South Paw Paul honed tattoo skills in prison
... story on pg. 6
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28th - Flipside • 29th - Jokester

Frankly Thinking Out Loud!
How many of those free fans ended up at flea markets?
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19th • Denny
26th • Denny
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7th • The Rattlers
14th • Texas Radio
21st • Groove Line
28th • to be announced

THURSDAY
6th • Starbelly
13th • Blue Norther
20th • Blue Norther
27th • Bone Daddies

SATURDAY
1st • Bad Boys
8th • Zero Gravity
15th • The Hitmen
22nd • The Bunkhouse Boys
29th • Blue Norther

8203 BROADWAY • 832-8622
High there, folks, I promise not to write a word about the weather. But just stay cool, it was worse in 1980 & most of us survived.

The Capitol guards gunned down recently were genuine heroes. They shot the perp & saved innocent lives. The word "Hero" is used too loosely lately. The border patrol men who were gunned down in a cold-blooded ambush were tragic deaths in the line of difficult duty, however they were not heroes per se. A hero is somebody who actively saves other lives w/ disregard for their own safety. Let's keep the title reserved for the real thing.

Many people curse the police & bitch about tickets, fines, etc., but when they need them these complainers howl the loudest. In the radical 60's, they called them "pigs", the cops countered saying that P I.G. stood for "Pride, Integrity, Guts". Then came the bumper sticker: "Support Your Local Police!!"

True, there are some U.S.D.A. Prime Porkers out there, but 99% of our law enforcement officers are exemplary, honest & fair. They are what you expect. If you have an attitude, they will ratchet up their attitude to match.

We have a fine law enforcement agency, but for the most part, it ain't fancy police work that stocks the "Crossbar Hotel". It's just plain stupidity by the bad guys, the cops just rattle the bushes to flush the quail & pop 'em.

While I'm on a law & order rant, when you see somebody convicted of burglary, it's almost a sure thing that he has committed over 100 break-ins, been arrested 25 times, given probation or given short sentences. They finally pull a big one & then Johnny Law rolls them all up in a pretty package & give them to the D.A. Check your water bill closely! S.A.W.S. is notorious for over-charging. For the last three years each July or August they hit me w/ a bill showing my usage at 60 to 80K gallons instead of my usual 12 to 15K. Call for a "re-read" of your meter. I don't water the little grass I have, I've sold my lawn mower. I live alone, take short showers & pee outside when appropriate. I'm consistent, yet my bill soars. If I used 60+ gallons, I'd be wading in water up to my knees.

Advice to Club Doormen spotting an "Over-Served" customer. Drunks frequently have their hands stuffed in their front pants pockets. If a customer wipes his mouth immediately after taking a swig, he's probably ready to go. If you want to let a loud drunk, whisper to him. Never hit a drunk at least not in the face & remember to use "Pride, Integrity, Guts". A hero is somebody who actively saves other lives w/ disregard for their own safety. Let's keep the title reserved for the real thing. It's just easier not to use their hair to your advantage. It's just easier not to let these ass-holes in the door in the first place!

Taco Bell (the mexican phone co.) is reaching out to yankees. In their chihuahua commercials they call tortillas "flatbread". An insult to Mexican cooks everywhere! Willie Nelson, after many failed marriages, was asked if he planned to tie the knot again. Willie responded with his unmistakable smile saying "I think I'll just find myself a good-looking gal that I don't like much & buy her a house."

Rush Limbaugh refers to "Kooks" as "Keepers Of Odd Knowledge." (Get it?)

"Pro-Wrassling" It's so bizzare, its wonderful. These guys are bad actors, but superb athletes (better living with chemicals). The ring is sprung like a trampoline, but you can still break your neck. Good thing these guys don't have to take piss-tests!

What I can't understand is why people will fill the Alamodome & pay up to $35. for seating of which 80% is shitty. It's a real hoot when you're loaded and at ringside.

