Fred Allen Smith
A street-fighting legend in the making

When he wasn't fighting, Fred Smith was riding bulls, as he is pictured in the photo below.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SCOTTY

Birthdays are always occasion for a party at the Class Act, and the biggest party of them all comes in July when Class Act manager, Scotty Gilmore's special day rolls around.

The pictures displayed on this page were taken at Scotty's blowout last month.
**Now it's Hank on a Wild Streak**

By T.L. Merkatz

Hank Williams Jr., kicked off his Wild Streak tour of the South in San Antonio last month with a raucous show at the Arena which filled the aisles with dancing fans and embattled security cops working to get them back into their seats.

Traveling with his heralded Bama Band, the singer and song-writer who now refers to himself only as "Hank," is promoting his new Wild Streak album on Polygram which includes the hot and controversial single titled II The South Would of Won.

Shouting the exuberance and unfettered love for his music that has characterized his performances since he returned to show business after a near-fatal fall while hunting in Montana, the son of country music's legendary Hank Williams Sr., played 30 minutes over his contracted 2-hour engagement here, explaining later that he has never adhered to a cutoff time when the musicians are cooking and the crowds are responding with equal gusto.

The Wild Streak album single, If the South Would of Won, was heartily received by the crowd of some 7,000 here, although the lyrics of this one have rattled cages with equal gusto.

Williams speculated, the Confederacy would no doubt have taken Miami away from the Cubans and dope dealers. And had the South prevailed, the Japanese have taken Miami away from the Cubans and dope dealers. And had the South prevailed, the Japanese would have been turned out of Japan as Americans drove the products of Detroit.

Now describing himself as "a good old boy," Williams said he is no longer influenced by the ghost of his daddy's legend, and he is at last doing his own music and doing it his way.

Scars from that mountain fall which almost claimed his life are still cosmetically concealed by the full beard and sunshades which have become a trademark of the Hank Jr., who has vowed to quit music after a teenage career which robbed him of any musical individuality.

A strong-willed and ambitious mother, still living with the legendary ghost, had guided the son into a carbon copy role of the late and great Hank Sr., singing the father's great hits and cashing in on the greatest name country music has ever known.

Totaively disillusioned and ready to give up in despair, Hank Jr., emerged from the accident resolved to do it his way or no way, and he marked his return by calling himself Bocephus, the nickname Hank Sr., had given him as a baby.

But now it's just Hank, and the talented Alabaman who now calls a Montana cattle ranch home, is the last living member of his immediate family. And while he still makes reference to his legendary father in lyrics of some songs, the contemporary Hank Williams is doing it his way, sharing cudos with his Bama Band and working steadily in the studio with female vocalist Reba McIntire.

The Bama Band has a single out titled Love With a Southern Accent, and the band's upcoming Polygram album has Hank helping out with one cut on the record titled The Farm.

The Bama Band consists of lead guitarist and vocalist, Wayne Turner, Cowboy Eddie Long on steel, Ray Barrickman on bass, Billy Earhart on piano and keyboards when Hank isn't playing those instruments. And while he still makes reference to his legendary father in lyrics of some songs, the contemporary Hank Williams is doing it his way, sharing cudos with his Bama Band and working steadily in the studio with female vocalist Reba McIntire.

Williams has laid his foundation and working with McIntire in their individual work which comprises some 18 singles that Williams has laid down. He and McIntire sound real good on such numbers as I'd Love to Know the Hell Out of You and others.

Hank said he and Reba McIntire will probably release some singles, and possibly a duet album in the future. Of his childhood, Hank said: "Four days a week, I was...

(continued on page 15)
Igo’s world record try thwarted by kidnapping

Igo Mendoza’s attempt to set a world cross-country motorcycle record last month almost cost the San Antonio daredevil his life.

No nightmare could be any more bizarre and harrowing than the chain of events which found Mendoza standing on a dark Nebraska prairie with a 45 pistol barrel shoved in his ear.

The man who will soon attempt to set a Guinness Book of World Records mark for the fastest non-stop trip between the George Washington Bridge in Manhattan where Igo’s first problem was negotiating the Big Apple’s morning traffic. He took lots of chances, cutting in and out of the traffic.

Igo said he got off to a great start and I was running well ahead of my schedule when I hit Nebraska. Mendoza departed New York on July 3, and running at speeds up to 160 m.p.h., he crossed Pennsylvania and Ohio before getting his first speeding ticket in Indiana on the morning of July 4 where he was clocked on radar as doing 140.

