July 1997

Danny Barnes and Bad Livers are hot with 'Hogs on the Highway'

... see story pg. 6
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What's that big hole under Popovich's nose?

By Jacques E. Strap
Action Magazine's
Sports Analyst

This Tim Duncan deal may well mean the end for Gregg Popovich.
Poor old Pop.
When he contemplates super rookie Tim Duncan and towering Dave both bombing the bucket for his dear old Spurs, the ill-equipped coach and GM breaks into something akin to a drooling leer for the TV cameras. Mistake, mistake. Reel year tongue back in, Pop, and forget the smiling attempts.
Popovich is damn near as ugly as Bill Merriam. In addition to having a complexion like a West Texas prairie dog town, Pop has too many teeth and the front ones are way too big.

When Popovich tries to smile, he appears to be playing a piano with his nose. And he exposes all of this mishapen ivory everytime anyone even mentions Duncan, the Spurs' big draft bonanza of 1997. Pete Holt, majority owner of the team, has bought all of the pre-Tim Duncan era hype, and old Smiley Pop is already dreaming of a world championship over the Chicago Bulls.
But wait, boys. There are some factors to be considered.
Number one, Tim (as great as he may be) is still a rookie who has never played one second of basketball in National Basketball Association competition. Number two, Gregg Popovich isn't a real coach. After firing Bob Hill last year, Pop distinguished himself by coaching the Spurs to their worst season in franchise history.

Do we have expectations? Well, yes, and if Popovich is to survive this Tim Duncan happening, the big kid from St. Croix and Wake Forest had better be able to dribble across the waters of Woodlawn Lake and slam dunk over the Tower of the Americas. He had better be a veritable basketball Godzilla. It's expected. It's been hyped. The typewriter jockeys of the Express and News have been flogging the subject to death. Peter Holt has been licking his chops and counting his season ticket money, while Popovich had just been drooling and dribbling into the cameras. If Duncan is a well-adjusted and reasonably humble youngster as has been suggested, Spurs management is doing everything within their power to ruin him before the season even gets started. A special ceremony in front of the Alamo welcoming a basketball rookie. Damned if San Antonio isn't a hootnanny knee-jerk town with a mentality to match Gregg Popovich's sloppy smiles. Spurs honchos may well make the mistake of overlooking their prize rookie's humanness. He is not their monkey on a string, and Timmy boy may emerge with some notions of his own that nobody had even anticipated.

David Robinson has already talked about how much he intends to teach the highly-touted newcomer, and I detected something a bit ominous in Duncan's response to Robinson's remarks.
"Our situations are really very much different," Duncan said. "If he (Robinson) offers advice, and it's something I can take, something that will help me, I will take it. But I don't think that we are going to sit around and he's going to tell me what to do or not to do."

Whoaaa, boy. The St. Croix phenomenon sounds human. The Spurs have got Robinson and Duncan, okay, but they've still got Cadillac Anderson as well. So Robinson and Duncan had better mesh like the gears in a Swiss watch, and if big Tim happens to cop a resentment against big Dave, then Popovich had best hunt a tree.
Anything short of a super season next year will mean the end of Pop. But today he smiles. Either that, or he has an awful big hole under his nose.
CHRISTINE FOX
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Lethal injection won't get it for Tim McVeigh. No way Jose.
You can't kill a plank-headed monster with eyes set almost as close together as a fish with anything as sanitary, painless, and humane as a little shot of poison.
Lethal injection is what Texas routinely dishes out to shit-brain robbers who kill convenience store clerks. We are offing these chokers on an almost weekly basis.
These legal killings are getting almost hum-drum and colorless. The doomed, it seems, just don't have much imagination. They stare through the observation glass at the Texas death chamber and profess their innocence to the survivors of their victim.
Then they almost always condemn the death penalty as a cruel and unjust penalty for such human scumbags as themselves. Without admitting their obvious guilt, these human slugs more often than not offer condolences to the families of those they have murdered.

They are ready for Jesus
And that's usually it. They are ready to check in with Jesus and try their luck in a less-hostile environment. Some even say, “See you in Heaven,” as the deadly drugs are pumped into their arms.
Such a cheerful sendoff for the square-headed fertilizer bomber from Buffalo, New York is unthinkable.
Tim Killed more than 160 men, women, children, and babies in the most deadly and Godawful act of terrorism ever perpetrated on American terra firma.
If a little old-fashioned torture is completely out of the question in our humanistic society of the 1990s, they can't give us jail time for fantasizing on ways that other societies of the past might have dealt with Timothy McVeigh.

