



(left) Arnold Spohr Artistic Director of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. (middle) Maureen Forrester, contralto. (right) Neil Munro stars in *The Collected Works of Billy The Kid*, which will be produced by the Neptune Theatre of Halifax, NS in Brooklyn, NY and Philadelphia as part of the extended Canada Festival. It runs at the Brooklyn Academy of Music October 12 to 24 and at the Walnut Street Theatre October 28 to November 1.

(Loud raptures of laughter from Jim.)

SANDY: I would, I would! A wee wife and little ones, something I've always wanted. But it's never been found to happen that way for me.

JIM: (Being serious.) Aye man but you'd no take one who'd fallen?

SANDY: Ahh, that's where you're wrong Jim. There's no finer girl. Cause she was taken advantage of, don't change the fact that she's bred from good stock. Don't I know it! An that's what counts. She strayed, ayeee. But I could straighten her out fast!

JIM: (Studying him.) Oh it's with kindness you speak now . . .

SANDY: Jeanie's a lovely . . . any man would be honoured . . . I've said. But the lass has a mind of her own. She'd never want the likes of an old man like me. She's young . . . aye young and soft. (Jim stands and paces in thought for a while. He keeps stopping as though studying Sandy, who continues contentedly on his drink. A smile comes to Jim's face and he chuckles to himself, having reached a decision. He fills the glasses once more.)

JIM: (Toasting) . . . to our friendship.

## One Hundred and Fifty Dollars Away from Anything

Agnes de Mille, the USA's great lady of the dance, recently published an appreciation of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet in the *Ballet's* magazine, *Ballet-Hoo*. Below are excerpts from the article which capture flashes of her footwork. The facilities have improved remarkably since Miss de Mille's first visit. Winnipeg is considerably more than forty-five minutes from Broadway, but its Centennial Concert Hall is a theatre of distinction with, among other things, splendid rehearsal facilities.

In October 1963, I received a letter from an unknown writer in an unknown place called Winnipeg, Manitoba. The letter asked me to do a ballet for their local company which flourished the sobriquet "Royal." I did not say "no." I had learned in a long and checkered career that say-

ing "no" hastily can be nearly as unwise as saying "yes" hastily. . . .

When I arrived . . . I stepped out of the plane into a whirling white glare which was rather more intense than any weather I had hitherto encountered. A committee thick with furs trudged over the squeaking snow to take our bags, and puffed out visible welcomes in breaths which hung before their mouths like the speech balloons in comic strips. . . .

The dancers were waiting for me in the overheated lounge of a cabaret, the uncleared tables and dirty linen pushed to the sides. They were waiting, having had a two-hour class given by their director, Arnold Spohr; they were warmed up, waiting, disciplined and ready. . . .

I was very apprehensive about leaving them