

**Oktoberfest Hash
“Glued to the Tracks”
Run**

Hares:

**Choo Choo, Rear Layer
& Liquor Hard**

**Houston Hash
House Harriers**

Website: www.h4.org
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Hash Cash: Fire Tunnel, Trail Head
On Secs: French Drip, Beam Me Up Twatty

**Hash TRASH
Run #1312
October 26, 2003**

**The Oktoberfest “Glued to the Tracks” Run –
Sunday 26th October**

Visitors – Maverick, Sticky Willie

The first really wintry day of the current fall season, with a leaden sky and chill, moist wind, saw the Hash assemble at the Full Moon parking lot at Memorial Park.

Approaching from the east, along North Picnic Lane, though with the distinct feeling that it was not possible to enter the lot legally from this direction, I could see a knot of hashers gathering just yards away – plus a car reversing at high speed up a narrow lane leading to the lot: I dutifully made the U-turn at the arboretum (actually *in* the arboretum – far too dangerous to attempt it in the main road where you can't see the oncoming traffic because of the hill and it's too narrow to do in one go anyway) and parked in the lot a couple of minutes later.

A discussion arose as to the origin of the name “Full Moon” parking lot – a visitor, *Maverick*, whom I knew from previous Hash encounters in The Hague, told me that he had looked it up on the Web and had found several references to it – all in HHHH write-ups. No one he asked in the park had ever heard of it. One arriving hasher gave a creative, entirely visual interpretation of the origin of the mysterious name through an open window, fortunately, continuing the theme of driving safety and with the car speeding forward eagerly, not from the driver's side.

Chatting to *Maverick* before we set off, I pointed to the railway lines just to our west. “We're sure to be heading along those at some point during the run”, I said. What I didn't expect was for the trail to head

directly for the tracks. After a short distance, confusion erupted, with *PeePee* running in the opposite direction to the pack with a set, determined expression on his face. Later on, someone spotted a mark in the woods to the left, and while we were all politely lining up to file into the woods – most unhashlike, I thought - I saw the hunched shape of *Womb Service* far ahead along the tracks, dressed, appropriately enough, as Halloween was approaching, in black, with the trademark kerchief making him unmistakable. The fleeting figure disappeared into the woods to the right and, our foray into the woods on the other side having proved a false trail, various incursions were made on the other side, *Womb Service*, of course, having long since disappeared.

Later, trail was found on the railway bridge leading over I10, and headed off to the left for a short distance along the top of the embankment on the north side of the freeway before continuing over a low fence. That short distance was enough for everyone to become extremely heavy-footed, though, with the gooey clay sticking to our shoes like balls of cement. A little further, near Portwest, a hasher whose name, fortunately for him, I can't recall, pointed to an ambiguous fawn colored mark on a telegraph pole and said, “That doesn't look like flour to me”. To which the answer was, “No, but *that* does!” referring to a clear mark and check next to the kerb on the opposite side of the street.

It wasn't long before we were back on the tracks, confronted with an arrow pointing off to our left. At the same time *Womb Service*, now only just ahead, made a theatrical and Macbethian gesture, indicating that he had ascertained that the trail

looped back onto the tracks again. So continue along the tracks we did, for about a quarter mile before heading off to the right across parkland. For some reason the trees along here bore small white stickers looking disconcertingly like dabs of flour from a distance. A true mark was eventually found hidden from direct view on the far side of one of the trees.

One last foray onto railway tracks lay ahead of us and for me, it was an unwelcomingly close encounter with the tracks themselves. Trail had led us across an open field to the tracks, where a quintessential hashing neighborhood of single-storey homes, asphalt fraying directly into front yards and penned dogs barking noisily beckoned from the far side. An initial sortie into the neighborhood didn't turn up trail, and then flour was spotted on the tracks heading, what seemed to me to be back in a southerly direction. "I bet this is a false trail!" I shouted, and had no sooner uttered those words than I was tripped, in the manner of a football tackle, by a misaligned railway sleeper. Not only did I badly graze both knees and elbows on the gravel, but my face came directly into contact with the dreaded tracks.

Of course, I was absolutely correct in my hunch that the trail was false, and we were soon running through the aforementioned neighborhood. A little later, another essential hash experience was to be had – squeezing through a small hole in a fence below a sign that said "No Trespassing!" A youngster who was running with us said something which indicated that, in this part of the run, he had the advantage over some of the more experienced hashers. After passing through the fence, the trail led across a large lot filled with mounds of gravel, and then descended down a steep incline to a small stream. From behind me, I heard *Dumpster* make some disparaging comment about having to do bit of clambering. After a short section along a wooded trail, we came out on TC Jester, where I noticed that *Aos Grabber* was leading the section of the pack I was

in. A little further along, while the trail continued along the road, I saw *Aos Grabber*, by now well behind, mysteriously emerge from a muddy ditch.

Congratulations are due to the hares and especially *Bear Layer* for providing the opportunity to celebrate the circle and enjoy the excellent food sheltered from the elements, which had become increasingly bitter as the run progressed. The venue itself looked like a surreal film set. Here a barrel filled with rakes and brushes, there what looked like cement processing equipment onto which the product had irrevocably solidified, reminding me of our experience with the clay soil at the start of the hash, and in the corner where we celebrated the circle, a heap of wheelbarrows that looked decades old. The centerpiece of the space was an excavator, which soon caught the attention of *French Drip*. I expected the bucket of the excavator to start moving wildly, but all *French Drip* did was toot the horn.

The circle brought a couple of revelations, of *Hooter Bill* casually bowling over a trio of small kids on bicycles, and then a young lady apparently having mistaken *French Drip* for *Krusty Kreme*, who was not in attendance. The circle became increasingly ragged as people perceived that the much touted *Sauerkraut und Wurst*, prepared in a huge cauldron attended to by *Lick Me Harder* and two henchwomen in a fashion reminiscent of a Shakespeare play alluded to earlier in this write-up, was finally ready. It certainly didn't look very appetizing, the overall brown color resembling refried beans boiled to oblivion. The taste was excellent, though, and I came back for a second helping – the pungent spices that were used really turned out what looked quite ordinary into quite an exceptional dish (don't know whether they included spleen of toad or not).

In summary, this was one of the most memorable hashes of the season.