The Comanche Indians where known to hang a victim upside down over a small fire and slowly cook his brains as his screams rent the skies and rattled the treetops.
In addition to scalping and cutting out tongues, our native American friends were also adept at pulling off fingernails, slicing off eyelids, skinning their victims alive, gutting pregnant women, and slashing off penises and gonads which they invariably stuffed down throats even as the vanquished males still breathed and stared in horror.

A fire ant den for Timmy
While the Indians were known to stake their torture subjects over red ant beds, it would now be possible to spread-eagle McVeigh over a great den of angry little fire ants which would sting him to death in the most horrific of fashion.
And so-on-and-so-on, but enough of this puerile drivel. We can't cut McVeigh's nads off or gouge out his eyes, and if we could it would never be enough. And I'll tell you why it could never be enough.
It would never be enough because Tim McVeigh is not the deep-rooted evil which blew the Oklahoma federal building to pieces. Tim McVeigh was the off-plumb instrument of an evil which first became manifest as ATF agents stormed the Branch Davidian compound near Waco.
Two days after the initial ATF assault, I wrote in Action Magazine that every single one of the ATF officers and all of their supervisors should be arrested, prosecuted for murder, and banned from law enforcement for the rest of their lives.

Slowly—very slowly—the daily press and other mass media began to question the outrageous actions of those federal agents. I called them felonious killers from the outset, and I never changed my stance as the FBI finished off the Davidians in a raid and roaring inferno that barbecued more than 80 men, women, children, and babies.

Ah, yes, and the defense counsel at McVeigh's murder trial in Denver was dead on the money when he said that the fires of Waco never stopped burning in his client's twisted mind.

Ruby Ridge, Waco, the Davis Mountains, and what next? Wasn't it Bill Clinton's big bull mama moose Janet Reno who ordered the FBI massacre at Waco?
Sure Tim McVeigh deserves death. He deserves it if we are going to put the poison needle to a little Mexican national who may have had grounds for a stay of execution.

Tim McVeigh is a patriotic half-wit who doesn't seem to understand the value of human life. The fires of Waco somehow stimulated his sick think box to retaliate with a "body count" of his own. And how many more McVeigh's are there out there? Not too many, we hope. A lot of them probably think as sick as McVeigh, but, hopefully, there are not too many out there with the zeal or energy to build fertilizer bombs which can destroy high-rise buildings.

Federal assaults plenty scary
Federal assaults such as Waco and Ruby Ridge are scary.
And the results among once-ordinary citizens are even scarier. I know. I have witnessed some of it first hand.
I was at the Specht Store cotton gin

(continued on pg. 14)
Bad Livers with hot record

By Sam Kindrick

It's been almost six years since I first encountered the Bad Livers band at Specht's Store near Bulverde. Despite their name, the Livers are better than ever, and a new album titled Hogs on the Highway does little to uncloud the mystique which envelopes this unlikely trio of music makers. I've always gotten a hunch out of the traditional music writers' attempts to hang some sort of cutey label on a particular group. And because Bad Livers ramrodded Danny Barnes has directed his nimble banjo-picking fingers through everything from Bill Monroe to Metallica, the misdirected name makers have called the Livers everything from cowpunk to thrash-bluegrass, whatever the hell that's supposed to be.

But I know one thing. It ain't what they are, but who they are and what they do. And I don't give a damn if upright bass master Mark Rubin's left arm is one solid mass of tattoos, I know rafter-kicking, shit-stomping, blue-blazing country music when I hear it, and I fail to hear a lot of rock influence with a banjo and a mandolin talking to one another while a bull fiddle literally shakes the floorboards.

The mandolin and acoustic guitar licks are supplied by Bob Grant, a Manhattan string instrument talent who ran across the Livers in Austin about the time that fiddle and accordion boss Ralph White was making his decision to drop out. "Ralph just got burned out on the road," Barnes said. "After we had played something like 1,500 straight dates, he just decided to do his thing around Austin. He still works with us when we are in the Austin area, and Ralph is on our record."

The Sugar Hill recording is the first of a three-album contract.

