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The TERLINGUA TARANTULA

THE ONLY OTHER 5-PAGE NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA

VOL. 7; NO. 11

★

NOVEMBER 1, 1973

BIG CHILI COOKOFF

Wick Fowler Memorial World Series
for Chili Connoisseurs

SPONSORED BY THE CHILI APPRECIATION SOCIETY INTERNATIONAL

★ FRANK TOLBERT, DIRECTOR ★

TIME: High Noon, Saturday, November 3, 1973

PLACE: Front Porch, Chisos Saloon, Terlingua, Texas

JUDGES: C. V. Wood, Dave Witts, Bill Neale, Carroll Shelby, Dick Hitt, George Haddaway, Jake Davis, C. R. Smith, Enrique Vasquez, Joanne Dru.

CONTESTANTS: Rex Johnson, Connecticut; Dr. Stanley Dean, Florida; Jack Powell, Tennessee, Tobin Rote, Allover; Wino Woody DeSilva, California; Dr. Roy Nakayama, New Mexico; Joe Mountain, Tigua Tribe; Fulton Battise, Alabama Coushatta; Gary Huhne, Texas; The Jail House Champions and many other Champions from the United States, Mexico, Asia and South Texas.

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The TERLINGUA TARANTULA

VOLUME 7; NUMBER 11



TERLINGUA, TEXAS 79852



NOVEMBER 1, 1973

George Wright in Hot Water w/CASI

In a crass, tasteless attempt to publicize his hot tamale wagon in Irving, Texas, one George Wright, 1971 CASI World Champion and one-time CASI member in good standing, and/or his agents have and/or caused to be planted an unbelievable story w/picture in the Wednesday, October 31, issue of The Dallas Morning News (Tolbert's own paper).

Wright did win the 1971 Championship at Terlingua, but it is the consensus of opinion of all true-blue CASI members that he did so in a conniving, devious manner. While the record book shows that Wright was 1971 champion of CASI and no serious attempt has been made to change the book, the situation was a touchy one Wednesday.

Tamales are not on the menu of CASI and immediately following publication of Wright's plant in The News, the Executive Committee of CASI met in closed session at its new million-dollar headquarters in Dallas. Wright was censured for tying a tamale story to the good name of Chili Appreciation Society International.

At the same time the Executive Committee of CASI met, petitions were being circulated throughout Chilidom to condemn Wright for untruthful advertising on a sign on his wagon which reads, "Hot Tamales by George Wright, World Champion Tamale & Chili Cook." The petition may be submitted to the Better Business Bureau.

Cantaloupe Picker Howard Winsor, Rocky Ford, Colorado, (not George Wright, is the present (until Saturday, maybe) World Champion Chili Cook.

Members of CASI were revolted by the distasteful association of chili and hot tamales.

Punitive action may be taken against Wright by CASI after the Cookoff is over.

Additional copies of this issue of The Terlingua Tarantula are available from The Publisher, 1210 Frito-Lay Tower, Dallas, Texas 75235 for \$1 per copy, mailed by 1st-class mail to any address you specify.

The TERLINGUA TARANTULA

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Terlingua Women's Auxiliary & Territorial Service (TWATS)
Terlingua Racing Team
Armadillo Breeders Association
National Procrastination Society
International Association of Chiefs

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Dear Harry Oliver:

... There is no new thing under the sun.
—Ecclesiastes 1:4.

Charles Caleb Colton (1780-1832) said that imitation is the sincerest flattery.

We hope you are not sore at us, Harry, for shamelessly imitating your Harry Oliver's *Desert Rat Scrap Book*, the stuff about being the only other five-page newspaper in America the only other newspaper in the World you can open in the wind and some other things.

But the Chili Appreciation Society International's Cookoff is big jalapenos over here in Texas, Harry, and we thought you'd be more than happy to help make the event a bigger to do than ever before. That's why we stole some of your ideas.

Don't be mad now, Harry. We just couldn't resist.

THE STAFF

The Terlingua Tarantula

Harry Oliver publishes his *Desert Rat Scrap Book* four times a year from his Don Quixote Press at Fort Oliver, Thousand Palms, California 92276. When he wants to, he will sell you a subscription for \$4 a year, but if he doesn't want you as a new subscriber, he will send your money back. Harry said Tuesday that a dollar bill is the cleanest thing in the world right now. Not even a germ can live on a dollar these days.



