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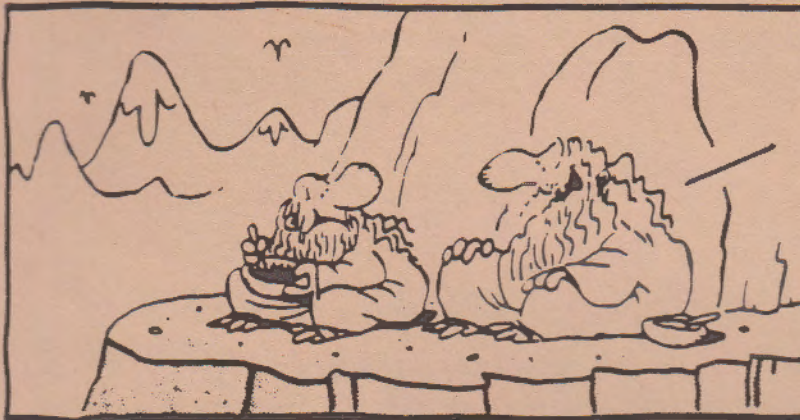
CHILITM

MONTHLY

VOL. 1/NO. 1

FRANK AND ERNEST

by Bob Thaves



IF YOU WANT TO
 FIND TRUE INNER
 PEACE, YOU'RE
 GOING TO HAVE TO
 GIVE UP CHILI.

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IN THE BEGINNING: The Gospel According to Nat Henderson, Frank Tolbert, Gary Cartwright, Bill Neale, H. Allen Smith, Hallie Stillwell, Carroll Shelby, George Haddaway & Wick Fowler ... **THE ROUGH ROAD TO TERLINGUA** — Bill Smallwood ... **CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS** — Hondo Crouch ... **HILLBILLY CHILI** — Bill Neely ... **CHILI GOES TO WASHINGTON** ... **NEWCOMER OF THE YEAR: THE COMPUTER** ... **TERLINGUA — 1983** ... and more ...

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... from the fireside

Hi Folks!

Sit back and get ready! You have been invited to the premier of CHILI MONTHLY magazine. CHILI MONTHLY has several goals. We'll strive to:

- (1) put TASTE back into chili ... we want to promote the positive image of the chili world, and make your mama proud of "her kid — the chilihead!" ...
- (2) put FUN back into chili ... some of us have gotten too serious about something that was started for the sole purpose of having fun! ...
- (3) PROMOTE chiliheads as a group of folks who leave more than 200 cases of empty beer cans in a parking lot after a cook-off ... CHILI MONTHLY wants to publicize the DOCTOR "we" gave to Flatonia, the AMBULANCE "we" gave to Terlingua, and so much more. Let's remember the community involvement we generate in cook-off towns ... Marble Falls, where everyone in town actively works for the Howdy Roo ... Flatonia, where they go so far as to block I-10 to detour traffic to the cook-off (oops!) and Terlingua, where every resident of the area pitches in and helps, whether it's selling tickets at Pancho's Grocery or selling t-shirts at the cook-off ...
- (4) UNITE the chili world through enlightenment, through unbiased journalism and positive features about chili and related subjects ... and
- (5) keep chili PURE ... George Haddaway, the man who founded C.A.S.I. in 1939 stresses that the purpose of C.A.S.I. is to develop a really good bowl of chili and spread the gospel to suffering chiliheads throughout the world ... we hope to carry through with this tradition by educating those who would destroy the bowl of red with pineapple, baked beans, hot chocolate and the like.

Most of all, we want CHILI MONTHLY to be a fun publication. We don't want to air battles and pettiness on our pages. We want to print exciting, tasteful, interesting, lighthearted subject matter. We want CHILI MONTHLY to be your favorite magazine ... and we don't want you to have to hide it when the preacher comes to call!

CHILI MONTHLY is a home-owned and operated publication for and about chiliheads. We hope to be of interest to chiliheads from New York to California ... from Canada to Texas ... and everywhere in between. We also hope to appeal to "not-yet-chiliheads" ... because there is always room for one more pot on the fire!

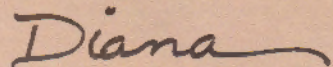
With your support and faith and the blessings of God and Chiligula, we hope to be a strong voice of this magical cult known as chili ... we are a special sort of people and the rest of the world needs to know it! Nowhere else can you throw together a stock broker, a railroad man, a few housewives, a couple of telephone linemen, a dash of kids and a sprinkling of dogs and have them develop such close family ties as in the chili world! "Who" we are doesn't have a thing to do with "what" we are ... and what we are is one of the fun-lovingest, friendliest, happiest, closest bunch of folks in the entire world!

Thanks to all of you who have helped to get this first issue out ... the back-patting, story-writing, picture-taking, baby-sitting, label-sticking and most of all — the believing....

Very special thanks to the journalists, chiliheads and regular folks who taught me how to "Think Chili" ... Hondo Crouch, Wick Fowler, Nat Henderson, Hal John Wimberly, Henry David Thoreau, Fred McMurry, Joe Cooper, Frank Tolbert, H. Allen Smith....

And thank YOU for believing in CHILI MONTHLY enough to pick up a copy and see what it's all about!

George Haddaway, the man who started it all, has said, "May the warmth of our hearts always remain as hot and tender as a steaming bowl of chili."



DIANA BECKER FINLAY

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CHILI MONTHLY believes
you can't know too much
about chili!

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Contact CHILI MONTHLY with
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from you!

CHILI[®] MONTHLY

January, 1984

Volume 1 — Number 1

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CHILI MONTHLY covers chili . . . and other necessary ingredients of the good life
such as country music, memories, barbeque, beer joints, back roads, cookoffs, good
books, good friends and good times.

C.A.S.I. Honors Chiliheads

WHAT MAKES A GREAT PEPPER GREAT? WHAT MAKES A CHILIHEAD STAND A STEP AHEAD OF THE CROWD? Each year C.A.S.I. selects a Great Pepper of the Year, Chilihead of the Year and several "Unsung Heroes" to present special awards to during the Terlingua Championship C.A.S.I. cook-off. The Great Pepper of the Year is one who has performed his job above and beyond the call of duty ... a Great Pepper who has trudged three miles through driving snow to attend, cook in, or help with a chili cook-off, who has hauled his family over thousands of miles of new frontier, blazing new cook-offs throughout the land, and who has bravely led his local pod through a year of meetings and social gatherings without one barroom brawl (almost) or parking lot fist fight.... This year, the recipient of the Great Pepper of the Year award was presented to Duke Walton of the Houston Pod, the oldest "pod" of C.A.S.I. Duke Walton is definitely not one of your basic "if you can't do, teach" type folks.... Throughout the last chili year, Duke and family have traveled over most of Texas cooking and winning cook-offs. He has been instrumental in raising thousands of dollars for charities, from churches to research centers, through chili cook-offs. Duke Walton is definitely a "doer" ... and he "does" chili during most of his free time. The C.A.S.I. voice has made a great choice in selecting Duke as Great Pepper of the Year, as he is one Great Pepper for all others to try to emulate.

The Great Peppers gather together once a year for an annual meeting to discuss current issues, and make motions, amendments, seconds ... and whatever else one does at important meetings. During this meeting, there is one decision that is not an easy one to make ... the Great Peppers from C.A.S.I. pods select a Chilihead of the Year. This award is for that special chilihead who demonstrates the true spirit of the chili cooking. The chili cook who will drive to the ends of the earth cooking for a chance to drive to the end of Texas to compete at the C.A.S.I. Championship in Arriba Terlingua. This year's winner was one of these fellas, the kind of chilihead who would load up his gear and drive for miles and set up to cook in a tiny town working for those points that provide the invitation to cook at Terlingua. The kind of cook who shows the world that if you did take away the tally sheets and judging tables, the styrofoam cups, Coleman stoves and the chili pots the reason we attend chili cook-offs is still there ... for the fun of it ... for the chance to join a group of unique people, not for the points or secret recipes, for the friends, the fellowship and the fun of being a part of this society.

This year, the Great Peppers unanimously selected to present the Chilihead of the Year award posthumously to Tom Tanski, of Hurst, Texas. Tom passed away earlier this year, but will always be remembered fondly by the folks he met on the chili trail.

Other awards were presented at the Terlingua Championship C.A.S.I. cook-off to the Unsung Heroes of C.A.S.I. The folks who spent countless time, energy, money, gas (and plenty of good times) promoting cook-offs throughout C.A.S.I., these are the folks who stand in the background when the winners are announced and wipe their brows as they think, "We made it through another one ... we pulled it off!" Those presented with engraved plaques for their dedication to the promotion of chili events included Ralph Hay, Pasadena, Texas; Bob Taylor, Little Rock, Arkansas; Doris Coats, Irving, Texas; Ennis Penland, Amarillo, Texas; Pat Irvine, Seguin, Texas; and "The Mouth of the Chili World," Texas Scofield, from New Braunfels, Texas.

C.A.S.I. selected these folks from literally thousands of chiliheads throughout the world. It was not an easy job. With so many diamonds in our midst, one of the hardest jobs of the year is narrowing the list to include only a handful of recipients. CHILI MONTHLY gives a pat on the back and a big chili hug to these folks. Congratulations for a job well done!



Great Pepper of the Year, Duke Walton (left) and unidentified friend.

Louis Burt Lindley
(1919 - 1983)

Thanks, Slim ... for the laughs, the tears, the fun and the memories ... may your days in eternity be spent without kidney beans, black hats or mean buckin' broncs ... and may your pickens never be slim



Photo by Bill Neale

Wick Fowler and H. Allen Smith finished in a "dead heat" in the 1967 Terlingua World Championship Chili Cook-off.

IN THE BEGINNING

Once upon a time there were some men who were all grown up ... almost. Several of these men were writers ... reporting sports events, wars, moonshiners, and various other timely happenings. A couple of these men were in the public relations business ... and could sell kidney beans to a chili cook. One of the men raced cars, a few of them flew airplanes, and another was a lawyer. A sprinkling of them were just in the "gang." These fellas all had real-live jobs and some of them even wore suits to work.

They all had something in common. They were members of one of the best boys' clubs ever invented. It was just like the club in your old neighborhood. They even had a rule ... "NO GIRLS ALLOWED!" They called their club the Chili Appreciation Society (International). But they weren't allowed to play anywhere except in their own neighborhood, Dallas, Texas. Because somebody had told them that they had to grow up and stop playing cowboys and indians and king of the mountain.

So they met and had chili suppers ... and Friday afternoon meetings ... and discussed important world events like who was going to win the pennant ... and hippies ... and how Lyndon ought to be running the country ... and who could cook the best pot of chili in the whole wide world...

Now two of the club members had a ranch ... far, far away in an old ghost town called Terlingua, Texas. No one had ever heard of Terlingua, which was one of the magical elements of the abandoned mercury mining town. But the race-car driver and the lawyer had a real working ranch out there with cowboys and maybe even a few indians.

One afternoon, one of the fellas brought a magazine article to the attention of the other club members ... an article written by a "yankee" who claimed to cook the best chili in the world ... and worse than that, he added BEANS to his chili.

So the public relations men, who could sell kidney beans to a (real) chili cook started thinking, and the writers who covered wars and world series started thinking, and the owners of the ghost town started thinking and they planned and laughed and schemed and decided to challenge that no-account "yankee" to a contest ... and call it the WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CHILI COOK-OFF ... and meet in downtown Terlingua, Texas at high noon for the first ever in history, real, live, honest-to-goodness chili cook-off.

The gang had a real excuse to run away for a weekend and camp out ... with "no girls allowed" ... almost.

What you are about to read is the GOSPEL ACCORDING TO NAT HENDERSON, FRANK TOLBERT, BILL NEALE,

GARY CARTWRIGHT, HALLIE STILLWELL, GEORGE HADDAWAY, H. ALLEN SMITH, and CARROLL SHELBY. These folks were all involved, in one way or another, with the very first World Championship Chili Cook-off.

