. The phone book yellow pages contain about three pages of towing companies. I picked three that sounded familiar. I was prepared to call everyone in the book, asking for the individual by his first name (the only one I knew). But I reached him on the second call.

We wasted few words. He was given the option of returning the typewriter or facing a full blown police investigation. The machine was promptly returned via taxi.

For future identification purposes, I am obliged to relay the description of the front man which was furnished by the Action helpers. he is the one called Red, and most likely the mastermind of the operation. Red is about 6-2 and weighs more than 200. His full beard is sort of two toned. The chin whiskers and moustache are almost rust-colored, while the sideburn hair is carrot orange. In his late 20s or early 30s, Red is authoritative and looks semi-official. And he diverts attention by talking like he was vaccinated with a phonograph needle.

If someone fitting this description should saunter into your place of business, don't call me. Call the cops. And hang on to the typewriters until they get there.
Life's rough ride is at last finished for tough, old Red.

By Sam Kindrick

He was a hell-raising, whiskey-drinking cowboy with a toothpick and a face like a rock slide. The Junction town marshal must have worn out a dozen or so pistol barrels on his head. He had his own personal cell in the Kimble County Jail where he spent the tail-end of most weekends.

The week days were four or five years ago, he was a woodchopper for tough, old Red. He never grew old. Just four or five years ago, he was leading a parade through Junction with a broken bone sticking all the way out of his leg.

Can't pick 'em all out. Red said. I'll shave 'em down and the rest will roll out in a few days.

He had written about Red Smith before, and I'll not apologize for repeating some things about him in this article. I will try to be the last. I suppose, for they say that Red is no longer around. And this I find hard to comprehend.

Red was in his 80s, but he never grew old. Just four or five years ago, he was leading a parade through Junction with a broken bone sticking all the way out of his leg.

Someone decreed that Smith, the living legend of hard-to-curry cowsboys, should serve as marshal of the annual horse race and fair parade.

In typical fashion, he showed up on a green, half-broken colt which was spooked by the noisy crowd. The horse rolled its eyes and the next thing you knew, Red had a new direction each fell on Red, the wind at his back, so he The horse slipped and wiped out.

He was a flat-belly with hide hauled back on the bridle sheet. But the people who looked down half-broken colt which moosed by the noisy crowd. They was spooked by the noisy crowd.

The horse rolled its eyes and the next thing you knew, Red had a new direction each fell on Red, the wind at his back, so he The horse slipped and wiped out.

Some of the upstanding townsfolk looked down at his nose at Red. They called him a no-good saddle tramp without a eyes, chewed at the irons. Chester (Red) Smith attempted to

He would spit in the devil's that same slobbering. Smith before, and I'll not say that Red Smith didn't commit a crime he didn't commit. occurred to me he didn't commit. It was a crime he didn't commit and later received a full pardon for it.

With his pardon from the governor came a pocketful of cash and a new suit of clothes as compensation for his false imprisonment. Red hung onto the suit, for I saw him wear it at Shinny's funeral. He used the cash to throw a drunk who last, I suppose, for they say that Red is no longer around. And this I find hard to comprehend.

Red's death failed. Red worked all over twiice riding a horse to California and back, and if he had a family he felt close to it was my mother. She came and went, sometimes staying a year or so at a time, and working for no more than his board and some Saturday drinking money.

Red Smith taught me to shoot a rifle. He helped me with my first reaction was anger. What the hell right did Red have to shoot a rifle. He taught me to shoot a rifle. He helped me with my first reaction was anger.

Red Smith was a lease rancher on the half-dry North Llano River. A lease rancher is the Red's death failed. Red worked all over twice riding a horse to California and back, and if he had a family he felt close to it was my mother. He came and went, sometimes staying a year or so at a time, and working for no more than his board and some Saturday drinking money.

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Rodeo. Red stuck to horse roam unemcumbered. for all the world to know Red. Red worked all over twice riding a horse to California and back, and if he had a family he felt close to it was my mother. He came and went, sometimes staying a year or so at a time, and working for no more than his board and some Saturday drinking money.

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Red Smith taught me to shoot a rifle. He helped me with my first reaction was anger. What the hell right did Red have to shoot a rifle. He taught me to shoot a rifle. He helped me with my first reaction was anger.
indicate that there was once an important one, a long since lost. He carried with him another, and a number of his lady friends to the South Llano River dude ranches where he was overwhelmed, by the authenticity of a sure enough Texan bronc buster who looked every bit the part and then some.