(continued on pg. 14)

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**DEPARTMENTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Editors Page</th>
<th>5</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Where to Find Action</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everybodys Somebody</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scatter Shots</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**FEATURES**

| South Paw Tattoo | 6 |
| Terri Hendrix   | 13 |
BUSTERS
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Located in the Brookhollow Shopping Center

Entertainment For August

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event Date</th>
<th>Performers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday 5th</td>
<td>Robert Demel - 7 til 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday 7th</td>
<td>Thomas M. Riley - 8:30 til 12:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday 12th</td>
<td>Wilburn Bros. - 7 til 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday 14th</td>
<td>Jon Eric - 8:30 til 12:30 Coyote Beach - 8:30 til 12:30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Friday, August 7th • No Shame
Saturday, August 8th • Rhythm Kings
Friday, August 14th • Sonny Boy Lee
Saturday, August 15th • Split Second
Friday, August 21st • Rhythm Kings
Saturday, August 22nd • Soul Factor featuring Jake Owen
Friday, August 28th • Book Of Spells
Saturday, August 29th • Grooveline

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Celebrate Janyece’s 40th
With a Birthday Bar-B-Que Bash
Music By:
Split Second

Steak Night
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Your Choice of
A Filet, Sirloin Strip, or Ribeye
PLUS
Salad, Baked Potato & Hot Bread
All For Only $7.50
The Swenson, Jensons, and Bjornsons got their rooster combs up over an anti-Minnesota piece written by some little Express-News reporter by the name of David King.

King was just trying to be cute with one of those fantasy yarns about Red McCombs suddenly breaking his word and losing his mind in a never-to-happen scenario which would see him move his newly-purchased Minnesota Vikings NFL team to San Antonio. The Swensons, Jensons, and Bjornsons living in Minnesota should not get torqued out of joint by any spoofer who would extol the virtues of the San Antonio River while downgrading the country of "10,000 lakes."

David King noted that visitors "walk along our river during the winter, not across it."

And he opined that the River Walk here has more charm than Minnesota's Mall of the Americas.

King should work for the chamber of commerce, not the newspaper.

The turgid S.A. sewer

He is another of those brain-washed souls who believe our turgid sewer with flowery planted along its banks is really a river. Having come from the headwaters country of the South Llano River where the water is clear and clean enough to drink, I was thunderstruck upon arrival in San Antonio to hear the local boosters refer to "the beautiful San Antonio River."

Can you imagine dipping out a cup of drinking water somewhere along the river walk? Ugh! When I look closely at that sheet of stagnant scum I can't help but expect a dead baby to come bobbing to the surface at any time.

And our river has become so clogged with garbage and discarded junk that one could probably walk its surface at a given time of the year.

King notes that Minnesota's main body of water, Lake Superior, is the temperature of your average glass of ice water. But the San Antonio River water smells like untreated sewage, so take your pick.

When I wrote a column for the Express and News many moons ago, I once suggested that the city should drain the river and blacktop the river bed for a downtown thoroughfare to alleviate traffic congestion.

This idea didn't win me many friends among the civic gunghos, but nothing has changed over the years.

Hold your breath

I try to steer clear of the San Antonio River Walk, and when my business forces me near that area, I still have to fight the compulsion to hold my breath when the stench of decay and human offal assails my nostrils.

San Antonio has got as much chance of getting the Minnesota Vikings football team as Bill Merriman has of landing an anchor spot with CBS. And while Red McCombs wouldn't move the Minnesota team to San Antonio if he could, a fact which somehow escapes the starry-eyed sports page hacks and tunnel vision football fans who still believe the doomed dome might be good for something other than high school football and Mexican rodeos.

Red didn't become a billionaire by being stupid. He knows that professional big-league football would never make it in San Antonio.

heading north on IH 35, one must exit just after passing Selma or you become trapped between the concrete walls lining a two-lane road which will carry you all the way to the New Braunfels city limits before an exit ramp is afforded.