WARNING: *The following is not suitable for serious of mind or cold at heart readers. Remember that the event about to be remembered happened almost twenty years ago. The stunts, pranks, and shenanigans played by and on certain parties were even more fun if you happened to have been there ... just sit back and enjoy*

The Gospel According to . . .

NAT HENDERSON: The first Terlingua cook-off? Well, H. Allen Smith had written a story for *HOLIDAY* magazine entitled "NOBODY KNOWS MORE ABOUT CHILI THAN I DO." There were a bunch of us who hung around the Press Room in Dallas. George Haddaway had formed a Chili Appreciation Society (International) way back in the thirties and this was the mid-sixties. Anyway, David Witts, Carroll Shelby, Tom Tierney, Wick Fowler and a whole bunch of press and P.R. types would go down to the Press Club and Wick (CASI's Chief Chef) would cook chili for us. When we saw that article in *HOLIDAY*, and Smith's recipe had beans in it, the Chili Appreciation Society (International) challenged Smith's recipe to a cook-off. We cussed and insulted and made fun of Smith. Finally, we set up a confrontation out at the Witts-Shelby ranch in Terlingua. There were several of us involved in getting the ball rolling ... Tom Tierney did most of the work. Frank Tolbert was involved ... Wick Fowler did a lot of the publicity for it and I wrote some of the stories ... several others worked at it too. Read H. Allen Smith's book, *THE GREAT CHILI CONFRONTATION*. It'll tell you all about the first cook-off. Of course, no one won that first year. David Witts had to drop out of the judging after tasting Wick's chili. It was all in fun, you know ... all for fun. Oh, we had a great time!

Nat Henderson currently writes the Centex Scene for the Austin American Statesman. He was instrumental in starting the Chilympiad State Men's Chili Championship in San Marcos, Texas. He's also a founding father of the Taylor International Barbeque Cook-off and was one of the originators of the Central Texas Wing of the Confederate Air Force. Nat was chief of the C.I.A. (Chili Intelligence Agency) at the original Terlingua Chili Cook-off in 1967.

FRANK TOLBERT: When Tom Tierney and I conceived the idea of the

World Series of Chili, we didn't figure it would be well attended because of the isolation of Terlingua, which is eighty miles from the nearest town. As things turned out, 209 chapters of the Chili Appreciation Society (International) from all over the United States were represented.

Carroll Shelby's two-motored plane was the first to arrive for the cook-off. Shel brought along two dozen or so folks from California, including two good-looking Swedish girls and a man identified as "Father Duffy" dressed in medieval robes and sandals.

At the start of the 1967 tournament, Master of Ceremonies Bill Rives (who is also poet laureate of CASI) tried to present Smith with a proclamation from Governor John Connally, making Smith an honorary citizen of Texas.

Smith refused, rudely, saying: "I have no plans to behave in any honorable way during my stay in Texas."

A true prophecy.

The judges at the first cook-off were David Witts, Mayor of Terlingua; Floyd Schneider, a Lone Star Brewery executive from San Antonio; and Justice of the Peace Hallie Stillwell of Alpine.

When the time came to test the chili, the three judges were blindfolded, although blindfolds weren't necessary since the judges knew that Smith's recipe called for kidney beans while Fowler's classic Texas formula was all beef and seasonings.

Judge Stillwell was the first to taste. She ate several spoonfuls of the Fowler chili with obvious relish. She took one tiny, bean-filled bite from the Smith pot. Then she proved her friendship to the man from Mount Kisco, N.Y.: "I vote for Soupy's — I mean I vote for No. 1."

Judge Schneider was next. He took a good bite from Smith's pot and tried to regain his composure but failed. Then the San Antonio connoisseur gobbled greedily of Fowler's chili. He voted for Wick.

Last to taste was Judge Witts. He never got around to Fowler's chili. He took one mouthful of the Smith compo-

sition. His face reddened and convulsed. He seemed to go into convulsions and fell on the floor of the veranda.

When Mayor Witts was helped to his feet, he finally found voice and he declared his taste buds had been paralyzed by the shock of tasting and swallowing Smith's concoction. With his taste buds allegedly not functioning he said it would be impossible for him to cast the decisive vote.

So there was nothing the referee could do but declare a draw. Fowler was robbed. He deserved to win easily.

(The above excerpts were re-printed by permission of the author, Frank X. Tolbert, from his book entitled *A BOWL OF RED*, © 1972.)

Frank X. Tolbert writes "Tolbert's Texas" for the DALLAS MORNING NEWS. He owns a chain of chili parlors in the Dallas area and has written several books about the Southwest. Frank served as the official referee at the original Terlingua Chili Cook-off in 1967.

BILL NEALE: I was there when the whole idea came up. If it was anyone's idea, it was Tom Tierney's. George Haddaway had just had one of his chili suppers and we were all sitting around at a bar in Dallas. David Witts had asked Tom Tierney what he did for a living. Tom said that he was a P.R. man. David asked, "What the hell does a P.R. man do?" Tierney thought about it and said, "A good P.R. man could take a place like your ghost town of Terlingua and put it on the map." Witts looked at him and Shelby was there and he said, "How would you do that?" Tierney said, "Well, have a chili cook-off!" We had all just been to a chili supper and all. That's literally how the whole thing started and then things snowballed and Shelby got a DC-3 and loaded everybody down to the ranch. We had a hell of a good time. One of my clients was Pearl Beer and they gave us 200 cases of Pearl. We only had invited about 50 guests but a lot more showed up. It was really never intended to go any further

than that, but things grew and we ended up with what we have now!

One of the most memorable things about that weekend was the first night. We were all sleeping on the floor of the basement of the ranch house. There were about 25 guys in sleeping bags. Anyway, it was about two in the morning and Father Duffy and Shelby ran a herd of goats in there and shut the door. We were all in our sleeping bags on a cement floor. Well, you get a goat real excited under those circumstances and he kind of has bowel problems! Gary Cartwright did a real good story in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* about that cook-off. It ran about six pages. Anyway the whole thing was a lot of fun. No one won ... but no one lost either.

Bill Neale is the president of Point Communications, Inc., an advertising agency in Dallas, Texas. Bill has been involved in the Original World Championship Chili Cook-off in Terlingua since its beginning in a Dallas bar. Bill was the Director of the Museum of Modern Art (actually the ladies' outdoor privy) at the original Terlingua cook-off in 1967.

GARY CARTWRIGHT: Let's see ... H. Allen Smith had written a story in *HOLIDAY* magazine titled something like "I COOK THE BEST CHILI IN THE WORLD." Well, Frank Tolbert had a book out at the time called *BOWL OF RED*. Ol' Tolbert thought no one else in the world could possibly know anything about chili. He and H. Allen Smith started this war of words in their newspaper columns. Tolbert wrote for the *DALLAS MORNING NEWS*, of course and I don't remember who Smith was writing for. They fought back and forth about chili for a long time ... it sounded real serious, but they were just kidding.

A Dallas attorney, David Witts, and Carroll Shelby, the race car driver and designer, and a bunch of Dallas newspaper and R.P. guys got together and staged this cook-off. Tolbert really built it up in his columns. When you have to write three columns a week, you're always looking for news ... and he always made big news out of things like that.

It was quite an event. There were two dozen or more corporate planes flying press in from every place.

One thing I remember was that we all stayed at this working ranch. Shelby

and Witts owned it. When we all got there, Witts and Shelby called the cowboys in and decided to put on a rodeo. They had a whole lot of beer and liquor and food. Somebody started a card game and everyone sort of forgot the rodeo. There was this little Montgomery Clift-type cowboy from the ranch, named Tooter. Well, Tooter won everybody's money in the card games. It was getting really late and we were all pretty drunk and had lost all of our money to the cowboys. We went to bed. We all slept in sleeping bags ... that was another thing, when we went, the rule was that we could only take a sleeping bag and a toothbrush. Well, sometime during the night, or early morning, Tooter decided that it was time for that rodeo. He got on his big cutting horse and started riding through the room, all over us, between the sleeping bags and all. No one got hurt, but we were all drunker than Cooder Brown and he was too. I'm surprised no one got stepped on. It was just a big party, though. Everyone went out there to have fun and some people stayed drunk the whole time.

I don't remember much about the cook-off itself. There were only two cooks; Wick Fowler was the Texas traditionalist and H. Allen Smith put beans in his chili. There were three judges, Hallie Stillwell was the only woman. She was the Justice of the

Peace out there at the time. A great ranch lady ... and she voted for Smith's chili. This guy from San Antonio was next and he voted for Fowler. The tie-breaker was David Witts. He tasted one of the pots of chili and grabbed his throat, jumping around like he was dying. He said he couldn't judge anymore because his taste buds had been destroyed. Anyway, they ended the cook-off in a draw and no one won ... It didn't really matter to anyone out there. It was basically a big joke and a lot of fun.

Gary Cartwright is an associate editor of TEXAS MONTHLY. He has written several books. Gary covered the 1967 cook-off for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Tooter the Cowboy won all of his money and Gary has not been out to another cook-off since.

HALLIE STILLWELL: In the first place, there were a lot of people there from all the surrounding towns. It was really cold when we left Alpine, but by the time we arrived in Terlingua, the weather had turned real nice. We all had a good time greeting our old friends and relatives from the area.

One thing I remember was Hondo Crouch. He was off by himself, cooking a pot of chili over a fire ... said it was armadillo chili, but I don't know. He had some long underwear hanging over a



Judges were blindfolded in the interest of "fairness" at the first Terlingua Cook-off. Left to right (front row) are Judge Floyd Schneider, Judge David Witts, Yankee contestant H. Allen Smith, and Judge Hallie Stillwell who was "cold sober and dead serious."

bush. He said it was "airing out." I was just delighted with him.... We visited for a while. He was a marvelous character. He'd sort of stay off to the side and people would always come around and listen to his crazy stories. I guess he kind of always just paddled his own canoe.

Oh, there was a big crowd at the first cook-off. I don't remember exactly how many, over two hundred, I'd guess. As you know, H. Allen Smith and Wick Fowler were the only two cooks. They were just great. They both cooked good chili. I tasted them both. I was a judge. They blindfolded us to taste the chili. A lot of people thought that since Allen Smith had chosen me to be his judge and I had ridden out to Terlingua with him, that I would naturally pick his chili. But that wasn't true, no sir. Just happened that I picked his chili. It was better, plain and simple. I didn't taste a bean or anything to tell me that it was his chili. It was fair judging. The second judge was from San Antonio. He chose Wick's chili. He was also blindfolded. Then that David Witts ... he was the third judge ... took one mouthful of old Wick Fowler's chili and he grabbed his throat and acted like he's lost his voice. He said, "I can't judge, my taste buds are all burned up!"

They declared that first cook-off a draw. The cook-offs started out to be just a ball. A lot of fun and something to do.... Mercy, though, those yankees from Dallas sure drank a lot! Those men put together the first one, Witts and Allen Smith, of course, and Wick Fowler and Carroll Shelby and Frank Tolbert ... they didn't know it was going to come to what they have out there today. Frank had just written a book and he was out there selling it. A BOWL OF RED was the name of it.

I was queen of Terlingua the third year. They didn't have a queen the first years, but since the third year, they've elected me every year. The second cook-off they decided to vote on ballots. They had the judges put the ballots in a box and when time came to count them, why a bandit rushed into the room and grabbed the box! They couldn't count them so that year was a draw, also. It wasn't until the third year out there that they had a real winner ... and a real queen!

Hallie Stillwell is, indeed, the Queen of Terlingua. She lives in Alpine, Texas and was a Justice of the Peace in 1967.

H. Allen Smith chose her for "his" judge in that first cook-off. Hallie has also been honored with such celebrations as the Hallie Stillwell Day at the Luckenbach Ladies Only State Championship. She was the only judge at the first cook-off to arrive cold sober and dead serious. Currently, Hallie is compiling her memoirs of her years as Queen of Terlingua, for future publication.

