IGO MENDOZA
the un-crowned
champion of
cycle jumpers

July 1986
The Lucchese legend is all that remains

San Antonio will soon bid a sad farewell to its 100-year-old Lucchese Boot Co., which is being moved to El Paso, but the end for the boot which made Lucchese, the venerable Austin bootmaker out of retirement. And Johnny Little of San Antonio, another old school craftsman, has reportedly come out of retirement. But to get a pair of Little made boots, one has to wait for as long as a year. And the waiting period is even longer than this for those who buy hand-crafted boots from the famed Jones Boot Co. of Lampasas, one of the last surviving family boot-making operations which has yet to succumb to the changing times.

So real boots are getting as scarce as real cowboys. And both are threatened with extinction. And without one there will be no need for the other.

Joe Galvan

owners Blue Bell rolled in the stitching machinery, and as the first sewing machine was cranked up, it’s a sure bet that old Cosimo Lucchese rolled over in his grave.

This isn’t to say that Blue Bell or Acme Boot Co., the current Lucchese owners who bought Blue Bell out, did not produce a good product, but the incredibly comfortable Lucchese boot which captured the fancy of notables ranging from Theodore Roosevelt to San Francisco trial lawyer Melvin Bell could not and will never be equaled in an assembly line.

When Lucchese sold to Blue Bell Inc., the company’s star craftsman quit to open his own shop down by Main Plaza, and Joe Galvan continued the old Lucchese custom of hand-crafted boots until his death several years ago.

A protégé of Cosimo Lucchese, Galvan started as a shine boy with the Lucchese family. He noted his regrets as he quit the company, but the idea of a machine-made boot was anathema to Galvan’s very soul, and he continued on with the old ways at his Joe’s Boots near Main Plaza.

When Galvan died, his son Jody made a game but unsuccessful attempt to continue the family business with those loyal old helpers from Mexico who had toiled for his father.

Costs escalated with the demand for western-style boots during the cosmic cowboy boom of the 1970s, and the Galvan shop was hard-put to compete with the less-expensive mass-produced factory products which enjoyed the benefits of multi-million-dollar electronics, media marketing blitzen which reached from coast to coast.

There were a few staunch conscientious for the hand-crafted boot who remained willing to wait for more than a month as their boots were being made, and then pay between $400 and $1000 for the finished product. But this dwindling number continued to diminish as the costs of leather and labor continued to drive the cost of the hand-made boot upward.

Using what the old-timers called a last, Galvan and Lucchese before him started with a first-time customer whose foot—each separately—was measured at 13 key points. From these measurements, a last, or a near-exact duplicate of the foot was formed, by painstakingly glueing tiny slivers of leather on top of each other. The last was put on file, and customers could order boots for years to come without the bother of foot measuring. But even after the last was made, it still took up to a month to complete a set of custom-made boots.

The Lucchese Boot 165 pairs of foot gear daily with use of some 175 employees.

It’s rather ironic, but the boot boom of the 1970s was the cause for the Lucchese sale. And as the popularity of western-made boots now wanes, it’s the loss of business which prompts Acme to move the Lucchese factory to El Paso and combine it with its Dan Post Boot Co.

Acme vice president Terry Hay said the move to El Paso will probably transpire in December. He said it was strictly an economy move.

With his song about Charlie Dunn, Jerry Jeff Walker brought the venerable Austin bootmaker out of retirement.
Willie won't back off his farm aid project

Willie Nelson will likely throw a third Farm Aid concert, and possibly even a fourth show, if that's what it takes to make what he considers a beneficial monetary contribution in behalf of hard-pressed American farmers.

The relatively small sum raised by his Fourth of July Farm Aid II concert at Manor Down near Austin might have discouraged some musicians, for working without charge before an apathetic public is anathema for most public performers.

But Willie proved long ago that he is nothing like most public performers, and it was his bull-headed determination and unwavering self-confidence which allowed him to overcome the tin-eared lords of a music industry which blocked his path like a bulldozer back during the days when Nelson needed the dollars as much or more than many of today's financially strapped farmers.

When Nelson reached super-star status after his classic Redheaded Stranger concept album, he simply said that the American music audience had finally begun listening to lyrics as opposed to only the melody of a song.

Three other albums (and Yesterday's Wine was a great one) had failed to meet expectations, and Nelson friends and critics alike were riding the broom on concept records in general—a concept album being one which tells a story in its entirety. Nobody, they said, would listen to both sides of a story-telling album and absorb the intended message.

A few Nelson friends in San Antonio got to hear Redheaded Stranger on tape long before it was finally released to become the multi-million-dollar platinum bonanza which propelled Nelson to the top of the music industry pie.

On the album's A side, the only instrumentation is Nelson's guitar and the subtle but effective harp of Mickey R Olympics.

When someone politely suggested to Willie that the concept might not sell, he recalled that the wheels at Columbia Records had said about the same thing.

"And that's when I did something I had never done before," he said. "I told Columbia to press the album as is and without re-mixing or making any changes, or to just kiss my ass goodbye."

The tape was played that day in Willie's old red Mercedes with the whiskey dents and faded paint as the car sat in what was then the Foxy Lady Saloon parking lot on Perrin Beitel Road. Nelson is a friend of Big Carol Cannon, who was then the owner operator of the Foxy Lady, which later became the Jack of Clubs.

After that day, the rest became history, for Willie proved to Columbia and the rest of the music industry that the simplest move Columbia Records ever made was to back off and allow the album's release in its original state.

Farm Aid I in Illinois raised about $9 million, and when Farm Aid II raised only about $2 million, Willie laid part of the blame to public apathy and a failure to listen when the truly awful plight of the farmer is related by fund-raisers.

