

Aubrey W. “Tex” Schofield – August 12, 1929 – July 12, 1995

This stage was dedicated to Aubrey William Schofield Jr.
As “The Tex Schofield Memorial Presentation Stage”
[November 4, 1995]



Photo courtesy of “Boomer” Kingston (2013)

“Tex Schofield Memorial Presentation Stage”

Terlingua International Chili Championship at Rancho CASI de los Chisos

[Site of the CASI Chili Championship held on the first Saturday of each November]

Lest he be forgotten!

By Elton L. Homesley

During TICC of 2012, I was asked to paint a written portrait of Aubrey William “Tex” Schofield. This task was likely given to me because I had become a good and close friend of Tex late in his career and life; it is then natural that I must be dependent on help from a lot of people who knew him earlier. Still the view I will present of this unusual man will be mine. Much of my glimpse of him is based upon tales he would share with me about the early days.

Aubrey W. Schofield began his storied career as a young man working as a counselor and swimming instructor at a boy’s camp. It was here at Camp Rio Vista, that he first met “Hondo” Crouch and formed a lifelong friendship. During this period (at about age 16) he acquired an excellent Martin guitar that he did not know how to play. So he set out to become a self taught musical genius. He didn’t have much luck, but fortunately, Hondo Crouch, later of Luckenbach fame and Texas folklorist, was living in Houston and had a room in the Schofield home. Hondo took young Aubrey under his wing and began teaching him the chords and basics of the guitar. Not long after this time, young Aubrey acquired the nickname “Tex”, while working on a sugar plantation in Louisiana, and that Martin Guitar became the famed “Mr. Martin”, regular companion of the young “Tex”.

Tex arrived on the chili scene in its earliest days. He told me he made his first trip to Terlingua in an old VW van in one of the first years of the cookoff, when it was held on the porch at the old Terlingua mining company store. He camped in one of the “falling down” roofless adobe shanties, that was originally used by the cinnabar (Mercury) miners in the mines of Terlingua, with his first wife and two very young children. Tex returned home to Houston and soon became active in the beginnings of formal chili competitions. You have to realize that chili cooking as a hobby and avocation did not appear full blown on the world. It began in fits and starts as more and more people found an interesting way to spend a Saturday or weekend with friends consuming beverages and engaging in friendly competition without too much physical exertion. It grew piecemeal over a number of years, starting out without any organization or form. At first, groups in different localities began meeting in small gatherings at other times besides the cooking competitions. This provided another opportunity for socialization and bonding, which lead to the formation of clubs dedicated to friendships, trading secret recipes, imbibing in life’s goodness, and yes, recruiting novices. Soon these clubs became stylized as “Pods” and the name stuck and spread to the rest of the fledgling groups. About this same time one of these groups came to be in Houston. As the Houston “Pod” became formalized, it started writing bylaws and defining officers. It was here that the term “Great Pepper” was coined for the club president. When the time arrived for the election of these new officers, Tex Schofield was chosen by ballot to be the ‘Great Pepper’ and so he became the very first elected Great Pepper of the Houston Pod. And since that Pod was the first Pod to use that term for the President, Tex was the very first elected Great Pepper in all of the land of chili.

Now, interestingly enough, Tex was never interested in cooking chili himself, but preferred being out front leading the “entertainment”. This position gradually evolved into his taking the stage and becoming the Master of Ceremonies or Emcee at many cookoffs. It wasn’t long before he was appended with the title “Mouth of the Chili World” which Tex proudly carried throughout his era of chili fame at major cookoffs within the world of chili competitions. I don’t know just when he took over the stage at Terlingua. But he did TICC through its many later years at the Glen Pepper Ranch just over the hills from the present site. In 1983, CASI presented him with a special recognition award for “Outstanding Contributions to the Chili World”. His last on stage appearance (at TICC at the old Glen Pepper’s Villa de la Mina site) was in 1989. Near the end of that day Tex was awarded the CASI “Chilihead of the Decade”. So far as I know this was the only “Chilihead of the Decade” ever awarded by CASI. The next year (1990) TICC was moved to this site, Rancho CASI de los Chisos and Tex presided over that event too. It would be his last as he was moving on toward retirement from the grand stages of the chili world. During the evenings of that last TICC, Tex would gather a crowd around one or two campfires and regale us with his wonderful renditions accompanied by the famed Mr. Martin. These informal gatherings many of us took to be his unofficial dedication of this fine new site.

Most notable of all of the many other cookoffs which he presided over were:

Chilimpiad – Texas Men’s State Championship in San Marcos, Texas

CASI Texas Ladies State Championship during many of its years at Luckenbach, Texas

New Mexico State Championship in Ruidoso, New Mexico for which he received the New Mexico
“Mouth of the Chili World” Award.

The first ever Nevada CASI State Championship in Carson City, NV on June 10, 1984

Howdy-Roo in Marble Falls, Texas

Czhilispiel in Flatonia, Texas

And his much loved Houston Pod Cookoffs

Also he did the honors at many Pod Cookoffs and local community chili competitions during his very long and active on-stage career. Chili cooks will fondly remember his stellar performances at the almost annual, non-sanctioned cookoff called “The Way It Was”. There, in Driftwood, Texas, he presided over a tongue-in-cheek Sunday morning service complete with the non-melodious musical sounds of the “Abnormal Tallywacker Choir”. Tex dedicated these solemn services to Chiligula.