Fun & Frolic at the
CASI Fall Fertility Festival

The TERLINGUA TARANTULA

GREATEST CIRCULATION IN TEXAS

VOLUME 7; NUMBER 11

TERLINGUA, TEXAS 79852

NOVEMBER 1, 1973

Poetry Corner

(The following was prepared especially in connection with the coming Cookoff at Terlingua.)

*Terlingua, jewel of the West,
Where the deer and the antelope
play;
Where pollution is rare in the
purified air
'Cause the chili fumes keep it that
way.*

*Yes, out here the air is very clear;
No scandals to 'rouse our fury.
We couldn't try a politician, anyway;
There ain't enough folks for a jury.*

*Terlingua has no Watergate;
Ain't had no water fer a year,
And the only gate we're familiar with
Is the one we give to H. Allen Smith.*

*Mainly, we whittle in our rocking
chairs,
We don't worry about the world and
its minuses,
But we often think of the late
Wick Fowler,
Whose chili clears our sinuses.*

*Watergates may come, impeachments
may go,
Heads of crooks you may want to
sever,
But no matter the turmoil in halls of
state —
Wick Fowler chill's forever!*

—William T. (Bill) Rives
Poet Laureate & Superintendent

RITUAL



THE CASI CEREMONIAL SALUTE

*A toast, amigos, to Chili,
Fevered friend of man;
Full of succulent juices,
Always in demand.*

*Coast to coast, men want it,
Cracked and modestly greasy.
To get your fill of Chili, man,
Just ain't very doggoned easy.*

*So lift on high your cracker,
Along with your can of beer;
Now all together, fellows,
Give Chili a thund'rous cheer!*

Above is the official salute to chili, the recitation of which precedes each meeting of the Chili Appreciation Society International. Crackers are then crumbled into the bowls of chili, as graphically demonstrated by

HISTORY

(Continued from Page 4)

Normally, a mild, easy-going man, Haddaway gets violent when chefs take liberties with a "sacred" bowl of Chili. One of his biggest eruptions was in his own State of Texas, when he found sugary Boston Baked Beans in a bowl of Chili at the Houston airport. His reaction was instant and to the point. He took it to the kitchen and hurled it at the chef. Even the police, who were called to quell the uproar, sided with him when he explained the situation. They, too, were dedicated Chili addicts.

Haddaway has no objections to a man diluting his Chili with beans, but never Boston Baked Beans, which are mushy, sticky and sweet. In his book this is a worse sin than spitting on one's native flag.

His ambition in life is to see that Chili is elevated to the worldwide stature of crepes suzette, or pate' de fois gras. He points out that to heat the crepes a waiter has to set a chafing dish on fire, thereby endangering the lives of the other patrons in the restaurant. Chili, he says, has a flameless fire already built in. It is a gastronomic treat that can't threaten the lives of those around you.

He believes, like the late Joe Cooper, of Dallas, that "The aroma of good Chili should generate rapture akin to a lover's kiss."

Cooper was the author of an authoritative book on Chili called "With or Without Beans."

Culinary major domo of the society was the late, beloved Wick Fowler of Austin, a former war en-

In Memorium



Wick Fowler
1909 - 1972

ried around large tummies full of hot Chili.

The present official chef of the Chili Appreciation Society International is J. Robert Mason, a Dallas Realtor who cooks, along with his minions, in the best tradition of Fowler.

There are as many ways to cook Chili as there are people who eat it. Regardless of what goes into the mixture, the true aficionados agree that beans should never be cooked in Chili. Beans should be prepared separately and served on the side, or added to the Chili when it is served.

Mexico as "The Lady in Blue," because that was the color of her habit.

This was attested to by Father Alonso de Benavides, who worked as a missionary in those areas between 1621 and 1629 before returning to Spain.

Tolbert says that there are no Spanish records of a nun in blue working among the Indians in the 17th century.

However, Father de Benavides visited her at a convent in Agreda. She wore blue, and he was told that she never left the convent, but had visited the New World at least 500 times "in spirit," where she taught Christianity to the savages.

He was convinced she was "The Lady in Blue," as she told him things about the Southwest in great detail that had been witnessed by no other white person than he and his group.

