Photo by Dave Einse

The gateway to the Wurstfest welcomes visitors

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Battalion Staff
"If you ask me, they should take
the whole thing and move it out in
the country — about 10 miles or so.
Just move it out there where it won't be in anybody's way.

The man was concerned about the drunken revelers who would be spilling out of the wurst-site into the small town of New Braunfels. He was probably justifiably concerned too, as there had already been a shooting out there the previous

weekend.

But it was really hard to take his concern seriously when he was collecting a \$1 for every car parked on his lot. Besides, the people he was complaining to were only interested in getting over to the Wurstfest site to make merry.

It post \$2 to get into the Wurstfest grounds, which look like the site of an abandoned factory. But the conversion to a German Wursthalle and marketplatz seemed complete enough, especially with the polka

enough, especially with the polka

music dancing through the air.

There was a tent set up across the marketplatz from the Wursthall, where a polka band was playing. The audience swayed to the music and there was an old man on stage — in regulation shorts, suspenders and knee socks — who said he could teach anyone to polka in the first five seconds of the dance.

Across the marketplatz the Uni-

versity of Houston band was playing some decidedly un-German music. They still drew a crowd though, perhaps because of the cheerleaders who were accom-

The U of H band really fit right in at Wurstfest, because so many of the Wurstfesters were college students. One of the great sports at Wurstfest was seeing what interesting kinds of loud and obscene school yells you could come up

The main attraction of the festival was located inside the Wursthalle

was located inside the Wursthalle itself. The food. There was strudel and other pastries, shish-kabob, kartoffel pancakes, sandwiches, and best of all, the wurst.

There was wurst and sausage on a stick, which came with a roll on the end as well. Of every 50 people in the Wursthall, at least five were clutching wurst-sticks. Or so it seemed. The trick was to avoid being poked by any of them.

The Wursthalle was also outfitted to handle those consumers who were keen for souvenirs. Imported

were keen for souvenirs. Imported beer steins, quilts, hats and many different types of cuckoo clocks were all available for all those who wanted to take a piece of Wurstfest

home with them.

A particularly cynical wanderer through the Wursthalle might won-



vvurstrest

A Wurstfest official spreads salt on the dance floor to keep dancers from slipping.

der at the authenticity of it all. There were signs advertising "wurst tacos," and the band occationally played oompha versions of songs like "the Mexican Hat Dance."

And even the beer was not German. Not unless Lone Star has become the national beer of Germany. But hey — no one likes a nitpicker. There was a friendly, weird attitude attending so many of the people there. Complete stranger the would come up and describe the

would come up and describe the best places to buy felt hats with

turned under brims. Much of the friendliness seemed to flow from the plastic mugs of beer which everyone carried. Spilling that beer on people was another favorite pastime at the Wurstfest.

Drunk people were not in short supply, largely because of an attitude that beer drinking was *German*, and hence the best thing to be doing at a Wurstfest.

So Wurstfesters were carrying around empty cups to indicate just how much beer they had quaffed. Some of the cup collections were

quite impressive.

Which is perhaps why the lines to the restrooms were as long as they were. Merry-makers only thought they had waited in line for been or admission to the dense hell. They admission to the dance hall. They found out what line-waiting was all about when it came time to use the restrooms. One person claimed, while waiting in line, that human beings were invented by beer as a means of getting from one place to another. If it's true, there were quite a few people functioning as chuttle. a few people functioning as shuttle buses that day.

And the fact that so many of

those shuttle buses were planning to hit the highway no doubt explained why the complaining old man was gone by the time the festival was winding down for the night. But he can sleep a little sounder now, because Wurstfest is over for another year. another year.

Linda Ragsdale - Esthetician



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