**LONE STAR**  
BY James McLure *Roy*

Did I ever tell you about the time Wayne and me went to Bossier City, Louisiana? Bossier City! Bossier City! Kinda got a sound to it, don't it? Bossier City! Babylon on the Red River! Sin. Hot women. Sticky summer nights. The biggest strip of night clubs 'tween Vegas and Miami Beach! Bossier City! One affi1ed bandits! Teenage prostitutes! Drunken driving! All the things that make life worth living. One summer morning in 1967 Wayne said to me, "Roy, we can either get drunk here in Maynard or we can get drunk in Bossier City!" So we drove to Louisiana! And I mean, Ray, as soon as we got there, wham! Just like that things started to happen! We saw a car wreck. That was nothin'. We saw three before we left town. We were in two of them. *(Pause.)* Wayne was a helluva driver. I tell you we started at one end of that Bossier Strip and worked our way to the other. Club Flamingo, the Log Cabin Club, Kim's Lounge, and the immortal-Merle Kimberly's Whisk A-Go-Go. Ray, it had three dance floors that lit up! Did we get in any fights?

We got kicked out of The Ace's Lounge and Mr.. Torch for fighting. We started them. Then! At the Swamp Club, Wayne tried to pick up these two Italian girls. Well, their boyfriends didn't like that one little bit. And let me tell you something, Ray. If you're ever in that part of the world, don't ever get involved with no Louisiana Eye-talians. There ain't nothin' worse than the Southern Mafia! The Italians pullout their knives, and me and Wayne run back to the truck to get my shotgun. But then the Eye-talian guys pull out their guns and start shootin' at us! But we made it back to the truck, and while Wayne backs the truck out of the parking lot I fired out the window at the Eye-talians. Wayne backed up into one car, hits a fence, and then as he's leaving the parking lot he side-swipes an oncoming Lincoln Continental. We had ourselves a time. Anyway, me and Wayne ended up in Kim's Lounge. And Wayne begins to sweet talk this girl down at the end of the bar. And pretty soon he's taking this girl out to the pickup truck. He told me it wouldn't take long. So I ordered another drink. Then, in about five minutes old Wayne comes back in as white as a sheet and says: "Roy, let's get the hell out of Bossier City." So we did. But after only six hours on the Bossier Strip we had ourselves two flghts, two car wrecks, had a gun battle with the Southern Mafla, and Wayne Wilder had french-kissed a man in a dress! *(Pause.lifting beer.)* So Wayne, down in Huntsville-here's to you boy.