Back during those hard-to-carry days, Willie knew the public wasn't listening and absorbing his lyrics. So he kept it up until they did.

The same will hold true with his Farm Aid concert project. He will keep it up until the public starts listening.
The Stucco Iguanas
Humor on the sly

By Rick Snead

The Stucco Iguanas, a local comedy troupe, have a wide range in their act—from side-splitting, off-color material to fast-paced, frantic fun, evoking belly laughs, sly chuckles, and everything in between.

San Antonio’s only native comedy group, the Iguanas have been working and playing together for three years, and have developed an act that’s tight as a bug’s boot. At times during the improv segment of the show, you’d swear they were telepathic. They may be, for all I know. They pop, bubbles, stomp toes and poke rough and funny jokes at sacred cows and city councilmen with deft wit and wry humor.

Most of the material is written by David Lampe and Joe LaFarge, although the best skills have been collaborations with everyone involved. When they played at the Greenhouse, they played mostly packed houses until they shut down in Spring of 85. After a few lean months at The Toucan (downstairs from the Greenhouse on the river walk) they started one of the oldest running gag factories in San Antonio.

Lisa attended Austin College in Sherman, Texas, graduating with a degree in journalism at Trinity, where she performed in Second City. She helped open several films--The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh, 300 Miles to Stephanie and Georgsamer’s Night of the Living Dead, in which she played a zombie. Patrick is no zombie on Nostradamus, and Texas theatre at College that Saved Pittsburg, 300 he a d to

Carol Ann Bennett, Joe LaFarge, David Lampe, Lisa Morrison, & Patrick Driscoll--Sweating out another rehearsal

Luckily, and Pauline, who co-wrote with Patrick Carol Ann Bennett halls from Corpus Christi, and took a degree in journalism at Trinity, where she performed in Cabaret. She helped open the theatre at Colomes north and acted at the melodrama in the Dunkard and Zoro--the Rasa Revolution, which she helped write with the legendary team of Molly Stevens and Roger Alvez. Carol Ann is funny as hell, faster than light with a comeback, hard working professionals, the Iguanas are along the lines of Second City. The second half is improvisation, structured along the lines of Second City. Improv, for those of you not familiar with it, is built around audience suggestions—things like 'Leave it to Rambo.' The current show, Dogs Don’t Have Quarters has been running for 5 weeks and headlines a sketch depicting a day in the life of a dog pound. Others poke fun at NASA, the medical profession, Nostardamus, and Texas history (come in to find out the true origin of the Fajita). The first half of the show is a series of comedy skits, featuring slapstick, social satire and gut-busting grabbers like the running gag ‘Leave it to Rambo.’ The current show, Dogs Don’t Have Quarters has been running for 5 weeks and headlines a sketch depicting a day in the life of a dog pound. Others poke fun at NASA, the medical profession, Nostardamus, and Texas history (come in to find out the true origin of the Fajita). The first half of the show is a series of comedy skits, featuring slapstick, social satire and gut-busting grabbers like the running gag ‘Leave it to Rambo.’

The Stucco Iguanas are along the lines of Second City. The second half is improvisation, structured along the lines of Second City. Improv, for those of you not familiar with it, is built around audience suggestions—things like 'Leave it to Rambo.'
The government got Bob Stevens as the great American jurisprudence system triumphed again.

It's too bad that all the little school kids in America couldn't have had the benefit of watching this case from beginning to end.

I read about a 10-year murder sentence on the same day that Stevens was sentenced to eight years in federal prison for running a whorehouse.

The formal charge was illegal use of the mails, but it was really the whorehouse that got Stevens tried twice—once in state court and once in federal court.

While it would have been impossible for all American school kids to soak this one up, observation of the case should have been mandatory for government and pre-law students.

Those imbued with the notion that a man cannot be tried twice for the same offense would have learned firsthand that there are exceptions to every rule.

The government sanctions double jeopardy through semantics—wording in the charge is changed, but the real offense remains the same.

Stevens got a one-year probationed sentence in state court for promotion of prostitution.

This sentence didn't suit the federal folks, so they proceeded to try Stevens for illegal use of the mails, going on the premise that some of the whorehouse customers paid with credit cards.

When the paper work on Visa and Mastercharge was sent to the credit card home office, it crossed state boundaries and thereby technically became a federal infraction.

Stevens is a retired member of the Bandidos Motorcycle Club, but he doesn't fit the stereotype of an outlaw motorcycle gang member. An educated man, he is articulate and obviously well read, for he can converse intelligently on a wide variety of subjects.

I know for a fact that Stevens had tired of his massage parlor holdings long before he sold out prior to his state trial.

He had talked with me about a journalism career and other job possibilities, and I could sense that he was searching for something more fulfilling than the massage parlor rocket.

I promised him I would write nothing about the job he had immediately before his trial in state court, for Stevens was working as a youth counsellor and he didn't want anyone thinking that he had taken the job to favorably influence the outcome of his trial.

Very few know about the job, for Stevens was promptly fired when news of his trial and his past Bandido affiliations hit the newspapers.

Stevens maintains a low profile and shies away from any type of publicity. And since I won't make the popularity charts at police headquarters or the Bandido club house, a sympathetic word from this corner might cause Stevens a bit of uncomfortable warmth from all directions. It's like a southern politician receiving an endorsement by the grand dragon of the KKK.

The politician appreciates the support, but it could hurt more than help if everybody finds out about it. So let it be understood that Pervert Bob didn't solicit my attention in any way.

Stevens was released on a $75,000 appeals bond posted by friends just before Action went to press. He is appealing his case to the Fourth Court of Appeals in New Orleans.

Divorced and the father of a daughter, Stevens faithfully exercises his visitation rights with the child while satisfying conditions of his divorce. He loves his kid, and he loves other kids as well, for Stevens was enjoying the job working with youth from which he was fired.