So if you miss the exit before Garden Ridge, it's all the way to New Braunfels before you can turn back. And if there is a wreck on the concrete-fenced two lanes going north or the two coming south, God help you. It took me almost two hours to reach San Antonio after a wreck-caused traffic jam between here and New Braunfels last month, and I experienced the angst of missing the exit before Garden Ridge.

I'm neither engineer nor rocket scientist, but I know there must be a better way of working on the roadways than we have here in South Texas.

Hold your breath

Kate Mangold, owner of Specht's Store, which rests just this side of the county line in northern Bexar County near Bulverde, has met with at least one county commissioner over blatant harassment from the Bexar County Sheriff's Department.

Deputies have been up at Specht's to roust business-type motorcyclists, many of them attorneys, who ride their bikes out to dine at the country restaurant. And the county gendarmes have been operating speed traps along Blanco Road in the near vicinity of Specht's Store.

What the hell is this?

But the real mind-blower was a gestapo-like convergence on Specht's by the Bexar County Sheriff's Department vice squad, a body of so-called law enforcement I never knew existed.

If Specht's is the sheriff's best bet for a (continued on pg. 14)
Three-time loser turns prison tattoo avocation into free world winner

With a black patch over his left eye and prison tattoos which adorn both arms, Paul (Daftin) Daffin could pass for a modern-day pirate. In a sense, that's exactly what the former blind man and ex-heroin addict was. But no more.

Most Texas convicts who "go down" for a third time either wind up dead or pulling life on an habitual rap. But not Daffin.

This three-time loser emerged from the Texas Department of Corrections after serving time on his last burglary rap with the skills and business acumen necessary to establish and build a booming annual tattoo and body piercing business in just a little more than three years.

"It's true that I honed my tattooing skills in the penitentiary," smiles the 56-year-old Daffin, owner and operator of South Paw Tattooing in Universal City. "I bought a guy out here for $700 a little over three years ago, and now I own a Universal City home, two trucks, two cars, and two motorcycles. When I finally got serious about my tattoo art everything started to click, but I guess none of this good stuff would ever have happened if I hadn't started doing prison tattoos while locked up in the Ramsey United of TDC."

Daffin—who pulled 3-year burglary hitches from 1960 to 1963, from 1974 to 1977, and from 1979 to 1981—has displayed tenacity and courage in overcoming near-total blindness at one point in the 1980s, and the more recent loss of sight in his left eye which threatened to end his tattooing career for good.

From 1981 after his last release from prison until about 1985, Daffin said he worked with his friend and major artwork influence, tattooing legend Honest Charlie Potter, a unique San Antonio character who—with the help of attorney A.L. Hern­den in the early 1970s had his name legally changed to Honest Charlie.

"By 1985, I was legally blind," Daffin said. "I had been forced to quit tattooing. I couldn't see anything with either eye. Just blurry images. I was about as down as you could get when, in 1989, I met a doctor by the name of Jean Holt who did lens implants in both of my eyes. I could see again, and I went back to tattooing. I was a heroin addict for more than 30 years, and I am convinced that drug use contributed to my losing my sight. But the implants did the trick. I was sharp as ever with my artwork. Maybe sharper."

But there were still some big rocks in Daffin's road to success.

Shortly after opening South Paw Tattooing, Daffin was involved in a minor car accident which resulted in his left eye reti­na ­ detach­ing. "My head hit the door frame," said Daffin, who went on to reveal that a second car accident resulted in the eye retina becoming what he said was "completely knocked loose. I had lost the sight in my left eye."

At this point, Daffin noted, he was incapable of tattooing once again.

With only one eye, he said, his depth perception was too far off the mark for him to produce satisfactory work.

"My work was just not up to par," Daffin said. "I got so depressed that I almost gave it up again. But something made me keep on trying. I started out doing free tattoos in an effort to get it back. There were young guys who would let me work on them for nothing. Then it happened. About a year ago. My eye had finally adjusted or something. I was sharp again. Bingo. And I've been rockin' and rollin' ever since."