H. ALLEN SMITH: Just before high noon on the fair morning of October 21, 1967, two male humanoids stood on the veranda of a crumbling adobe building in the ghost town of Terlingua, Texas and listened to the thump of a wooden spoon against the side of an ancient copper washboiler. The thump signaled the start of an event that all but shoved Vietnam off the front pages of Texas newspapers. It was a bitterly fought contest called the Great Chili Confrontation and its story shall dwell forever in the pages of history.

The two combatants, each claiming to be the world's champion cooker of chili con carne, were of inharmonious physical dimensions. One was a citizen of Austin, Wickford P. Fowler, a man who would butcher at better than 250 pounds. He stood behind his pot as "agent provocateur" of the Chili Appreciation Society (International) of Dallas, Texas.

The second man was a trim, vibrant, velvet-voiced dashing fellow ... this magnetic person was the author of the unbiased report you are now reading. I have reference to me....

We cooked at a distance of fifteen paces from each other, and Mr. Fowler made continual effort to endear himself to the crowd. I stuck to business. I asked Mrs. Jean Glasscock of Alpine to circle around and get a taste of Mr. Fowler's cuckold chowder. She came back and said it was taking on a greenish-yellow coloration and tasted of bean curd and soy sauce....

The two "judges" designated by the Chili Appreciation Society turned up unshaven and red-eyed after what must have been a night of sin at the nearby Witts-Shelby Ranch. They were in no condition to judge skimmed milk or tarantula races, whereas Hallie Stillwell was clear-eyed and alert. When the moment of truth arrived, the three arbiters were blindfolded. Mrs. Stillwell took a spoonful of Fowler's chili and ate it, and then a spoonful of mine. She told

me later than when she got the Fowler product into her mouth, she could feel her socks smoking inside her shoes — she voted for me. A San Antonio beer baron, Floyd Schneider, a man of questionable integrity and a secret card-carrying member of the Dallas Society, tasted Fowler's chili, stuck his tongue out at mine and voted for Mr. Fowler.

Then the third judge, David Witts, Mayor of Terlingua, took a spoonful into his mouth and —

The newspaper accounts were in disagreement, but I know what happened. I was standing beside this man Witts. If I had been a muley-cow, my right hind hoof would have been in his coat pocket. I was that close. Some say it was my chili that threw Mayor Witts to the floor. I know better. What he put in his mouth was a concoction of fiery ancho chilis laced with shreds of bull leather — Wick Fowler's chili. That's what scorched his gullet and took the enamel off his teeth. That's what led his taste buds to being paralyzed. The contest would have to be called a draw and there would be a second confrontation in October of 1968. In Sam Goldwyn's memorable words, the whole thing was a carriage of misjustice.

(The above excerpts were reprinted by permission of the publisher from H. Allen Smith's THE GREAT CHILI CONFRONTATION, © 1968 in HOLIDAY magazine.

The late H. Allen Smith, humorist, author and feature writer was the cause of all the fuss in the beginning. It was Smith who started the war with a presumptuous article in HOLIDAY magazine entitled "Nobody Knows More About Chili Than I Do".... In the words of the late Wick Fowler, "Them's fighting words, yankee!"

CARROLL SHELBY: The whole idea of having a cook-off wasn't really anybody's idea more than anyone else's. It was probably Tom Tierney picking up on a deal that George Haddaway had started years before, the Chili Appreciation Society (International). We were all sitting around visiting over a period of weeks in Dallas. Tom Tierney, David Witts, Buck Marryat, Bill Neale ... Frank Tolbert wasn't even at those *@\$!?!*# meetings ... anyway we'd all meet on Friday afternoons. David Witts would have these little parties. Over a period of weeks the idea evolved. George Haddaway would have these

chili suppers and Wick Fowler was the chief chef. Wick would cook the chili for all of us. There were about 25 people involved and we all said, "Yeah, why don't we have a cook-off out at the ranch." Then we started making rules ... for that weekend. We invited a bunch of people and one of the rules was that no one could bring anything but a toothbrush and a sleeping bag. No one could bring a lady, there were no girls invited. But one prominent politician brought a pretty little lady ... I can't mention any names though, because as far as I know, he's still alive and married.

Anyway, it was just in fun and we all flew out to the ranch. That first night, a poker game lasted way into the night. About two in the morning, Tooter Hill, one of our ranch hands, pulled a gun and raked in the last pot. That ended the poker game.

We were all messing around and Father Duffy and I went out to the pen where we kept about 500 Mexican goats. We got five little nannies and took them over to the basement of the ranch house where a bunch of the press guys were sleeping. There was only one entrance to the basement, and we unpegged the door and put those five little nannies in there in the dark; then pegged the door back up. Then we stood outside and listened to the goats stepping all over our friends ... and whatever else they were doing all over our friends.

We had Lyndon Johnson's caterer out there to cook for the guests. He fixed forty gallons of chili. We were hauling it across the mountains in my DC-3 to the old Terlingua townsite. Either Burke Smith or Woody DeSilva was sitting on the lid to hold it down. Anyway, who ever it was wound up sitting in the chili pot. We served it to the guests though ... and no one complained. A lot of fun things happened out there. The cook-off ended in a draw. Everybody went home tired and hung-over and ready to go back the next year.

But, no one really started it. It was just a throw-off of something George Haddaway had started thirty years before, the Chili Appreciation Society (International). Any one person who tries to take credit for starting the cook-off is just a pompous ass!

Carroll Shelby is a world-renowned Grand Prix auto racer (co-winner of the 1959 LeMans 24 hour). He and David Witts co-owned the 200,000 acre

Terlingua Ranch where the ghost town is situated. Shelby was the chairman of the Terlingua Racing Team and Social Director of the original Terlingua Chili Cook-off in 1967. He spends his time these days designing cars for Chrysler Corporation and marketing his Texas Chili Preparation Mix and being the object of outrageous rumors throughout the chili world.... (Editor's note: Where's my hundred and fifty thou, Shel?)

GEORGE HADDAWAY: This cook-off has never been approved by our supreme council; we've never sent an official delegate there for one of the cook-offs, which should be renamed drink-offs, and I've never set foot in the place. The contest is a virtual circus in which clowns in funny hats pour cheap champagne into store-bought chili mix and decisions are rigged with unqualified judges with numb taste buds. I understand they even let women attend as spectators. As everyone knows, there is no woman's lib insofar as the real Chili Appreciation Society is concerned. (This discrimination was abolished in 1972.)



George Haddaway (l) and C.A.S.I. poet laureate Bill Rives (r) at a 1973 "Chili Supper" in Dallas.

George Haddaway founded the Chili Appreciation Society International in 1939, when he discovered through travels that a decent bowl of chili had become extinct. Haddaway was the publisher of *FLIGHT* magazine. Normally an easy-going man, Haddaway gets violent when chefs take liberties with the sacred bowl of red. Once, in the Houston Airport, Haddaway was served a bowl of "chili" containing sugary Boston Baked

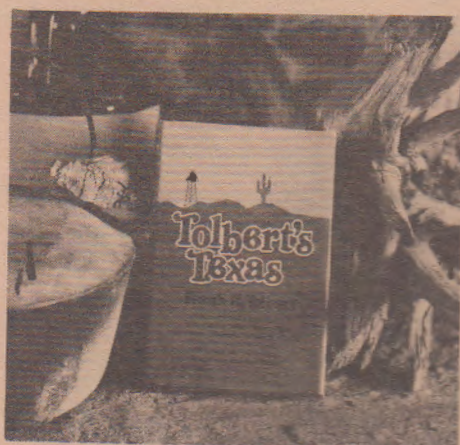
Beans. His reaction was quick and to the point. He took the bowl to the kitchen and hurled it at the chef. Even the police, when called to quell the uproar, sided with Haddaway when he explained the situation. They, too, were dedicated chili addicts. Haddaway was appointed Terlingua Int'l Airport Manager for the 1967 cook-off in Terlingua.

WICK FOWLER: (Wick was unavailable for comment on this story, but he certainly cannot be overlooked. Wick was never lacking in comments, especially concerning his friend and opponent, H. Allen Smith. We have compiled several of Wick's thoughts on the subject of his rival, Soupy Smith).... The Vegetable Growers of America recently voted H. Allen Smith "Man of the Year" ... the Mushroom Growers were upset because their product wasn't included in old H.A.'s recipe ... Gerber's Baby Food is interested in H.A.'s chili recipe ... and hospitals all over the country are feeding it to newborn babies in nurseries ... when they can't digest mother's milk.... Terlingua is so small they don't even have a village idiot. My opponent, H.A. Smith from New York should volunteer for the job. He qualifies because he thinks the H. in H. Allen Smith stands for "Jalapina".... I've never tasted any of H.A.'s chili but I saw a punch bowl of it recently ... and it makes a very clever centerpiece.... I've read most of Smith's books ... in fact, all the dirty ones ... and he is a funny man. The funniest thing he ever wrote was that chili recipe Nobody knows LESS about chili than he does....

The late Wickford P. Fowler, war correspondent, humorist, and chief chili chef for Chili Appreciation Society (International) founded Caliente Chili Company in Austin, Texas. He was a chili cook's cook. Chili writers may look to Joe Cooper for inspiration ... Great Peppers may look to George Haddaway ... but chili cooks everywhere are inspired by Wick Fowler. Any time a stove is fired up ... any time an opinion is chopped ... any time a pot is stirred and the aroma of a bowl of red spices the air ... any time a lifelong friendship is made through the camaraderie of chili cooking, let us raise our spoons to the memory of Wick Fowler.

CHILI

REVIEWS



TOLBERT'S TEXAS
Frank Tolbert
©1983, Doubleday & Co.
\$14.95

TOLBERT'S TEXAS is a book for people-watchers everywhere. Frank X. Tolbert is one of the world's leading authorities on the art of people watching, and he does a magnificent job of describing the characters of everyday life. From Blues King, Lightning Hopkins, to T.J. "Cap" Taylor (Lady Bird Johnson's father), Tolbert sees the beauty of their thoughts and transcribes them into legends. TOLBERT'S TEXAS would serve as an excellent vacation guide for readers who want to discover grass-roots Texas. The characters of this book are as tangible as the State Capitol and as memorable as the Alamo.

There is a touch of sadness within the pages of TOLBERT'S TEXAS that appears to be a melancholy look at what lies ahead for himself, as the author meanders through the backroads of Texas folk life and records everyday thoughts of everyday folks for posterity.

Read about the music-makers, the moonshiners, the sheriffs and politicians. Learn the secrets of Headache Springs, Caddo Lake and the Farkleberry Tree.

Frank X. Tolbert is a legend in southwest journalism. He has written a column for the *Dallas Morning News* forever (according to one of the *News* secretaries) and has written several

successful Texanna books. Tolbert was one of a group of men who formed the chili world as we know it today. An original member of the Chili Appreciation Society International, Frank Tolbert is a master when it comes to the subject of chili. He wrote one of the early "chili books" entitled *A BOWL OF RED*.

TOLBERT'S TEXAS is one best seller worth its weight in cayenne peppers. From border to border, Tolbert shares his views of Texas with us and makes us all sit a little taller, knowing that this is our country and these are our neighbors!

DIANA BECKER FINLAY



RIGHT OR WRONG (George Strait-MCA-5450)

George Strait's first album was called STRAIT COUNTRY. And it was ... almost. But some of that country feeling seemed to be missing ... seemed to have been "smoothed" out. They can do that, you know, in the studio. On a couple of the cuts I was almost afraid the strings would kick in any moment. I don't like to have to worry about things like that.

His next album, STRAIT FROM THE HEART, aroused some of those same fears. Of course, there was some great stuff on the album such as the Texas dance hall standard, "Amarillo By Morning" (now the rest of the world knows about it) and Darrell Staedtler's

"A Fire I Can't Put Out," which of course shot to the top of the charts as soon as it was finally released as a single. By the way, it was released at George's insistence.