Tex’s outrageous onstage attire consisted most often of a bright red shirt and trousers. He wore a red vest festooned with a plethora of well earned pins, ribbons, badges, and other paraphernalia, which he called his “corrosion”. His arms sported one or more very large Turquoise bracelets and his fingers were loaded with rings of noteworthy size. His main criteria for choosing these trappings were that they be gaudy enough for the stage.

Evenings at chili events often presented Tex with additional opportunities to entertain. To enlighten cooks and visitors alike in the proper method to partake of tequila, he would conduct demonstrations of the fine art of placing just the right amount of salt on the hand and the absolutely proper and only method of holding the lime. Just before downing this delightful nectar of the agave plant and nearing the completion of this highly structured ritual the participants would take up the solemn group chant of “Licky, Drinky, Sucky; Licky, Drinky, Sucky”. These grew in fame as Tex’s “Tequila Seminars”. Other times around an evening campfire, Tex and his trusty guitar, “Mr. Martin”, would entertain with songs of his own creation and composition, and ditties from his youth. Besides being inventive, he was an accomplished entertainer and musician. If you ever get to hear a recording of “Someone So Special” written and performed by Tex you will understand.

Helen, his wife and love of his life, was introduced by Tex as “The Lovely Helena de la Luna of the house of Schofield”, and she was always at his side. He was famously known for the special names he used in recognizing people. You were especially blessed if he chose one for you. He spent many years onstage and developed a special knack for using the language in a way, which gave it a “Chili Flair”. Especially notable of these might have been: “Ladies and Genitals”, “Gastronomical Intake Mechanism”, “Yes In Double Deed-I”, “Supramen-tay!”, “Ain’t that nice!” and “Chiligula!”. Most memorable was “CHIL-I” pronounced ‘Chill-eye’ - his word for chili. It was once noted that Tex never let one word do when five or six would get his meaning across. Tex had a strong influence styling the fun that everyone enjoys even today. But never let it be said that he ever took himself (or any other chilihead) too seriously.

Among his other accomplishments and credentials were:

He served on the CASI Board of Directors from 1984-1985.

Along with his wife Helen, he edited the Chili Register (Red, White, & Blue Book) from 1980 to 1985.

Late in his life he began compiling a record of everyone who was ever a part of the chili world and who had passed away. He was hoping someday to complete a Memorial to all involved in the early days and growth of his favorite pastime.

Tex also did on-stage emcee service at non-chili events. Most notable was probably his work at the University of Texas Folklife Festival each summer in San Antonio, TX. This event is dedicated to all the ethnic groups who played a part in the settlement and defining of Texas. He was regular emcee of Stage One, the most popular stage at that event, and always pulled a large crowd.

On another occasion, he was the emcee at the Southern Hushpuppy Olympics in Lufkin, TX

**Tex Schofield – dearly loved and happily remembered.
Mosey on forever! Yes In Double Deed-I, Chiligula!**

To help with the stories that follow, I'll start this next part out with a short list of Tex and his special words. Most everyone remembers that the list is really a lot longer but time has erased a lot of the memories of those not included here!

Schofield Lexicon

Tex by in his own definition was "redundant, superfluous and, more importantly, glottal!"

"Mouth of the Chili World" [Adjective phrase referring to Tex himself]

"Abnormal Tallywacker Choir" [Non-melodious signers at 'The Way It Was' (TWIW) cookoff]

"Saint Schofield the Devine" [Reference to Tex himself as speaker at TWIW Sunday morning non-service]

"The Lovely Helena de la Luna of the house of Schofield" [His wife, Helen]

"CHILL-I" (pronounced 'Chill-eye') [His word for chili]

"Yes, in-double-deed-i!" [Yes indeed!]

"Corn-y-I" [Tex's word for eye 'from cornea'.] [Also used as a name for Corona beer!]

"Ain't that nice!" [Said whenever something was impressive, delightful or beautiful]

"Supramen-tay" (pronounced Sup-raaaa-Men-tay) [for extra extra super or superlative]

"Stupen-d-i" (Pronounced Stew-pennnnnnn-d-eye) [for stupendous]

"Chiligula" [Chili cooks deity]

"Ladies and Genitals" [Introduction or attention-getter on stage]

"Gastronomical Intake Mechanism" [Mouth]

"Chilelujah!" [chili word for hallelujah!]

"Phenomin-i" [used when asked his opinion]

"Licky, drinky, sucky" [Group chant at Tequila Seminars]

"Concocted today for your edification and pure Gas-tro-Nomic delight." [Phrase to describe the chili that was being judged at any particular cookoff]

"Sotol Sonata's" & "Rock' Concerts" [quasi-musical events using partially emptied beer bottles at Boquillas, Mexico]

"Thank you very Much!" [Tex's response whenever something out of his control was complemented—like 'Nice Weather!']

"Have you had your BM this morning" [Very personal inquiry meaning 'Have you had a Bloody Mary this morning?']

