Enjoying a night on the town, Heidelberg style

Enjoying themselves at the Red Ox Inn — one of two "historic student taverns" listed in the Heidelberg guidebook — are a group of travelers from the United States at the table below and a Korean and American couple toasting each other.

Heidelberg is a city made famous by the Sigmund Romberg operetta, 'The Student Prince.'

HEIDELBERG, West Germany — The first law of travel is to go where the local people go, so we were all there together at the Red Ox Inn: six American women singing German songs, three American couples looking on with disdain, two young Koreans learning the rites of friendship, two young Japanese couples laughing hysterically at the food they had ordered, four middle-aged Spanish women who couldn't read the menu and a Spanish child who wouldn't eat anything on it anyway.

The only Germans in the old timbered room were the waitress, a piano player who knew all the words to Sweet Georgia Brown and an elderly couple with polished faces who were obviously tourists too.

Iris Jones

The Gasthof *zum Roten Oxen* is one of the two "historic student taverns" listed in the guidebook to Heidelberg, the city made famous by the musical antics of "The Student Prince," so we all went to the small restaurant/pub to see how the local people lived.

We followed the musical sounds of Eidelweis into the Roten Oxen, where students have over the decades scratched their names into the bare wooden tables and hung their memorabilia from the timbered ceiling. Somebody's grandmother was, of course, staring out at us from a framed photograph on the wall.

THE FIRST thing we saw before we fully turned the corner into the small room was an elderly German couple — a man with a polished face, sitting erectly in his suit and tie and his cheerful wife, carefully dressed in a suit and with a feather in her hat. She was trying to eat dinner but she couldn't manage it because she was laughing so hard into her bratwurst.

The source of her laughter soon came into view: six American women singing "Eidelweiss! Eidelweiss" at the top of their lungs in what turned out to be a Texas accent.

They were having a whale of a time, thumping their steins against the table and shouting musical instructions to the piano player pounding away against the far wall.

We were the only people seated at the long wooden table against the near wall, but we could see everything: the four tables in our part of the room, half the piano and half of the small table that disappeared around the corner into the second part of the room.

THE YOUNG Korean couple, in their early twenties, shopping bags piled around their chairs, were talking earnestly to another couple hidden around the corner at the other end of the table.

They weren't speaking Korean or German or English, as far as I could tell; they may have been speaking all three in a valiant attempt to make contact. That's what all of us ended up doing before the night was done, talking with our hands and our feet.

The waitress in the black dress and white apron brought the menu and I ordered as I always do, by saying in the local tongue "what's the specialty of the house" and then "I'll have it."

This has led me into considerable culinary trouble over the years, but this time it just got me a good thick meat and vegetable soup, which is exactly what I wanted.

OUR TABLE took up one wall of the room, with the Korean couple and half the piano player visible to our right. We faced three other long tables set at right angles in front of us.

The women singing German songs with the loving accent of Dallas, Texas, circled the table in the corner to the right. Three stylishly dressed young American couples, one in spats and white suspenders, sat at the second table; they were obviously too sophisticated to join their fellow American tourists in song.

The third table was occupied by two young Japanese couples who obviously did not speak either German or English. They were having a hilarious time trying to understand the menu, while the waitress stood by tapping her foot.

They finally decided to try this and that and that and this, pointing to various indecipherable descriptions of German culinary wonder.

IN RETROSPECT, I think they expected the tiny hors d'ouevre sized servings they might have been given in the Orient. When the food was delivered, each order a full meal, the laughter at that table turned into hysterics, punctuated by amused and amazed bursts of Japanese as their order became clear to them.

They had ordered everything, plates full of dinner salad, platters of chicken, great spreads of hot sausage. Enough for eight or 10 people.

I couldn't understand a word of course, but my fantasy is that they just dropped in to this historic student tavern for a drink and some tidbits before going elsewhere for dinner.

The stage was set at that point for the middle-aged Spanish women, and the 12-year-old Spanish girl, who entered the room and were placed at the other end of our table.

THEY TOO had obviously read the guide book and were looking for local color.

The Spanish were seated again at our table. The Japanese travelers were carrying plates of food across the room to them. The Spaniards, confused, were politely but firmly refusing it.

My permanently engraved final impression is of a pretty young Japanese girl standing in front of our table pushing a platter of weiner schnitzel in their direction.

She couldn't speak Spanish either so she tried to give it away in broken English, rubbing her stomach to show how full they were, holding her folded hands in front of her face, prayer-style, begging them to take it. They wouldn't take it. They pointed blindly at the menu.

It was the Korean couple that finally broke the spell. They got up to leave, shaking around shaking hands with everybody else in the room saying "thank you, thank you" as they backed bowing towards the door with their shopping bags.