After Red came dragging in from a weekend of tom-calling, I can recall my grandmother’s stock comment:

_Those women do certainly have a taste for roughness._

Women, Red said, are strange and unpredictable critters, who don’t react with the logic of a man or a horse.

_If they did_.

_He whipped. I’d a-damn shore trained me one a long time ago._

Smith told me never to argue with a woman because all the logic and facts in the world wouldn’t change her mind once she had made up her mind. And he said the worst thing a man could do is hit a woman.

_You got no win comin’ here._

Red said: _A bunch of em like to be whipped, and those that don’t will show their black eye to everyone who will look at it._ And before long, there’ll be a whole flock of them had nothing you as a low-life woman beater who ought to be shot or strung up.

The best defense against a sharp-tongued woman, Red allowed, is total silence.

_Don’t answer em,_” he said. _Just stand and stare into thin air. Or, just walk off without saying anything. They’ll get a woman’s goat better than any whipping.

Few men could argue with this assessment, and most women would even agree.

Smith’s long horseback rides to California resulted in his landing stock wrangling jobs on various Hollywood movie sets, and Red was finding work with the Texas movie-makers at about the same time I left to attend Sul Ross University in the far Big Bend country town of Alpine.

During my second year in college, the late James Dean, Elizabeth Taylor, and the late Rock Hudson were making the classic movie Giant in the nearby village of Marfa. I was living in a ramshackle rooming house on the outskirts of Alpine. During my second year in college, the late James Dean, Elizabeth Taylor, and the late Rock Hudson were making the classic movie Giant in the nearby village of Marfa. I was living in a ramshackle rooming house on the outskirts of Alpine.

Smith stepped out of the house shortly after daybreak, hungover but cold sober after his night of rest, he crawled on his bottom hand, Smith could send a horse scrambling on a pickup truck. And without being tied or confined by bridle reins or any other apparatus, the horse would have no trouble following him.

Smith would eventually locate me. He had a knack for it. And no matter where my mother or her brother and sister in San Antonio might be residing, they all could expect an eventual horseback visit by Red Smith at some time of day or night.

The dappled gray pony I have referred to occupies no space in the animal record books, but he reflected the sillier loyalty and devotion which characterized Red’s soul.

In our part of the country, a dappled gray is known as a blue horse. And that’s what Red called this one—Blue. It was probably the only horse Red ever owned outright. Like the black outlaw on my grandfather’s place, there were saddle horses Red rode on every ranch that employed him. And he could borrow them for unlimited amounts of time. But the horses were still ranch property.

The blue colt was still wobbily-legged when someone gave it to Red and then abruptly left the state. The responsibility of actually owning something was an obvious worry for Smith at first. I recall him trying to give the colt to my wife. He even offered to break and train it if she would find a place for the colt. Red was serious when he said the blue colt was the smartest one he had ever encountered.

So Red Smith owned a horse, and the love which was to develop between man and beast in the years to come would rival a Walt Disney dream.

Red didn’t baby-talk a horse. He was more apt to call it a jug-headed sonofabitch. But there was an uncanny communication there. It was electric. With a wave of his hand, Smith could send the blue horse scrambling into the open bed of a pickup truck. And without being tied or confined by any type of sideboards, the blue horse would ride much to the utter astonishment of any horseman who might happen to witness the spectacle.

Patrons of the Riverside Cafe, a beer and domino emporium in Junction which is referred to locally as The Bloody Bucket, recall the day that Blue fell from a borrowed pickup as, a drunk Red Smith turned too sharply while approaching the south end of the South Llano River Bridge. Then The Bloody Bucket sits on the north end of the bridge.

Unaware that he had lost his horse, Smith was crossing the bridge at a pretty fair clip, traveling north and directly toward The Bloody Bucket. Determined not to be left behind, Blue was about four lengths behind the pickup, running like a hound dog after his master, stirrups bouncing and bridle reins flapping in the wind.

The blue horse was Red’s guardian angel, as Junction beer distributor Toby Buster could attest.

When Red was staying with Buster on the outskirts of town, he would drink with both fists until the Bloody Bucket closed for the night. Then mount Blue and head him toward Buster’s house. On many occasions, Smith would pass out and tumble from the saddle. On these nights, Buster would be awakened by a horse pawing at his back door. And Blue would continue pawing until Buster emerged to follow him back to the spot where Red would be lying.