Hunter Thompson's book on the Hells Angels of California revealed some of the obnoxious and generally repugnant nicknames assumed by the outlaw cycle members—Mouldy Marvin, Charging Charlie the Child Molestor, Buzzard, etc. And some of the Texas Bandidos are no different, for Stevens was known as 'Pervert Bob' when he rode under the Bandido colors.

Despite repeated objections by his attorney during the federal trial, prosecutors continuously referred to Stevens as "Pervert", although he has been retired for a number of years from the biker outfit.

It was successfully done to inflame the minds of the jury, and did in no way paint an accurate picture of the man on trial.

Authors of the Constitution of the United States tried hard to guarantee the basic rights of all Americans, but (continued on page 16).

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Action Magazine, July 1986 • 5 •
Daredevil Mendoza wants jump title made official

Evel Knievel and son Bobby Knievel have dual motorcycle jumps planned for September in California while Igo Mendoza, San Antonio’s un-crowned world motorcycle jumping champion, will attempt a jump here designed to make the Knievel jumps seem like child’s play by comparison.

We refer to Mendoza as the un-crowned champion because, unofficially, he has bested every world distance jump record, including Evel Knievel’s longest jump, and by a whopping 50 feet.

Mendoza’s longest jump, at Lubbock, Texas, was measured at 204 feet, while Knievel’s best effort was 144 feet. Champions Eddie Keith and Gary Wells recorded jumps of 160 feet and 155 feet respectively.

Although the West Texas jumps were performed before large crowds and video television cameras, they remain unofficial simply because they were not performed at an American Motorcycle Association function.

Igo (it’s pronounced Ego in English) has never had the opportunity of jumping at an AMA event.

For official recognition to be established, all motorcycle records must be sanctioned by the AMA.

Mendoza’s major problem has been a lack of communication with the moving forces of the official motorcycle world. An American citizen, but a native of Durango, Mexico, Mendoza speaks only halting English, and he has lacked the promotional connections necessary to get him in position for title recognition.

We hope to soon remedy this situation by making some serious inquiries with the AMA with an eye toward landing Igo a distance jump with official sanction.

Meanwhile, Mendoza plans to steal some thunder from the Knievels in September as he shoots for another unofficial world record by jumping 225 feet over 25 Via buses.

Evel Knievel is scheduled to jump 15 buses in September while son Bobby is to go over 16 buses.

Evel Knievel, once jailed for trying to brain his manager with a chopping axe, continues to have his brushes with the law, although his latest encounter is not serious enough to jeopardize any motorcycle stunt he may be planning. On July 2, Knievel was arrested for soliciting a prostitute who turned out to be an undercover policewoman.

The new generation Knievel, 23-year-old Bobby, is now getting all sorts of national attention. He’s a flamboyant chip off the old block who might surpass his old man in daring if not con, for Evel’s multi-million-dollar parachute ride off the Snake River Canyon is a tough box office act to follow.

He set the scam up legitimately enough, though, by busting half the bones in his body with an ill-fated attempt to clear the fountain at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Those same fountains later became the undoing of former world champion Gary Wells who also broke his back and sundry other bones when his bike veered from the jumping lane and crashed into a concrete abutment.

If Mendoza gets an official shot for a world title, we feel confident that the un-crowned champion of motorcycle distance jumpers will then and there become the recognized and crowned champion.

With an official world title, Mendoza would finally be in a position to bargain for a big payday when the super promoters again start hatching up a daredevil spectacular such as the fountain jumps, and Evel Knievel’s subsequent scam which netted millions as a national audience of American suckers queued up to watch Evel’s purported attempt to jump a jet-propelled motorcycle more than a mile over the treacherous Snake River Canyon.

Knievel’s bike had barely left the takeoff ramp when he pulled his parachute ripcord and floated safely down to the river bed far below, laughing last at the blood-thirsty tricks who had paid good money to watch him splatter on the far canyon wall, or just plunge bike and all to death on the canyon floor far below.

With a ready-made reputation, and with daddy towing his horn, the younger Knievel is an odds-on favorite to land some sort of big dido in the near future. Evel points out that his son turns loose of the handlebars during mid-air (continued on page 7)

Igo Mendoza displays twisted wheel from the motorcycle which left him with a broken back when he missed the catch ramp in one of the West Texas jumps which unofficially broke the world record for distance. Photo at left shows the determination of an un-crowned champion, while the camera shot at right and above makes it plain by the breath-taking height that Mendoza is no paper daredevil.
“Even I would never have dared to turn loose of the bars and hold my hands over my head during a jump.”

Without an official world title, Igo the Mexican daredevil grabs the limelight and the big bucks which are sure to follow. But an official world champion could not be ignored by Bobby Kneivel and the promoters behind him.

A tandem show might be arranged, with both Kneivel and Mendoza attempting the same feat. Or it could be a competitive spectacular such as distance leaps over parked vehicles with the last man still on his bike taking it all.

Mendoza, who bills himself Igo the Great, has all of the proper credentials of a bonafide daredevil. He will tell anyone who will listen that he is the greatest, and he approaches each jump with the firm belief that he will go when his time comes, no matter what the hazards may be around him.

Igo has the traditional broken back, the result of a nasty spill as he jumped a row of 18-wheelers. And he has already received this baptism of fire from the IRS which wiped him out after an audit several years ago.

Unlike the Kneivels and other jumpers, Mendoza doesn’t use the great American Harley-Davidson as a jumping bike. He has jumped on Japanese and British bikes, with his longest jump on an Australian KMT motorcycle. He says all are lighter and quicker machines. Mendoza says he would sail like a bird over the fountains and with distance to spare.