The six American women asked for their bill and started looking for the bathroom.

The four Japanese tourists pushed the food to one side and lit cigarettes. The Spanish women learned to their surprise that they had ordered omelets and white asparagus for everybody, including the 12-year-old girl who didn't like eggs.

It was the most colorful evening I've experienced in a long time, but there wasn't a stroke of local color in it. Not even the piano player; as we left he was in the second chorus of "Sweet Georgia Brown."

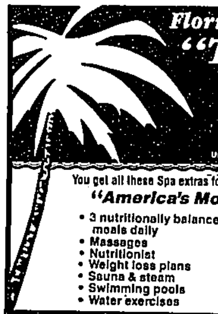
Do it for someone you love...

Stop smoking

This space donated to AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION as a public service by the publisher

SANDERS TRAVEL CONSULTANTS
THE TRAVEL PROFESSIONALS
TeleCheck
CRUISES
SAVE
$200-$1000
SUMMER/FALL
CALL: 855-2620 or 352-6080

DISCOUNT VACATIONS
TO ANY DESTINATION
If you know WHERE, WHEN & HOW you want to travel, you can buy at cost price plus a small booking fee
For Information call: 645-6120
Discount & Wholesale Travel Agency
Suite 112 - Clawson Bldg.
1520 N. Woodward, Bloomfield Hills, MI.
We now discount most scheduled Air Tickets as well as Cruises, Charters, & Packages.



Florida's Best Spa Value
"The Great Rate"
As low as $50 daily P.P.DBL.OCC. 10 of 174 rooms
Until 8/18 · Continuous 14 Nite Stay
You get all these Spa extras for the price of an "ordinary" hotel room
"America's Most Affordable Spa"
- 3 nutritionally balanced meals daily
- Massages
- Nutritionist
- Weight loss plans
- Sauna & steam
- Swimming pools
- Water exercises
- Free tennis
- Golf (available)
- Facials • Herbal Wraps
- In room cable and HBO
- Day and evening activities including: bingo, dance classes, dinner dancing & shows

Larry Paskow's Harbor Island Spa
Call for Information & Reservations
1-800-SPA-SLIM
7900 HARBOR ISLAND, NORTH BAY VILLAGE FL. 33141

Ypsilanti is Portraying Days of Old

The Heritage Festival, August 22-24.
The spirit of Americana comes alive again during Ypsilanti's Heritage Festival, being held on August 22, 23, and 24. Tradition and architecture are focal points of this festival, which is just one of many events which the town hosts throughout the year. Yesteryear can also be seen year-round at Ypsilanti's historical museum, antique Auto, Truck and Fire Museum, and antique shops...So hop in your buggy and come on over to Ypsilanti for a historical time! For more information call the Ypsilanti Area Visitors and Convention Bureau at (313) 482-4920.
YPSILANTI FESTIVAL '86
Southeast Michigan — Where the Good Feeling Starts!

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Please enclose $1.00 for postage and handling.

Avis SuperValue weeks will make your day.
SuperValue Weekly Rates

$95	$115	$135	$145
Arizona	California	Connecticut (excludes Fairfield County)	Fairfield County, Conn.
Florida	Colorado	Delaware	Long Island
Hawaii	Georgia	District of Columbia	Manhattan
Houston	Illinois	Idaho	New York Airports
	Indiana	Kansas	Northern New Jersey
	Iowa	Maine	Westchester
	Kentucky	Maryland	
	Louisiana	Massachusetts	
	Michigan	Missouri	
	Minnesota	Nebraska	
	Mississippi	New Hampshire	
	Nevada	Pennsylvania	
	New Mexico	Rhode Island	
	North Carolina	Upstate New York	
	Ohio	Utah	
	Oklahoma	Vermont	
	Oregon	Virginia	
	South Carolina	West Virginia	
	Tennessee		
	Texas (except Houston)		
	Washington		
	Wisconsin		

Rates apply to 5-7 day rentals of a Chevrolet Chevette or a similar subcompact group car

Avis SuperValue Rates are available across America. And they're backed by our famous "We try harder" spirit." For details, see your travel consultant or call us at 1-800-331-1212.
AVIS
So easy.℠

Avis features GM cars. Chevrolet Chevette
7 day advance reservation required. Cars subject to availability. These nondiscountable rates are available at participating U.S. locations and subject to change without notice. Surcharge blackout periods may apply. Cars must be rented for a minimum of 5 consecutive days or a higher rate will apply. Saturday night stay required in Florida. Same city return, same state return in Florida. There is an additional per mile charge in excess of the free mileage allowance. Refueling service charges, taxes, optional coverages not included. © 1986 Avis Rent A Car System, Inc., Avis®