

The first thing we noticed about Milan was its mingling of large, white skyscrapers with the ancient, grey architecture. Its modern buildings were large, but so were some of the older buildings. The cathedral, for instance, could accommodate more than twenty thousand people. The edifice was of Gothic style that had more pinnacles probably than any other church in the world. Another large building of age was the Opera House. Built in the last century, it was the scene of many famous performances; indeed, it was the scene of the world premiere of many great works. In general, I found that the Milanese, though very modern in outlook, were very friendly.

We left Milan at noon, and headed for Austria, via Trieste. As we went further north, the country became more rugged, and the scenery more spectacular. Once inside Austria, we decided on a day of skiing in the Alps. I had done very little skiing before this, and cousin Constance had done less; but we rushed to a ski resort near Graz, hired an instructor to give us a few pointers, and had the time of our lives. Needless to say, the Austrians, the world's best skiers, had no fear of competition from us.

I had intended to leave for the Austrian capital right away, but Constance insisted on visiting Salzburg to see the Mirabelle Gardens and number 9 Getreidegasse, the birthplace of Mozart. Despite this detour, we reached Vienna only two days from our departure from Milan. Vienna, as the city of the emperors of the Austrian Empire, as the city of Goethe and Schubert, was no more. In World War I she had lost her power and prestige, and in World War II she had suffered heavily from bombardment. Surprisingly enough, however, she was still a great city. Her buildings and parks had been repaired, and her economy given a lift. Above all, her population, still over two million, seemed quite friendly and prosperous. The Viennese had that ability to laugh at their troubles and at the same time remedy them.

Vienna, today is still the capital city of the music world. Its opera house, the famous State Opera, has been rebuilt, and its music societies are as widely acclaimed as ever. When we visited the Opera, we marvelled at its beauty and immensity. So we made up our minds to take in a performance that night. A night at the Opera in Vienna is always a great social affair. Besides the elite of Vienna itself, many of the international set apparently make it a place of their frequenting. This night, with a performance of "Fidelio" was no exception. Elegance reigned supreme! And we came away with the feeling of having witnessed a memorable event.

We slept in rather late the next morning, but that afternoon we wasted no time in hiring a guide to take us around the city. Next to their music, the Viennese, we found, like their coffee-houses. Coffee shops can be found everywhere, and they always convey a crowded atmosphere. Here the night watchman and business magnate alike come together to discuss affairs. One of

the outstanding landmarks in Vienna is the Cathedral of St. Stephen on St. Stephen's Platz. It is a huge structure with a roof of patterned tile and a tall, heavily embellished spire, once used as a watch-tower in spotting attacks. Its bell, commonly referred to by the Viennese as the "Pummerin", is so large that it must be set on a scaffold on the ground. The main thoroughfare of the centre of

the city is the Ringstrasse, constructed to replace the old fortifications, and often called "the most beautiful street in the world". On the street are situated some of the finest buildings in the city: the Houses of Parliament, the University of Vienna, the Academy of Art (with its magnificent gallery of famous paintings), the six Museums of art and Natural History, and also the Opera. Close by the Ringstrasse we found the Belvedere Palace, and spent some time wandering through the bright formal gardens adjoining it.

The Danube River, so famous in song, divides Vienna in half and joins the River Wien, from which the city takes its name. We packed our catch of souvenirs, and, having made final arrangements for our departure, we took a sailing ship up the Danube to its source in the mountains of Bavaria and arrived at Munich late in the afternoon. Our flight from our short stop in this Bavarian brewing town was interrupted by stop-overs along the way in Paris and Shannon. We finally reached New York and home after only nine hours in the air. So ended our grand tour, Constance's and mine. What a wonderful two weeks those were! It was such an exciting experience that we find ourselves making plans for next year's vacation. "Maybe it will be Scandinavia", I thought to myself, "maybe even Russia."

As for you dear reader, I hope you have broadened your outlook and gained some knowledge from these reminiscences. If you have decided to go abroad for your vacation, I am glad. And whether you have made up your mind to go by plane, train, or even ocean-liner, I am happy. But please don't attempt to follow my tour in every detail. It can only bring on cynicism, neurosis and frustration; because, you see, I went by imagination.

—L. St. JOHN '61

NIGHT CITY

Chaotic mass,
Strewn awkwardly
About a great smoke-stack
Of industry;
Irregularly blocked
In mad confusion
By tar-blackened lines, whereon
Hurridly, noisily, it moves.
Breathing heavily of smoke and smog
Smothered in the heavy night
It takes no rest.
Like neon'd veins
Oozing, spurting
Blood-red, death-green,
Baffled in opposition
It struggles: an end in itself
Defies humanity.
Striving blindly, frantically
For freedom
It awaits tomorrow
With uncertainty.

—D. E. M. '59