Kneivel, first to attempt the fountains, had a contract which called for his clearing the fountain top. He was almost over when his rear wheel caught the uppermost tip of the fountain, sending him into a nose spin which killed him. Because he failed to clear the fountains, he received nothing for his herculean effort.

Gary Wells twisted sideways off the takeoff ramp before a national TV audience, banging into a concrete abutment. The wheels on Wells’ bike were still spinning when Igo telephoned us to yell, “I ready to jump! I ready to jump!”

And Igo the Great is still ready to jump the fountains or any other object which will gain him the recognition and big bucks he so richly deserves. He has congratulatory letters from Mayor Cisneros, Congressman Gonzales and Bustamante, and from President Reagan and wife Nancy. For his jump in September (no date has been set), Mendoza said Mayor Cisneros has assured him use of the 25 Via buses, which will be set up in the vicinity of Southton Road and Loop 410 on the city’s South Side.

“I want to jump soon after the Kneivels jump in California,” Mendoza said. “I want all the world to know that I am the best.”

When it was stressed that he needed AMA sanction for official recognition, Mendoza said, “I know this and I am ready to jump for the record. Any time, any place. Just tell me where and when.”

The 34-year-old Mendoza, who has never been married, first came to attention shortly after coming to this country from Mexico.

At that time he was jumping a motorcycle over one junk car on the West Side, and selling raspas to the kids who showed up to watch.

Next, he was to open his Mendoza’s Garage on Bueno Vista Street, where he has earned his living working on Chev­rolets and Fords.

Now it’s Mendoza’s Racing Equipment and Service, almost a quarter of a city block covered with racing bikes in varying states of repair, and all guarded by three vicious-looking dogs. Mendoza says he employs five mechanics, and still they cannot keep up with orders for racing equipment repairs.

Mendoza has completely recovered from his broken back, and his only injuries since occurred less than a month ago when a friend of his hit the street bike he was riding, knocking Mendoza to the pavement and skinning his legs.

His only concern was whether his friend had insurance to cover repair of the bike. When he learned that the friend had insurance, Mendoza said he breathed a mighty sigh of relief.

When he jumps, Mendoza said, he thinks of nothing.

“I just go, and I feel great about it as my bike flies into the air,” he said. “I know I will come down there, but I never really think much about it. I know I am the champion of the world, and I am free like the bird when I fly up there on my bike. It’s what I do best, and I love it.”

San Antonio daredevil Igo Mendoza leaps his motorcycle over a row of 18-wheelers at Lubbock for an unofficial world distance record of 204 feet. It is hoped that he may equal the feat at an American Motorcycle Association event so that his record can be made official.

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Drummer Mike Molina
Driver is a new three-piece rock and roll band with original music and stage pizzazz reminiscent of some early 1960's groups, but the only label these guys will own up to is original rock and roll with high energy and some blues overtones.

All three are both writers and vocalists, and their combined experience provides a wide enough background of influences to qualify them for just about anything short of pizzazz reminiscent of some early 1960's Tuesday rock stage. Molina mixes up with bass player and lead guitarist. Lynn, a native New Yorker whose Air Force colonel father moved him all over the country, and lead guitarist David Lynn, a parttime male dancer from New Orleans whose deaf mute father was a professional wrestler, when the family moved here 10 years ago. Both Michael and Lynn have heavy metal and blues backgrounds.

Although all three musicians provide vocals, bass man Andrew Michael would be considered the lead singer.

“We hope to get into the studio to record before the fall,” Michael said. “We don't have outside financial backing at this time, but we could sure use some.”

Playing exclusively original material, the band has no delusions about finding steady work on the nightclub circuit, for San Antonio live music fans who dance will not stick with musicians who fail to play the hit records one hears daily on top 40 radio.

“We are a concert-type band,” Lynn said. “We want to make it in this business, and we feel that playing concert-type shows will give us more opportunity for advancement than night club gigs.”

And while San Antonio teenieboppers turn out in droves for the headline acts booked into Convention Center Arena, the Driver musicians are aware that the smaller local rock acts have never received much support on the home front.

“We hope to re-write that little bit of history,” Lynn said.

Driver is managed by Larry Johnson, who books live bands into the New West's concert shows. Johnson did not go in with a wired deal when he managed to place his 3-piece outfit on a show in Sunken Gardens with Prezence and The Gods, which resulted in Driver's best exposure lick yet.

They played some of the 14 original tunes they now have on their play list, and the crowd response was heartwarming.

Drummer Mike Molina said the group got together for the specific purpose of producing original music with commercial appeal.

“We are all professional song writers,” Molina said. “And with our combined efforts, we feel that we will soon have something really definite to contribute to music.”

Andrew Michael said each of the musicians has penned songs for the band’s play list, while other tunes are the result of a team effort in which the musicians collaborate to form both melody and lyrics for a certain number.

The group has also played the Texas Theater in Seguin.

Mike Molina and David Lynn had known each other for a number of years, crossing trails often as they played with various groups. Molina (continued on page 15)
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Citing the "gravity" of his offense, prison officials would not consider the minimum of 45 months as set forth in Cardenas guidelines but they dropped six months from the maximum of 52 months he had originally been told to serve because of his good work record with the prison purchasing department.

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always felt was the best music to be found in this country. I am told that someone will start telling me what to play, beginning the first of August." Houston said. "So I am going to play what I want to play until then."

They met Peaches

Peaches, the newest Scatter Shot item on the lady, some eight persons walked into McDougal's for the first time just to check Peaches out. "I couldn't believe it at first," she said. "These people had never laid eyes on me, yet they came in just to meet me after reading the item."

We've known all along what Action can do. It's the best advertising buy for the money in Texas, and we can back up such statements as this with cold facts while the other free-distribution vo-voes offer little more than hot air.