"Gen-u-wine USDA Grade A Projectile" [Chicken egg used in egg toss contest]

"USDA Grade A Projectile Launching Device" [hand of the egg tossing contestant in an egg toss contest]

"USDA Grade A Projectile Retrieval Mechanism" [hand of the egg catching contestant in the egg toss contest]

"Kissy, Casi, Licky, Sucky" [Phrase referring to Tex & Helen's dog, Casi]

"Larramia" [Larry Burruss]

"Juan-Neat-Ta" [Janie Burruss]

"Barbarilli" [Barbara (B.B) Burton]

"Melareno" [Mel Burton]

"Saliva Fox" [Mel Burton – coined to hold a reservation at the 'Inn of the Mountain Gods']

"Napalm-Natha" [Natha Caldwell]

"Red-der-rick da Turd" [Red Caldwell]

"The Urban Durbins" [Bob & Chelle Durbin of New Mexico]

"Shortness of Shortnesses" [The inimitable Shorty Fry]

"Peg-ums" [Peg Foster]

"Barba-rella" [Barbara Fox]

"Leonard" [Early-on Tex forgot Lynn Hejtmanick's name and called him Leonard – from then on it stuck]

"El-toniac" [Elton Homesley – I, like so many others, got a name from Tex that will follow me for my lifetime]

"Nortel" [Norma Homesley]

"Bat Boots" [Name for Boots, the Homesley chili dog - famed for wearing a black cape made by Helen Schofield]

"Patric-ce-ah" [Pat Irvine King]

"Lynnie Tin Tin" [The young Sara Lynn Leatherland]

"Rust-oleum" [Rusty Paske]

"Fa-ola" [Fay Paske]

"Bu-bah" [Bubba Reinke]

"Rube-I" [Ruby Ross]

"The Lovely Shar-rona" [Sharon Roy]

"Lodé Moe" [Name referring to his brother, Larry Schofield]

"Himey Tah-lour" [Jimmy Taylor]

"Melba Toast" [Melba Westerman]

"Sedgewick" [A very large male raccoon that visited our campsite at Rio Grande Village in Big Bend, NP]

"Starship Schofield" [Tex's Suburban with a moon roof and tiny blinking lights around the ceiling]

"Moseying contests" [spontaneously occurring upon observing slow-walking individuals in front of 'his' stage]

"The Bashees" [As in 'she has the Bashees!' Meaning being bashful]

"Ankle-biters" [Reference for small children]

"Fark-u-la-tion" [Tex's favorite table game was the dice game, 'Farkle' where the only scorekeeper was Tex himself].

"Wallpaper Paste for the Tummy" [Biscuits and Gravy].

Anecdotes

***** I'll start this off with one of my own...

We were camping at Davis Mountain State Park. Tex had to fly to San Antonio on business to return later that same day. So I (and Bat Boots) took the "Starship" and drove to the Midland Airport to pick him up in the late afternoon. As we left the Midland/Odessa area, Tex wanted to get a 6-pack of "Corny-I's" (Corona) for us to share on the drive back to Ft. Davis. Every 20 miles or so Tex would say, "Eltoniac, are you ready for another Corny-I!" And I would reply in the affirmative, remember I was driving... so he would open a bottle of Corona and I would continue with my bottles of water. By the time we reached Balmorhea, Texas we were both feeling the bodily effects of all of the fluids. It was well into the dark hours by the time we started up into the Davis Mountains at "Wild Rose Pass" and that was the place we chose to commune with nature. It was a glorious evening. Brilliant full moon rising in the east, quite breeze wafting down the slopes, in the distance the sounds of the night (coyote and perhaps an owl). I imagined that I could hear an eagle crying out on the winds, Indians up a local canyon around a campfire, and yes maybe a stage coach down on the desert floor trying to make the next nightfall inn! Tex and I proceeded to relieve ourselves by making magic circles on the ground. Even Boots was making his own magic circle. Tex said to me, "Eltoniac, I've got to tell you something. If I don't wake up tomorrow morning, just remember, I will have been happy with the life I have lived."

***** And another time...

Many of us were at a cookoff in Boerne when (on the evening after the cookoff) we all decided to go to a local Mexican restaurant for supper. The one we chose was somewhat upscale and had a solo entertainer playing a guitar. (Most of us recall that he wasn't very good!). As the evening progressed, and cerveza was consumed, time came for the guitarist to take a break, so Tex went up and asked if he would loan his instrument so Tex could sing a song or two. The young man agreed and went off to smoke. So Tex proceeded to sing a few of his regular campfire songs and some of his better repertoire. He started getting attention from not only the friends and chili cooks there, but also from the rest of the clientele and the restaurant staff, too. Even the ladies back in the kitchen came out to watch the show. Eventually the "paid" entertainer returned to the room and stood off to one side to watch. By then Tex was really getting "his wind" and he started doing some of his "Mexican songs" which included some with risqué language (in Spanish of course). He launched into one called "Maria". The first line is, "Her name was Maria, it hurts me when I peeia!" Several of the little old ladies from the kitchen were noticed to be tittering behind their hands as he reached the corrupted Spanish words for sexually descriptive acts. After that he drew a resounding round of applause and (Noticing the owner of the guitar having returned to the room.) gave up the spotlight and returned to his table. The end of this story is... The man with the guitar, placed his guitar in its case and took the mike and announced, "I won't try to compete with that." And "Elvis' left the building..."