All but two of the tracks on Hogs on the Highway are originals. There is some serious picking from Barnes, Grant, and White, and while the entire album has a bluegrass ring, there is also a dose of country blues in tunes like Shufflin' in Memphis. And then, of course, you have some Mark Rubin tuba blasts which seem to keep all of the critics a bit off-plumb.

The three original Livers played in a wide vari
The National Blues, Mr. builds into a summer: 

White, a tree grass scene as a banjo grow a mustache.

Danny Barnes is a profess ·Christian, Mark Rubin a practicing Jew, and none of the Bad Livers drinks a drop. Even the Sugar Hill promo material notes that "the dumbest name possible" was chosen when this band was born, the emphasis being on good picking and a good time. Since we first encountered the Bad Livers at Specht's Store during their formative early days, the band has opened for acts as diverse as Butthole Surfers, Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys, Dock Watson, and the Dwarves.

They were enlisted as Michelle Shocked's back-up band for a tour in '92 and in '93 toured and performed with Tex-Mex accordion legend Santiago Jimenez Jr. And bassist Rubin is featured on Jimenez's Grammy nominated C Corazon de Piedra and produced his most recent recording. And Barnes produced Steve James' last two CDs--including his latest on Discovery/WB. As testimony of their wide appeal, Barnes made the cover of Banjo Newsletter last year and one of his tunes was featured in Sing Out.

When I first encountered these talented guys, Danny Barnes recalled the group opening the Louisville Bluegrass Festival with traditional bluegrass Bill Monroe stuff laced with Metallica and Motorhead.

He laughed at the time: "The fans at the festival just thought they were hearing pure bluegrass." I'm afraid I will just have to count myself with the tin-eared rednecks who stomped to Danny's ratting banjo and Ralph's singing fiddle. If you played a Beethoven and Bach on mandolins and fiddles with an upright bass providing the rhythm, most of us hoot-nannies would swear the music was some sort of country.

New York Times Los Angeles critic Robert Wilonsky calls Hogs on the Highway "a grand travelogue through Texas music. One minute its a fiery banjo-and-guitar hoedown on a big-sky horizon; the next, its Czech accordions and narciso Martinez covers and polka dancers drunk on Shinier and Pearl, the next, its front-porch blues and bottleneck slides; the next, its a hazy drone that comes on quietly and builds into a summer thunderstorm..." Like all Bad Livers music, Hogs on the Highway

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The Kelsi column we read had such items as these:
"I like Buddy Holly. He was cute."
"Pretty danged sharp for a 5-year-old, huh?"
"Maybe she inherited the talent."
"Editor Kirk—not exactly a paragon of humility—notes in his column that he has sold more than 360 articles to national distributed magazines, published six books, and conducts writing seminars."

Censorship Fails Again
As we predicted here long ago, the city and the DA’s office failed miserably in the costly and long-running attempt to shut down Elizabeth Koclan’s controversial video and book store of 2122 Broadway.

Censorship is dangerous business, and a mishap was declared after jurors failed to make a decision in the case which involves charges of obscenity and public nuisance against the store known as Broadway News, formerly Broadway Video X-Change.

The jury failed to reach a decision on the issue of obscenity after viewing some of the store’s movies, so the question of public nuisance was never even addressed.

There have been numerous prostitution arrests in the vicinity of the store, but the DA will have one hell-of a time ever linking the prostitutes directly with Liz Koclan’s business. Where you have military bases, you have prostitution. It has always been that way. So the Broadway News will probably continue on without further interruption. Assistant DA Bernie Martinez said he wasn’t sure when or if the suit would be refilled.

Night Club Noise
There are big doings on the horizon out past Bulverde on Highway 46 where Jake Nell and son Jackie are preparing to open a restaurant and club called Big Daddy’s at the site of old Delta’s Restaurant and more recently The Pinto Bean.

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In what proved to be one of the most talked about divorces in Bulverde area history (and they are all talked about pretty heavily in Bulverde), Jake Noll and wife Kate parted company and ceased to be business partners in the Specht's Store operation they had run for a number of years. The divorce settlement called for Kate (she has retracted her maiden name Mangold) to buy Jake out of the Specht's business and continue to run the restaurant and saloon as a solo owner.