One inside cover page ad in Action completely sold out in advance a Ronnie Millsap show at the Texas Dance Hall, allowing the promoters to cancel their planned radio campaign and start counting the profits before the dance hall doors even opened.

And ask Ray Benson's opinion of Action, the leader of Asleep At The Wheel will tell you he has rolled with the band through every state in the union, Canada and a part of Europe without seeing another rag that can even touch us for believability and credibility in the field of music. Augie Meyers will echo Benson, and at the risk of sounding like all the other band wagon jockeys who now profess to knowing Willie Nelson all their lives, we would venture to guess that the Redheaded Stranger might say a kindly word for us if asked.

The lady called Peaches is now in her second month as manager of McDougal's on Pennit Street, and this already establishes a tenure record for boudoirs which have been tried to run Odessa alman Everett McDougal's classy bistros which cater to a mature adult clientele.

An invitation get-acquainted blowout she held in late July brought more than 100 persons into the club, and most of them stayed late. Peaches said she is trying to play the idea of live music, but hasn't made up her mind.

Psychological scars

Psychological and superficial was the medical diagnosis for the San Antonio Zoo attendant who was recently bitten in the crotch by a seal.

And if anyone doubts the validity of a psychological wound, they need only to bring the subject of the seal bite up around male zoo employees.

Every time they talk about the incident, every single one of them walks slightly bow-legged and with an obvious limp.

Amazing Mr. Coe

David Allen Coe, a true witting and singing talent with a satchel full of varying personalities, never chooses to amuse and amaze with his meandering around the country. From Dallas, where he wrote and recorded A Young Dallas Cowboy, to Florida where he put together his Drink Do It Tropic album, to Tennessee and then on to Big Water, Utah, Coe has moved his headquarters. And how much of the relief of his hired fan club president and others who travel with him, this mysterious redheaded cowboy has now moved back to Tennessee and set up residence with wife Jody and son Tyler in Nashville.

Coe's latest album, Son of the South, has just been released, and a single from the album titled A Country Boy Who Played the Rock 'n' Roll is steadily climbing the charts. Coe packed up and moved to Big Water, Utah last January.

Nashville, and it's good to be back in civilization."

Miss Puerto Rico

Miss Puerto Rico was two hours late for her scheduled appearance at Maggie's last month, and the Action Magazine photographer had left when she finally arrived.

Those who waited for her didn't expect Laurie Simpson Rivero to be a blond. And one disillusioned admirer said the appearance was rather humdrum because the beauty queen kept her figure hidden under a sack dress.

Whiskey River Texas

Whiskey River Texas is the new adult-type night club on Wurstbach which was opened last month by Bobby Bosworth, proprietor of the Baby Doll topless emporium just across the street. Patterned along the lines of San Antonio's Dallas Club, just up the street of Wurstbach and Fredericksburg. Whiskey River Texas features DJs playing a careful selection of country records over an elaborate sound system.

Bosworth has paid a lot of attention to the club's food. Mon. 75¢ Margaritas 4-12 pm
Tue. Ladies Night 75¢ Bar Drinks 4-12
Wed. American Peddler $1 Cover, Happy Hour 4-12 pm
Thur. Hot Chexx, 75¢ Corona 8-12 pm
Fri. Taco Buffet 4-8, Happy Hour 4-8 Live Music 9:30-2 am
Sat. Happy Hour 4-8, Live Music 9:30-2
Sun. Happy Hour 4-8, Live Music 8-12, Kamikaze $1.50 Frozen Margarita 75¢

Call 340-3995 for Live Music Information
4841 Fredericksburg Rd.
Since I’ve been writing this column for Action, there have been a number of questions I’ve been asked over and over again. Number 1 is: Doing food reviews—how do you stay so skinny? Answer: That’s where the “impoverished” part comes in. Number 2: Why don’t you do a review where the “Impoverished” from now on is... well, you can answer for yourself. Number 3 is: Doing food reviews—how do you stay loyal down some criteria. Of course, the subject is so vast it’s next to impossible to cover it. By my count, there are between 300 and 400 Mexican restaurants in San Antonio, not to mention the meat markets, taco stands and Mexican grocery stores that dot every other street corner south of Loop 410. If I wrote up 3 a month, 12 months a year, ten years from now... well, you can see the problem.

Still, I admit that it is a subject that needs to be addressed. So, we have to lay down some criteria. Falafas don’t do practically anyone can cook a piece of skirt steak, although everybody foolishly insists on cutting it with the grain, leaving all the tendons and muscles intact. This results in long, visually appealing strips of fantastically tasty shoe-leather. Likewise with tacos—anybody can try hamburger and shove it in a crispy shell with lettuce and tomatoes. For that, you can go to Taco Bell.

What’s left? You ask. Enchiladas, is my answer. A corn tortilla with a cheese filling, red sauce and a sprinkle of cheese on top. Simple, right? Wrong, as any enchilada aficionado can tell you. First the tortilla—is it thick or thin, tough or tender? Cheese—is it real cheese, or the pasteurized processed take cheese bullsh*t? Now, VFW reunions—or real cheese, lovingly seasoned by people who know? Last, but certain not least, the sauce. Does it make the grade? Or does it taste like something an Alamo Heights debauchante who failed home ec pours out of a can? On this a Mexican (actually Tex-mex, but we won’t go into that) restaurant will make a reputation, or break up on the rocky shoals of total indifference from what must be the most discriminating clientele East of East LA. Beyond that, it’s the staples that count. Does the Spanish rice taste like it was flavored from a can of Campbell tomato soup? Does it have the requisite bits of peppers, tomatoes, etc? Do the beans look like they once were beans, or like mush from somebody’s food processor? These and other questions will be answered for you in the month’s installment of “As the Tortilla Rolls.”

