

**DEEPS  
and  
SHALLOWS**

**"Most Accidents Occur in the Home"**

My friends call me a gadabout, But I've a mind logistic. Since home's unsafe, I'd best get out Than be a mere statistic. Marmalade.

**The Watch on the Rhine**

That "empty" strip of war maps, from Mainz to Coblenz, is the part of the Rhine where, riding downstream ("up" on the map) you could hardly turn your head from side to side fast enough not to miss seeing "fair Bingen on the Rhine," the Mouse Tower, the Lorelei, or some storied castle.

Not content with the brief glimpse from the steamer, we chose to stay a little while one summer at Bacharach (pronounced "Buck-a-ruck," with the "k's" like strongly aspirated "h's") named for Bacchus, the god of wine.

As the train stopped, a man who seemed to have a frog in his throat walked up and down the station platform. The train was nearly ready to start again before we realized that he was not clearing his throat, but calling "Bacharach! Bacharach!" We pulled down our baggage and got out.

The Hotel had had other visitors from Chicago. About 1905, a famous Chicago brewer had stayed there, and in his honor the hotel had been redecorated. We were to have the very room — and the very same wallpaper. Our windows, and the terrace where we ate our meals, overlooked the Rhine. The river broadens at Bacharach, spreads around a little island, and near the shore it is shallow enough for a carefully roped off "Schwimmbad," one of the few spots along the turbulent river safe for bathing.

Main Street, hardly fifteen feet wide from building to building, meanders along parallel to the old Roman wall that skirts the Rhine. Each house is a fugitive from an etching; the one called "the crooked house" is too picturesque to be a creditable subject for anything but a photograph. Atop the wall at the river's edge are terraces where on summer days a visitor may sip cool, unfermented white grape juice in lieu of coca cola. At the ends of the town, the wall turns from the river and climbs, dotted with watch towers, through the steep terraced vineyards to the inevitable ruined castle on the summit, put to service as a youth hostel.

On the way down from the castle, hidden in a patch of wood, we chanced, wholly unprepared, upon the red stone, lacy Gothic ruin of St. Werner's Chapel. Only the walls of the choir remain; the sky is the roof, and the green shadows of trees are the stained glass for the windows. No sightseeing bus for miles around, no chattering "Links-haben-wir-den - Denkmal" guide at our elbow; the discovery was breathtaking. Strangely, the ruin shows on every photograph, standing out clearly on the side of the hill; it is only from near by that you see no trace of it until you are suddenly standing in the open end of the choir.

Bacharach is a half-way base for trips up and down the river. Downstream to Coblenz, you pass Lorelei again; but Coblenz is dull and commonplace, with its huge Hohenzollern monument. Bingen, too, is a disappointment, after the school book poem. Its look of being an almost busy, medium-sized town anywhere in the world, meaning perhaps that it has factories, is what rated a few bombs and a line in the news when it was taken a few days ago.

We ferried from Bingen across the river to Ruedensheim, another picture-book town with a wine named for it. There we wasted precious minutes arguing for a taxicab, as one always had to do in Germany when a cheaper means of transportation was available in a few hours or a few days, or when walking was conceivably possible. Finally, having convinced a driver that we understood the enormity of our extravagance in being willing to spend 75 cents, we explored the tiny town in style and rode down the river to Assmanshausen, across from Rheinwein Castle.

It is one of the most terrifying stretches of the river. A few miles away is Binger Loch (Bingen Hole) that has frightened sailors since the beginning of navigation. The river, confined between steep rocks, whirls and leaps over rapids; the tiny boat tosses in the current, and catches the wake of big steamers, until, thoroughly churn-

ed, it seems only a miracle that takes you to the foot of the perpendicular rock that holds Rheinwein castle.

The museum inside is not as interesting as the terraces with trees, high above the water, like a pent-house; and the iron cage hanging out from the uppermost tower, in which a fire was built, on dark nights, to light the ships past the treacherous rocks.

The Bacharach boys were shy with the boy from Chicago. Aside from the language barrier, the boy from U.S.A. (pronounced Oo-Ess-Ah) had hair, while their heads were shaven; and his knickers were belted in at the waistline, while their straight knee pants, always too large, were held up under their arms with tight suspenders. The little girl at the hotel told her Mamma shyly, "Der Chohn ist ein schoeche Bube, und 'chic' angezogen." (John is a nice guy, and he dresses "chic.")

The chambermaids in the hotel at Bacharach were doing the work as part of a six month requirement in the high school curriculum. They came from families who were concerned enough about their daughters to come to see them weekends. It was good business for the hotel. The girls were up in the early morning, cleaning bath rooms and corridors, and it was 8:30 at night before they lined up before the proprietress for their goodnight curtsies. After that there was still life enough in them to carry their "lutes" up into the vineyards for a few songs. Invited along, we were anxious to prove that we knew a few German songs, Die Lorelei, and Die Wacht am Rhein.

"Es brrrrausst ein Ruf wie Donnerhal," we sang. The girls were polite, but we could see that they thought it old stuff. It was not of the new Regime. They had been taught a lot of new numbers in Hitler's "Jugend." The Watch on the Rhine was corny, and we could have it. Today it is ours, and with it, the Rhine!

Wisconsin Irma.

**What Week Is This?**

A columnist proclaimed last week "National Doughnut Week." A radio advertiser calls March "Bread and Gravy Month." National Red Cross Week ought to come 52 times a year. And may we hope that this is "Round - the World Say - Goodbye - to - Hitler Year?" (Say it with the Bronx Cheers.) Without proclamation, this is "Get - Out - Last - Year's - Spring - Hat - and - See - if - it - Will - Do Week."