The Gordo state troopers detained Mendoza about 30 minutes, and it was July 4 as he was being hauled by a police roadblock just short of the Nebraska-Wyoming border. Nebraska state police had clocked him at 160 m.p.h., and those menning the roadblock met him with drawn pistols.

"They wanted to know why I was traveling so fast," he said. "I explained to them about the world record and all, and everything seemed okay when I showed them my identification papers. I got from the New York police."

The Nebraska speed limit is 65, and Nebraska troopers told him to hold it down to 70 as they flagged him along his way.

A short time after that, Mendoza said, he was running along at 70 when he heard a voice behind him. He kept telling me to stop, and I was sure that I was going to die. I was afraid and frustrated and sick at heart, and I cried out in my position. And I stood there in fear for 30 minutes before I finally turned my head.

"I glanced back over my left shoulder," he said. "I could see the front end of a sports car pulling up to my left lane. It had a real long front end. I think it may have been a Jaguar. I heard the voice again, but I couldn’t understand what was being said for all the road noise. Then I saw the muzzle of a big bore pistol being pointed at me by someone on the passenger side of the sports car. I was being motioned to pull over, which is what I did."

"I was pulling my helmet off when someone behind stuck a gun in my ear and told me not to look back or say a word. I could see out of the corner of my eye that the pistol was a .45.

Mendoza said there were two men in the sports car. He said they were soon joined by a third man who pulled up in a step-van. The only one to speak, Mendoza said, was the big man with the gun. After putting the pistol away, he twisted one of Mendoza’s arms up behind his shoulders. Mendoza said the big man used his other hand to pull his head back by the hair, causing his face to point upward.

"He was hard talking," Mendoza said. "He kept telling me, ‘You say one word, and you die. Motherfucker. Understand, motherfucker?’ The van and the three men were gone. The only thing Mendoza saw was the roadblock met him with drawn pistols.

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I'm not into beating old subjects to death, but there are a couple of other points from Sheriff Copeland's big "sting" that I feel obliged to elaborate on.

The charge of unlawfully carrying a deadly weapon was left out of last month's column simply because it slipped my mind.

First off, I wasn't unlawfully carrying anything. The .38 caliber Smith & Wesson revolver was under the front seat of the truck I was driving.

Secondly, I feel sure this charge will be dropped, for I have every right to have the gun by virtue of the fact that I once, and sometimes two county lines while driving to and from my place of business and my home.

The TV reporters made it sound like I was walking around with the pistol strapped to my leg, and one of them throatily wheezed that I was in possession "of a fully loaded .38 revolver."

Only a mongoloid idiot or maybe a television turkey would be stupid enough to drive around with an empty pistol.

With the same verbal emphasis they put behind an axe murder or an airline crash, the electronic robots also stated that sheriff's investigators also found some lurid magazines in my office.

They were lurid, okay. The magazines featured homosexual men in various stages of undress.

The investigators who discovered this box of lurid magazines was grinning like he had just uncovered a dump truck full of cocaine. And he proudly pitched the magazines out for the TV cameramen. I could feel something like lightening bolts coming out of my ears.

I thought the sheriff's undercover man had planted the gay books in my office, and when I denied ever having seen them, the investigator who smiled and slobbered a lot turned to me and said, "That's okay, Sam, you are entitled to any sexual preference you choose."

I was thinking things at this point that could get you the death penalty, but I managed to hold my tongue.

And it wasn't until much later that I found out how those lurid magazines got into my office.

More than a year ago, we had contracted to set type for a gay magazine which was the brainchild of Penelope Judge, who owned the gay Rose Club at the time.

Kitty Carson, the Action typesetter, explained that Ms. Judge had brought the box of magazines into the office along with other material to be used in her new magazine.

Since Penny burned me for the entire typesetting bill, she didn't bother to return for her box of books. And wouldn't you know that it would be a member of Harlen's hordes who would find the damn magazines back in what amounts to the office junk pile.

A combination of sheriff's deputies and TV cameramen, all thinking at the same time, could constitute a public hazard.

Members of the electronics media were a joke when I started as a cub reporter more than 20 years ago, and they haven't done much to upgrade their lot since.

Most of them wouldn't recognize a news story without help unless it had a siren or flashing dome light, and their interest in applying facts to the film footage they shoot can be measured in micro give-a-shits.

---

Senator Frank Tejeda, the vigilant crusader who may have ripped his political britches by secretly tapping a lawyer from the Oliver Heard tax-collection agency, will long be remembered on the bistro circuit as the Long Ranger political who clamped the closing lid on San Antonio's last remaining after-hours private clubs.