Blake Mevis produced those first two albums ... and they are good ... damn good, but George Strait is great. He is much too good to be doing watered-down "pop" country like "Marina Del Rey." George has as much country soul as anyone in the business. Let those without soul do the "pop" country stuff. (What if some producer twenty years ago had decided to "smooth" out George Jones?) I want to hear George ... STRAIGHT.

RIGHT OR WRONG, George's latest album IS straight. Produced by Ray Baker, it is easily the strongest George Strait album to date. There's not a single weak song in the collection ... and George's country soul shines through. On "Let's Fall To Pieces Together," George proves that when it comes to singing country, he's indeed in a league with the likes of George Jones. And on "Our Paths May Never Cross" he proves he is in a league with Merle Haggard ... who, by the way, wrote that song for George Strait.

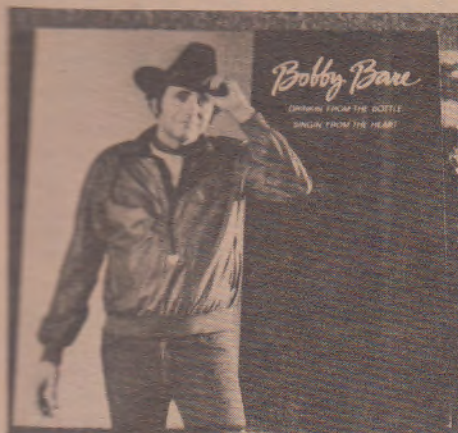
Another notable cut is Darrell Staedtler's "80 Proof Bottle Of Tear Stopper" which is strong stuff. And one of the best new songs I've heard in a while is "Fifteen Years Going Up (And One Night Coming Down)" written by Peggy Foreman. This is certainly no Nashville "factory formula" song.

George's performance on this album should go a long way toward establishing him as the super star he is going to become, especially his performance on the Texas swing classic "Right Or Wrong." George Strait's is the best version of that great song I have ever heard ... and I have heard Bob Wills do it.

I'll guarantee that George Strait knows there could be no higher musical compliment than that.

KENT FINLAY

REVIEWS



**DRINKING FROM THE BOTTLE,
SINGING FROM THE HEART**
(Bobby Bare, Columbia-FC38670)

There's never been a bad Bobby Bare album. They don't come that way ... only in varying degrees of greatness. This is largely because of Bare's incredible ear for a good song.

Now the best songs are written by the best songwriters and in **DRINKING FROM THE BOTTLE, SINGING FROM THE HEART**, Bare continues his long-time relationship with one of the best writers ever to stroll the streets and alleys of Nashville's Music Row — Shel Silverstein.

Silverstein wrote all but one of the songs on this haunting album. There are several of the novelty songs he writes so well. "The Jogger" is good, but doesn't really measure up to such Silverstein classics as "A Boy Named Sue," perhaps because it doesn't really go anywhere, or at least doesn't go anywhere believable. "Three-Legged Man" and "Stacy Brown Got Two" are so-so. "The Diet Song" really is funny.

There is an excellent, hard-driving country rocker called "Rodeo Queen" ... about loving a free-spirited cowgirl you know you can never have completely.

The haunting thing about this album is the lonely, empty feeling one gets from listening to it in its entirety. It's almost as if a couple of the songs were written as an epilogue to a career (or a life). They are "looking back" songs ... songs that sound like it's all over ... like war stories from an aged soldier.

"Me and Jimmy Rodgers" is a long

list of old make-believe memories. "Jennifer Johnson and Me" and the title song, "Drinking From The Bottle, Singing From The Heart" both deal with old memories, too.

So, sort of a melancholy mood has been set (in spite of the novelty tunes) by the time the last song comes up. The last song simply titled "Time," literally carries the listener to the brink of tears ... literally gives him chills with its sensitive Silverstein lyrics.

"Time" is a view of the world ... a view of life through an old man's eyes:

*Ain't the snow falling just a bit deeper
these days
Ain't they building the stairs a bit steeper
these days
And the town it is changing in so many
ways
It's Time ... Time.*

The old man goes on to say that newspaper print is becoming too small to read and that folks talk so soft they can't be heard. And sometimes now grown men call him "Sir." Also, he's not quite so anxious for fame as he once was. Life's simple pleasures mean more and he clings a bit longer now to each warm carress.

*So it takes a bit long to walk up a hill
What of it? My life now is much more ful-
filled
But, they're tearing down buildings that I
watched 'em build
Its Time ... Time.*

The dedication on the album jacket reads: "To **SHEL** —For all the hours in the studio, for all the great songs, and for being my friend. With love and appreciation, Bobby."

Bobby Bare's performance, as usual, is outstanding and the production is simple, honest and tasteful. He produced the album himself.

Anyone serious about country music must own all of Bobby Bare's albums.

KENT FINLAY



SYLVIA
(Sylvia-RCA-AHL14672)

Making country music is a lot like making chili. You take some meat, chili powder, sincerity, salt, pepper, onion, love, garlic, etc., and cook them all together in the proper proportions.

Hal John Wimberly used to say that if your chili doesn't turn out, it's most likely because of something you **DID** instead of something you didn't do.

Sylvia probably puts kidney beans in her chili ... and maybe even hot chocolate.

KENT FINLAY

**ADD SPICE
TO
YOUR LIFE
WITH
CHILI MONTHLY**

Ambulance....

The Rough Road

John Alexander is probably the happiest man in Texas. John is the head of the Terlingua Medics, a non-profit medical service in this tiny desert community west of Big Bend National Park. Today he has the most modern mobile medical facility ever seen in this area. A brand new \$60,000 Dodge ambulance was donated by the sponsors of the 1983 Arriba Terlingua Chili Cook-off, the championship event of the Chili Appreciation Society International.

John is used to rough roads, but the road to getting this new rig was made unnecessarily rough as a result of some rather childish shenanigans by people old enough to know better. This rather absurd game of intrigue involved Frank X. Tolbert, the Chili Appreciation Society International (C.A.S.I.), and the Terlingua Trust Fund Committee (T.T.F.C.).

Tolbert claims to be one of the originators of the Terlingua cook-off, owns a chili parlor in Dallas, and has written a couple of books (see review this issue). He has been considered as one of the figurehead leaders of C.A.S.I.

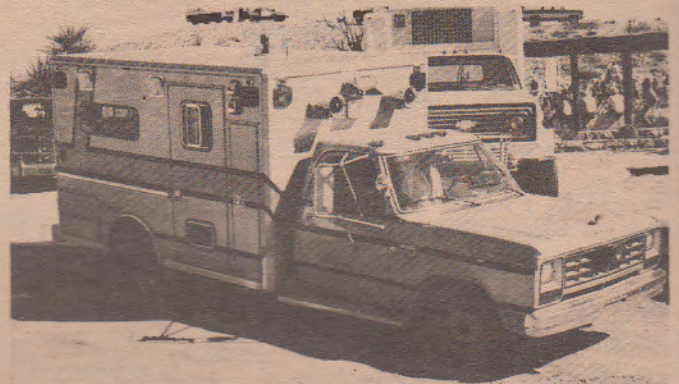
C.A.S.I. is made up of the chili cooks. They have local chapters in various cities called PODS, as in chili PODS. They elect representatives who are called Great Peppers. The Great Peppers get together and decide how they want to run the C.A.S.I. cook-offs. They also set up the rules to determine who will qualify for their C.A.S.I. Championship Cook-off at Terlingua. To qualify under current rules a cook must win six points. Four points are given for winning first place in a cook-off, three points for second place, and two points for third. The T.T.F.C. is a non-profit group set up to raise money for the Terlingua Medics.

A couple of years ago, the Coors Brewing Company of Golden, Colorado offered to donate \$10,000 to the Arriba Terlingua Cook-off. That money should have gone to the Terlingua Medics. Frank X. Tolbert said no. The cook-off was to remain non-commercial. Of course that didn't apply to him because he had always used the cook-off to promote his books and his chili parlor. And naturally Wolf Brand Chili would be permitted to donate the trophies for the Wick Fowler Memorial cook-off. It also didn't apply to the many other beer companies and various commercial entities who have sponsored some rather bodacious show team endeavors over the years. Just don't donate anything big like \$10,000 to the Terlingua Medics.

After all, Frank X. Tolbert and most of the contestants and spectators at the cook-off live in areas like Dallas or Houston where medical facilities are readily available. I can certainly appreciate the excellence of the Dallas Medical establishment. In 1980 my wife and I were hauled to Baylor Hospital in a very modern ambulance

after a traffic accident which would certainly have killed Sandie if everything hadn't been the best available. I'm glad it was there.

In Terlingua, Texas it would have been different. It's ninety miles to Alpine. We would have been piled in the back of a pick-up truck and bounced down the road to



This new \$60,000 ambulance is a vital "life-line" for residents of the remote Big Bend area of Texas.

Alpine in the middle of the night. Those who have always lived in urban areas where these services are readily available tend to take them for granted. Those of us who have lived most of our lives in rural areas and have taken those emergency runs in pick-ups or whatever was available see it quite differently. My son was almost born in the back seat of a Ford Falcon on the way to town.

Frank X. Tolbert went back to Dallas.

Glen Pepper, owner of Villa de la Mina where the cook-off has been held since 1976, and several other Terlingua residents kept thinking about the Medics losing out on that \$10,000 donation. It bothered them. If Coors was willing to make an offer like that maybe other companies would be interested in sponsoring the cook-off. Pepper called his old friend Carroll Shelby, another of the originators of the Terlingua Cook-off. Shelby and David Witts had been the owners of the old Terlingua Ghost Town and some surrounding property at the time of the first cook-off back in 1967. They had used the cook-off to successfully promote their land development and real estate ventures in the area.

Shelby, a former race car driver and automotive designer, has been developing a new Shelby Charger for Chrysler Motors. Pepper thought maybe he could help interest corporations in sponsoring the event. They began by establishing the Terlingua Trust Fund Committee consisting of Pepper, Shelby, Witts, and long time chilihead Bill Neale.

The Terlingua Medics had been receiving a share of the admission receipts for the past few years but now the

to Terlingua by Bill Smallwood

committee would be actively recruiting commercial sponsors. The immediate need was for a new ambulance. The medics had managed to put together one old outdated ambulance but it was not what it should be. The old one is just that, old. If one unit is transporting someone to the hospital and something else happens, you're back to the pick-up.

Several sponsors were contacted and agreed to put up the money for the new ambulance. Everything looked great until the fertilizer came into abrupt contact with the ventilator. Frank X. Tolbert found out what they had been doing behind his back. He would no longer be the sole commercial advertiser at the cook-off. He didn't like it. He'd take his bat and ball and go play somewhere else. But the bat and ball (the cook-off) didn't move so easily.

The C.A.S.I. Great Peppers discussed the situation (and cussed it) and the majority decided that maybe it would be better to leave the people of Terlingua an ambulance this year instead of just a lot of littered roadsides. So now we have two cook-offs at Terlingua. One leaves an ambulance, the other leaves beer cans and one very large sign.

According to an article in the front page of the Wall Street Journal, Carroll Shelby's decision to come back to Terlingua had an ulterior motive. He said he did it partly to "get Tolbert's goat."

Well, goats are strange critters. If you've got one you need to keep it tied up or fenced in because somebody's always trying to get it. I don't have much trouble with people trying to get my goat because I've got mine trained. It won't take candy from strangers and if somebody does get it the litter fella knows its way back home.

My biggest problem is losing my cool. It's very small and sort of a drab color so it gets lost easily and sometimes it's really hard to find. I reckon I ought to get me a bigger cool or paint the thing bright yellow so I could find it easier.