The visits "in spirit" are explained by the fact that she started having spells at the age of 18. At these times her body apparently became lifeless, and on awakening she would say she had visited a strange land where she carried on God's work.

The Chili Appreciation Society has active chapters in Dallas, Washington; Los Angeles; Cucamonga; Saigon, Viet Nam; Madrid, Spain; Mexico City; Perth, Australia; Punta Arenas, Chile; London, England; and Geneva, Switzerland.

Chief Chili Head Haddaway looks on Chili as a symbol of International friendship. In a burst of eloquence he once said:

"May the warmth of our hearts always remain as hot and tender as a steaming bowl of Chili."

HELL AT LUCKENBACH



Special to The Tarantula

LUCKENBACH, Texas — The third annual Hell Hath No Fury Chili Society's cookoff, held in beautiful downtown Luckenbach, was highlighted by a parade and a wild dance by a group of ugly, hairy female impersonators.

The winner of the Women's Lib-type contest was Ms. Margaret Marsh of San Antonio. But her chili was overshadowed by the parade, which featured the appearance of a 40-year-old fire truck from Austin, manned by Gordon Fowler and a collection of his cousins and other relatives. (Gordon Fowler is the son of Wick Fowler, the late chief chef of the Chili Appreciation Society, Interna-

tional.) The truck's occasional siren blasts kept the crowd on edge.

Before the parade, a group of men, dressed as girls, did an X-rated dance in front of the Pussy Cat Chili stand. The orgiastic exhibition drew a lot of double takes and some snickers, and set back womanhood a couple of centuries.

A singing quartet of Torrid Texans — good-looking girls in hot pants — accompanied by a man everybody ignored, got a lot of cheers.

The chili was excellent, although any member of the all-male Chili Appreciation Society International would never admit that any of it — including the winner's — was the equal of a bowl of Wick Fowler's 2-Alarm chili, the favorite of the universe.

IN TIMES OF OLD



wnights before the city's occasional official luncheons, usually in Dallas. Assistants at cookouts — about a dozen of them — include financial tycoons, newspaper and public relations men, railroad executives and educators. Each is picked because of his expertise at pot-stirring and his impassioned loyalty to the cause of good chili. Being helper at a chili-cook is considered an honor on par with winning a Pulitzer prize.

Fowler used a system of judging the amount of pepper in a batch of Chili that is similar to a fire department's rating of a blaze. His "Two-Alarm" Chili is hotter than average — but delicious! When it gets to "four alarms" it is guaranteed to open up 18 sinus cavities unknown to the medical profession.

His enthusiasm for cooking and eating Chili knew no bounds. At the drop of a tortilla, Fowler would head for the kitchen to start a batch. For lunch, Fowler thought nothing of ordering a large platter of enchiladas, with a large bowl of Chili on the side. For dessert, he would have a small bowl of Chili.

This habit of out-sized eating ballooned Fowler's weight to about 275 pounds. His enthusiasm spread among all the Chiliheads and they, too, car-

what of a mystery. Best bet is that it started in Texas, probably along the border, and received an assist from Mexico when it came to the seasoning, particularly pepper.

In a book titled "Bull Cook and Authentic Historical Recipes and Practices," by George Leonard Herter and Bertha E. Herter, of Waseca, Minn., the claim is made that Chili was introduced by a Spanish nun, Sister Maria de Jesus de Agreda, one of the first missionaries to the Southwest, who died in 1665.

Frank X. Tolbert, Dallas Morning News columnist and Texas historian, says that she was known to the Indians in Texas, Arizona and New



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Editorial

In the enthusiasm over the Wick Fowler Memorial Cookoff in our beloved city, we should not overlook the fact that not everybody likes Chili, strange as it may seem... Some folks find it too hot. Some don't like the pungency, which others relish. Some don't like the after-effect, while others have no trouble at all with The Terlingua Heartburn... But today there should be no reason for anybody not liking Chili. After Watergate, Americans can stomach anything!