***** Conversation with Bob Moore at the 1975 Pentathlon in Waco...

Tex, "Where have you been?"

Bob, "I went to Schertz."

Tex, "Downtown Schertz?"

Bob, "Outskirts of Schertz."

Tex, "Did you buy any skirts or shirts in Schertz?"

Bob, "No, I bought these pants in Schertz..."

******* In the early days, many chili cooks would stop in Del Rio on their way home from Terlingua and therein lay the fodder for many tales...**

******* On one such evening...**

Tex and Helen arranged for lodging in Del Rio and then they and a group, including Bob Moore, got together in Ciudad Acuna at Ma Crosby's bar & steak house. After a rousing evening with much drinking and good cheer, all headed back across the river to Del Rio. When Tex, Bob Moore and Helen got back to the motel in the wee hours, Tex and Bob couldn't quite make it into their rooms. So they lay down and fell asleep on the lawn outside. Helen, always the protective wife, stayed all night in the car where she could watch over the sleeping bodies until way past dawn.

******* At another similar visit to the Crosby watering hole in Acuna...**

We find Tex and his entourage enjoying the evening drinking fellowship. This particular evening included Mr. Martin, which Tex had taken along. There was a Mexican combo playing and so Tex and Mr. Martin joined in on a song or two. Later a member of the musical group came to Tex's table and asked to be allowed to play a song or two with Mr. Martin. Tex relinquished the guitar and the young man did several traditional Mexican songs. Later he brought Mr. Martin back to our roisterous group. In returning the guitar he said to Tex, "You know in this country and culture, when someone admires what another person has, it is quite common for the item to be given as a gift to the admirer. Would you consider giving me the guitar you call Mr. Martin?" Tex declined telling the young man about the guitar's history with him and how important it was in his life, but thanked him for the compliment. Whereupon the young man asked politely if he could play Mr. Martin some more. Tex agreed and more songs were played and more beer consumed. Soon Tex looked around and the young man was nowhere to be seen. Inquiries were made of the rest of the band and it was discovered that the admiring musician and Mr. Martin had left. Needless-to-say, Tex was in a panic. The manager of Ma Crosby's came over and found out what had happened and made some inquiries, finding out from the rest of the band where the absconding man lived. Then the local "Federales" were called out. They, being concerned over any impact this incident might have on the Crosby reputation, went out and found the wayward youth and returned Mr. Martin to a much relieved Tex Schofield. You would think Tex might have learned a lesson; but look forward to another Mr. Martin tale soon!

******* Fred Westerman relates the following story...**

Of a time when he and Melba had met Tex and Helen in Santa Fe for a weeks' vacation. Fred tells, "I knew of a carry-out-only restaurant that made to-die-for tamales." "We went there to pick some up and while we were waiting, an old beat-up van pulled up in the parking lot." "Out climbed a really cute young girl in a rather provocative dress and three really rough looking biker guys." "The girl came in and placed her order and we noted she had about a four foot live snake wrapped around her neck." "Tex looked her over and I could see the wheels turning in his head." After a few moments, he approached her, tapped her on the shoulder and when she responded, he said to her, "Does your mother know where you are?"

******* Tex was always fascinated with gadgets!**

But unfortunately he did not live into the modern electronic era. He never had a home computer, a cell phone or any of the other sophisticated equipment that could link you to the world through the internet. But he did get some good stuff, like pocket secretaries to keep all his business' and friends' contact information. He also had a medical pill dispenser which had an audible reminder to let him know it was time to take his various heart medications. Fred Westerman also tells the tale about the time they and Tex and a larger group of people were at a restaurant in Study Butte. "No sooner than we were all seated when the pill box sounded off for Tex. Since none of us were aware that Tex had such an intelligent piece of equipment, we were all befuddled as to where the sound emanated from. He immediately leaned over and removed his shoe and placed it to his ear. That was then preceded by an animated phone conversation with some unknown person. That cracked everyone up! We soon realized the old TV show, 'Get Smart' was one of his favorites."

****** Tex Turquoise and the Belt...**

From Mel Burton comes a story about Tex and his long involvement and fascination with Turquoise. As Mel recounts the story, Tex regularly frequents the Turquoise Shop in Cloudcroft, NM. He once found a beautiful leather belt, heavily decorated with turquoise and sporting a large silver buckle inlaid with extra large pieces of excellent quality turquoise gemstones. He went back to that store on different occasions over three years time and admired that belt. Often trying it on and on occasion asking, "Do you think this is gaudy enough for me?" of whomever was with him at the time. On the third year he knuckled under and bought that belt. It seemed that it must have been meant for him alone because it remained in that shop for so long, waiting for him to make up his mind. Turquoise was long a prominent part of his "corrosion".