An astute businessman with management skills and extensive experience as a working musician, Noll was once manager of Municipal Auditorium where he handled a lot of the entertainment bookings, and he has worked as a drummer for some pretty good rhythm and blues outfits.

Jake has bought the old Della's property at Highway 46 and Lawell Lane which is five miles west of Hwy. 281. The building already contains a good kitchen setup, and there is ample room both indoors and outdoors for some quality live music which Noll intends to introduce to that neck of the woods.

If anyone can make a go of the old Della's location, it will be Noll.

Specht's Store continues to book solid weekend entertainment, and Kate is doing a booming weekend business with a predominantly San Antonio line of customers. She has always been a gourmet-type food lady, and we've noticed a trend toward healthier and wealthier in the Specht's fare over the past couple of years.

Kate dishes up such delights as baked salmon, Spanish-style whitefish, eggplant parmagiana, and a variety of fat-free cobblers.

Big Daddy's, we are guessing, will feature faster and shorter the order stuff such as Mexican food, barbeque, burgers, fries, etc., with heavier emphasis on some solid R&B outfits which could put noteworthy crowds to the area.

Like father, son Jakie is also an accomplished musician who can move from lead guitar to the drum set without a second thought. He has toured with the Texas Tor- nados, and has worked in some groups with his father. And while we are off into this rather difficult family scene, we can't fail to mention Lisa, Jake and Kate's beautiful daughter who now helps her mother with bookkeeping chores.

Big Daddy's will hold its grand opening sometime in July. For further information, call 438-DADDY.

And now Specht's Store and Big Daddy's both flourish and prosper for many moons to come.

Shotgun Willie's has been bought by Corpus Christi entertainers who are changing the club's name to The Palace which has a sister operation of the same name in Corpus.

The management team of Frank Sottilo and Richard Bieger have been hired away from River City Cabaret to run the gentlemen's club on Loop 410 between Perrin Beitel and Starcrest. Sottilo will work the day shift. Richard the nights...

Rod Dogg's has The Lady and The Trump playing again on Fridays... Old friend Riley Blackstock, who operates the Hoising Around at the location of the old Melody Ranch on Roosevelt, is booking some solid country music on Sundays. People like Dragstore Cowboys, The Toman Brothers, etc... And George Todd of Sir Winston's is featur- ing some sort of computerized golf game in which contestants can win some $70,000 in prize money. Go by Winston's to get all the details.

Cindy Montanio, lady owner-operator of The Outskirts on U.S. 281 near Spring Branch, decorates her men's room wall with all sorts of posters, giltie art, snazzy sayings, and snappy slogans. The latest one to catch our eye is a sign over the urinal with arrows pointing down toward mothballs in the pae shute which reads:

"Free breath mints."

Smiles the redheaded Cindy, "I've got one joker who picks up just about anything that isn't nailed down. And I wouldn't be surprised if he hadn't fired one of the 'free mints.' He looked a little green around the gills coming out of there last week."

Go see Cindy. She is an experience. And if you know anyone with one of those long regulation-sized shuffleboards for sale, she is in the market for one.

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HAPPY HOUR
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FRIDAY 6PM UNTIL...
Paige P. and the rattlesnake band

This article may be as much about the promoter as the new band she is promoting, but Paige Pfeuffer and The Rattlers are both worthy of some recognition.

Rhythm and blues bands seem to have an affinity for snakes. First it was Paul Ray and The Cobras, then Snakeboy Johnston, and now it's the three-piece group called The Rattlers, a souped-up and exciting trio of veterans who promoter Pfeuffer scared up out of the hinterlands between here and Austin.

The Rattlers—led by 39-year-old vocalist and lead guitar smoker George Gusman—are a showy gang of blues rockers who let the hammer down in the fashion of ZZ Top, Stevie Ray Vaughan, George Thorogood, Hendrix, Trower, and well, you should have the picture by now.

Bassman Greg Bumgardner performs with a striking rattlesnake head affixed to his hatband, while drummer Fabian Basurto sometimes leaves his drum set to carry the rhythm by whacking on the table tops, bottles, walls or any other semi-solid object within reach.

Making their San Antonio debut last month at Frank Mueller's Trap on Pecan Valley at Southcross, The Rattlers were a huge success with both showmanship and their driving range of R&B copy stuff which guitarist Gusman laced with some of his own material from time to time.