—BILL RIVES

The TERLINGUA

The World's Greatest Newspaper

ESTABLISHED

VOLUME 7; NUMBER 11

TERLINGUA, TEXAS

250,000

Record Crowds Anticipated at Terlingua



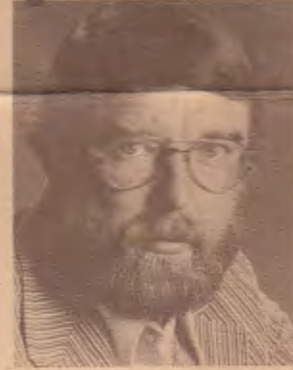
JAKE DAVIS
Road Hog



JOANNE DRU
Fairest of the Lot



GEORGE HADDAWAY
Crop Duster



DICK HITT
Hack Writer



BILL NEASE
Artist of Some

To a Man (and Girl) Judges Pictured Here



Tolbert's Texas

This Is the Way
It Really Was

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

The idea for the chili cookoff germinated in my daily column in the Dallas News early in 1967 as a spoofing promotion for my new (in 1967) thin book on chili con carne, *A Bowl of Red; The Natural History of Chili con Carne with Recipes*, published by Doubleday. (The original cookoff at Terlingua inspired a kind of national "culinary sport," and in December, 1972, Doubleday published the second volume of my chili book with more emphasis on other native foods of the Southwest, such as Son-of-a-Bitch Stew, and there is now an annual Son-of-a-Bitch Stew Cookoff in September at Odessa, Texas.)

UP, UP & AWAY!



Terlingua, Texas

WHEREAS, the Terlingua
Chili Wick Fowler Memorial
Downtown Terlingua at Big
WHEREAS, all are invited
Love to view the annual
Bourbon Renewal Project
to witness the catalytic
Pollution Program; to see
parking and to observe the
Chili Cookoff at Odessa, Texas

...a's ruins, in 1967 was included in the 200,000-acre-plus rancho of my friends, David Witts and Carroll Shelby, and the ghost town already had a ghost government with Mr. Witts as Mayor.

So Terlingua was selected as the site in the same spirit that the original atomic bomb was exploded at Los Alamos.

In other words we picked about the most remote spot possible for our little chili party (we thought it would be "little") which still had some needed facilities, such as a magnificent natural stage, the long, high concrete gallery in front of the former Chisos Oasis Saloon and the ruins of the old Opera House. Also, the weather is almost always kind in the Big Bend on the first Saturday in November, the date we selected for the original cookoff.

While researching for an article on chili for the old *Saturday Evening Post* (which incidentally caused the magazine to get more than 50,000 letters from chili heads all over the world) I made one trip to California to sample the chili in Dave Chasen's Beverly Hills Restaurant (now \$5-\$4.50 a bowl) and favored by Elizabeth Taylor and other celebrities.

The first idea for the cookoff in 1967 at Terlingua was to match the Chili Appreciation Society International's chief cook, Wick Fowler, against Davy Chasen, and Chasen said he would bring along Elizabeth Taylor as his "stirrer".

Tom Tierney, one of the original "idea men" for the cookoff, suggested H. Allen Smith, then an inhabitant of Mount Kisco, N.Y., as Wick's opponent.

H Allen Smith had just published a weird article in *Holiday Magazine* under the title of "Nobody Knows More About Chili con Carne than H. Allen Smith," or something similarly open to argument.

Smith was coy at first, but finally he agreed to cook against Fowler. Surprisingly, chili heads from all over the country, especially from California, came to Terlingua for the 1967 cookoff. And since then it has been the occasion for a national convention of chili con carne gourmets.

Among the "founders" of this happy annual event, besides Mayor Witts, Carroll Shelby, Wick Fowler, Tom Tierney, H. Allen Smith, and Tolberto, were Bill Rives, poet laureate of the Chili Appreciation Society International, Buck Marryat, Wick Fowler's "chief sitt stirrer," Bob Mason, the 1973, chief cook of the CASI, the late John King of the Dallas News, Maury Maverick Jr., Father Duffy, a phoney California monk who comes to each cookoff, Woodruff (Wino Woody) De Silva, the perennial California chili champion and one of the world's leading airport designers, Ormley Gumpfudgeon, who has cooked at Terlingua for California when Wino Woody was "indisposed", and the Miss Sweden of 1967, whose name but not whose blonde and beautiful image escapes me. What Miss Sweden was doing in 1967 Terlingua escapes me also.