****** Starship Schofield...**

When going on a trip in Starship Schofield, he was quite a show. He was very meticulous and needed to go through the whole house and make sure everything was in its proper place before departing. Sometimes this might take an hour or more. Then getting into the "Starship", he would have a ritual in preparation. He would need to insure that he had 'Eye Juice' – eye drops, 'Lip Juice' – lip balm, and 'Nose Juice' – nasal spray. Another strange driving habit he had was to down shift to neutral whenever he came to a stop at a light.

****** Champagne Brunch...**

It was an annual ritual for Tex and Helen to gather a group together in Ruidoso on the Sunday morning after the New Mexico State Championship and all go out to the Inn of the Mountain Gods for the Champagne Brunch. On one occasion Tex made the reservations using Mel Burton as the host, but giving him the name of 'Salvia Fox' on the reservation.

At one, he told our waitress to come back every three or two minutes with the bottle of Champagne. On another visit we all arrived too early for our reservations and had to wait in the bar for our turn to be seated. Now on this particular day, the bar was equipped with an advertising bottle of Patron Tequila. The bottle was sitting on an illuminated base that made the Patron bottle luminesce. Tex soon noted that Nortel (Norma) was eyeing the display. [She being the Patron aficionado in the group!] So after she expressed her desire to get the Patron lamp, Tex decided to intercede. He spent a large portion of his eloquence convincing the bartender that Nortel was the poster child for Patron. Eventually that gullible young mixologist wrapped up the lamp and presented it to Norma. These were grand times for us all!

****** Planning parties...**

Harking back to the part of the previous story of Tex making Mel Burton the unsolicited host for the Sunday Brunch, this was not an unusual ploy by the great Schofield the Devine, when it came to planning get-togethers. He once cooked up a breakfast party at the Hacienda de Hejtmancik on a Sunday morning without giving Lynn & Carolyn any fair warning. On another occasion Tex planned a swim party at the home of Ray & Judy King. They had a swimming pool and Tex and Helen did not!

****** Helen's favorite tale...**

On one particular New Years many of us got together for a campout at Potters Creek on Canyon Lake. This particular evening we were sitting around a campfire and everyone was telling stories and a few songs were sung. Much beer got consumed and soon Tex wandered off into the darkness to relieve himself. When he returned 'Kissy Casi' the Schofield dog returned with him. As Tex sat down and picked up his beer, Casi jumped up into Helen's lap. Helen, rather loudly remarked, "Casi, your all wet." We all know what that meant! Tex immediately responded, "Put her down 'Helena'!" And he went and got a towel to wipe the second hand beer off Casi. Seems Casi walked under the stream while Tex was getting comfortable.

****** Elton's stage fright...**

In all my years as group leader and manager while employed with NASA and the VA, I struggled with being up in front of a class or group. Tex knew of my difficulties in this setting. One weekend our mutual friend Charlie McTee was the beneficiary of a fund raiser to help with his end-of-life medical bills. Tex had agreed to be the MC for the days' activities. He asked me to make the trip to San Antonio for the event with him as Norma and Helen had planned a girls' day together in New Braunfels. When Tex and I arrived at the venue for the event, he quickly informed me that I was going to do the honors for Charlie. Even though I protested, he assured me he would be there if I really got into trouble. He walked me through the interview of one of the young groups performing that day. Then he gave me the 'mike' and told me I was on my own. When I started and stuttered a bit I looked around for some support and Tex was nowhere in sight. I buckled down and made it through that first introduction with only a few slip-ups and maybe a handful of "ah's" & "uh's" and in perhaps a little sweat. When that was over, Tex walked out of a crowd and said, "Well Eltoniac, that wasn't too bad for a beginner, I think I'll just leave you to it and have myself a relaxing afternoon. So there I was making my way to each of the young performing acts and garnering tidbits about their history and their style and anything else they wanted to talk about. I found out that many of them were more than a little nervous too. As the afternoon progressed, I found that I was enjoying myself and even got a few good words along the way (maybe Tex set those up – I don't know!). Anyhow ever since, I have been able to grab a microphone and get up and out in front on many different stages. Norma even tries to keep people from handing me a 'mike'; she says I never know when to let it go. Thanks! Tex, I'm proud of that day's achievement.

****** Mr. Martin's next vanishing...**

There was a time when Tex lived in Fredericksburg, TX. As was not unusual, an evening at the local "gasthaus" included Mr. Martin. On the morning following a particularly rousing night, Tex went to return Mr. Martin to his guitar case. But soon it was apparent that Mr. Martin had disappeared. Tex checked his vehicle and the various places in the house where Mr. Martin might have spent the night. No! He just didn't make it home the night before. So Tex went in search of his good friend... He checked each of the places he had frequented the night before and even called some of his fellow revelers, all to no avail. Now Tex was really getting worried. He found one of the local city policemen and made inquiry about filling a complaint that some personal property had been stolen (or at least lost). That local lawman called the city HQ to make inquiry. The cop was instructed to bring the complainant to the main office. Soon Tex and his policeman guide walked into the station house. There-upon followed an interview as to what was missing, did it have any specific identification, could he give them a complete description (of the guitar). As it turned out, Mr. Martin spent the night in the police station. Seems some good citizen of Fredericksburg found him leaning against a street light pole and turned him in sometime after midnight. So the end of this tale is - our much chagrined Tex returned Mr. Martin to his rightful resting place in a happy if not somewhat chastened mood.