Paige Pfeiffer, and her partner Steve Anderson, operate Cactus Star Entertainment in San Antonio, and the two of them have realized acclaim for some worthy benefits they have spearheaded.

Paige and Steve promoted and organized a successful benefit for "Baby Betty," the 2-year-old liver transplant patient who was making headlines in 1995.

In 1996, Pfeiffer and Anderson again rose to the occasion when Trap waitress Cindy Surtees, a friend and neighbor of Paige's, was killed in a car accident.

Paige and Steve helped with the Surtees family benefit at the Trap which was another blockbuster of a success, featuring live music by such outfits as Southern Cowpeas, Saber, Jimmy Spacek, and Southern Reign, a group Pfeuffer was promoting at the time.

And it was Paige who wrote Red McCombs, who in turn donated a car to the Surtees family.

More tragedy was to follow in the same year when Southern Reign lead singer Ken Walker shot himself to death. With the loss of friend Walker and his band, Pfeiffer hammered together another benefit for Ken's family, a gathering at Billy Blues which attracted a total of 21 local bands.

At that time, Paige was pushing a new band with George Gusman called Double Barrel Blues, but this group never really got its act together. Now, with Gusman, Bumgardner, and Basurto—The Rattlers—Paige is convinced she is booking a winner. And the roaring reception the group got at the Trap last month bolsters her belief.

"These guys are really great musicians with a lot of experience," said Pfeiffer, who was a karaoke DJ for 3 1/2 years prior to forming her booking agency. "But what makes The Rattlers really great is their flamboyance and showmanship. They include the audience in their show, and few people have ever seen anything like drummer Fabian Basurto."

Lead singer and guitarist George Gusman, an auto transmission man by day, packed up his family a year ago and followed his dream to the Austin scene where he holds forth today. In California, George had last worked in 1994 with a band called Texas Storm which included drummer Don Frank, formerly with the Doobie Brothers.

"I've got a lot of original material," Gusman said. "Our aim is to release a CD of original music. My influences are Hendrix, Clapton, Johnny Winter, Stevie Ray and the Kings. And my original stuff is a fusion of these styles—a sort of driving rock-blues."

Drummer Basurto, 36, is a show in his own right. A native of Tucson, Arizona, Basurto worked since a child in Tejano and conjunto groups with his father and uncle. He now lives in Dripping Springs and works as a dental technician in Wimberley.

While in the Army, Basurto played in a rock group called Splitnote. Prior to formation of The Rattlers, he worked with a group called Mr. Outlaw with bassist Greg Bumgardner, who has been known for eight years.

Mr. Outlaw recorded a CD in Missouri, and received radio play both here and in Missouri.

Fabian Basurto says his influences are Carmin Spice, the drummer for Rod Stewart, Phil Collins, John Bonham, and Alex Van Halen.

Greg Bumgardner, the 34-year-old bass guitarist whose snake head hatband inspired the name of the band, lives near Canyon Lake and works as a graphic designer at Professional Graffiti. With Mr. Outlaw, he and Basurto have played around Canyon Lake, in Bandera, Austin, San Antonio, and Killeen, as well as Liking, Missouri.

(continued on pg. 14)
Happy Birthday
U.S.A. - This country is really going "Coo·coo."
Lots of great scandals & controversies!! A Mack·raking Yellow Journalist's wet dream.

Giving 15 years plus to those 3 kids in Florida, who were stealing or knocking down stop signs that resulted in the death of 3 other kids, is totally insane. Did anybody wonder how these kids didn't see that Mac Truck!! Here in S.A. green lights & stop signs mean "Watcha doing, Va·lo·ta." If this judge's action set the community standard, then burglars would be electrocuted on the median of the info highway.

Howard Peak's election to Mayor makes me feel old & proud at the same time. He wasn't a product of old Alamo Heights money & he wasn't a political firebrand. He was just your average high school guy who cared more about 4 barrel carburetors than petty high school politics. In the '67 Heights senior picture (top row) he has one of the longest haircuts, about 1 1/2" longer than he has now.

Child molesters are your lowest scum on the prison society role, called "short eyes" these guys serve really, really hard time. But they get these ridiculous 100 year sentences when cold·blooded killers constantly get less than half that. Money also talks bigtime in this category. Michael Jackson's newest hit single should be "The Folsom Prison Blues."