At a rodeo in neighboring Rocksprings, a platoon of deputies was dispatched to arrest Smith after he fell dead drunk from his horse shortly after sundown. The lawmen were held helplessly at bay throughout the night by Blue, who stood straddling his sleeping boss. And all efforts to reach Smith were met by a kick or a bite.

When Red awakened at daybreak, hungover but cold sober after his night of rest, he crawled on his horse and waved farewell to the deputies who could do nothing but watch helplessly as Smith rode away.

When Blue finally died, Red appeared on foot at my house in San Antonio, dead drunk and showing a hurt I had never seen before. I was married at the time and still hitting the bottle like there was no tomorrow, so I joined Smith and we turned out to be a drunken wake for the horse which lasted the better part of two weeks.

One expression which Red must have repeated a thousand times was. _I’ve laid up with many a woman in my day, but all of ‘em put together wouldn’t be worth one hair in that horse’s tail._

My wife finally reached her limit of this, and nobody could fault her for running us both out of the house. From there we (continued on page 14)
Kid Death's big bubble finally burst

The big bubble had to eventually burst for Bobby (Kid Death) Thomas. The dream world in which he so recklessly lived has ended with the stark reality of a Huntsville prison cell where he has begun serving a 15 year sentence for armed robbery.

An ex-boxer and former world motorcycle speed record holder, Bobby spun like a human barber individual may see in the charge of manufacture and his ability to justify his fight degenerated into a think of tomorrow. He's been killed fighters and Thomas was not.

Bobby Thomas' existence has ended with the of life, and the script he amusing. He's kind, killed fighters and Hernandez, early with a believing his own pitch. But it Hernandez , early with a believing his own pitch. He's been killed fighters and

Bobby's World's Fair. Thomas crammed a couple of lifetimes into these past 10 or so years, and both of them were seemingly charmed. These were Bobby's halcyon years, for he attained the notoriously rankings of a minor celebrity from the violence which included an illegal and much-ballyhooed bare-knuckle fight to the finish with Johnny Hernandez in a circus tent near Fredericksburg during Guich Koock's Great World's Fair.

That fight with Hernandez a so-called karate expert was one of the ugliest in boxing history. It was a capitation in searing summer heat which all but killed little fighters and spectators alike, but it provided Bobby with that first huge dose of ego which was to prove more addictive than any drug he had ever taken. Thomas thrives on attention, almost any kind, and his ability to justify his existence in almost any situation is almost as astonishing as his survival instincts. And Thomas is possessed with more brass than the University of Texas Longhorn Marching Band. A near riot ensured just prior to the bare-knuckle fight as spectators attempted to find the $100 ringside seats they had paid for in advance. Thomas had sold them the tickets. He failed, however, to provide the ringside seats.

The fight was a farce conducted by the old Marquee of Queensbury rules which decreed that a round doesn't end until one fighter is down, and the fight doesn't end until one fighter either surrenders or is unable to continue. This was Bobby's idea, and it proved to be the handicap which beat him. Without a referee breaking the clinches, Thomas was at a marked disadvantage with his much heavier opponent. Using Bobby's gloves which are loaded with powdered lead, the fighter who had dubbed himself Kid Death caught Hernandez early with a whistling right to the nose which almost ended it all. Hernandez's knees buckled, but he regained his composure quickly, and the fight was in full swing, not afternoon as the light degenerated into a showing pawing, and wrestling brawl. Each time the two fighters fell to the canvas, the heavier Hernandez was on top, and Thomas finally signaled an end when he could no longer breathe.

Those who assumed that that had settled the Thomas-Hernandez feud were people who didn't know Bobby Thomas. Two weeks later, while Sammy Ayalas was fighting an opponent on Mexico, the public was stunned when other evidence proved too skimpy for an indictment.

His dizzying fall from top of the world was brought on by his own rules in this big game. He's co Io r f u I. He's summer heat which all but who had dubbed himself believe it because he panicked himself into believing his own pitch.

The cops wanted Thomas badly, and he knew it. But Kid Death was not one to hide his light under a bushel. Every day was a holiday, and there was no time to think of tomorrow. He made you believe it because he panicked himself into believing his own pitch.

The cops wanted Thomas badly, and he knew it. But Kid Death was not one to hide his light under a bushel. Every day was a holiday, and there was no time to think of tomorrow. Cleaning, cocking sure, and always handsome with a thin cheek sticking jauntily from his mouth, Thomas swaggered from one embroil to another as the law plodded doggedly in his wake. Bobby was hauled in for questioning too many times to recall, and on suspicion of various and sundry infractions. But he was always freed when a proper identification could not be made, or when.he convinced the court that he was innocent by proving proved too skimpy for an indictment.