A natural left­hander, Daffin said there were two other lefties with him when he opened his Uni­versal City business, giving rise to the apellation South Paw Tatooing. With five tattoo artists in his employ, three of them who also do body pierc­ing, and his step-daughter, Kim Richards, who keeps the books and also helps with piercing chores, Paul Daffin runs a tight ship and a tattoo parlor which, in marked con­trast to his humble and illegal jailhouse begin­nings, is as sparkling clean and squeaky sterile as a first-rate medical clinic.

"I knew what I wanted when I got my own tattoo parlor," said Daffin, who learned prison tattooing with three sewing needles taped to the end of a stick. "I have worked in some places that made me determined to offer the public nothing but the best. With AIDS and all of the other shit going around out there, people demand more safety precautions today. And we have a health department that watches this business closely, something for which I am grateful. I run a tight ship. Everything is sterilized and re­sterilized. New needles, of course, are used on every customer. We use nothing but the finest pig­ments to be found. And we guarantee each tattoo against fading and also for no-fault accidents. If a customer gets in a wreck and his tattoo is scraped or even cut in half, we put it back together at no charge. And the same goes for faded tattoos, even if the customer was careless."

Originally from Glen­more, Louisiana, Daffin came to San Antonio at an early age and immediately fell in with the wrong crowd.

I started shooting dope and dealing at an early age, and everytime they let me out of jail, I would go right back to the thievery," Daffin said. "I am on the methadon program today, and I've got it cut way down. Hopefully, I will be off of everything soon. That's my aim."

During his second prison term, Daffin said he started his penitentiary avocation, punching out the crude prison tattoos with three sewing needles taped to the end of a stick and ordinary India ink.

"I had been watching them tattoo in prison, and I was fascinated with pictures being drawn on human skin," Daffin recalls. "I tried it, and I was amazed to find that I had an artistic talent. But I didn't take a lot in the begin­
Prison tattoos don't have to be all that good, and the guys are ready for participants. They will jump right up there to get any kind of a free tattoo. It's not officially allowed in prison, but there is plenty of it going on. And you get the ink and needles the same way you get dope and other contraband. You bribe a guard. Either with money or with favors. We would draw pictures for some of the guards, and they would stand around and watch us do the tattooing. But I never put a tattoo on a guard. I guess they were too afraid of getting caught.

In prison, Daffin noted, the men want women images, hearts, skulls, and the names of their women. "And we did a lot of religious tattoos," Daffin said. "Some of those convicts think faith will protect them from harm. I don't believe that faith stuff should be used only in the joint. For it to work, you have to use it both inside and outside. And I never knew of a tattoo getting someone out any sooner."

Daffin is an old school tattoo artist who leaves the body piercing to his younger employees. "I don't understand it," said Daffin, who noted that South Paw piercing customers are getting every imaginable part of their anatomy punctured. "It seems like some pain to me. A tattoo needle used with our new and modern machines makes a very superficial dent in the skin. But those other needles go deep, and they come out on the other side."

But the black-patched Daffin smiling assures that "I sure won't turn down the fast money" from the piercing phenomenon.

The minimum charge for a South Paw tattoo is $40 for a three-quarter-of-an-inch image, and Daffin has done detailed back work which has soared as high as $3,000. "I did a $3,000 back tattoo on a local car salesman that was a scene of hidden eagles," said Daffin. "It was one of those scenes where you had to look to find the eagles among trees and mountains and other scenery."

We witnessed some of Daffin's more spectacular artwork on the skin of Randolph AFB civilian employee Randy Hunt, who has sexy women tattooed on both hips, as well as a blue wolf, two knives with feathers, some barbed wire, and a scorpion on other parts of his body. The most colorful hip tattoo is of comic book vivax Vampirella, who leans suggestively on a pedestal which includes gargoyles and a raven sitting near the top.