The instigation for diving into this vast and nearly subject was a visit from a time friend and food Gourmando, (my long-time bon vivant, Prof. C., illegitimate son of at least a cocaine smuggler and full-time bullfighter, part-time food critic). The instigation for diving into this vast and nearly subject was a visit from a time friend and food Gourmando, (my long-time bon vivant, Prof. C., illegitimate son of at least a cocaine smuggler and full-time bullfighter, part-time food critic). Professor Caramari. Prof. C. is a citizen of the world— illegitimate son of at least a cardinal, and possibly of a pope. Downhill ski racer, bullfighter, part-time cocaine smuggger and full-time bon vivant. Prof. Caramari contents—from live squid on a bed of seaweed in Japan, to sautéed monkey brains in Borneo. When he came to visit last month in San Antonio, (he’s working as an extra on Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part II, now filming in Australia) he had one simple question: “What is this food they call Tex-Mex?” To him, and to you gentle readers, this is my answer.

Piedras Negras de Noche
1312 S. Laredo 227-7777
11-10 Mon-Thur
11-3 Fri, 2-3 Sat
4 Folks

Black rocks of night? Don’t ask me, I didn’t name the joint. Obscene monkery notwithstanding, this place is excellent, outstanding, not-to-be-missed in your mortal life. Huge plates, piled high with everything, at some of the best prices in town have made this place one of my favorites. I’ve gone in this place hungry enough for two people and gotten more food than I could eat, with change from my $5 bill. The decor is typically tacky Tex-Mex material—tarnished tin suits of armor, and plaster coats of arms, with antlers abounding, and cinnamon. Absolutely delicious. All served with free flour tortillas, obviously made on the spot—the flour comes on your hands. I missed the chicken soup ($2.75 or $3.75) although I heard good things from Natasha. The cebollas al carbon (grilled onions) were tasty, but hardly worth $1.75. Awfully upscale, but certain items cry out for a repeat.

El Mirador
222 S. St. Mary’s 225-9444
11-2 Mon-Fri 11-3 Sat
Closed Sun
4 Folks

They say variety is the spice of life. This place offers a great variety of foods for such a short menu. You can have enchiladas or the like on three ways here. I’ve tried them all and they’re all excellent. The enchiladas verde (3 for $2.65) with white Mexican cheese and shredded chicken is good, though they’re the better for a big dollop of their-not-so-hot salsa. The regular cheese enchiladas are served up with the El Mirador sauce—a rather thin tomato sauce with onions and peppers. It’s more like a spicy tomato soup—you’d be tempted to eat it with a spoon. (A great local at 1 for $2.50. My favorite however, are the enchiladas with chili con carne (2 for $2.75). Some of the very best.

Now Hiring Dancers pay to $35 per shift (7 hour shifts)

Call 655-3890
For More Information
Open Mon. thru Sat.
Closed Sunday

• 12 • Action Magazine, July 1986
Scatter Shots CONT...  
Buffet between 5 and 8 p.m. 

As usual, Bosworth has installed Bob Lippert, his right-hand man and head trouble-shooter, to serve as general manager of Whiskey River, Texas. Lippert has been general manager of Baby Dolls, except for a short period when he left San Antonio to oversee Bosworth holdings in Dallas and Fort Worth.

Management of Baby Dolls will be shared by night and day managers Danny Abshire and Bill Ladd.

Two popular country music DJs to spin the records are Johnny Rowe, also a country Beach has a menu limited to the basic Tex-Mex specialties such as nachos, enchiladas, tajitas, and Mexican plates, and goes on to note that the fare is superior to most of others.

The magazine says Tabasco Beach is a tourist trap and is not one of the ubiquitous restaurant-bars that tried hard to look like an old, comfy, somewhat funky hangout. It simply is one.

A full-length article in the December issue of the magazine talked Tabasco Beach more than a place to eat.

"For some of us," the article said, "it's a state of mind.

Walker takes (hi) breaks

When we wrote here that Jerry Jeff Walker was "sitting straight and a pure pleasure," we referred to his demeanor while entertaining the public — not his private life, although Walker has done a lot of cleaning up in that area too.

He has been known to backslide upon occasion, but he was strictly off-duty last month while wetting his whistle and pleasing his corneas at the Class Act udder emporium. While exhorting the customers to applaud a dancer, the topless club DJs often say, "Hey, boys, let's raise some hell, and "Where are the hell-raisers tonight?"

You would never hear an Austin jock say anything like that with Jerry Jeff in the audience. Walker invented the art of hell-raising and his idea of relaxation is an unwinding process which has been known to continue until J.J. is stretched out like a water-soaked noodle.

Only one Kid Death

Bobby (Kid Death) Thomas is alive and doing well at Huntsville where he is serving a 15-year-sentence for robbery, and it doesn't sound like the Texas Department of Corrections has knocked all of the wind out of his sails.

The ex-boxer who dubbed himself Kid Death has always been the ebullient super-salesman who will pitch any product he may be peddling as the best and the last of its kind in the entire world. He can make you believe it too, for Bobby has pitched his presentations, and it's a known fact that a salesman who believes in his product is a salesman who sells.

If Bobby isn't pitching a product, he is pitching himself. And if you think Thomas would have nothing to brag about while putting time in a state penitentiary, you'd be dead wrong.

In a letter to Action Magazine, Thomas admitted that prison life is a real drag. But the indomitable Thomas would hustle the devil out of a water fountain, and his letter clearly indicates that his penchant for beating whatever the system might be has not waned.

"I got the best job in TDC history," Bobby writes. "I work a job called C. Utility. I work five days a week for 30 minutes a day. There are only four men out of 1,500 who have this job. You know I have never been to work on time, so this suits my purpose very well. Everybody else works a minimum of between 40 and 70 hours a week, while I work out in 2 hours a week. So I'm not doing too bad in that department."