And it won't.

I.B.

**CUPID'S CORNER**

**Miss Marilyn Fridell Engaged to Marry**

The engagement of Miss Marilyn Fridell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Fridell, 1224 Briar, to T/Sgt. Raymond Stymacks, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Stymacks, Bronx, N. Y., was announced recently.

Miss Fridell, graduate of North Park college and at present army radio code instructor, is stationed at Scott Field, Ill. Her fiancé, possessor of the distinguished flying cross and the air medal with three oak leaf clusters, who has acted as radio-gunner in 25 missions, was a crew member of the first Flying Fortress to bomb Germany, downing six enemy craft. He is now stationed at Scott field as G. I. coordinator for radio operations.

**Fruit Plucked From Inf. Welfare Hat Tree**

Two big blue spruces in the front yard of Mrs. Henry Hixson, 596 Kimball road, groaned under the load of spring hats brought by the Infant Welfare juniors and hung on the "hat trees" as they arrived for their monthly meeting on Monday.

The hat collection was the annual one conducted by the Highland Park-Ravinia Infant Welfare center for the benefit of the Thrift Shop. Mrs. John Innes, Thrift Shop chairman of the junior group, plucked two large cartons of hats from the "hat trees" after the members had had the fun of bedecking them.

Assisting Mrs. Hixson as co-hostesses in the morning were Mrs. William Wenninger and Mrs. Marion Jahn. In the afternoon the assistant hostesses were Mrs. Paul Boyd and Mrs. David Welch.

**Quality Cleaners**

Phone H. P. 172  
**RELIABLE LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING CO.**

**Local Events of 25 Years Ago**

(Taken from April 1, 1920, issue of the Highland Park Press)

**Population** . . . . . Census figures gave the population of Highland Park as 6,167—an increase of 46% over 1910.

**New School Building** . . . . . Plans were being submitted for a new school building in District 107 to house kindergarten and the three lower grades. Two available sites were under consideration—one at Elm Place and one on Green Bay road.

**Tornado at Melrose Park** . . . . . Subscriptions were being received toward a fund of \$150,000 to aid tornado victims of Melrose Park.

**Death of Citizen** . . . . . A. A. Moses, prominent local merchant, was laid to rest.

**Open Letter** . . . . . An open letter written by John V. Norcross stated the need of funds for the schools.

**New Office** . . . . . O. C. Doerrier, landscape gardener and architect, opened offices opposite the post office (then on Central avenue).

**Bowling Leagues** . . . . . Highland Park Press defeated Reliable Laundry; Garnett's beat Tony's Barbers; Majestics won from Steffen's Tires and Bowman Dairy took two out of three from

**GLENCOE**

THEATRE 630 Vernon Ave. Highland Park 605

FRI. & SAT. Mar. 30-31 HELD OVER

Paul Henreid, Bette Davis, Joan Leslie, Robert Hutton "Hollywood Canteen"

SUN., MON., TUE., April 1-2-3 John Wayne, Ella Raines "Tall in The Saddle"

WED. & THURS. April 4-5 Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone "Dark Waters"

FRI. & SAT. April 6-7 Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines "Hail The Conquering Hero"

Coming: "Arsenic and Old Lace," "Something for the Boys," "Together Again," "Doughgirls," "Thin Man Goes Home."

**Palace Cash.** High team—Garnett's, 931. High team game series—Garnett's, 2631.

**Birth Announced** . . . . . Dr. and Mrs. Grover Q. Grady were receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, born Sunday, March 21.

**Bride-Elect** . . . . . Miss Edna Olesen (now Mrs. Julius Laegeler) was the guest of Mrs. Sarah Laegeler. (The wedding took place the following Aug. 23.)

**New Position** . . . . . Oscar Lundgren accepted a position in the Geell drug store.

**American Legion** . . . . . E. R. Lewis addressed the American Legion, Dumaresq Spencer post No. 145, on Article X of the peace treaty.

**SPRING DINNER DANCE AT KNOLLWOOD COUNTRY CLUB.** The members of Knollwood Country club, Lake Forest, are planning to hold their annual

Spring dinner dance at the club on April 7. Earl Hoffman's dance band will play from 8:30 to 11:30.

**UNITED STATES WAR BONDS BUY THEM . . . KEEP THEM!**

**DAHL'S**

Auto Reconstruction Co. Dynamic Wheel Balancing Body & Fender Repairing Auto Painting - Blacksmithing 322 N. First Highland Park 77

*To Brighten the Easter Costume*

Little things that add so much to the new costume—a bunch of violets, a new pin or necklace, a gay hanky, all in great profusion at our accessory counter.

**Costume Jewelry \$1.00 to \$12.50**

**Handkerchiefs 50c to \$1.50**

**Flowers 50c to \$2.00**

**garnett's**

HIGHLAND PARK LAKE FOREST GLENCOE

*It takes a heap of hardware to operate a phone*

It would be easy to put another in service, if it were just a matter of hooking it up—but back of that, many other things are needed, for instance which in some places are already loaded to capacity. Then, at the office there are and complex equipment of various types. Also, telephone service takes and as well as many other intricate operating and testing parts.

Practically all Illinois Bell civilian equipment was installed before the war to do a complete tailor-made job for you under normal service conditions. This equipment is still doing its work well—but there are definite limits to its capacity. . . . That's why some folks have to wait until others discontinue their telephone service before the necessary facilities become available. We appreciate the patience and understanding shown by those on the waiting list. We are doing our utmost to meet everyone's needs at the earliest possible moment.

**ILLINOIS BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY**

*\* Spend Total Victory - Buy More War Bonds*