CASI TROPHY



JIM HAWKINS AND TROPHY

For the second year in a row, the main trophy which will go to the 1973 winner of the World Series for Chili Cooks will be a 5-foot-long wooden spoon carved with scenes at Terlingua by Jim Hawkins, a disabled World War II veteran.

The past champions at Terlingua are:

1967: A tie between Wick Fowler and H. Allen Smith, although this was obviously a judging error and Fowler's chili was much superior.

1968: A fiasco created by public relations people then running the show, which resulted in another tie between Wick Fowler and Wino Woody De Silva of California.

1969: Wick Fowler finally won the championship he had long deserved.

1970: C. V. Wood Jr. of Arizona won it.

1971: C. V. Wood Jr. won a "Super Bowl" mano a mano against Wick Fowler, much disputed by Fowler, and George Wright, the New York champion, won the overall title.

1972: Howard Winsor, a cantaloupe picker from Rocky Ford, Colorado, sedulously followed the original Texas recipe to win the championship.

antula's aviation editor, flew to St. Paul, Minn. last Tuesday to ride back to Terlingua with Matt Wiederkehr in his big red balloon. George and Matt expect to inspect facilities at the Greater Terlingua International Airport prior to the arrival of hundreds of assorted craft for the Cookoff. That's George pointing out the way to Terlingua to Matt. George told Matt, "It's down thataway."

Terlingua Girds for Annual Chili Blowout

Frank X. Tolbert, director of the 7th annual CASI Wick Fowler Memorial Cookoff, said Tuesday that everything in Terlingua is primed for the crowd of 250,000 or fewer chili aficionados who are expected to swamp that city next Saturday for the festivities.

Marshall Elwood Hill, in an exclusive statement to *The Tarantula* Tuesday said that law and order will be maintained and that all he expected from the crowds was some good, clean fun. Hill stated additionally that all bunco artists, card sharps and pool sharks would be arrested at Terlingua city limits and incarcerated. Known horse thieves and goat rustlers will be hung on the spot. All *les femmes de la rue* will be scanned at the Greater Terlingua International Airport.

Terlingua natives are said to be deserting the city by the hundreds in the wake of the expected avalanche of chili heads, after having boarded up their palatial homes in this city of peace and tranquility.

DIRECTOR



FRANK X. TOLBERT

Frank X. Tolbert
Bill Rives
Wick Fowler
George Haddaway
VP Jim Fuller of Bell Helicopters

That you are concerned by...



Haddaway, Fuller Appreciation Society

The Chili Appreciation Society, George Haddaway, publisher of a group of hungry newspapers, the Society came in 1947. VP Jim Fuller of Bell Helicopters.

It is a non-profit, non-discriminatory to the promotion, preparation, throughout the world. The meetings in all walks of life, including United States and overseas.

In his travels to other countries, Chief Chili Head Haddaway spread the word about the delights of Chili. As a result of magazine and newspaper publicity about his favorite nourishment, Haddaway has received requests from far and wide for good Chili recipe.

THE TERLINGUA

The Official City Anthem of Terlingua to the tune of...

Hello, Terlingua; yes, I love you.
We're so glad that you're here.
In open country, mountains and hills,
Where there's not a cloud in the sky.

If you ever wanna see a cowboy,
Terlingua is the place to go.
A rocky ocean, devoid of waves,
Where manana is the only word.

Hello, Terlingua; yes, I love you.
You're the perfect place to live.
You give us all a shelter from the sun,
You've no troubles, just love.

If you need a smile, from a stranger,
Terlingua is the place to go.
Let's get going, where the sun is shining,
And we can dig our own roots.

—Bill

entire's aviation editor, flew to St. Paul, Minn. last Tuesday to ride back to Terlingua with Matt Wiederkehr in his big red balloon. George and Matt expect to inspect facilities at the Greater Terlingua International Airport prior to the arrival of hundreds of assorted craft for the Cookoff. That's George pointing out the way to Terlingua to Matt. George told Matt, "It's down thataway."

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DIRECTOR



FRANK X. TOLBERT

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Editor of Terlingua Tarantula
Director, Museum of Modern Art
School Superintendent
Inspector of Hides with Statewide Authority
M.V.D.

THAT YOU ARE SUMMONED TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE WHY NOT.