****** The best Mr. Martin story...**

Once upon a time, (good way to start a story, right?). Anyway, Once upon a time, while Tex was living in Houston, a letter arrived at his home addressed to Mr. Martin. It was an invitation to a party; no mention was made including Tex in the invitation. So it came to pass on the appointed evening, Tex took Mr. Martin to the home where the party was just getting underway. Tex leaned Mr. Martin against the door sill and rang the doorbell. Then Tex slipped off the porch and hid in the darkness to watch the ensuing results. In a moment the door opened and our watcher heard, "Well good evening Mr. Martin, I'm so glad you could make it. Please come in." And thus Mr. Martin was taken into the house and the door closed. Now our friend Tex was somewhat perplexed by the turn that his little stunt had taken but never-the-less he decided to "crash" the party. He went to the door and again rang the bell. This time when it was answered he was met by the host of the evening who suggested that Tex join them as Mr. Martin was getting ready to entertain and perhaps Tex would care to accompany him. Many a laughter was had around a campfire as Tex recounted this story.

****** Lynn Hejtmancik wanted me to include a story about Tex and the gallstone...**

Back many years ago (in 1989), I had a particularly painful gallstone attack. It was soon apparent that it was a rather large stone and needed to come out. When Tex heard about my impending surgery, he ask me, "Eltoniac, ask that doctor to give you your gallstone when he takes it out!" And so I did... After the surgery, I was presented with a pill bottle with the stone in it. So I, in turn, gave it to Tex. I asked him what on earth he was going to do with it. He said he wasn't sure yet but he'd figure something out. Not long afterwards, he came across a vendor at one of the craft events we attended, that made Lucite pendants which contained various small (mostly repugnant) insects, scorpions, and baby snakes. Tex talked this guy into doing a Lucite pendant with my gallstone. Over the next year or so, Tex would do various stunts on stage with that gallstone as the main prop. Most notable was a contest to have people guess what the ovoid object in the pendant was. Maybe my most renowned body part might have been that gallstone, much thanks to Tex. Anyhow at Czihilispiel in Flatonia, TX once again Tex brought out that gallstone and went through one of his on-stage routines. Afterwards, a young woman approached Tex and asked if she could examine the pendant. He said "Sure" and handed it to her explaining its source and pointing me out in the crowd. Within minutes this woman came to me and said she was training to be a nurse and she would like to have the gallstone, would I give it to her? I explained that the stone actually belong to Tex, that I had given it to him, and that she would need to make her request to him. She said she would and went off. Later Tex asked me to return the gallstone to him as he had another idea about using it. I told him that the young woman was going to ask him to make her a gift of it. He said she never came to him about it. We never saw that gallstone pendant again!

****** Lynn Hejtmancik also tells the story...**

Bryan Mann had just gone through a divorce and found himself footloose and fancy free. We were at Czihilispiel in Flatonia. Czihilispiel's almost regular emcee, Tex, usually got a stipend for his services. On this particular day Tex, Bryan Mann and I went to collect Tex's announcement fee. Bryan had been eyeing a beautiful blond with large breasts who was milling around in the crowd. Tex was well aware of Bryan's interest of the moment. So after Tex got his fee and returned to us he said the lady who paid him had this beautiful daughter who she said was very lonely. Immediately, Bryan pointed out the blond he was watching and asked if that was the one the lady mentioned and after looking at her Tex said "Nope!" using his big Tex-I grin. Bryan's face just fell as he realized he had been had.

****** Wahnne Clark of Virginia and Oklahoma...**

I first met Tex in 1989 and I was soon impressed with his humor and resourcefulness. Back then, I carried in my wallet special \$1.00 and \$5.00 bills which had magical virtues. I showed Tex how I could magically transform a \$5.00 bill into a \$1.00 bill. Tex loved the trick and I exercised my magician's license to share the trick with him. A year passed and once again I had the grand opportunity to meet up with the "Mouth of the Chili World". When Tex saw me he said a quick "hello" and then hustled me behind someone's RV. There, alone with Tex, he pressed me to again teach him how the trick was done. He loved the mystical aura it gave him and he came up with a bit of magician's patter which went something like, "Have you been amazed or mystified yet today? Come on over and let me show you something to raise your eyebrows and make your ears twitch."

An essential part of any magician's repertoire is misdirection. To that end, Tex would tell those witnessing the execution of the trick to keep their eye on his hand and watch very, very closely. Then he would place his right forefinger on the back of his left hand and quickly run his finger up his arm, past his elbow, and on to his shoulder. Of course, the intent of the misdirection was to have the audience think the hand was quicker than the eye. Actually, the trick I taught Tex had nothing to do with slight-of-hand but rather was infused in the paper currency. Tex coined the phrase, "Watch closely, you will notice that my hand never leaves my arm." I have continued to use that clever phrase each time I do that trick.

[Another observation by Wahnne] When I obtained my first computer and signed up with AOL, I called Tex to ask him if I could use his special way of saying "Chill-eye." He said it was mine to use and

from 1990 forward my e-mail address has been: chileye@aol.com. "Thank you, Tex for giving me my electronic name and signature."