Chili cook-offs started out as just something silly to have fun with and all this commotion is certainly silly. All this objecting to corporations running the cook-off for instance is pretty silly. All they want is to put up a sign and say, "Hey, we paid for this ambulance!" They are not about to try to run the thing. The representatives sent to Terlingua by the sponsors just put up their banners, inflated their giant plastic beer can, opened up a few aluminum ones and enjoyed the party like everyone else. The whole thing went off about the same as always ... no "California take-over" ... no "pineapple chili." The only thing missing was some of our old friends who didn't show up. We missed them.

I understand that the opposition's terms for re-unification are that the cook-off never be held at Glen Pepper's

Villa de la Mina and that Carroll Shelby and C.A.S.I. Executive Director Ray King be purged entirely from chilidom. I have trouble understanding why Pepper, Shelby, and King should be punished for arranging for an ambulance.

So maybe that's not the real reason. Maybe it's just that Frank X. Tolbert is carrying on an old feud and he's misplaced his cool along with his strayed goat. Well, if you ever get them corralled again, Frank, we'll be glad to have you come on back home.

Silliness is OK as long as it's fun and nobody suffers. But this hasn't been much fun for a lot of people and the fund raising element has suffered a lot from all this ruckus. Dodge Truck Division of Chrysler Corporation, Stroh Brewing Company, and Pepsico (Pepsi-Cola) were among the original sponsors contacted to kick in the money for the \$60,000 ambulance (Dodge of course). At least four other major national corporate sponsors backed out after the negative publicity from the attempts to split C.A.S.I. over the issue of corporate sponsorship and the charges of an imagined take-over by the California based International Chili Society (I.C.S.).

As a result of those sponsors backing out, additional funds had to be solicited from Dodge, Strohs, and Pepsi. Carroll Shelby also helped make up the deficit by acquiring Chili's Restaurants as a sponsor and including his own Original Texas Chili Preparation packaged chili mix company as a sponsor.

I fail to see why this kind of action should deserve exile from the chili scene. I do wonder what Shelby's going to do with Frank's goat.



WINNERS — Terlingua '83

The 17th Annual Championship Chili Cook-off is history and we should all be proud of the fact that we live in a country where even a yankee can grow up to be a champion chili cook! That's right, folks. This year's winner, Dallas media consultant Paul Brian admits that only five years ago he was just a yankee. Today, after receiving much advice from chiliheads and native Texans, Brian holds the coveted title of 1983 C.A.S.I. Champion!

Brian said that Kent Finlay's National Chili Anthem, "If You Know Beans About Chili, You Know That Chili Has No Beans," "drastically revised my thinking (and cooking) of the bowl of red!" As everyone knows, adding beans to chili is a cardinal sin and is nothing less than desecration of the state dish of Texas. Unfortunately, many immigrants from north of the Red River don't know any better.

Perhaps Brian can relate his understanding of the sacrament of the bowl of red to his compadres from the north! For there is no disputing the fact that Brian, who cooks with the Bottom Of The Barrel Gang, has done his homework and learned well. His chili came out of a field of 47 of the world's best chili cooks to earn him the title of Champion — 1983.

Second place went to Brian's teammate, Richard Knight, of Irving, Texas. Richard appears to be in competition with one of the national car rental agencies, due to the fact that only two months ago he came in second at the State Of Texas Men's Championship at Chilympiad in San Marcos. At Chilympiad, Knight was competing with over 400 cooks. Ah well, he does "try harder"!



1983 C.A.S.I. Terlingua Chili Champion, Paul Brian, from Dallas presenting his lucky number to Tex Schofield — "... and it does confirm! Number 111 won!"

Pat Irvine, of Classic Chili in Seguin, Texas was found guilty of cooking the third best pot of chili in the world at Terlingua. Irvine practices law when she isn't practicing her chili recipe, and she believed the decision of the judges was fair and within the law. Irvine took the second place title at the Ladies' Only State Championship in Luckenbach in October of this year.



Accepting the first place showmanship award at Terlingua are (l to r) Becky Fox, Ginger Dvorak and Janie Burruss.

The showmanship portion of the Terlingua Cook-off was, in the words of Tex Schofield, "SUPREMENTE!" The talent and quality of the show teams made the judges' decision hard. The winning teams brought good taste back into the winner's circle this year. It appeared quite evident that the "obscene" type showmanship has finally died and the chili world is all the better for it.

The Great Southwest Show Team of San Marcos, Texas, took top honors with their multi-act vaudeville show. The "Patsy Re-Cline" skit was one of the hits of the day. Chilympiad's Janie Burruss portrayed a spoof of the country star, Patsy Cline in the comedy tradition of Carol Burnette. Larry Burruss heads the Great Southwest Show Team and he deserves credit for finding so much talent in such a group of chiliheads! Look out, Ted Mack!

Cooks, show teams and spectators traveled hundreds (and in some cases thousands) of miles to participate in the 17th Annual Terlingua Chili Cook-off, held at Villa de la Mina. Canadians, Cajuns, Texans, New Mexicans and a host of other "foreigners" got together and decided that this was the place to be! The chili camaraderie was as thick as cold chili and the memories of Terlingua 1983 will be as permanent as a dribble on a white tee-shirt.

ARRIBA TERLINGUA!

HILLBILLY CHILI

"Somewhere Along the Trail"

by Bill Neely

From the time the second person on earth mixed some chile peppers with meat and cooked them, the great chili debate was on; more of a war, in fact. The desire to brew up the best bowl of chili in the world is exactly that old.

Perhaps it is the effect of *Capsicum* spices upon man's mind; for in the immortal words of Joe DeFrates, "Chili powder makes you crazy." That may say it all. To keep things straight, *chile* refers to the pepper pod and *chili* to the concoction. The *e* and the *i* of it all.

The great debate, it seems, is not limited to whose chili is best. Even more heated is the argument over *where* the first bowl was made; and by *whom*. Estimates range from "somewhere west of Laramie," in the early nineteenth century — being a product of a Texas trail drive — to a grisly tale of enraged Aztecs, who cut up invading Spanish conquistadores, seasoned chunks of them with a passel of chile peppers, and ate them.

Never has there been anything mild about chili.

There is little doubt that cattle drovers and trail hands did more to popularize the dish throughout the Southwest than anybody else, and there is a tale that we heard one frosty night in a Texican bar in Marfa, Texas, about a range cook who made chili along the great cattle trails of Texas. He collected wild oregano, chile peppers, wild garlic, and onions and mixed it all with the fresh-killed beef or buffalo — or jackrabbit, armadillo, rattlesnake, or whatever he had at hand — and the cowhands ate it like ambrosia. And to make sure he had an ample supply of native spices wherever he went, he planted gardens along the paths of the cattle drives — mostly in patches of mesquite, to protect them from the hooves of marauding cattle. The next time the drive went by there, he found his garden and harvested the crop, hanging the peppers and onions and oregano to dry on the side of the chuck wagon. The cook blazed a trail across

Texas with tiny, spicy gardens.

As cattle trail chili grew in popularity throughout the tiny Texas trail towns, so, too, did its devotees. Frank and Jesse James fell prey to its taste and are said to have eaten a few bowls of "red" before pulling many of their bank jobs. At least one town, it is noted, was spared from their shooting and looting by the local chili parlor. Fort Worth had a chili joint just north of town, and the James boys rode in there *just for the chili*, vowing never to rob their bank because "anyplace that has a chili joint like this oughta' be treated better."

And Pat Garrett is supposed to have said of William Bonney — Billy the Kid: "Anybody that eats chili can't be all bad."

Chili cooks are probably as creative with their stories as they are with their broth, but what can you expect when you go through Texas asking questions about chili? It's the home of the tall tale.

In case you ever want to brew up a batch of "original Texas chili," here is a version we got that night in Marfa — well at least a composite from a few of the old timers at the bar; their account of what they remember the first recipe to be. This "original" recipe may be traced back to that same range cook who planted gardens across Texas in the early 1800s. And it may well have been the granddaddy of the blend that Frank and Jesse were addicted to. Nobody will swear that it was the first true Texas chili recipe, but they all say it was close to it:

CHILI CON CARNE

Cut up as much meat as you think you will need (any kind will do, but beef is probably best) in pieces about the size of a pecan. Put it in a pot, along with some suet (enough so as the meat won't stick to the sides of the pot), and cook it with about the same amount of wild onions, garlic, oregano, and chiles as you have got meat. Put in some salt. Stir it from time to time and cook it until the meat is as tender as you think it's going to get.

By the time we had finished writing down the recipe, the number of Tex-Mex patrons in the tiny bar had grown considerably, and each had his own version of cattle drive chili stories — each one becoming more embellished as the *cerveza* flowed. Then one hauled a yellowed clipping from his wallet. He didn't remember what newspaper it had come from, or even when. He just knew he had had it a long time. It was a prayer — something an old, black range cook had prayed once. His name, euphonically, was Bones Hooks, and the prayer went:

Lord, God, you know us old cowhands is forgetful. Sometimes, I can't even recollect what happened yesterday. We is forgetful. We just know daylight from dark, summer, fall, winter and spring. But I sure hope we don't ever forget to thank you before we eat a mess of good chili.

We don't know why, in your wisdom, you been so doggone good to us. The heathen Chinese don't have no chili, never. The Frenchmen is left out. The Russians don't know more about chili than a hog knows about a side-saddle. Even the Mexicans don't get a good whiff of chili unless they live around here. Chili-eaters is some of your chosen people, Lord. We don't know why you're so doggone good to us. But Lord God, don't never think we ain't grateful for this chili we are about to eat. Amen.

Chili buffs in San Antonio — and in most of Texas, for that matter — say the stuff called "chili" was invented there, probably by "Chili Queens," women who dotted the Military Plaza and sold highly seasoned brews called "chili" from rudimentary carts, all through the night, to a cadre of customers who rode in from all over the prairies to singe their tonsils. The "Queens" did exist, for nearly two hundred years, the locals say. Yet most historians fail to tell of them selling chili much before 1880.

The "Queens" may have been there

Hillbilly Chili (continued)

for two hundred years, but they probably had sold chili there only for the last third of that period; and if for no other reason than that one usually improves a product, they began to refine and add sophistication to the dish. They brought it somewhere near today's stage. The reason, of course, was competition. There were dozens of the Chili Queens on the plaza and you can bet that each one was constantly striving to improve her blend, simply to attract more customers than any of the competition.

The Chili Queens remained a highlight in San Antonio for many years (there was even a "San Antonio Chili Stand" at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893) until the late 1930s when the health department put an end to their time-honored profession.

The following is reprinted from *The San Antonio Light* of September 12, 1937:

Recent action of the city health department in ordering removal from Haymarket Square of the chili queens and their stands brought an end to a 200-year old tradition.

The chili queens made their first appearance a couple of centuries back after a group of Spanish soldiers camped on what is now the city hall site and gave the place the name Military Plaza.

At one time the chili queens had stands on Military, Haymarket and Alamo plazas but years ago the city confined them to Haymarket plaza.

According to Tax Commissioner Frank Bushick, a contemporary and a historian of those times, the greatest of all the queens was no Mexican, but an American named Sadie. Another famous queen was a senorita named Martha who later went on the stage.

Writing men like Stephen Crane and O. Henry were impressed enough to immortalize the queens in their writing.

With the disappearance from the plaza of the chili stands, the troubadors who roamed the plaza for years also have disappeared into the night.

Some of the chili queens have simply gone out of business. Others, like Mrs. Eufemia Lopez and her daughters, Juanita and Esperanza Garcia, have opened indoor cafes elsewhere.

But henceforth, the San Antonio visitor must forego his dining in chili al fresco.