Megan's Law, the requirement of notification that a parolee sex offender is your new neighbor is great, unless you happen to have an old record of Statutory Rape when your girlfriend was two months too young, you're a convicted pervert!!

"Para·Gone" Cable just keeps on reaming it's customers. I pay $88 a month, for everything plus DXT. They bill you for the month & for the coming month. They're gonna sell destinct. Hello satellite dishes!!

On "60 Minutes" a coupla week ago, they had some cry-babies from Amnesty International who were whining about how suspected Arab territories were tortured" by being deprived of sleep & grabbed by the shoulders & shaken several times by the Israeli C.I.A. Hell, most frat infallitations are a 100 times more intense.

The Mexican Federales have the best technique to extract info from suspects. They simply stick a cold soldering iron up the old poop shoot then plug it in. As the soldering iron begins to heat up, the subject would confess to anything including the F.W.A. rebellion.

So stay cool, fool, til August, hasta bye·bye. Chill Shot Chas.

Sam Kindrick cont... near Bulverde when Rick McClaren and his Republic of Texas dissidents formed their own independent "nation." Mostly middle-age and elderly folk, these Republic of Texas citizens struck me at the time as being about as menacing as a litter of kittens.

But looks may be deceiving, and hidden fires may burn hotter than outward indications reveal. Since that cotton gin confab, McClaren and others have been jailed after a confrontation with authorities, and one man has died as result of the Davis Mountains "standoff."

At the Specht Store organizational meeting of the so-called "secessionist" group of republic members, I distinctly recall talking with Carolyne Carney, the 54-year-old "secretary of the cabinet" of the Rick McClaren faction of the secessionists (the Republic of Texas rebels have since fought and separated into different groups.)

Carolyne told me I should sign up for membership in the republic if I liked the idea of never paying another cent in taxes, state fees, or anything else. When I declined, she smiled sweetly and told me I was certainly welcome to attend the meeting for whatever reason.

The trooper said she pointed a rifle at him as he attempted to execute a warrant issued by the attorney general's office. Carney was wanted on a warrant for contempt of court. She and other members of the republic had disregarded court orders to stop issuing false suits under the authority of their "nonexistent" nation.

So there can be no satisfaction in an execution of Tim McVeigh. There is too much hatred, anger, and unrest rolling around out there in a confusing system.

If we could gain satisfaction by hanging McVeigh's head over a fire, there are a bunch of other heads that would be hanging right there with him.

Tim McVeigh is a product of something more terrible and ugly than the square-headed man with eyes of a perch. I felt that evil when Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms agents first charged the Davi­dian compound at Waco.

Bad Livers cont... way is some top-drawer acoustic expression by a band that truly defies description.

Said Danny Barnes: "Hogs is the best example of our vision that we've been able to produce. I grew up in a small town listening to a lot of stories from my parents and grandparents about the various characters in my family history."

"I started playing music early on with a lot of old people, so that just kind of became my bliss in music, and I learned to appreciate it from a spiritual place. My theme is kind of like dignity as a poorperson."

With a sort of kooky and close-to-the-edge exterior, the Livers are deadly serious about what they do. And one often wonders what might be going through Danny Barnes' head as he literally makes the banjo walk and talk while smiling blissfully at his audience.

The Rattlers cont... in addition to the bass, Bumgardner plays keyboards and acoustic guitar, and lists such influences as Rush, KISS, ZZ Top, Lynard Skynard, Elvis, and Motown.

"This group is hot," Paige said. "They will get a lot of recognition in this area very soon. They will draw crowds, and the club owners will want them back."

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4th - Bimbo & Borderline
5th - Matt Toon
11th - Karen Hall & Flash
12th - Publio & The Valiants
18th - Moments Notice
19th - Twister
25th - Bimbo
26th - Flash

August Entertainment
1st - Wilburn Bros.

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10th - Full Tilt
17th - So. Cowpeas
24th - Full Tilt
31st - Trash Can Punch

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11th - Papa Wood
18th - Texas Radio
25th - Ground Zero

SATURDAYS
5th - So. Cowpeas
12th - Squeeezer
19th - Ruben V
26th - Zephyr

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11th - George Underwood
12th - Austin Lights
18th & 19th - Wilbur Beasley
25th - Lost Cause
26th - Mike & Jackie

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18 July
Austin Lights
25 July
Jackie & the T's

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