Mike and George Stair, who catered to the after hours drinking judges and policemen with their Commander's Room, and brother Phil Stair, who did likewise with his Navy Club, were forced to give up their businesses as Tejeda blew the whistle so long and so loud that he could (continued on page 15).
Smith's wallop made birds sing
and bells ring

When the talk turns to tough guys from San
Antonio's traditionally
tough South Side, the
name Fred Smith looms
with a bigness that
overshadows other
mentionables from the
street and beer joint
battlefields.

In delivering the eulogy
at Fred Smith's funeral,
friend Bobby Frazier
pointed out that the name
Smith comes from the
term blacksmith or smithy
which was derived
directly from the word
smithen, an adjective
defined by the Random
House Dictionary of the
English Language as
"struck, as if by a hard
blow."

The Random House
guys couldn't have known
Fred Allen Smith, but their
definition of "smitten" fits
Fred sprang from an era
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Fred sprang from an era
in delivering the eulogy
at Fred Smith's funeral,
Fred with youngest son, Buddy.

Fred Chambers had reportedly been friends with the Brown family for about a year. Without the Brown residence say the two of them had been drinking together most of the day prior to the shooting.

Robert Chambers questions answered

The one friend closest to Smith at the time of this death is Robert Chambers, an iron-clad cowboy who gained your respect without saying a single word. It was Chambers who took custody of Smith’s personal effects, making arrangements for the burial, and handling personal details Fred might have left unfinished.

Smith turned cowboy to change his image

“He was wearing those pointy-toed shoes and pegged britches that a lot of the Southside toughs were wearing then,” Brehm said. “The cops were always rousing guys who dressed like that, so Fred decided to start wearing a cowboy hat and boots. He just naturally picked up on the building.”

Friends of Smith came from all over the Southside, Texas, and other states to pack the Alamo Funeral Home chapel and the large hallway outside. And the most noticeable of the mourners was the top-to-toe Brehm, who with full beard and long flowing hair could pass for a Leon Russel look-alike or an Indian guru. Brehm arrived from New Mexico driving a show-piece 1943 Ford pickup truck. When he left for New Mexico, Brehm announced plans to take Buddy Smith, the youngest of Fred’s three sons, along with him.

He said the boy would be kept off the streets, and with help from others who were close to Fred, Brehm said the youngster would be afforded a proper education, including college if he deserved it.

Things like credit cards and insurance policies were not a part of Smith’s lifestyle, and with little thought of losing the big one when he did, Fred was caught short of cash when his number was called by The Man Upstairs. He had been thinking of his spiritual future, though. The minister who preached the funeral noted that Fred had joined a Baptist Church some three months prior to his death.

Immediately following the funeral, many of the mourners repaired to the Jus Country Club where a collection was taken to help defray burial expenses.

Robert Chambers wants questions answered

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As for details surrounding the death, Chambers said there are some unanswered questions he would like answered.

“We get to that after this (funeral and burial) has all been attended to,” Chambers said.

Smith and Brown had reportedly been friends for about a year, and others at the Brown residence say the two of them had been drinking together most of the day prior to the shooting.

Rumor has it that Smith might have been on a money-collecting mission, but this is discounted by those who were around the two on that fateful day.

The most voiced theory is that the deaths were alcohol-related. The shootout stemming from a drunken argument about little or nothing.

Brown was a likeable and generous gun nut who would give you the shirt off his back, and the rumor mill has it that George gave Fred the 38 which Fred was later to use in the shootout.

Friends of Smith can’t minding our own business when, somehow, we were in some sort of name-calling row with two other dudes. Fred was fighting with one of them when the other ran up and opened me up with this knife.

Fcharted goes from Hacha’s to the emergency room

Cardenas said he somehow managed to snatch a knife from the kitchen and cut off his attacker’s ear.

Fred took me over to Scotty Hopkins’ house (continued on page 13).

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‘Morning’ insanity rekindled

San Antonio’s premiere party band is back together.
It’s Morning, okay, make no mistake about it.

A few years out in the pasture for most of the original band members didn’t change much. If anything the layoff may have rejuvenated the energy furnace which keeps Morning and its loyal followers in near-perpetual motion.

Now appearing weekends at Bob Oso’s on the Loop 410 access road between McCullough and San Pedro, the Morning madness is once again being directed by the bass-playing lunatic in the “MF” baseball cap—Bud Luecke.

Luecke flies down weekends from St. Louis where he has been practicing as an Orthodontist, and if plans go as scheduled, he may be moving back to live permanently in the near future.

It’s hard to believe, but the band Morning was started 20 years ago in Austin, according to drummer and guitarist Jim Isaacs, who was 16 and still in high school at the time.