"This piercing thing really got rolling about three years ago," said Daffin. "It's running now like wildfire. Most of the piercers were taught by someone locally, but there will be state licensing by next year. I hear the legislation is already in the works. The state wants its cut of the money, and there is money in the piercing thing."

The piercing, Daffin said, includes rings unless gold is desired. Studs and rings are being placed in pierced tongues, eyebrows, noses, and sexual organs.

A standard piercing of a belly button or ear starts at $35, while tongue rings cost $50. Pierced nipples, penises, and clits may cost as much as $150 and up.

Always the artist, Daffin prefers to dwell on the subject of his tattooing, an artform which he maintains often overshadows the material.

"When doing something really elaborate like that hidden eagles thing," Daffin said, "I want to get the money out of the way quick so I can really concentrate on the art. I can get lost in a job like that." The former convict notes that he is also into cosmetic tattooing.

"We are using skin-toned ink to remove circles and bags under the eyes, and we are doing eye-lining and eyebrows as well," Daffin said.

He trains all artists who work under him. And, ironically but typical, he will have no truck with drunks or dopers.

"They train for six months or longer, and I make damn sure they know what they are doing before turning them loose with a customer," said Daffin, who added with a grin: "A tattoo is for life, and I want every single one we turn out to be nothing but the best."
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Snacks - Welcome Hacker’s
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$125 Bar Drinks - All Day
1st - After Five 15th - Texas Radio
7th - Toe Jam 21st - Hollywood
8th - Bone Daddies 14th - Street Legal
15th - Interstate 4 28th - Bone Daddies
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Cibolo Creek
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Cocktails by george
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Country on the Rocks
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Elbow Room
Fiasco
Finnegan’s
Gold Club
Hangin’ Tree
Jack-N-Around
Jerry Dean’s
Kramers
Laboratory
Liquid Mart
Main Street Bar & Grill
Make my Day
Marty’s Veranda
Me & C.A.
Midnight Rodeo
Niner’s
Our Glass Cocktails
Palace
Pat’s Show Club
Planet K
Pour House
Rascals
Recovery Room
Remember When
Rod Dog’s Saloon
Roseland
Scandals
Sunset Club
The French Pub
Tiffany Billiards
Top O’ The Strip
Wetmore Store
Wetmore City Limits
White Room
Winston’s
Wizards

NORTHWEST
Around The Bend
Berringer’s
Bogart’s
Bombay Bicycle Club
Bonnie Jean’s
Bradley’s
Calcutta Coffee House
Calico Club
Caridad Tavern
Coco Beach
Dallas
Fatio’s
Galaxy Billiards N.W.
Giglio’s
Good Vibrations
Grill on the Hill
Hollywood Cafe
Hills & Dales
Hooters
I Don’t Know Yet
Iguana Bay
Infirmary
Jiggers
J.V. Vincent’s Pub
Knights of Olde
Knuckleheads
Lindy’s
Lonhorn
Ollie’s Beef & Lobster
O’Malley’s
Orphan Annie’s
Planet K
Player’s
Pressure Cooker
S.A. Infamy
Shennigans
Smitty’s Pub
Tiffany’s Cabaret
Turtle Creek Tavern
Whiskey’s

Wings
CENTRAL & DOWNTOWN
Alamo Music
Banana’s Billiards
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Missie’s Lounge
Mustang Sally’s
Rattlesnake Saloon
Shady Lady
The Other Woman
The Steer
Tony’s Bar & Grill
The Trap
Villa Club

BULVERDE AREA
Antler’s Restaurant
Big Daddy’s
Bulverde Bakery
Exxon - 46 & 281
Girl’s
Honey Creek Grocery
Iron Skillet
Specht’s Store

CANYON LAKE
Dam Red Barn
Goofy’s
Red’s

Shanty
Short Stop
Tiny’s

CONVERSE
Billie’s Pub

GRUENE
Gruene Hall

HELOTES
Cowboy Bar
Floore’s Store

KIRBY
The Pour House
Who Knows

LEON SPRINGS
Leon Springs Dance Hall
The Silver Fox

LIVE OAK
Halftime Sports Bar
South Paw Tattoos

SELMA
The Deer Crossing

UNIVERSAL CITY
Camelot
Billy D’s

- 8 - Action Magazine, August 1998
Fat Freddie Again"

Former bail bonds lady Darlene Hicks, onetime partner of jailed bail bond "king" Fred Behrends, recalled that harrowing day when she suddenly learned that someone had cut the brake lines on her car.