From the research library of the Institute of Texan Cultures comes this link with the past — a Chili Queen recipe (slightly updated for shopping convenience):

2 pounds beef shoulder cut into ½ inch cubes
1 pound pork shoulder cut into ½ inch cubes
¼ cup suet
¼ cup pork fat
3 medium size onions, chopped
6 garlic cloves, minced
1 quart water
4 ancho chiles
1 serrano chile
6 dried red chiles
1 tablespoon comino seeds, freshly ground
2 tablespoons Mexican oregano
Salt to taste

Place lightly floured beef and pork cubes in with suet and pork fat in heavy chili pot and cook quickly, stirring often. Add onions and garlic and cook until they are tender and limp. Add water to mixture and simmer slowly while preparing chiles. Remove stems and seeds from chiles and chop very finely. Grind chiles in *molcajete* (mortar and pestle). After meat, onion and garlic has simmered about one hour, add chiles. Grind comino seeds in *molcajete* and add oregano with salt to mixture. Simmer another 2 hours. Remove suet and skim off some fat. Never cook frijoles with chiles and meat. Serve as a separate dish.

Part 2 of "Somewhere Along The Trail" will be presented next month in CHILI MONTHLY....

Bill Neely is the author of biographies on Chet Atkins, Pete Fountain, A.J. Foyt, and most recently, Roy Acuff and the Grand Old Opry. Bill has written several articles for Playboy and is a contributing editor to Penthouse Magazine. He and his wife Martina collaborated on The International Chili Society Chili Cookbook and are head honchos of the West Virginia chili clique. Bill is the Hillbilly Bureau Chief of CHILI MONTHLY.

CHILI

AROUND THE BEND

Dec. 31 — SAN MARCOS, TEXAS — CHILI MONTHLY and Cheatham Street Warehouse invite you to a Cowboy New Year's Eve Party. No funny hats, no noisemakers, no cover ... everyone is welcomed, black-eyed pea "eat-off," Kent Finlay guitar picking, open invitation to one and all ... call (512) 353-9341 or (512) 357-6237 for more information.

Jan. 21 — TOMBALL, TEXAS — Go Texas Committee/Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo Third Annual Chili Cook-off (Whew! Long title, huh!) This cook-off'll cost you only \$15.00 and with a title that long, they deserve it! For more info call Larry Barnett at (713) 552-6606 or 493-5332; or call Les Floyd at 675-6436 or 774-1454 OR contact Jerry Shelby at 937-9300. There's one more guy listed with two more phone numbers, but we aren't printing them here to save space. By the way, this one is C.A.S.I. sanctioned.

Jan. 28 — DRIFTWOOD, TEXAS — "The Way It Was" ... This is the fourth annual affair put together by the State Of Texas Pod out of Austin. SOT Pod does things kind of different ... this one is non-sanctioned ... just for fun ... and no seriousness allowed ... always a favorite cook-off with old time chili-heads ... great championship Bloody Mary mix-off ... contact Janie Burruss for more information at (512) 353-8895. \$15.00 entry fee.

Feb. 4 — SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA — Louisiana Annual Elks Chili Cook-off — C.A.S.I. rules and sanctioned ... entry fee \$15.00, goes to Elks Charity Fund. Not to be confused with lamblasts or goat cook-offs, the Elks are running the thing! Contact Ralph McDonald at (318) 865-8040 for all the scoop!

Feb. 11 — LUCKENBACH, TEXAS — Hug-In ... Pot luck, covered dish meals, bring plates and eating utensils, too ... Bloody Mary mix-off, non-talent contest, standing up contests, falling down contests, loads of fun, no cook-off of any sort ... lots of hugs and valentine wishes for this annual affair ... camping is available for C.A.S.I. and Pod members, across the creek, so bring your identification papers, cards, pins and buttons and camp out on the banks of one of the most magical creeks in the world.

May 24-28 — GUADALAJARA, MEXICO — Mexico Grande National Championship. The most elite cook-off C.A.S.I. sanctions ... directed by the smartest, prettiest, wittiest, chiliest lady in the whole world ... Nancy Becker ... CHILI MONTHLY will have all information on this cook-off next month. Airfare and ground package prices are not available at this time.

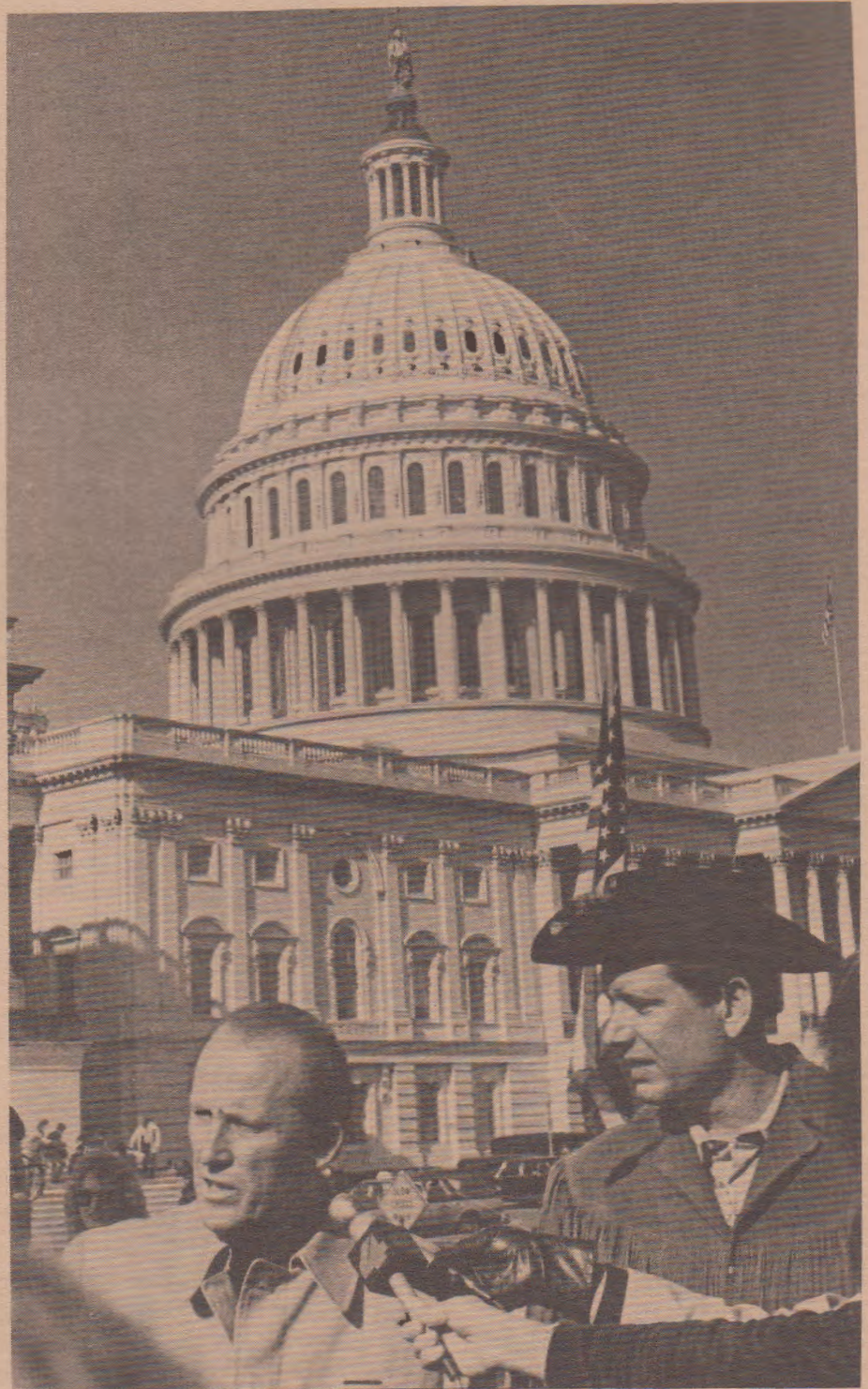
Chili Goes to Washington

The BOWL OF RED is in good company these days, as it rubs elbows with the bald eagle, baseball, and lots of politicians. Chili is striking it big in Washington, D.C. as Oklahoma native Lou Priebe kicks off a zesty campaign to have chili declared the "national food of the United States."

Priebe is founder of CHILI-USA, (Chili Heads Interacting for Legislative Initiative in the United States of America), which is a newly formed organization whose goal is to rank chili right up there with baseball. CHILI-USA is quick to admit that some of the lobbyists don't know beans about legislative process, but details have never slowed down a dedicated chilihead.

CHILI-USA has already had to butt heads with challengers who suggest that the hot dog might have a more deserving place in the nation's "cabinet." But, Priebe, who is pretty quick on his feet, retorted that "everybody knows the best hot dog is a CHILI dog!" Political columnist James Kilpatrick has even tried to turn this into a joking matter, by suggesting that the TURNIP might be a more appropriate national food. Obviously, Mr. Kilpatrick thinks chili is a sauce one pours over macaroni!

Every BLUE-blooded American worth his salt knows that nothing beats a steaming bowl of RED, and that's just what Priebe and his entourage served to a number of Washington dignitaries last month ... just a stone's throw from the WHITE house. Priebe and his group presented the politicians with sampler bags containing several brands of chili mix, some cans of chili, and even a package of cornbread mix. Hopefully, even the most naive legislator can read the directions on the package and rustle up some pretty good chili. CHILI-USA knows that once the lawmakers learn to make a good pot of chili, they'll be sold on the idea of making chili the national food.



Jim West (l) and Lou Priebe (r) answer questions in front of the U.S. Capitol at the November 14 ceremonies that launched the campaign to make chili America's official food.

EDITORIALS

Freedom of Choice

Chili cookoffs began as a fun-loving, almost grown-up boy scout trip out into nowhere. The fellowship and friendships that developed through those first cookoffs were more important than the winning pots of chili. Chili gets cold . . . friendships shouldn't.

Through the years, interest in the chili world grew like wildfire. A faction of chili cooks from California decided to move their group out West . . . and they had a right to do so. This year, Frank Tolbert and several other Dallas folks decided to move their group. Anyone who chose to go with that group also had a right to do so. By the same token, those who chose to stick with CASI had the same right to stay where they were.

But no one has the right to judge and decide for another individual something as personal as religious beliefs . . . or chili doctrine. And certainly, no one has the right, on any side of any issue, to slander another, simply for not believing this, that or the other.

This year, a group of people with similar interests, close friendships and mutual admiration for this society of chili took a great fall. Friends who had loved one another for five . . . ten . . . twenty years, stood on opposite sides of a fence and used vicious, malicious words to try to hurt one another. People shouted phrases like "California takeover" . . . "Self-appointed guru" . . . "senile old man" . . . "arrogant newcomer" . . . and much worse than the shouts were the printed words that will last forever.

Hey, folks! This is **crazy!** Where are we? Why are we here? Civil wars, . . . brothers fighting brothers, . . . north-south, east-west fights are as ridiculous as arguing religious denominations! The pilgrims came to America to worship as they pleased . . . and we do still live in America . . . right? If there is any decision to be made, it should be purely an individual one . . . not influenced by slanted statements from either side of the issues at hand.

We have three chili groups this year. Isn't that great! Twenty years ago, who would have thought the chili society would have grown to such proportions as to need so many different organizations to promote chili. . .

Look at the poor barbecue world . . . only one society . . . and the garlic bread society . . . I think they disbanded . . . The T.V. Dinner Society never even got warmed up. . .

Aren't we lucky to have something as fun and silly as chili to cause such a ruckus? Thank God we don't have anything more important to worry about than where our friends are going next November!

CHILI—USA

CHILI MONTHLY asked Lou Priebe, founder of CHILI-USA, how old-time chiliheads would be affected if chili were to be named the national food. Priebe assured us that the government would stay out of the politics of the chili world. That's reassuring! Priebe also assured us that the government would not interfere and attempt to regulate or standardize chili recipes (i.e., requiring a certain percentage of black and/or red pepper in each recipe). Priebe also pointed out that the chili world would be exempt from equal opportunity regulations and we would not be required to include two Eskimos, an Okie, three Aggies and seven yankees, or any such to have a cook-off sanctioned.