His disdain for authority was reflected in the prominent profile which he flouted. Bobby came from a have not family of six brothers and sisters. His father was a street sculler who was shot to death only a few years ago by an unknown assassin. So Bobby lived as high on the hog as he could reach, and he did everything within his power to make it look even higher than it was. There were very little visible means of support. There drove expensive cars and lived in a country mansion near Bulverde. The cars were on loan from a friend who rented them to settle ownership disputes. Bobby could peddle junk of every means of support. Thomas drove expensive cars and lived in a country mansion near Bulverde. The cars were on loan from a friend who rented them to settle ownership disputes.

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Another worm hole

In contesting the firing of policeman Fernando Gonzales last month, lawyer Joe Sura focused attention on yet another hole in our already wormy state legal system. Sura, the police union attorney, filed a lawsuit against Police Chief Charles Rodriguez and the Fire and Police Civil Service Commission for allegedly showing bias in the manner in which Gonzales was canned.

State law, Sura revealed, says disciplinary cases in a policeman's background cannot be considered as a reason for firing the cop if the cases are more than six months old.

Now WFo in the hell shuck that gem-dandy little piece of legislation past us?

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Now where in the hell shuck that gem-dandy little piece of legislation past us?
Danny Levinson's Tiffany Billiards, replacing Charles Jacobson. Roy Gall was named assistant manager.

Both Kerfoot and Gall had been with Levinson for some time and both know the operation better than anyone else around.

And at McDougal's, former night manager Mark Marquez is out of the picture, and Tim Coley, who started as day manager, is now the general manager. Everett McDougal's fine looking layout.

Coley broke into the business with the McCormicks of Midnight Rodeo and Dallas Club fame. He started at the San Antonio Dallas and stayed there three years, working as a DJ and manager. Then he managed the Dallas Club in Corpus Christi. After that, Coley became the Houston Midnight Rodeo manager where he stayed until the itch to come home hit him. Upon his return he worked at the Marriott and at Kramer's Restaurant before hooking up with McDougal's.

**Eating and cooking**

Love is grand, but the 30-jaun pairs of legs who tango together in one side of a booth at the 1-10 Diner during the supper-time crunch, should hurry it up in the interest of those in a rush. Holding hands throughout the entire meal, the couple eats with one hand each, and things grind to a near standstill when meat must be cut up.

**Spacce's Fever**

Jimmy Spaccek's Fever Band has an added good sound in the saxophone of Greg Gonzales, who took up slack.

**Back Fire**

Maureen Gilmore hooked up with Maureen and Scotty Gilmore at the Class Act.

San Antonio's newest topless club, the Class Act is obviously over the hump, for owner Maureen Gilmore reports that receipts are far ahead of early projections as the club approaches its second year of business.

Osteen will serve as comptroller and share general management duties with Scotty Gilmore, Maureen's son. A former manager of La Bar, the now-defunct club for women, Scotty has made dances at the Class Act on Sunday nights. And he utilizes Sunday afternoons by conducting choreography classes for his lady dancers.

This might come as a shock to many, for Gilmore stands 6-6 or better and he ain't exactly skinny. But while running La Bar, Scotty taught choreography to his male dancers, and he is now reportedly imparting some nifty moves to his female subjects.

Unfortunately, the choreography sessions are held in private. So the general public may never see Twinkie-Toes Fuchsheim in action.

New Jefe

Roy Kerfoot has been named general manager of

McDougal said, “It’s friends we’re looking to meet.”

**Cable’s Fever**

Jimmy Spaccek's Fever Band has an added good sound in the saxophone of Greg Gonzales, who took up slack.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The Impoverished Ingestor reports monthly in Action Magazine on the best food he can locate for the very lowest price, and his culinary cravings lead him to many of those little off-the-wall and out-of-the-way eateries one hears only by word of mouth. If you know of a special little hole-in-the-wall restaurant which is noteworthy for its high quality and low prices, write the ingester at Action Magazine, 8745 Wurzbach, San Antonio, Tex. 78230.