Behrends allegedly tried to get a henchman to kill lawyer Alan Brown, newspaper reporter Rick Casey, and bond lady Hicks, and the Behrends Hicks' car.

When her brake pedal went unimpeded to the metal, and with the car moving briskly in moderately heavy traffic, Darlene said one thought flashed immediately into her mind.

"I knew the car wasn't going to stop," Hicks said. "And the thought of dying never entered my mind. Just one thought flashed into my brain, Fat Freddie has found me again!"

Foster Heads Benefit

Rex Foster is spearheading a benefit concert August 15th to raise funds for the Comfort Library.

In addition to Foster, the bill will include such name acts as Dana Cooper, Slide Russell, and a trio called Part Of The Problem.

The show will come off at Po-Po's Family Restaurant at Nelson City between Boerne and Comfort.

From San Antonio, take I-10 eight miles west of Boerne and take Welfare exit 533 and you will run right into the restaurant.

Tickets are $15 advance and $18 at the door. Tickets are available at both the Comfort Public Library and at Po-Po's.

Hubbard Live

Ray Wylie Hubbard's live recording last month at Cibolo Creek Country Club was a real blasteroo, and a packed house responded the way a packed house is supposed to respond for a live recording.

Ray's wife Judy had her own photographer on hand to capture the event on film, and a bunch of local yokel mugs will probably wind up on the album jacket and poap sheet.

Night Club News

Maybe it's the time of the year, or perhaps the heat, but uncommonly large number of local saloons and night spots seem to have belled up over the past couple of months.

The closure most noticed by fans of live music was that of Robert Palmer's popular Carlsbad Tavern on West Avenue, probably the only real true house in the city where name acts were appearing on a regular basis.

When we last checked, Palmer was still trying to scare up a couple of months worth of delinquent liquor taxes, and everyone is pulling for him to get the Carlsbad doors open once again.

Booking everyone from Leon Russell to the Marshall Tucker Band, Palmer was working closer to the edge than most club people would dare to venture. The quality of entertainment featured by Carlsbad carries a husky price tag, and back-to-back bad gates at a club the size of Palmer's can mean some serious financial wound-

Down on Soledad Street, Bob Fancher has shut down the Red Hot & Blues Club due to lack of
interest, although he still maintains his adjacent flower shop. At one point, Fancher said, retired KONO rock jock Lee Woods was contemplating a stab at taking over the live blues music layout. But Woods has gone on to other pursuits.

The once-booming Roadhouse on Hwy. 78 in Kirby suddenly shut its door last month. Ditto for the Rattlesnake Saloon on Lasses off Goliad Road, where a large sign proclaims that the “Snake” will re-open in August with new ownership... And Tommy Wilson’s Barbecue has moved from its Bulverde area location on Highway 281 to the Wellington Store. Wilson, we might note, lasted longer than any other tenant at the rustic restaurant location which is now owned by the Worth family. The elderly Mr. Worth, it seems, is a “hand-on” type of landlord who doesn’t allow for much tenant breathing room.

PT’s Showclub is hosting its Sexy Servers Ship-Off this month, an event which is open to bar-tenders and waitresses all over the South Texas area. Some of the servers are as sexy as the working dancers, and growing numbers of them are eager to compete for the PT’s cash prizes which include a grand prize of $1,000. Semi-finals will be held August 6th and August 13th, with three semi-finalists being chosen on those days. The semi-finalists will each carry home $250, and then they will return August 20th to compete for the thousand.