And before he hooked up with Morning, Luecke was Freida’s main Firedog back when singing mama Marcia Ball called her group Freida and the Firedogs.

The group still relies on its loosey-goosey and slam-bang style of musical foolishness to lure audiences into a participation-type gig which often sees more than half the crowd on stage at one time or another.

Most all of the old and familiar Morning faces are back. In addition to Luecke and Jim Isaacs, there’s Jim’s brother John Isaacs on guitar and vocals, vocalist Jimmy Donahue, Roger Santos, formerly with Black Rose, also playing bass, and steel player Mark Stevens, a former Bobby Jenkins group member who now owns part of Rock World Music. Jimmy Donahue’s brother Billy sometimes sits in with the band.

Jim Isaacs said he and Billy Donahue had been playing recently in a band which had been using the Morning name until the older band members regrouped.

Playing no small part in this reformulation of the Morning that took San Antonio by storm is none other than the bull moose himself, Bob (Oso) Ragan, the first San Antonio nightclub operator to recognize the band’s potential as a crowd-maker back when he was managing the Bull Moose restaurant and bar on Blanco Road.

At Bob Oso’s last month, the group played non-stop as various members of the band took breaks at varying times, but the crowd didn’t get a break as Morning carried it to them full blast.

Calling first one and then another member of the crowd on stage for his famed audience participation tequila toasts, Luecke outdid himself on this particular night. When someone noted that Luecke was wearing his Massey Ferguson tractor cap backwards, another customer responded by saying, “No, the cap’s on straight. It’s Bud who is on backwards.”

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Aug. 27 .............. Tight Rope
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**Scatter Shots**

**Live Oak trap**

The notorious Selma speed trap on IH 35 just east of San Antonio was finally pressured by the State of Texas into tightening up on its fulltime traffic ticket business, but motorists passing through that area are given little respite.

Taking up where Selma left off is the micro bug of Live Oak, which claims a jurisdictional patch of asphalt on IH 35 on Selma's west border.

Live Oak maintains a fulltime day and night radar cop who goes snaring up with some lights flashing to nail every errant driver who inches by the 55 m.p.h. limit.

**Danny revamps**

Danny Levinson has already pulled half the pool tables out of his Tiffany Billiards as renovations begin to convert the big pool emporium off San Antonio.

**Roy Caldwell gave Gilmore**

Roy's GSX R1100 Honda, the biggest and fastest machine the company makes, Gilmore and Caldwell were tight friends when Caldwell stunned friends and family caller this year by shooting himself to death.

Then, on his July 29th birthday, Gilmore received a big racing bike from Jim Perez of the J.P. Racing Team.

**Art Climer returns**

Art Climer, well-known nightclub and entertainment entrepreneur, was back in San Antonio last month looking for a new nightclub and restaurant location somewhere on the city's North Side.

A onetime Pearl Brewing Co. sales rep who later owned the old Blue Chip Club and the Frontier Town Club and Rodeo Arena on the South Side, Climer left for West Texas 10 years ago to eventually acquire sizeable holdings in the town of Balmorhea out between Pecos and Alpine.

He was hit by an IRS blitz earlier this year by shooting himself to death.

After Climer came unexpectedly into possession of two fine motorcycles over the past couple of months.

In June, the family of the late 51-year-old Climer, "and I feel good enough for another run at it." Climer will team up with old South Side running mate Buddy Sells, owner of Budco Construction Co., to open a North Side club which will put a lot of emphasis on food.

"I can still cook one half of a steak," Climer said, "I really got started in business with my cowboy cooking, so I'm going back to start over again doing what I know I do best.

"I'm not going to tell you what it is.

"Then, on his July 29th birthday, Gilmore received a big racing bike from Jim Perez of the J.P. Racing Team.

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Climer was hit by an IRS blitz earlier this year by shooting himself to death.
Witherspoon realize he had when he was rushed to the hospital did not return to the nightclub did
Pen pal punctures. It felt more like they really weird, but I didn't feel knives turned and got me. It's of the nightclub business after endeavor - involves the sale and distribution of writing pens.

Rod at the bottom of our would get right to it. The phone book - -Nogalitos nearest shop we could find in -a Friday--we called that this location was one of the truck's

Jack Milulenka is again out just blew my cool and ran after them.’’ Witherspoon said. ‘‘That's when the two with knives turned and got me it's really weird, but I didn't feel any pain from the knife punches. It felt more as if they were rabbit punching me. Not until he and his date returned to the nightclub did Witherspoon realize he had been stabbed. And that's when he was rushed to the hospital.