(Note: Kid Death didn't explain what C. Utility entails.)

Juan Gringo's delayed

Signs in front of John Goode's new Juan Gringo's Bar and Grill on Austin Highway reflect the tentative nature of a grand-opening day by proclaiming things like, "We're Closed," "Quien Sabe," and "This place is not open."

On the inside, Juan Gringo hustles to get all the loose ends tied in advance of his opening, and he already has a sign ready which says, "Sorry, we're open."

The simulated beach-front bar and grill will feature Mexican-style seafood, the big jukebox, and other delights including a drink called Juan for the Road. The opening, now tentatively set for late July, has been delayed as Goode assembled a staff to handle food and waited for all necessary paperwork to be completed.

One of the St. Mary's Street Strip pioneers, Goode and former partner J.B. Googer opened Raya Santa Maria a year-and-a-half ago, and Goode recently sold his share of the business to Googer. And Goode's able assistant in getting Juan Gringo's ready for the public is another St. (continued on page 14)
Scatter Shots

Mary’s Street denim—Alice Barreta formerly with the St. Mary’s Bar and Grill.

“When we open,” said Juan Gringo “everything will be ready, including the staff. I didn’t want to open with only drinks for sale, because we will be offering the very best in food, and to open without it would stamp us as a bar in the minds of many.”

Located next to the Bun Barrel, on Austin Highway landman. Juan Gringo’s has a telephone which will be hard to forget.

For more information, just dial 838-JUAN.

A real stopper

Showing his resourcefulness during last month’s record-breaking rains, Top O’The Step manager Mike Notni utilized the only materials available when a sudden roof leak sent water splashing down on the stage where topless dancers perform nightly.

Notti plugged the hole with a tampon which stopped the leak for the rest of the night.

And while on the subject of stoppers, we have been informed that the exchange between a cashier and a stock clerk did not originate in an Albertson’s store as reported here.

The origination point is really immaterial, but the question gives us an excuse to re-run the item for readers who may have missed it.

In whatever store it might have occurred, the cashier called out to the stock clerk for a price on Tampons.

Thinking the clerk said thumb tacks, the stock clerk quivered back: “That kind you push in, or the kind you drive in with a hammer?”

Busted in prison

Son Antoninian Harry Harrison, serving time for cattle rustling in the federal lockup at Big Springs, spent a weekend furlough in San Antonio last month which may prove to be a costly one.

Federal agents talked Harrison back to the Big Spring penitentiary where they arrested him for possession of an ounce of speed.

With time still to serve on the cattle theft charge, Harrison now finds himself in the jail at Big Spring with drug crimes hanging over his head.

His conviction of taking drugs from the prison Harrison could face a 10-year sentence on that charge alone. And 10 years is the minimum.

Packards pack Packard’s

Alex Hotbee and David Morris opened their Packard’s discotheque in Las Vegas last month and enjoyed packed houses around the clock with both show business personalities and Las Vegas residents, but business slowed down when members of the Las Vegas Packard Club came rolling up in their antique cars.

Sports writer who?

The over-extended egos of some young sports writers and columnists are patently obvious for these gung-ho jock groups manage to convince themselves that readers from all walks of life are hanging on each and every hack-eyed cliche which spills from their typewriters.

At a recent apartment party meeting of guys and gals, one of the metropolitan daily sports columnists (the name is really unimportant) got his feathers up because the ladies didn’t exactly ooh and ahh at the mere mention of his name.

When his name didn’t ring their bell, one of the male party guests told the woman who the columnist was. And the obvious crowning blow came as the ladies plainly indicated by their responses that they didn’t really give a shit.

Then the typhewriter (loco) really showed his ass by stirring stilly out the apartment.

Will Dallas move?

The nightclub Dallas in the ship center at Fredericksburg Road and Wurstbach will likely change locations, but no one seems to know where or when.

We understand the club is running on a day-to-day lease while a new home is hunted.

The Dominion’s preacher

The vows of poverty may be for some men of the cloth, but the controversial Rev. John Hagee avails himself of some high-dollar earthly pleasures as he crusades against the Playboy TV channel and other such fools of the devil.

Hagee, pastor of the Castle Hills Cornerstone Church, will soon move into his new digs at The Dominion, this area’s most prosperous new development which is characterized by fat wallets and a high-on-the-hog style of country club living now even before even heard of in their parts.

The preacher, who also has a TV show, is currently lobbyng any American visitors who might have rights denied to new Austrian President Kurt Waldheim until charges of Nazism against Waldheim are cleared up.

Needless to say, Rev. Hagee is doing right well for himself as he fights legalized horse racing, nudity, and Nazism for they don’t build houses at the Dominion for less the $500,000.

One certainly cannot characterize Hagee as one of the idle rich, for he stays in a high run from one embroil to another, and he may well share the philosophy of Rev. Bob Harrington, the Bourbon Street person who responded to criticism of his expensive jewelry by belowing on national TV: “Diamonds weren’t made for healtheers to wear, brothers and sisters. Yes, I wear diamonds. And gold, too. I’m gonna be walking streets paved with the stuff one of these days, so I might as well start getting used to it right here on Earth!”

The amazing Ballow

Action Magazine received a 4 p.m. telephone call last month from Miami, Florida, and the caller turned out to be the amazing Harris (Butch) Ballow, former investments broker and pitch man deuce who kept things hopping on the San Antonio club scene for a couple of hectic years.