Chiliheads are basically a hungry lot. The eagle, with its national status, is infamous for killing sheep and goats. Yet the eagle gets government protection from ranchers' shotguns. CHILI MONTHLY asked Priebe if chiliheads would receive the same protection from the government if one of us were to steal a goat or sheep. Priebe assumed that this situation would probably be worked out in the interest of the chilihead . . . dependent on whether the chilihead was a rancher or a thief, of course.

He also stressed that awarding chili this national status would not lead to taxing cook-offs, or force cook-stove registration. He also promises that the government would not stipulate that chili must include beans, even if Tip O'Neill IS from Beantown!

After many questions and a great deal of thought on the matter, CHILI MONTHLY gives our full support to this issue. We vow to work diligently to see that chili receives its rightful place in our nation's capitol.

CHILI MONTHLY hopes that chiliheads everywhere will unite and think before you cast your vote this election year. Ask the candidates how they feel about chili as the national food. Be sure before you vote that your choice is the right one, for LEGALIZING CHILI!

If only Yeller Dog Marsh were around! Where is he when we need him? Most of us remember that Yeller Dog and Texas Legislator Ben Z. Grant, through much effort and utmost loyalty, not to mention a strong sense of patriotism, got chili declared the official dish of the state of Texas.

Yeller Dog traveled rough and rocky roads to attain that elite status for chili. Surely if he were around today, he would lead the bowl of red to its rightful place on Capitol Hill. (Editor's note: Yeller Dog, much-loved "chilihead supreme" was very active in the chili world, until he disappeared a few years ago . . . some say after a bowl of kidney bean chili in San Antonio . . . and has never been heard from since.)

Even without the support of Yeller Dog Marsh, Lou Priebe seems to be heading in the right direction. (He's the smartest Okie we've ever met.) Priebe has many ideas for building public support to encourage candidates to lean "our" way on this issue. Many of these activities could be incorporated into local pod or chapter civic functions. Some of these ideas include circulating petitions at chili cook-offs; writing your senators and congressmen, sending them your favorite chili recipes, and asking them for theirs . . . and asking, of

course, for their support; substituting "as American as 'chili'" for "apple pie"; and the list goes on. Your chili group could think of many more ways to promote chili to the status of national food.

Get involved! Be concerned! LEGALIZE CHILI! Your grandchildren will thank you for it!

For more information on how your chili team, pod or chapter can help elevate chili to the national status it rightfully deserves, contact CHILI MONTHLY, P.O. Box 142, Martindale, Texas 78655, or CHILI-USA, 1919 Pennsylvania Ave.-N.W., Suite 300, Washington, D.C. 20006.

Remember: LEGALIZE CHILI!

★ ★ ★ ★

ECHOS

Letters to the Editor

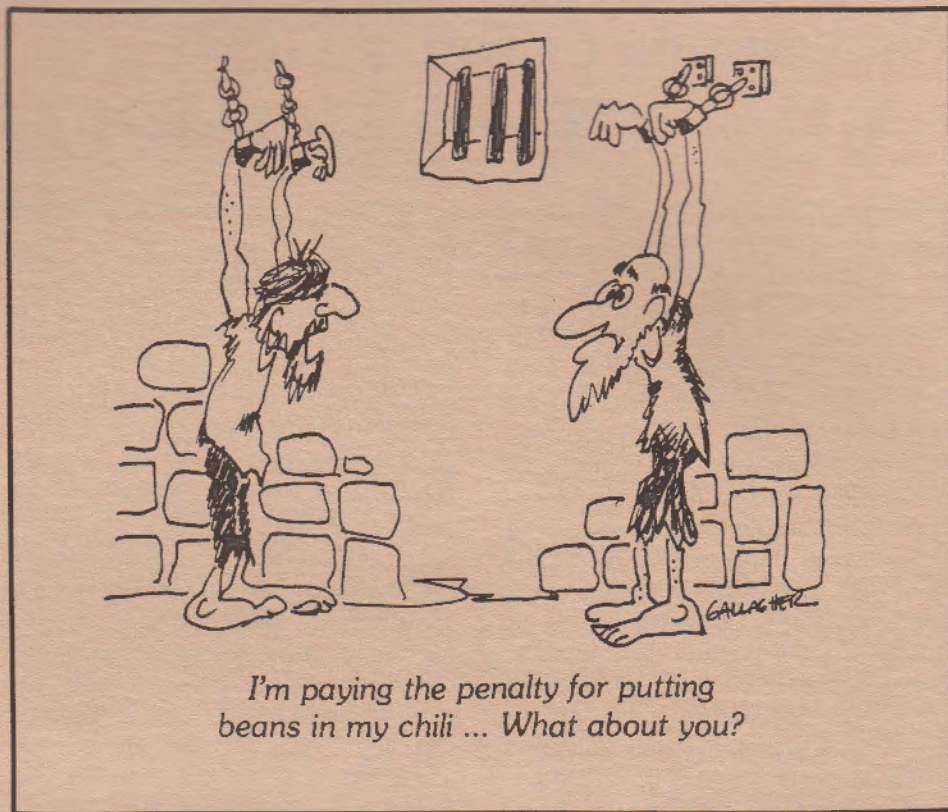
Dear Editor,

Well, they say that even the most careful folks can have it happen to them, and so it did me . . . somebody slipped me a hallucinogenic lime down in Cd/Acuna, I guess. I have been told that one of the most common "flashes" that one has in visions from their past, and so it was with me on the Terlingua trail.

I vaguely remember from my early childhood of the mid-60's era the love-ins, sit-ins, etc., and sure enough, there it was, happening again, Thursday morning at the Del Rio Holiday Inn.

Later another flash from the real dark ages, as I listened to plans for a frontal assault on the Zona Tolerancia (that's Boystown for you no comprende-types) . . . The plans, the promises . . . the braggadocio . . . Wonder how they came out?

Standing there under the roof of the bandstand Friday night, watching the rain, I thought that I might have a real long flashback, i.e. the Great Flood. When the bolt of lightning hit not far from the bandstand, I thought, "Wow, Chiligula is really mad!" I guess that there was some serious hole-card checking going on about then. I guess it's a good thing we didn't re-enact the Great Flood, cause when they went to loading the animals two by two, which two chili-heads to you take?



I'm paying the penalty for putting beans in my chili ... What about you?

Since returning to the real world, I have pondered upon this strange occurrence and decided that there is only one possible explanation . . . as Kent Finlay said, "Tequilla IS a hard drug."

Yours, with no beans,
E.T. Thudpucker

★ ★ ★ ★

Diana, Editor:

Congratulations on the new magazine.

I understand that it will broaden communication in the fast-growing chili world — and that's a worthwhile purpose. The magazine will take a lot of work, of course, and you have the credentials and ability to do it. Good luck. We're proud of you.

Let's pray that the timely message of Christmas will be heard throughout the chili world: PEACE ON EARTH.

Best,
Fred McMurry

You Can't
Know too much
about
Chili!

Dear Editress:

Congratulations to the new chili communications enterprise! I acknowledge the fact that there is enough activity, brotherhood, and mutual interest in the chili world, today, to warrant a new publication about same. CHILI MONTHLY should not be viewed as a threat by any existing publication, but should be greeted and welcomed with open arms into chili shelves of affectionados everywhere!

I am looking forward to the publication and am eagerly awaiting the first SUPREMENTE issue!

In keeping with my continued interest in and love for the chili world, I am in hopes for some sort of reconciliation that would make possible **one Terlingua in '84!**

Good luck and best wishes for much success!

Tex Schofield

★ ★ ★ ★

Letters to the editor must be signed and must include address and phone number of writer. We will not print any letter that we feel is slanderous, disruptive to the brotherhood of chili, or any letter that we feel to be in bad taste.



Notes from C.A.S.I.

This year's 17th Annual C.A.S.I. Championship was the greatest ever. Everyone was there because they wanted to be there. There wasn't any bickering, complaining, nor anyone talking politics. Everyone was there to have fun, and did! For the first time ever, all cooks were qualified under the rules of C.A.S.I. Not one cook was there by invitation. This year was truly a Championship Class Event.

The champions in chili were: #1 - Paul Brian; #2 - Richard Knight; #3 - Pat Irvine; #4 - Marilyn Lewellen; #5 - Ira Duffield; #6 - Jan Loop; #7 - Bert Paine; #8 - A.J. Zapada; #9 - Vicki Vannatta; #10 - Cindy Terry.

The champions in showmanship were: #1 - The Great Southwest Show Team; #2 - Uganda; #3 - Shady Bunch; #4 - Texas Swindler Medicine Show; #5 - Riverboat Gamblers.

The biggest winners this year were the Terlingua Medics and the people who live in that beautiful and remote area of our world. A new EMS Mobile Rescue Unit was presented to them at the cookoff. Many thanks to all the sponsors who donated the money to make this possible.

I have heard this called commercialism. If helping our fellow man through the efforts of our hobby is commercialism, then I'm for it. I have had many letters written about me and about others who support C.A.S.I. in the last few months which were not true. I have had a lot of arrows shot at me lately while I sat back and said nothing, hoping good sense would win out and all would work out. It hasn't been easy to sit back and say nothing when people were trying to turn my friends against me, it hurt! But, when I saw the EMS Unit presented to the medics, it made all the abuse worthwhile. It was a feeling money can't buy.

Well, let me say this to you gossip mongers who have hidden in your closets and ridden other peoples' coat-tails this past year. I have a little left on both cheeks, so come get some more, because we are going to work as hard as

we can to help raise the money to build a clinic in Terlingua next year.

Next year's CASI Championship will be held in Arriba Terlingua at Villa de la Mina on the first Saturday in November as has been the custom and tradition in the past.

Many thanks to everyone who helped make this year's event a most successful one and we are looking forward to an even better '84.

Ray King

On Another Note

It is our hope and goal to have only one Terlingua next year. All the chiliheads we have talked to have this same desire. Word was sent to us in Arriba Terlingua by one of Frank's California people that Frank wanted a meeting after the cookoffs at 8:30 pm, Saturday night in Lajitas. A group of Frank's people and himself were to meet with a group of C.A.S.I. people and me. Clyde Griffin, Ron Charlton, Richard Knight and I went to the meeting, arriving at 8:15. Not one of the other group came to the meeting. At 10:00 pm we left and no one had even the courtesy to come down from their rooms and say anything to us. Why? They set the meeting place and time!

This is an open invitation to you, Mr. Tolbert, from me. I will meet with you anytime, anyplace to talk about the Terlingua Cookoff. This time I won't bring anyone and you don't bring anyone with you. We will meet one and one and have a man to man talk. We used to do that, Frank, and I don't see any reason we can't. There isn't any animosity on my part or on the part of anyone in C.A.S.I. that I have spoken to over the silly developments that came about this year. There are too many needy people and worthwhile charities we should be expending these efforts on to let this continue. This ball is in your court, Frank.