Jack Milulenka of the nightclub business after selling the second of his two Bradley's clubs, and his latest endeavor involves the sale of skilled in dropping transmissions. He suggested we sleep on it over the weekend, and make a final decision the following Monday.

Joe called the main shop, the main office, far out on the side of town to inform that the transmission cover was missing. By this time the blood of the truck had cost $95 in hard cash money. This was for a standard truck transmission which had been rebuilt less than a year ago, so we were urinating by thin-V-ing we could get a little part replaced at the drop shop. Joe presented us with an estimate.

By 4:30 p.m. the driver had loaded into the truck the $95 in hard cash money. By 5 p.m. that day, the $95 was paid to Joe the main shop. Joe oversee two or three non-skilled in dropping transmissions at the main shop. Joe said, "why didn't we try to inform that the transmission cover was missing. It was the next day, Thursday, that we finally laid hands on the little plate. The second mechanic worked on our transmission that Friday, and he was set to put it in the truck the next day, a Saturday, when he discovered that the transmission cover was missing. This ruined the ninth day since we took the truck in to be fixed, so a call was placed to the company owner, a man identified as Roy Rodman.

After listening to our woeful tale, Rodman retorted: ‘‘Well, somebody has been feeding you a bunch of bull if you think your transmission was okay. The parts in it were like new but the people who rebuilt it didn’t know what they were doing it was improperly spaced and jammed so tight we couldn’t get the bearings out with pliers. We had to hammer them out.’’

As for the piece-by-piece return of your transmission, Rodman declared, ‘‘I can understand your frustration on that point, but I’m not trying to sit on your transmission parts if we can’t find the cover, we can find one to match it.’’

So the following Monday the first day of being truck less, we went to the main Nogalitos Gear headquarters where a replacement cover was found. The second mechanic installed the transmission after showing us the parts he had to replace, a little forkike object and one set of bearings, plus the little rod we had initally taken in for replacement. He said the forkike object and bearings were damaged in the disassembling of the transmission.

"I didn't understand,” he said, “why they didn't just replace this broken rod in the first place.”

"We didn't try to just replace the broken rod in the first place.

(continued on page 14)
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When business is bad, you've got to advertise.

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THE
HIGHWAYMAN

By The Highwayman

The Highwayman is full of good gossip this month. The Austin Highway jinx continues... Chris Snow's New Ink Box is no more, along with the Rialto Grill. J.B. Gouger went out with style, having a 'Grand Closing Party' with the Osso Good Band, as luck would have it, Texas Monthly came out with a wonderful update review of the Rialto the very next week.

The Argentine at Broadway and Hildebrand, which closed for remodeling a couple months ago, will rise as Napoli (you guessed it, an Italian restaurant). I also hear that the original Naples property will be resuscited after many years. Naples was a classic, the best Italian restaurant in the Southwest.

New York style service and atmosphere, in fact, the clientele was predominantly Jewish, the hostess, Molly, knew everyone by first names and Ralph Brancacci, the owner, was typically abrupt and grumpy. It was a true S.A. tradition.

Have ya'll tried Good Time Charlie's at Mulberry and Broadway? (across from Kiddie Park) Millard Steter and Eddie Nuffie have a good food cash machine open seven days a week. They were both Cappy's (i.e. Moomies at 1775 inc.) They were fortunately deprogrammed. Ronnie Branham, legendary disco impresario, thought he sold the boys a 'big bill of goods' but Millard and Eddie turned Charlie's into a big-time winner. They hosted the infamous Sunday night jam with Cecil and Sylvia, and everybody who was anybody. It was the S.A. bar scene for years. Nobody got much done on Monday. When it was discounted, 'the gross national product' of San Antonio rose a couple percent. No more live music, but consistently great food, avoid lunch and dinner, too crowded. try 3 p.m., stay howdy to George, the main kitchen man.

On the N. St. Mary's strip, Cafe Americana finally bit the dust. Caramba has still yet to open. And St. Mary's Wharf is hanging in, open for lunches only, we think. There's a new bar going in the same building as The Bar, un-named as yet.

Coca Cola is finally catching on, a little advertising would help guys! Gil is still serving up the best home-made margaritas on the strip at Salute, great hand-blown glassware, a tall white marble bar and Jesse Cori art work (a life size car on canvas with real grill and headlights; the other driving force at Salute is his Wife, Aimieth and who is able, assisted by Leticia, a lotta personality in a small package.

Steve Loving's Huey's is still cooking up great Cajun fare and the Cactus & Tycoon Rumble, if the bands continue (the best bands in town from 7-11 p.m., no cover).