The Hawk
2030 N. Mohn 734-6277
7-10 Mon-Sat. 9-3 Sun.
Happy Hour 2-7

This place battles the hell out of me. How one restaurant can be so good and so bad at the same time is a thing beyond my reasoning. My first visit was on a Sunday shortly after they opened. What I found was like the world's most super Luby's. If you will, baked goods for five cents, ten or so yards of wine, beer and obscure imported sodo pop, then a line forget your tray? Go back start again. Grab a croissant to cover. Pretty damned good. Sundays feature a limited menu of egg dishes and brunchy stuff. I had the Egg Poullete for $2.95, a wonderful concoction. Half an artichoke, scrambled out, stuffed with baby shrimp and shredded veggies, topped with a poached egg and drowned in a nice buttery sauce. Excellent. First time the artichoke was purely decorative—under done and tough as a welder's glove. Since then they've learned how to zap an artichoke. The Hawk has become a Sunday regular on my route to the theatre. It's a nice big, oily place with lots of rough hewn wood on the ceiling, two patios with picnic tables to enjoy your food while working on your January tan, as I was today.

Other visits have proved to be rather disappointing—the batter bread fish was cold and unappetizing—broiled was much better. The Snapper Veracruz was okay by Natasha, but nothing to write home to Algeria about.

Dr. G. recounted an awful Saturday night visit—he was on a film shoot and took the crew down to the Hawk for a bite. He ended up being dragged over the coals for his choice. He muttered something.

(continued on page 15)

**Party at the wash**

The drudgery of doing laundry becomes just good clean fun at Slip-N-Spin. San Antonio's first combination launderomat and recreation center. Located at 7220 Louis Pasteur just off Babcock Road, Slip-N-Spin includes washing machines and dryers for do-it-yourselfers and also provides a full laundry and dry cleaning service for those who wish to drop their cleaning jobs off for later pickup.

Adjacent to the laundry area is the deli, which features beer, wine, food to go, and food to eat in. A glass wall separates the two areas.

There is music, television, and a playroom for kids.

A number of San Antonio club operators, including Gene Miertschin, of the Old Shadows Club, have knocked around the idea of a combination laundry and drinking joint. But the person to open San Antonio's first such establishment is Brenda Thompson, housewife and mother, who got the idea from a similar place in Austin.

Mrs. Thompson, who had never been connected with food or drink operation before, has been open since August. And she says almost every day has something new in store for her.

"Just getting the license and everything was a real ordeal; she laughs. "But that was just the beginning."

Her husband, Jon Thompson, is a service supervisor at the Siemens Corporation, an X-ray firm. And when not on his regular job; he is at Slip-N-Spin helping his wife run both the laundry and the food and drink business, a fully-staffed concern that operates daily. Hours are from 7 a.m. until midnight Mondays through Fridays, from 8 a.m. until midnight Saturdays, and from 9 a.m. til 10 p.m. on Sundays.

Mrs. Thompson runs beer specials between 4 and 7 Mondays through Fridays, and also from 7 to midnight Fridays when single beers are 50 cents and pitchers $2.50.

Mrs. Thompson has had nothing to compare her business to, because it is the only one like it in town. But she said the business has steadily improved, with an older

(continued on page 15)
Bobby Thomas cont...

Thomas's growing paranoia was evident by the galaxy of lights he kept burning both inside and outside the house. There were flood lights, spot lights, track lights, and just regular light bulbs.

If Pedernales Electric ever had a more troublesome customer than Bobby Thomas, officials of the Johnson City-based company cannot recall him. When all efforts to collect the gargantuan power tabs failed, crews were sent out to shut off Thomas's power. And not at the meter where some diehards have been known to re-start the juice, but high on the relay pole which connects to the man, high-voltage power line.

They would shut off Bobby's juice, but before the crew had returned to Johnson City, all of his lights would again be shining brightly. Bobby's electric training began at an early age when his old man had him pole-climbing to drain juice for the family home from a four story building. Few could understand. When the scuffle had ended, Thomas had regained his strength, his right hand and the ability to doff his baseball cap, to think straight and shout: "My God, it's me!"

As Thomas regained his strength, he ordered physicians to hook his plumbing back the way they found it. They reluctantly did so after warning Thomas that he stood a good chance of dying of infection. Wrong again. He walked out of the hospital to make a complete recovery from it all.