With brother Pete running the Bills and Flecos Club, and with the liquor license and other papers in Jim Makens’ name, Harris (Butch) Ballow used the club to entertain investors and prospective investors in an outdoor entertainment center project which never did get off the ground. Then, from a $700-per-month suite in the now-burned Ahum Building, Ballow shared space with Action Magazine and others as he thumped the nightclub Dallas in the ship center at Fredericksburg Road and Wurstbach.

Butch didn’t say what he was doing in Miami.

One certainly cannot characterize Harris (Butch) Ballow as a man who could not keep his hands off the liquor license and other such tools of the devil.

Pete is now reportedly selling real estate in the Ballow hometown of Athens, and he is said to be selling tons of it. And Butch didn’t say what he was doing in Miami.

LOUIE BELLSON
in a Drum Clinic
July 27, 2-4 p.m.
McArthur High School
Admission FREE

KIRK SCOTT’S
DRUM CITY

PRESENTS...

Whiskey River Texas
8779 Wurzbach  696-3327

807 East Perrin Beitel, San Antonio, Texas
Ingestor cont... If you want a course of tastes, try the El Miadco Special, for $3.95. Features 1 gordita, 1 enchilada with verde sauce, 1 enchilada with chili con carne, guacamole salad, rice and beans. More than a mouthful. A great specialty item are the abondigas ($2.95) a wonderful Mexican meatball.

If you're in on a Saturday by all means have the Caldo Arteca—a huge tureen of delicious soup with big chunks of cheese, avocado tortilla strips, and all manner of goodies swimming around in it. The Caldo Xochitl (pronounced zo-chee, or so I'm told) is a slightly less spicy version of the same. If you're with someone order the caldo, and two Monterey Chalupas ($3.25). This chalupa is a monster-piled high with chicken, guacamole, sour cream, beans and white cheese. Dr. G. is the only man I know who can polish off two of these and the caldo got one sitting. Professor Calamari was in love at first sight. "It's so beautiful..." he kept saying. "How can I eat such beauty?" He managed, so will you. Only open for lunch and Sam Kindrick cont... they had no way of knowing about Visa an. Mastercharge, when it was decreed that no man should be tried more than once for the same offense.

School kids are still taught the basics of constitutional theory, which outlines a legal system based on justice through fair play, and punishment with room for compassion when there are circumstances to mitigate the severity of the crime. Bob Stevens is no threat to society, yet his conviction for the same offense is questioned now, and the government is up for a second try. 

Steve Kindrick cont... place, time, acting styles and emotions, developed into a fast paced, free-wheeling skit, improvised entirely on the spot. Improv is a demanding exercise, requiring an ability to think on your feet and roll with the punches, besides a great sense of humor. As Joe puts it, "We're the only group in San Antonio that does improv—except for the Spurs of course!"

In addition to Second City, other influences and inspirations are Saturday Night Live, The Carol Burnett Show, Laugh In and the old Warner Bros. cartoons. All material is new and original. No shadows. You won't hear this stuff on Showtime, unless somebody steals it from the Iguanas. 

In addition to playing the Nash, the Stucco Iguanas have played at the Woodlawn, warming up for Al Stewart and doing comedy and crowd control for Andre Simone. They also have written a radio show-The Passions of Potent. Tentatively scheduled for a national tour (I said maybe—and that's final!) They are also available for private parties, mixers, weddings, dances, and bar mitzvahs. Attempts to tailor the material to the party are dependent on the circumstances—plenty advance notice and plenty of money. Come see the 8 p.m. show at the Nash—a treat for the eyes, ears and funnybones.

Scatter Shots cont... reading every drug bust article in the daily newspapers as they search for accounts of any arrests concerning the illegal weed.

A street's marijuana bust... and there hasn't been one of late—so enough of an indication that the stuff is in town to send long-suffering weed heads scurrying about in search of a connection.

One major reason for the need during the war is that shipments of marijuana moving from Mexico to the U.S. have been thwarted at the border by the government's stepped-up war on drugs.

Intuition has set in big time, according to our sources who report that, in some areas, quarter-ounce bags of grass are going for the previously unheard-of price of 542.

This amounts to more than 500 per ounce, which is approximately double the price of some six months ago.

There is reportedly some unharvested Guadalupe homegrown in patches along the take my advice—go early, maybe—and wait until after 2, or you will definitely have to wait for a table. Atmosphere—negligible. Service—widely inconsistent. Excellent sometimes, surly and indifferent on other occasions. Still, with this food at these prices, I can put up with a lot.

David Lynn and Andrew Michael display stage poise reminiscent of the early-1960s rocker show bands.
WHERE TO FIND ACTION MAGAZINE

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Burnett's
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Cookey's
Class Act
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Fuggawi Club
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K Lounge
Kemosabe
Kramer's
Maggie's
Magic Habits
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Marty's
McDougal's
Mickey Finn's
Midnight Rodeo
Mobil Hi-Fi
Netta's Tap Room

NORTHWEST
Baby Dolls
Bear Claw
Cactus Club
Clicks Billiards
Comedy Club
Coots Broughs
Court Yard
Dallas
Dee Fee's

CENTRAL & DOWNTOWN
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San Antonio's Adult Fun Headquarters

★ Deli-Style Sandwiches Mon.-Sat. 11-3 pm ★ Complimentary Buffet Mon.-Fri. 5-9 pm ★ Happy Hour Mon.-Fri. 4-9 pm

Mondays, Ladies Night 8-12 pm, 75¢ Well Drinks, Draft Beer & Wine
Tuesdays, Long Neck Night-$1.25 Long Necks & Margaritas
Wednesdays, Ladies Night 8-12 pm (Same as Mondays)
Thursdays, Pizza Buffet at 11 pm, Mgrs. Drink Specials All Night Long
Fridays & Saturdays, Ladies No Cover til 11 pm
Sundays, $1.25 Bar Drinks, Long Necks til 1 am

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