**** Boquillas "Bottle" Band...

Many was the occasion for Tex to get a group together to go across the Rio Grande river in Big Bend National Park and visit the small village of Boquillas in Mexico. Now this village is just far enough from the river that it was normally easier to ride a little Mexican donkey up the hill and into town. The main object of the trip was to imbibe sotol and cerveza at Francisco's Bar. But there was entertainment too. Tex organized a bottle band almost every year. He would gather the crowd of Americanos, sometimes even including non-chiliheads that just happened to be on the scene. Each was instructed to partially drink of their beer bottle and Tex would then fine-tune the musical quality of each to a different note. Next he would act as conductor and lead the band in some ditty of his with each person playing his or her note on directorial cue. Most of these were performed in the bar itself, but upon one occasion, Tex moved the musical ensemble out back on the rocky cliff over-looking the Sierra Del Carmen mountains. On this occasion he called it the "Rock" concert.

One related story to the "Bottle" band was the time that Mary Griffin of Marble Falls failed to get a sound from her bottle when she blew across the top. Over the next year she practiced regularly and reached the proficiency level that she was sure would earn her a continuing place in the orchestra. She often demonstrated how well she could bring forth the melodious sound from the bottle. When the time came and we were all in our appointed places, the music began... BUT when Mary got her cue from Tex, she once again was unable to elicit the required note, much to her embarrassment and displeasure.

**** Tex and the memorial board at TICC...

Back in 1992 or '93 Tex got the idea that there were a lot of old time chiliheads that were no longer with us. He took it upon himself to start compiling a list of all that he could remember. Soon he realized there were some that even he couldn't place a name to or even that he might not have known. And so, with a lot of help from his friends, the original list began to come together. Then in September of 1993 at the CASI Great Peppers meeting in Tucson, AZ, a number of delegates began talking about some form of commemorative display at TICC for posterity. Harvey West (CASI director) was delegated the responsibility of coming up with a memorial format for the display. It took awhile for all the ideas to fall into place but CASI didn't yet have a list started. Then in August 1995, Tex too died and left his list unfinished. I was able to get that original list from Helen knowing it could be a great starting point for the CASI project. Soon afterwards, I approached Harvey and told him I had this list that really had a lot of our past historical figures names on it. No sooner than the words were out of my mouth than I found myself railroaded into being the collector and repository for this memorial list. Harvey designed the first memorial board and we put it up the following year. In a couple of years we discovered that our board was too small at the rate that we were having new names come forward or of people newly qualified for recognition. Soon Jimmy Taylor (also a CASI director) was able to acquire a granite sheet that was large enough to hold a lot of names for the future as well as possibly being extended with additional sheets. I continued to maintain the lists until late in 2001. But, reiterating... Tex was closely tied to the early origins of the TICC memorial, along with a number of other people.

**** How Bat Boots got his moniker...

On an evening visitation between the Schofield's and the Homesley's, we took the opportunity to go out to the Salt Lick in Driftwood, TX for some "Q" {that's Tex's reference to Bar-B-Que}. Afterwards we drove back to our house and as we pulled up into the driveway, we were met by our dog, "Boots". Only this time he had apparently been rooting around in some laundry while we were gone and he had gotten a towel caught in some of the hardware of his collar. He came out dragging that towel, which by now was pretty filthy. As soon as Tex saw him, he said, "And here comes "Bat Boots" to greet us! It wasn't long after that when he was presented with his very own scalloped Bat Cape done all in black velvet and lined with red velvet, complete with his new name "Bat Boots" emblazoned across

the cape. The cape had been made by Helen Schofield at the urging of Tex. After that, Bat Boots became the new celebrity of the chili world. Even today, after 10 years, Bat Boots is remembered and talked about at regular opportunities.

**** One story that was reported by several people, who were present, occurred at "Czihilspiel" in Flatonia, TX...

One evening many chiliheads were gathered around a small campfire for an evening of light relaxation and commiseration. Tex was sitting on a stump along with Mr. Martin holding forth with one of his light-hearted performances. As the songs progressed, a little black dog wandered into the group. This dog wandered around from person to person and finally stopped to sniff Tex's boots. It must have been the smell of the Schofield dog on the boots, because that dog then attempted making love to Tex's leg. In true entertainment fashion, Tex never missed a beat. He continued to sing and play all the while making a half hearted effort trying to shake the dog loose from his leg. By the time the dog gave up almost everyone was rollicking with mirthful laughter. And yes, Tex did finish the song.

**** Tidbits of memories of Tex from a lot of different people...

Lynn Hejtmancik: remembers Tex lamenting about not having done a handstand on the Eiffel Tower when he was a young world traveler.

Steve Swinnea: recalls that Tex introduced him to Sangria as chaser for tequila.

Kathryn Guzman: "I'll never forget his "Hairy Leg Contest" at Czihilspiel!"

Lynn Hejtmancik: "One of my favorite memories was star watching laying on the road in the campground at Rio Grande Village in Big Bend. We would have a jam box playing star watching music and we wouldn't allow any lights on at all!"