Bob Veltman, Hap's brother is bringing back the original St. Mary's Bar and Grill, opening Sept. 15th, Johnny Goode, formerly of Playa Santa Maria is assisting him in the project. Rumor has it the Perry Chevez, of Rialto and Charlie's fame may be the general manager at St. Mary's Bar and Grill.

More scuttlebutt has it that Jesse, of La Fogata, is putting a 'Fogata clone' at the Pearl's location (a good addition).

Bob Ragan's Maui Wowie T-shirt and accessories emporium, next to Tycoon Flats is getting a lot of traffic, mainly due to the hot looking clerks in French cut underwear. Bob you never change, thank goodness!

Catch Bob's act at Boboso's across from North Star Mall at the site of the old 10 Speed Bicycle store. He's brought Bud Luecke back to complete the original Morning crew, weekends only and Bob has to fly Bud and family in from the Midwest (expensive but worth it).

St. Mary's Street welcome Johnny Witherspoon back to the land of the living. Spoon made the almost fatal mistake of trying to recover his wallet from 3 neighborhood punks, who objected since Spoon didn't have the proper 'claim check', and proceeded to let the air out of him with sharp pointed objects. The St. Mary's merchants have established a full scholarship fund to Huntsville for these deserving young scumb. Part of the fund will go to replace the punk's switchblade which was shattered when it struck Spoon's liver. WE KNOW YOU ARE!

The St. Mary's Strip is probably one of the saddest and most highly policed area in town, but some dumb yups insist on parking BMWs down some obscure alley that I wouldn't walk down in the daytime. And they're amazed that their B�upunkt stereo is missing when they get back. Car-pool to the strip! Use your head.

The restaurants on the St. Mary's strip are giving away some dynamic Grand Prix packages (Sept. 3-4), with a street-wide 'Rev-Up' party on Thursday, Sept. 1 and St. Mary's Pit Crew T-shirts and a 'Chequered Flag' after-race party. Check it out.

Remember: D.W.I. are活得 wine intelligently!

Until September, the Highwayman says, don't be a fool, go back to school, but watch out for me in school zones--no prisoners.
Fred Smith cont....
where everyone looked at my wound and said I should go the a hospital,' Cardenas recalls.
He said Smith then drove him to the Santa Rosa Hospital emergency room where they ran smash into the two guys they had been fighting with.

"Here I am with my guts hanging out, and the guy who cut me is standing there with no ear," Cardenas said, "the other guy is there with his friend, and Fred flattened him right there in the emergency room. There was a security cop there, too, but he didn't want any part of it." Cardenas said he had been hospitalized for about a week when Smith stepped into his room and pitched him his clothes.

"Come on," he quoted Fred as saying, "people die in hospitals.

Cardenas said Smith helped him sneak out of the hospital, and then drove him straight to Lubbock, Texas where he had been staying prior to the fight. When Smith was 19 or so, Cardenas said a group of them were drinking at Shady Acres over near New Braunfels when Fred borrowed his car.

"It was my pride and joy," Cardenas said. "A 56 Bellaire. I told Fred to be careful with it, and you guessed it. He backed it into a tree, caving in the trunk.

Cardenas said he was holding at Smith about wrecking the car when Fred hauled off and hit him.

"Then Eddie Mustian said something to Fred, and Fred takes a cut at Eddie. Cardenas said 'Eddie was plenty tough in those days, and that was before Fred started to grow. Mustian knocked him down and kicked him in the head, breaking his jaw. After that, Fred would come around needling me by saying shit like, 'Hey Joe, what are you gonna do when Eddie ain't around to protect you?' 

When Fred fought him, Cardenas said, the punches didn't carry the impact of those Smith launched at strangers.

Incidents such as this, Cardenas said, were what made Smith as mean as he was. When he got the upper hand, he kept it. And as all street fighters know, the first lick is often more than half the fight. Critics call it the sucker punch. But few would survive on the street if they gave up that advantage, as was so forcefully demonstrated one night in front of the old Spotted Horse when giant bulldogger Donald Ray Murphy (now deceased) offered Fred Smith his jaw.

When big Don gave Fred the first punch
"I'll give you the first punch and then whip your ass," Murphy told Smith. Smith put every ounce of energy and power he had behind that blow which sent Murphy to an intensive care ward with multiple jaw fractures.

Recalled Cardenas: 
"After that first punch, Fred was all over Murphy. Like a buzz saw. Hey this guy was big. Maybe 250 pounds or more, and tall. That was one of Fred's big confidence builders."

Good golfers and ballplayers all know that the cardinal sin is take their eyes off the ball. And Billy Reimer learned the hard way that the same held true for Fred Smith.