Carie Trevino, a former dancer who came to San Antonio with the first wave of Baby Dolls girls from Dallas, has done more than well for herself in the exotic apparel business here. With two shops—Sassy Fashions in the Palace building, and the All-Stars Salon and Boutique in the All-Stars club location at 110 near Wurzbach—Ms. Trevino is now offering the widest selection of sexy female duds to be found in the Southwest.

She has summer clearance sales going the month at both stores, and dresses of Sexy Fashions are marked down 50%. And the salon at All-Stars is offering men’s haircuts for $10 with blow drying included.

Still on the positive side: Skippy Kirch reports that she has doubled her Shady Lady business since moving the operation from Kirby to its present location on W.W. White Road. And Wanda and James Seels couldn’t be happier with their new Wings Club location on West Avenue, site of the old Stair’s Cocktails. And Steve Laughlin is offering a star-studded month of... (continued on pg. 14).

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7th & 8th • Ronnie Cloud & The Silver Lining
14th & 15th • Bimbo & Borderline
21st & 22nd • Ben McPeak & The Loose Band
28th • Bimbo & Borderline
29th • to be announced
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23rd
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**August Events**

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Friday 14th - to be announced
Friday 21st - 5:01 Blues
Friday 28th - 2000 Minds

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Terry Hendrix is a big girl now
with new Wilory Farm CD release

The Hendrix Magic

By Sam Kindrick
In his hit tune The Ride, David Allan Coe relates how the ghost of Hank Williams advised him on music industry requirements if he was truly to be “big star bound.”

Dedication was that ghostly message, and I couldn’t help but conjure up visions of Hiram’s spirit while watching last month with several hundred screaming fans as “Tycoon Cowgirl” Terri Hendrix mounted the Cibolo Creek Country Club stage to debut her new album Wilory Farm.

If this girl ain’t “big star bound,” she’s ready to take a good run for the big brass ring of recording industry success, and I’ll venture to guess that the hollow-eyed ghost would have smiled approvingly on the Wilory Farm CD release party.

Terri tore ’em up; and, with Wilory Farm, she demonstrates the flowering maturity and serious introspection of a 30-year-old artistic lady who has plenty to say and the talent to say it. Combine this with her effervescence, a 50-cent word defined by Webster as a “show of liveliness and exhilaration,” and you have a blonde finger-picking singer and songwriter in baggy overalls who is as pretty as a speckled pup sitting under a red wagon. And with legendary producer Lloyd Maines omnipresent in the overall Hendrix evolution, Terry emerges as a new and significant force on the ever-changing Texas music scene.

As was the case with her first self-produced CD Two Dollar Shoes, Terri has released Wilory Farm on her own Tycoon Cowgirl Records label, turning down a couple of label offers in the process.

Two Dollar Shoes contains some good raw material, and a revised and remixed version of the first CD with the help of music master Lloyd Maines has resulted in Terri selling over 3,000 copies of the disc. But Wilory Farms is a full-blown Maines production, and his instrumental expertise on everything from lap steel to mandolin projects a more mature and far more confident Hendrix output.

“Recording Wilory Farm was the greatest fun of my life,” bubbled Terri. “I don’t believe we will even press anymore copies of Two Dollar Shoes. It’s probably time to move on. I’ve been working awfully hard, and I’ve got a lot more work to do.”

Wilory Farm was a true labor of love for Terri, for she dedicated the album to her friend and music mentor Marion Williamson, who died last year of cancer. And it was on Williamson’s Wilory Farm that Terri got her real musical education from a teacher who took her in and prepared her for the career she pursues today.

A graduate of McArthur High School in San Antonio, Terri went in 1986 to Hardin-Simmons University in Abilene to study classical music on a scholarship, then transferred to Southwest Texas State University in San Marcos, where she now lives. And it was there that she met Williamson, a music instructor who made Terri a special project.

Terri was admittedly struggling with her first release of Two Dollar Shoes when Maines stepped into the picture.