Ray

Sanctioned C.A.S.I. Cookoffs: As of November 13, 1983

OCTOBER

Lake Whitney, Tx — First Point
Marshall, Tx — Fireant Festival
Somerset, Tx — Youth Livestock
Humble, Tx — Dillon's
Beeville, Tx — Bee County
Humble, Tx — Lions Club
Medicine Mound, Tx — Chillicothe
Tawakoni, Tx — Post Oak
Yorktown, Tx — Charlies Place
Carrizo Springs, Tx — Dimmit County
Flatonina, Tx — Czhillispiel XI
Winnsboro, Tx — Autumn Trails
Katy, Tx — Elks
Forest City, Ark
El Paso, Tx — Dallas
San Antonio, Tx — Ursuline
Little Rock, Ark — Miller

Cooks Qualified for 1984 C.A.S.I. Championship

1. Paul Brian — 1983 CASI Champion Terlingua
2. Richard Knight — 1983 Second Place Chili Terlingua
3. Pat Irvine — 1983 Third Place Chili Terlingua

Winners

October 2, 1983

Lake Whitney, Tx — First Point

CHILI

1. Linda Tyler, Mesquite
2. Tom Tyler, Mesquite
3. Sherry Terry, Dallas

SHOW

1. Texas Swindle Medicine Show
2. Texas Rebel
3. Chicken Ranch

Forrest City, Ark — Miller

CHILI

1. Kevin Schouweiller, North Little Rock
2. Bob White, Little Rock
3. Stuart Dunn, Forrest City

SHOW

1. Side Effects, North Little Rock
2. Son of a Beach, Forrest City
3. Sneak Preview of Chili-Max

**Sommerset, Tx — Youth Livestock
Org. CCO**

CHILI

1. Pat Irvine, Seguin
2. Robert MacNaughton, San Antonio
3. Marty Prasifka, Jourdanton

SHOW

1. Stroh's Fire-Brewed
2. Outhouse
3. Laredo

Marshall, Tx

CHILI

1. Yvonne Calhoun, Richardson
2. Max Broyles, Carrollton
3. R.T. Miles, Duncanville

SHOW

1. Crazy Clowns, Tyler
2. Back Porch, Shreveport, La
3. Caddo Trappers Assoc, Marshall

Humble, Tx

CHILI

1. Beth Talarico, Houston
2. Ed Blair, Houston
3. Olie Austin, Houston

SHOW

1. Rainbow, Houston
2. Crosby Squares, Crosby
3. To Hot to Stop, Kingwood

October 15, 1983

Medicine Mound, Tx Chillicothe

CHILI

1. Frankie Marquart, Quanah
2. John Beauchamp, Wichita Falls
3. Jerry Boatenhamer, Vernon

Humble, Tx — Lions Club

CHILI

1. Doug Willis, Pearland
2. John Murray, Humble
3. Dan Holitzke, Webster

SHOW

1. Texas Shady Lady, Humble
2. Rose's Cantina, Huffman
3. Rot Gut, Humble

Tawakoni, Tx — Post Oak

CHILI

1. Hugh Bivona, Dallas
2. Charlie Grady, Tioga
3. R.T. Miles, Duncanville

SHOW

1. Be Bop, Irving
2. River Tat's, Arlington
3. Bull Rush, Dallas

Yorktown, Tx — Charlie's Place

CHILI

1. Dee Horton, Inez
2. Pete Armstrong, Seguin
3. Patty Shepard, Austin

SHOW

1. Topsy Gypsy, El Campo
2. Dum Kopf, Goliad
3. Sneaky Snake, Yorktown



Arriba Terlingua!

Beeville, Tx — County Western Week

CHILI

1. Mike Havelka, Beeville
2. Amel Cartmill, Beeville
3. Patty Shepard, Austin

SHOW

1. Hipshot Heartburn, Beeville
2. Jersey Lilly, Beeville
3. Mash, Beeville

October 22, 1983

Little Rock, Ark — Miller

CHILI

1. Mike Bowden, N. Little Rock, Ark
2. Michael Devall, Little Rock
3. Ron Hall, Little Rock

SHOW

1. Bowels No More, Mayflower
2. 3 Alarm, Little Rock
3. Bravo Gringos, Little Rock

Flatonia, Tx — Czhalispiel XI

CHILI

1. Diane Crosby, Houston
2. Fred Cook, Stafford
3. John Murray, Humble

SHOW

1. Great Southwest Show Team, San Marcos
2. Uganda, Flatonia
3. Silly Chili, Houston

Carrizo Springs, Tx — Dimmit County

CHILI

1. Malvin Prasifka, Jourdanton
2. Mary Ann Metx, San Antonio
3. Tom Pike, San Antonio

SHOW

1. Best Little Chili House, Carrizo Springs
2. Borracho Chili, Carrizo Springs
3. Bo - Mex, Jourdanton

Winnboro, Tx — 4D Guest Ranch

CHILI

1. Barbara Britton, Dallas
2. Kathy Bounds, Argyle
3. Ray Calhoun, Richardson

SHOW

1. Witches Brew, Scroggins
2. Spare Parts
3. Jailhouse, Winnboro

Katy, Tx — Elks

CHILI

1. Olie Austin, Houston
2. Cecil Schmidt, Kemah
3. Beth Talarico, Houston

SHOW

1. Ma & Pa Kettle, Houston
2. Southern Lovers, Texas City
3. Pabst, Houston

San Antonio, Tx — Ursuline Academy

CHILI

1. Tom Pike, San Antonio
2. Marvin Schulze, Yorktown
3. Betsy Schulze, Yorktown

SHOW

1. Rowdy Rebels, San Antonio
2. Jungle, San Antonio
3. Alley Cat, San Antonio

October 30, 1983

El Paso, Tx — Dallas in El Paso

CHILI

1. Ray Walker, Las Cruces, NM
2. Clint Newsome, El Paso, Tx
3. Gary Thompson, El Paso, Tx

SHOW

1. Texas Tough, El Paso
2. Aint No Flatland Chili, Ruidoso, NM
3. Chez Hot Chili, El Paso, Tx

CHILIBRARY

Chiliheads are, for the most part, a very prolific group of folks. Many books, articles, periodicals and such have been written about chili and related subjects. Some of the publications are too good to miss. CHILI MONTHLY believes you can't know too much about chili! Therefore, we have compiled a list of a few publications that should be included in every chilihead's library ... whether a novice or world champion!

A BOWL OF RED (Frank Tolbert, © 1972, Doubleday). A BOWL OF RED is one of the historical handbooks of the chili world. To the best of my knowledge, this was only the second book ever printed about chili. Tolbert fills you in on the creation of chili as a state of mind.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CHILI BOOK (Bill Bridges, ©1981, Rawson-Wade Publishing). This know-it-all chili book traces the bowl of red from its origins in the back streets of San Antonio through chic chili parlors of today. Bill includes recipes, a glossary and a very knowledgeable chapter on chilis and spices. If you are thinking of revising your chili recipe, check out Bill Bridges' book ... and study up.

THE GREAT CHILI CONFRONTATION (H. Allen Smith, ©1969, Trident Press). Smith was the yankee who thought he could cook better chili than Wick Fowler. This line of thinking led to the ultimate chili war in Terlingua in 1967. Read Smith's humorous account of THE GREAT CHILI CONFRONTATION and understand what has led thousands of normal people down the path of "chili madness!"

GOAP GAP GAZETTE (Ed. Joanne Horton, 5110 Bayard Ln., Houston, Texas 77006). The GGG is a monthly (except January) newspaper, developed to help spread the news of upcoming cook-offs. The motto of this irreplaceable tabloid is "Nothing serious is included in its columns. We hope."

HONDO, MY FATHER (Becky Crouch Patterson, ©1979, Shoal Creek Publishing). The most touching biography ever written ... about the most magical man of all time. If that sounds a bit gushy, read the book. You'll laugh and cry and love Hondo ... the man who taught the world to p'like. Thanks, Becky, for sharing your daddy with us.

ICS OFFICIAL CHILI COOKBOOK (Martina and Bill Neely, St. Martin Press). Over 100 chili recipes and over 150 recipes for what to serve it with ... written with love by a couple of avid chiliheads.... Gourmet Chef Craig Clairborne recommends the ICS Cookbook, highly, as do chiliheads everywhere! Plan a "chili party" with the recipes and hot tips in this book. The Neelys have recipes from the White House to the Rio Grande included in this collection. This is one chili book that no self-respecting chilihead should miss!

THE ONLY TEXAS COOKBOOK (Linda West, ©1981, Texas Monthly Press). Linda's book isn't necessarily a "chili" book, but it captures a lifestyle of good ol' home cooking. She remembers that her daddy's most curative home remedy, for the common cold, was a steaming hot bowl of cafe chili. Linda incorporates a down-home style of writing with a collection of recipes big enough to choke a horse. Reading this cookbook is kind of like having your grandma looking over your shoulder, helping out in the kitchen.

ICS QUARTERLY JOURNAL (Ed. Jim West, P.O. Box 2966, Newport Beach, Ca.). The International Chili Society sends this publication to ICS members to keep them up to date on chili happenings around the world. Contact ICS for more information about this tabloid which covers ICS cook-offs from England to Australia.

WALDON POND (Henry David Thoreau, American classic). Thoreau was a chilihead before his time ... the Hondo Crouch of his day. Bill Vaughn said "It's hard for the modern generation to understand Thoreau, who lived beside a pond but didn't own water skis or a snorkel." But every chilihead will understand.

WITH OR WITHOUT BEANS (Joe Cooper, ©1952, William S. Henson Publishing). The original chili book ... the bible of the Chili Appreciation Society (International). Cooper envisioned a fraternity of chili lovers to be named the Fellows of the Red Squeezin's of the Chili Pod (FORSCP) ... and coined the phrase later to be known as the motto of George Haddaway's Chili Appreciation Society, "The aroma of good chili should generate rapture akin to a lover's kiss." WITH OR WITHOUT BEANS is out of print, but there are a few copies floating around ... a real collector's item if you can get your hands on one.

THE 1984 OFFICIAL CHILI REGISTER, (Tex Schofield © 1983, St. Mouth Publication). Also known as the **Red & White Blue Book**, a.k.a. the **Who's Who of People in the Chili World and Their ilk** will be released very soon. Watch for information on how you can get your own copy of this indispensable directory.

We did not accept any ads for the premier issue of CHILI MONTHLY. We will be soliciting ads for all future issues. Contact CHILI MONTHLY for advertising rate schedules at P. O. Box 142, Martindale, Texas 78655, or call (512) 357-6237.

CEDAR CREEK CLIPPINGS

The Wurstbottoms motored to Big Flat Wed. of this week and spent with relatives.

Mr. Spite, White, will conduct a one-day "Supposium" for adults at the Park Side Road in Grapetown Fri. (That's short for Friday to save space in the newspaper.) I will be the instructor.

Mr. Spite has saw what a good job I've did with the Cedar Creek kids in teachin' 'em to p'like. He wants me to teach lost adults how to p'like. (P'like is when you p'like you'r a aviator, p'like you'r a engineer or p'like you'r a nurse.)

You see, children can't laugh at their ownself or their little humorous errors so to have fun some of them p'like. It is my job to teach all children to p'like.

Many adults who grow plumb up never havin' p'liked never learn to laugh at their funny ownself. This is bad said Mr. Spite, White and it sometimes causes wars. (That must mean some adults are still children.)

That's not true here in Cedar Creek. We go to the Post Office in the evenin', drink a beer, suppose we're rich and p'like we're smart and laugh at each other in the face. No one gets mad or goes on the war path 'cause we all grew up p'likin'.

Plan to attend the Supposium in Grapetown and see adults p'likin'.

Suppose you come home happy. Suppose you'r fat. Suppose you'r a bear and p'like I throw a pie in your face! Aint that funny and that's what life's all about.

Peter Cedarstacker
Writer

Remember: Fight Mental Health

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Peter Cedarstacker was a pseudonym used by the late Hondo Crouch for his weekly column in the Comfort (Texas) News. Hondo was the "clown prince" of Luckenbach, who taught us all to laugh at our "funny ownself" and to p'like!

How to subscribe to **CHILI MONTHLY**

1. Come up with twelve dollars — American money, please ... no pesos.
2. Print your name and address on this order form.
 - (a) If you don't want to cut up the magazine, just print it on a piece of paper.
 - (b) If you don't have a piece of paper handy, just write your current, correct address on the check or money order.
3. (Here comes the hard part) ... Put the check or money order in an envelope ... preferably larger than the one you got with the secret number at the last cook-off ... and stamp the envelope. Write our address on the envelope and drop in any reputable post office mail box. **CHILI MONTHLY, P.O. Box 142, Martindale, Texas 78655.**
4. Sit back and wait for your first next issue to arrive at your home or office!

- Yes! I want to subscribe to **CHILI MONTHLY**. I will receive 12 issues at the super-chili-saving price of only \$12.00 per year!
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