On grand opening night of the old Opry House in Colonies Mall, Reimer was winning game after game of pool at $10 a game and razzing his opponents with a steady stream of chatter.

As Smith's turn to challenge the table rolled around, Fred took his quarter from the table edge and said to Reimer, "You play real good, but you shouldn't rub it in so much."

"Oh, yeah," Reimer said, "I don't see why not.

Fred said, "Because we might just go outside and play another game."

"Yeah," Billy said, "and we can bet on that, too."

A karate instructor and no stranger to the street competition, Reimer recalls that at that point, he was chalking his cue and smirking at the girls in the gallery as Fred took his quarter and reached toward the coin slot on the pool table.

Billy Reimer: 'I don't know what kind of fighter Fred was, but I can testify that he hit mighty hard...'

But he didn't put the quarter in the slot, instead he doubled his ham-like fist and punched it right to Reimer's chin. As the punch hit Reimer's jaw, it knocked him to the floor. When he hit the pavement, sparks flew in every direction.

Doug Sahm to the rescue

At about this time, the cops converged, and Cardenas said he and Smith took refuge under a bridge until rescued by a passing motorist who turned out to be musician Doug Sahm.

Another tough rival in those days, Cardenas said was Pat Kennedy, who later went on an intellectual trip and wound up working for the San Antonio Light.

"Pat and some of this guys caught me, Fred and Sonny Baermann all wiped out drunk at this Toddle House," Cardenas said. 'We were so wasted we couldn't see. We got into a mooling match, and Pat hit Fred and knocked him out. Sonny was just stumbling around and fanning the breeze. I was in the car when Pat came over and started punching hell out of me.'

(continued on page 15)
Igo Mendoza cont'd.

the dust I could barely see them in the light from my bike.

When Mendoza finally got back to Highway 80, the interstate he had been following, he steered toward the lights of a town which turned out to be Lexington, Nebraska.

It was here that Mendoza tried and failed twice to rent a motel room.

"There were vacancy signs at both motels," Igo said. "The first motel I go to rent a motel room, the attendant if he could just hang out and rest up. The service station attendant said no, that he was preparing to close. I then drove for 20 more minutes and stopped at this Baptist Church," Mendoza said. "I slept away the night in grass out by the church, and I prayed by that church. I can tell you exactly where it was, too. The corner of 13th and Adams streets in Lexington, Nebraska."

The morning found Mendoza in deep depression, and as he paid for a fruit cocktail in a nearby grocery store, the woman clerk sensed that something was not right with him. In response to her questions, he told her his entire story, and at her insistence, he called the police.

Two detectives and a uniformed officer responded to the call, and Mendoza said they registered little surprise when he told of his ordeal. "They told me I was lucky to be alive," Mendoza said. "The police said all kinds of weird things have been happening out on that highway."

With help from the police, Mendoza located the Honda motorcycle franchise in Lexington where arrangements were made to ship his motorcycle back to San Antonio he caught an airlines flight back, arriving on July 5.

"It cost me $312 just to ship the bike back," Mendoza said. "They brought it back by truck. They said the entire fiasco cost him close to $8,500.

The bike had been shipped by truck to New York prior to Mendoza's attempt to break the Guinness Book of World Records mark of 44 hours and 20 minutes from New York to San Francisco.

His ride was to be officially recognized on certification by police departments in both cities.

Mendoza finds it ironic that the world record holder happens to be a woman from--of all places--Nebraska. But he doesn't think his kidnaping had anything to do with his attempt at the record. Had he not been interrupted, Mendoza said he would have made the ride in 36 hours. But he expressed serious doubts that the woman record holder actually made the entire ride without help.

Igo had it for verification were dated gas receipts from stops along the way," Mendoza said. "I'm sure she was there for the finish, but I'll bet someone else did some of the riding in between."

Mendoza said they would like to race her in person from New York to San Francisco.

Rubbing his sprained shoulder, Mendoza vowed to put this bitter experience behind him and come down full-fledged with his plans to break into the Guinness Book with a world distance motorcycle record leap of 275 feet over 30 parked tractor trailers sometime in October near Calaveras Lake.

At what he hopes will be made into a 3-day festival with live music and other entertainment in October, Mendoza said he will establish a first world record leap, through a tunnel of fire, and then break that mark with another fire leap of some 100 feet the day before he attempts the tractor trailer world distance leap.

When asked about the New York-San Francisco marathon record, Mendoza said he slapped that he would have another go at it.

"He hesitated before adding. "But only if I can take a bodyguard along."

Mendoza probably hadn't taken the time to think this one out before throwing in the bodyguard amendment.