No sooner had Thomas recovered from the shooting than he slipped while caulking the roof of his house and plunged down and into a canyon. The fall was equivalent to a fall from a four story building. Without going into great detail, here is the fall story in a nutshell: Bobby blasted his skull, his neck, his back, both arms and legs, and those bones which dis utes his reputation. Jan Smith, who now lives in St. Louis, said she met Bobby Thomas only once when she was flat broke and unable to pay her restaurant tab. He paid her tab, handed her $300 to make an apartment deposit, and walked away. When Thomas went on trial for robbing a school teacher, Ms. Smith said, "I don't care what he has done."

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Action Magazine February 1986 • 13 •

Bobby Thomas

SAN ANTONIO'S NEWEST PLACE TO EAT!
later murdered while working horses on a ranch near Menard, David, who was back toward Junction.

I’ll never forget that moment when Red told me about the horse.

Red Smith cont...

I’ll never forget that moment when Red told me about the horse.

The spent shuck of a Bull in his eyes... the tears looked as they had never had, “Red Smith cont...”

The rewards of competitive body-building are not lucrative, for self-satisfaction and trophies are about all the winners can expect. But Steele is planning his future in the commercial end of body-building, and the more competitions he wins the more credibility he will have in the profession of his choice.

I like to instruct and I plan to eventually own my own gymnasium and fitness center. Steele said, “I’ll probably be in California for that’s where I want to live. It’s the home of body-building, the place where it all began. And from my position, it’s where the best money can be made.”

Adam Steele cont...

steroids, the controversial weight-producing drug which is now outlawed for use in body building and other sports. “Let’s just say that steroids have been a very big part of body building,” Steele said, “but that the athletes are now getting away from them.”

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Kindrick,

Yes, this year needs to be a good one indeed! I’ve had my share of unemployment, criticism, fussing and downright cursing.

I read about the doorman at Scratches nightclub in this month’s issue of Action in the section, Scatter Shots. Well, there’s another doorman in the so popular Midnight Rodeo on Perrin Beitel who’s also an all-time —— last Friday night the guy made everyone stand outside in the cold (after 12 midnight cover’s free), holding all everyone to stand outside the door. When my friend Charlie and I walked up, Charlie lives in Houston, this doorman hollered at us too and barked at Charlie saying, “Besides you ain’t gettin’ in anyway—your jeans are too faded!” (Too faded I thought Chance probably bought them that way). We were both embarrassed thinking he was such a jerk. Chance said the same and we left.

If we had had little brother even a partial. I’m sure that Chance probably bought them that way. We were both embarrassed thinking he was such a jerk. Chance said the same and we left.

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Sincerely,
Holly Gayle Wilson
Incestor cont... about 'yuppie faggots' and stormed out of the house.

The food is reasonably priced—a Catfish-fried or blackened is $5.45, Redfish $5.25, Rainbow Trout $5.65, Ribeye $7.95, Filet Mignon $4.95. All dinners are served with the 80's obligatory mesquite grilled veggies and a roll. Or if you're on the skids a burger will cost you $2.75 (20¢ for cheese).

Happy hour on Fridays features live music—in-cool acoustic from Mary Brooks, late of Tycoon Flats and Ives, served up with boiled shrimp and oysters on the half. Last week the oysters ran out before I got there, but otherwise it was very nice. For me, this is one of those 'I like it in spite of, everything' places. Give it a try—or two. See you there.

Sip N' Spin cont... clientele in the daytime and younger people at night.

Some told her when she started that the operation would never go because the food and drink business is not compatible with the laundry business, but Mrs. Thompson has proven them wrong.

One key to the success here is a policy of stringent sanitation. Both the eating and laundry areas are spotless.

...There are double doors.

Bobby Thomas cont... done. He saved my life, because I was ready to end it all that night at the restaurant.

When Dr. Ted Norris visited Bobby's house with a date, a sack of medication the doctor had brought along suddenly disappeared from a coffee table. Bobby then suggested that Norris throw his lady friend off the third floor deck where the three of them had been partying. But Norris chose to believe that it had been Thomas and not the woman who stole his goodies.

Indignantly Bobby later stormed. 'Sure the bitch stole his dope. Anybody who knows me knows full well that I wouldn't rob a guest in my own home. Never I might catch him down on the street corner and snatch his stash. But never in my house.'

Thomas has always been a one-girlfriend man. And he has lavished each one of the the ladies with expensive gold jewelry. But the women have never been able to hold onto the jewelry gifts.

One thought she was losing her senses along with the jewelry when she was heard to comment: 'Something is wrong with me because I lose every piece of jewelry Bobby gives me.'

Another decided that she was losing her jewelry because it had been ill-gained by Bobby in the first place.

When these two were
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