David A. Witts
DAVID A. WITTS, The Very Right and Honorey Mayor

Haddaway, Fuller Founded Chili Appreciation Society in 1947

The Chili Appreciation Society International was conceived by George Haddaway, publisher of *Flight Magazine* in Dallas, and a group of hungry newspapermen, in 1939. Formal organization of the Society came in 1947 under the direction of Haddaway and VP Jim Fuller of Bell Helicopter, Hurst, Texas.

It is a non-profit, non-dues-paying organization devoted solely to the promotion, preparation and eating of good Chili con carne throughout the world. The membership roster includes Chili lovers in all walks of life, including celebrities in every corner of the United States and overseas.

In his travels to other countries, Chief Chili Head Haddaway has spread the word about the delights of Chili. As a result of magazine and newspaper publicity about his favorite nourishment, Haddaway has received requests from far and wide for a good Chili recipe.

He also checks on restaurants that advertise Chili. After trying out a bowl, he will give the proprietor a free critique on the offering — all in the interest of making sure the Chili is worthy of the name.

Please turn back to Page 3

THE TERLINGUA ANTHEM

The Official City Anthem of Terlingua should be sung, approximately, to the tune of "Hello, Dolly."



*Hello, Terlingua; yes, hello, Terlingua.
We're so glad that you're out West where you belong.
In open country, mostly ghostly country,
Where there's not a single dogie you can tell to git along.*

*If you ever wanna see a big iguana
Terlingua is the place you've gotta be, see?
A rocky ocean, devoid of motion
Where manana is the pastword, siesta the key.*

*Hello, Terlingua; yes, hello Terlingua.
You're the perfect place a hen-pecked man can be.
You give us all a shelter from life's helter-skelter;
You've no troubles, just mesquite, as far as we can see.*

*If you need a smile, from a large reptile,
Terlingua is the place where they all thrive, live,
Let's get going, where there's no grass mowing,
And we can dig our own peculiar jive.*

—Bill Rives, Terlingua Poet Laureate.

Starting Gun

Judges for the 7th Annual CASI Wick Fowler Memorial Cookoff and contestants alike were looking forward Tuesday to fiery competition in the Saturday contest.

In a meeting via long-distance hookup late last Tuesday, judges decided to name tequila as the official beverage to be used between tastings, to clear the mouth and give every contestant an equal opportunity to win the world-renowned Carroll Shelby and Enrique Vasquez were the only two of the ten judges known to oppose use of tequila as a chili-chaser.

Contestants began assembling their ingredients and equipment earlier this week. A number of ingenious devices reportedly will be used in devious effort to capture the coveted trophy. Judge C. V. Wood, Jr. is said to be contemplating use of an improved electronic testing machine to separate men from boys in the cookoff competition.

In naming official judges for this year's Cookoff, Director Tolbert has used a refined but generally accepted criterion for selection of Chibdom's most coveted honor, to be a CASI Cookoff judge. Each judge is known for his expertise in this particular field of accomplishment.

Contestants are said to be keenly aware of the prestigious honor that winners of the Wooden Spoon Award enjoy. Each contestant will "test a gut," as the saying goes, to lay winning hand on That Spoon.

Earlier in the week it was understood that CASI judges unanimously were considering bering Wino Woody De Silva from this year's competition in the light of his cruddy deportment at the 1972 meet. At press time no additional developments had been divulged by the judges in De Silva's case. Judge Bill Neale was vehement in his demands to bar De Silva from all CASI competition this year.

See you Saturday!

MARSHALL



ELWOOD HILL

Sanitization Department Band
 of Terlingua Tarantula
 Museum of Modern Art
 Paper Superintendent
 Director of Studies with Statewide Authority

DO SHOW GAMES WEY NOT.

James T. Tolbert
 Director, The Very Right and Honorable
 Mayor

Starting Gun

Judges for the 7th Annual CASI Wick Fowler Memorial Cookoff and contestants alike were looking forward Tuesday to firey competition in the Saturday contest.

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See you Saturday!

MARSHALL



ELWOOD HILL

I couldn't do it (I was leaving for Washington for a meeting with Judge Sirica in the Mayflower coffee shop; he wanted to listen to my Jonathan Winters tapes) I took great pleasure in giving them an even better reason.

I love chili, but I have been waiting a long time for a chance to say no to Tolbert.

If you don't know Tolbert, congratulations. I don't know of a single person who does know him who hasn't either had a head cold or heartburn sometime within the past.