“Lloyd helped me remix that CD, and he agreed to produce Wilory Farm,” Terri said, continuing. Lloyd Maines has made a giant difference in my life. He has taught me more than I could ever have learned on my own. He’s a master, a real pro. And he has made me a much more professional musician, a better player.”

Maines is one of the most talented and versatile instrumentalists in the country. The Lubbock native has produced everyone from Jerry Jeff Walker to Robert Earl Keen. Now an Austin resident, Maines has emerged as the “man” among record producers. There must be a degree of humility for the power behind anyone’s throne, and Maines is truly a laid-back and self-effacing gentleman who doesn’t tell you what he can do; he shows you. He plays steel guitar, dobro, lap steel, mandolin, guitar, and just about any other instrument he feels will fit into a particular song on a particular record.

For her record party last month, Terri had Maines, “bassist Ric Ramirez, and drummer Paul Peach working behind her on the stage. And all three of them produced backup on the album.

With confidence and a special verve, Terri belted out songs from the new record which included Walk On Me, Wallet, and Albert The Perfect Friend, while Maines smiled paternally while working his special magic on first one instrument and then another.

With a harmonica and neck rack, Terri laughed: “I’m going to try this dang thing again. The last time it worked its way around behind my head. Bob Dylan, watch out.”

She played the harp, too, and Maines later told me that he was teaching her mandolin.

“Terri is going places,” Maines told me. “She is the real deal. She can really fingerpick guitar. I was amazed. She can learn any instrument. She delivers honest emotion in her music. She throws herself head-first into every song she sings and writes. I’ve never worked with anyone who works harder. I consider Wilory Farm among the top records that I have produced.”

With Maines help, Wilory Farm was shopped around briefly, and there were bites from Sugar Hill and Sony’s Lucky Dog imprint. But in the end, and with Maines advice well taken, Terri decided to release her second CD on her own Tycoon Cowgirl Records label.

“This was exactly what she should have done,” Maines told me. “I believe releasing the album on a small label would have been a mistake. By releasing it on her own independent label, Terri gets to keep the master tapes, and she will be in a position to deal directly with a larger major label if that opportunity should arise.”

Terri noted that she has national distribution through Crystal Clear Sound Distribution of Dallas, noting, “But I have to stay on them all the time.”

A press release Terri distributes with her album says “in truth, there’s a lot of everything on Wilory Farm. Along with the obvious pop and country numbers, there’s swing (Albert The Perfect Friend), folk (Hole In My Pocket), Tex-Mex (Lluvia de Estrellas), and at least one genuine rocker, (Gravity).

Of Hole In My Pocket, Hendrix says: “This song is a prayer. It is the most requested of all my original material. Everyone sings the chorus at my live performances. Oddly enough, I didn’t write this song with the intention of ever playing it live...”

Terri says she needs no man in her life and has no plans for marriage and babies. Music, she says, must remain the top priority.

“I may never get on a major label,” Terri said. “And that’s just fine if that’s how it is to be. I’ve been criticized for not being focused. But what is focused? I’ve got to be honest. And I have got to follow my heart. I’ve been doing this for 10 years and love it. More than men, more than relationships.”
Cheap Shot cont...

Heavyweight Boxing is my favorite. There's a book out about the sport called "Only the King is Square". Basically it's all show biz.

G.I.G.O.—Garbage In, Garbage Out. (A lesson in computer literacy, but I'm not a computer whiz!) I have picked up some Compu-Shorthand.

One of the Specht's Store neighbors, I suspect, has some sort of resentment against the business, and I wouldn't be surprised if that person doesn't have a connection with the sheriff's department.

If that be the case, Sheriff Ralph Lopez had better take a hard look at what is going on. Anyone familiar with Specht's Store knows that the restaurant is a clean and well-operated family operation with an impeccable record for service and fine food. And to send vice officers galloping into the place might be construed as the dangerous courtship of another lawsuit against the county which Lopez damn sure doesn't need.

Vote For Judge Susan Reed for District Attorney

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