In order to do this, he would have to find a bodyguard capable of and willing to ride a motorcycle at speeds up to 160 m.p.h. And even if he found one, such a move would be self-defeating in that no world record holder would want to share the record with his bodyguard.

But enough for that bad memory. If Mendoza sets his world record on those tractor trailers, he can afford to hire a complete police escort across the State of Nebraska.

\[\text{ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT, ALL RIGHT!!} ; MAGGIE'S BAND SCHEDULE AUGUST\]

1,2,3 .................. Beth Williams
4,5,6 .................. Cecil & Sylvia
7 .................. Scott & Monte
8,9,10 .................. Sojourn
11,12,13,14 .......... Clark Street Bridge
15,16,17 .................. Monte & Dale
18,19,20 .................. Cecil & Sylvia
21 .................. Scott & Monte
22,23,24 .................. Sojourn
25,26,27,28 .......... Clark Street Bridge
29,30,31 .................. Beth Williams

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\[\text{• 14 • Action Magazine, August 1988}\]
Fred Smith cont... remember grabbing a whiskey bottle and hitting Kennedy in the head. He's still wearing the scar from it.

This is one of Kennedy's favorite stories. Cardenas recalled, and one that Fred Smith found little humor in. And Joe said it was out of character for Fred not to retaliate.

"I guess Pat just never caught him in the wrong mood," Cardenas said.

"But shortly before he was killed, Fred mentioned to me that he had run into Kennedy, and Pat had told the story again. Smith told me he asked Kennedy how he would like to try again with him sober, and that Kennedy declined to offer. I said 'Hell, Fred, Pat's no idiot.' Cardenas said Smith would have pushed a rematch with Eddie Mustian had Eddie not lost both hands in a homemade bomb explosion.

"Fred felt badly about Eddie's accident," Joe recalled. "And he felt even worse about it because he would never get the opportunity to pay Mustian back for that kick and broken jaw.

Cardenas said most of the old gang members dropped out of the fighting scene while in their 20s and began busy ing themselves with families, jobs, and other responsibilities.

They weren't hurting Tejeda, either, but a professional crusader must have a cause at all times, and the clubs were on the senator's cause list.

Cause pushers like Tejeda ostensibly have the masses on their side when they bully in to bust up something like the after-hours joints. But what they fail to understand is that the masses are only mildly interested in this or that mass eradication of their enemies. They were on the senator's cause list.

"Smith's knuckles were covered by knotty calcium deposits, result of fracturing his hand bones while punching people. In half-jest, some of us had been referring to Fred as 'the legend' while he lived. Now that he's gone, the legend will no doubt take form and continue to grow so long as men drink beer and talk about tough guys from the San Antonio Southside.

Always quick to defend the ladies, Smith's habit of swinging and then asking questions later was the cause for an embarrassing mistake when the manager of Burgundy Woods was chewing Teri Leech, a friend of Fred's who managed the Opry House and other clubs he had frequented.

"He's my brother," she cried.

But brother Tom was already out cold before Fred heard her.

Fred's big weakness was obvious to all, even those who loved him. His fuse was a little too short, and his devastating punches were a few too many.

It's easy to sit back and assess the futility of firefighting, for it is true that it has solved few problems. But what man can honestly say that there haven't been times when he would have loved to have the ability to completely dismantle some creep with a single bone-splintering punch? And after it worked once, the second opportunity would be even more inviting.

Fred's life would not hold up under a serious legal inspection, but no one saw fit to take action against him.

County officials, and -- yes -- for some of the newspaper reporters. And they offered a drinking spot for other nightclub workers from across the city who got off work at the legal closing curfew hour.

They weren't hunting Tejeda, either, but a professional crusader must have a cause at all times, and the clubs were on the senator's cause list.

Hank Williams Jr. cont... the image of Hank Williams Sr. Two days a week went to playing football. And one day belonged to Rockin' Randall and the Rockets was his high school band. Williams brushes off his old accident as old hat stuff with has been over-worked by the media. He still hunts big game from his Montana ranch to Kodiak, Alaska, and he loves his work like never before, a fact made obvious by the San Antonio appearance.

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Fred Smith's strong points included some rare qualities which all real men must look up to with honest admiration.

He was no phony. If he was your friend today, he would be your friend tomorrow. His work was gold. He wouldn't give a freight train the road on a dark night. And even his enemies respected him.
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* 75¢ Longnecks & Margaritas 8-11
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SUNDAY, AUGUST 14th 8-12 p.m.
TOMAN BROTHERS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21st 8-12 p.m.
GEORGE CHAMBERS

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