Tolbert writes a column for another newspaper. He is what we call in the newspaper business a rover, because he travels around a lot. The FBI calls these people fugitives. Tolbert is a kind of Johnny Appleseed of misadventures. He wanders around spreading them wherever he lights.

Give you an example: He was driving somebody else's motor home somewhere around the Mexican border a few weeks ago and he stopped at a tiny gas station to fill up. It was self-service, so Tolbert pulled over the hose and pumped 68 gallons into the tank. The Chicano attendant came running out in tears and blubbered, "What will I tell my customers? You have taken all my gas for the month!"

Another time he walked into the Collin Street Bakery in Corsicana just before the Christmas rush, clapped his hands trying to kill a butterfly, and 4,600 fruitcakes fell.

To be reluctantly fair, I've got to admit that I don't know that the latter story is a fact, but I heard it from a reporter for The National Enquirer, who was in town running down a rumor that Tolbert also was involved in the break-in of a plumber's office last summer in the company of several Cuban psychiatrists.

Tolbert has been around so long that dozens of newsroom legends have sprung up about him. One of my favorites is that one day about 12 years ago, Tolbert showed up for work sober and the late Wick Fowler had to write his column for him that day.

That takes care of the apochryphy, and so now I would like to touch upon some of my personal experiences with him.

We were, for instance, fellow judges at the Black-Eyed Pea Jamboree in Athens the last couple of years, and while the rest of us gourmets were seated on the first morning enjoying a leisurely breakfast, Tolbert blustered up to the table, put

his cigar butt out in my plate, and spooned himself some peas. He sampled a bite, and then this literary giant called over the hotel cook, a 104-year-old widow who was a probationary employee, and told her, "These peas is terble."

He also holds grudges for a long time. He was a World War II Marine in the Pacific, and on this same weekend in Athens I was lounging by the Spanish Trace pool telling my children the story of the Battle of Hastings when Tolbert suddenly materialized from the pool, a combat knife in his teeth, and slashed my portable Sony.

Tolbert has written four or nine books on everything from chili to confederate stable boys, to the discomfort of many of his newspaper colleagues. When somebody asks us, "How come you never write a book?" we say, "Because you never have time in the newspaper business," and then they say, "But what about Tolbert? He writes books." I'll tell you, I could write a damn book about the number of people who have asked me that.

Tolbert has been a part of this Terlingua thing ever since it started, and he is always leaving whining notes under my windshield wipers complaining that "I'm the only director of a national festival who doesn't have a budget." Tolbert claims he has not profited from the Terlingua chili cookoffs. ~~Has. Then where did he get the 3,400 rocks stacked in his back yard? And how come Mrs. Tolbert is the only lady on the block with a full-length coat made from the pelts of 600 Chisos Mountain bats?~~

And where was Tolbert the time I asked him to help me out as a judge in the First Annual International Chutney Piling Contest? Over at Rudolph's watching them make chili grind. Where was he when I invited him to cover the Leaning Tower of Pizza competition? Busy rewriting the dedication page of the ninth edition of his Farkletini Bartender's Guide.

So somebody tell Tolbert I will not be at Terlingua Nov. 3 to be a judge, either. I had previously told him I would, but that was just so I could get my name on the poster. One for me.

Founded Chili Society in 1947

International was conceived by Flight Magazine in Dallas, and in 1939. Formal organization of the direction of Haddaway and West, Texas.

ing organization devoted solely eating of good Chili con carne membership roster includes Chili lovers celebrities in every corner of the

He also checks on restaurants that advertise Chili. After trying out a bowl, he will give the proprietor a free critique on the offering — all in the interest of making sure the Chili is worthy of the name.

Please turn back to Page 3

UA ANTHEM

should be sung, approximately, "Hello, Dolly."

Terlingua.
 at West where you belong.
 stly country,
 ogie you can tell to git along.

iguana
 e gotta be, see?
 on

ord, siesta the key.

Terlingua.
 en-pecked man can be.
 n life's helter-skelter;
 quite, as far as we can see.

large reptile,
 they all thrive, live,
 s no grass mowing,
 cular jive.

s, Terlingua Poet Laureate.

IMMIGRANTS
 is Alive and well in Terlingua
 Take an Armadillo To Lunch.