

Parker was until a few years before his death little known outside of the jazz world. Today, one cannot buy a modern jazz record without hearing, however palely, the spirit of Charlie Parker. The time may come, of course, when modern jazz musicians who are notoriously parochial creatures, begin to absorb and enrich themselves with a knowledge of the older traditions of their music, as Parker always did. They may also attempt to acquire the "Bird's" technical tricks, but they will never reach the beautiful and sure flights of his artistry. Indeed, it is not often that one finds a person who has flown the depths and heights of human experience and has at the same time been gifted with such a marvellous capacity for expression that he might bring the universal message that, after all, life is worth the struggle.

—R. St. JOHN '58



SPRING

Cold bleak Winter is in Her tomb,
And the days warmth bring;
Gay May flowers begin to bloom,
For it now is Spring.

The red-breasted creatures Nature commands
Return and sing
The snowbirds' departure from the land;
'Tis clear, 'tis Spring.

The wise old owl sits still, serene
As his echo rings
Through the valley so low and green,
For he knows 'tis Spring.

The earth's green carpet majestically lies—
Awaiting its tilling.
The happy farmer gently sighs—
Ah! Lovely Spring.

—BEVERLEY HOWARD '59

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPE

How can a fellow become fully developed intellectually when he's never been off the Island, never been anywhere? The answer is, of course, that he can't. He has to get out and see the world around him, see how different peoples live, see other cultures and other patterns of life; and most of all, he has to absorb the new ideas with which he comes in contact, and put them to good use. Only after doing this, will he feel the security of broad-mindedness and the sense of truly belonging in this world. Only then, will his life take on a new lustre and fullness, and the chores of everyday life assume a new meaning.

To heighten your interest in touring, otherwise called globe-trotting, I would like to recall to you some of the places I've been, and some of the things I've seen. My vacation began when I arrived in Old England from New York. My first impression of this land was an historical one. The glorious past of England was present, present in cities, in the towns, in the country, present everywhere. Visiting Stratford-on-Avon was a memorable experience. Here I saw the actual house in which Shakespeare was born. It was a dwelling of the Tudor Period, and, although very large, was thatched. Since the guide told me that I could explore the place for as long as I liked, I spent quite a while poking around the building and its surroundings. Later, I inspected the famous Shakespearian Theatre, and Anne Hathaway's Cottage, so named for Shakespeare's wife.

The town of Stratford, itself, was, at first glance, very picturesque. It appeared to be a drowsy little hamlet that even the River Avon, flowing lazily by, would not dare disturb. But life, so I later found, goes on as briskly in this town as it does anywhere else. The people, although quite aware of the past, do not live it. They are proud of their country's heritage, but prouder still of its advancements witnessed by the modern facilities and accommodations available everywhere.

Sailing down the Avon in a special touring boat, I arrived at the city of Bristol for a brief visit. This city was certainly not noted for its beauty, but it was an interesting place, nevertheless. Situated here, are the huge industrial factories which get their power from the coal-mines of Wales. A reminder of the Industrial Revolution period are the rows and rows of squalid tenements to be found around or near the factories. I was rather happy to leave Bristol, however, as I became anxious to visit Devonshire and Cornwall. I arrived in the town of Devon, and put up for the night at a small inn. The next morning at an early hour, I hired a guide and went off to cross the moors. What rugged country! I recalled Emily Bronte's description of the moors in "Wuthering Heights". And here was I in this very place that became so dismal and eerie when the fogs closed in and night fell. But when the view is clear, the scenery is quite enchanting. I wandered for hours in this region until I became quite exhausted and returned to the inn for a rest. From here I motored to the coast of Cornwall to view the rocky sea-coast, returning the same afternoon to set out for London.

South-West England was sparsely populated compared with Middlesex County, and the great city of London, itself, was a teeming tourist's paradise. This city, besides being the centre of British government and culture, is the greatest port of Europe, and ships from every part of the world dock here. Naturally, the first