Many people: recalled stories by Tex of his youth playing war with brother Larry, "Lodé Moe" Schofield and of stories when Tex and Larry sent one of their pet cats downhill in a doll buggy ride without benefits of anyone steering. A campfire was the best place to sit and listen to Tex as he spun his yarns.

Mel Burton: I cannot forget all the Christmas parties at his house. We thought we were really special to be included. I remember his having brought in a Barber Shop Quartet one year and at another he and Helen had a Mariachi Band. Tex would hire a young college student to be the bartender and the celebration of the season would go on long into the night. [Interesting, that young college student is now the mail carrier on the route that includes Helen Schofield's home.]

All of us have been greeted in the morning: "Have you had your BM today?" By Tex, in reference to a morning Bloody Mary.

Eltoniac: I heard from so many people about all the various contests he dreamed up to entertain the crowds and keep the interest up from the stage as cookoff activities sometimes lagged. There were raw egg tosses, grape catching competitions, lemon rolls, Hot Dog & Donut passing relays, and "Most Beautiful Beard" judging. At Luckenbach "Hug-In" he would emcee the "No Talent" show. It was always fun to be around him.

Eltoniac: I guess one last thing... after Tex retired from the stage a bunch of us talked him into entering and cooking a pot of chili at Concan, TX on the banks of the Frio River. Ira Duffield took on the responsibility of guiding Tex through the fine art of cooking chili. Tex let us know after it was over that he hated it (Oh! And he didn't place, either!)

Tex Schofield – August 12, 1929 – July 12, 1995



This stage was first dedicated to Aubrey William Schofield Jr.
(Better known to all chiliheads everywhere as “Tex” Schofield, “Mouth of the Chili World”)
It was originally dedicated as “The Tex Schofield Memorial Presentation Stage”.

Tex was active in the beginnings of the CASI chili world during the formation of the Houston Pod and was the first elected Great Pepper of that Pod. Since that Pod was responsible for coining the name “Great Pepper” for Pod Presidents, Tex was the very first elected Great Pepper in CASI.

The title “Mouth of the Chili World” which Tex proudly carried throughout his era of chili fame, stemmed from his being the foremost Announcer and Emcee at major cookoffs within the world of chili competitions. Most notable of these were:

TICC through its many years at the Glen Pepper Ranch just over the hills from this site

At least one year at this New TICC site, Rancho CASI de los Chisos

Chilimpiad – Texas Men’s State Championship in San Marcos, Texas

CASI Texas Ladies State Championship during its years at Luckenbach, Texas

New Mexico State Championship in Ruidoso, New Mexico

Howdy-Roo in Marble Falls, Texas

Czhilispiel in Flatonia, Texas

And his much loved Houston Pod Cookoff

Also he was a regular Emcee at many other Pod Cookoffs and local community chili competitions during his very active on-stage career. Chili cooks will fondly remember his stellar performances at the almost annual, non-sanctioned cookoff called “The Way It Was”. There, in Driftwood, Texas, he presided over a tongue-in-cheek Sunday morning service complete with the non-melodious musical sounds of the “Abnormal Tallywacker Choir”. Tex dedicated these solemn services to Chiligula.

Tex’s outrageous onstage attire consisted of a bright red shirt and trousers. He wore a red vest festooned with a plethora of well earned pins, ribbons, badges, and other paraphernalia, which he called his “corrosion”. His arms sported one or more very large Turquoise bracelets and his fingers were loaded with rings of noteworthy size. His main criteria for choosing these trappings were that they be gaudy enough for the stage.

Evenings at chili events often presented Tex with additional opportunities to entertain. To enlighten cooks and visitors alike in the proper method to partake of tequila, he would conduct demonstrations of the fine art of placing just the right amount of salt on the hand and the absolutely proper and only method of holding the lime. Just before downing this delightful nectar of the agave plant and nearing the completion of this highly structured ritual the participants would take up the solemn group chant of Licky, Drinky, Sucky; Licky, Drinky, Sucky. These grew in fame as Tex’s “Tequila Seminars”. Other times around an evening campfire, Tex and his trusty guitar, “Mr. Martin”, would entertain with songs of his own creation and composition, and ditties from his youth. Besides being inventive, he was an accomplished entertainer and musician. If you ever get to hear a recording of “Someone So Special” written and performed by Tex you will understand.

Helen, his wife, introduced by Tex as “The Lovely Helena de la Luna of the house of Schofield”, was often at his side. He was famously known for the special names he used in recognizing people. You were especially blessed if he chose one for you. He spent many years onstage and developed a special knack for using the language in a way, which gave it a “Chili Flair”. Especially notable of these might have been: “Ladies and Genitals”, “Gastronomical Intake Mechanism”, “Yes In Double Deed-I”, “Supramen-tay!”, “**Ain’t that nice!**” and “**Chiligula!**”. Most memorable was “CHIL-I” pronounced ‘Chill-eye’ - his word for chili. Then too, Tex considered “Moseying” a practiced art form.

**Tex Schofield – dearly loved and happily remembered.
Mosey on forever! Yes In Double Deed-I, Chiligula!**



Tex (Starship Schofield)



Tex - in his corrosion in front of the Starship Schofield



Tex Schofield - contemplating a jug of screwdrivers

Courtesy of Elton Homesley