

understand fully when she added, "Did I tell you? My name is *Miss Evans*." Then she turned towards the plane window and said no more until we landed at Boston.

As we walked down the ramp together, she smiled and thanked me for listening to her. Suddenly I became very sad. "Have a good time, sweetie," I heard her say. "You look like a dream—good-bye now!" I turned to mumble a good-bye to her, but she had gone.

## "Veni, Vidi, . . ."

Michele Burns

**I**T WAS A gray, dreary, rainy afternoon when even the buildings seemed sad. As Jessica sat looking through the window of her dark hotel room at the misty city below, a flashing, blue neon sign cast grotesque shadows on a tear-stained, lonely young face. Jessica had a decision to make, one which could change her life in a matter of moments. She relived the hours of the preceding day with the faint hope that something would help her. . . .

A small, dark-haired dancer stood at the foot of cement steps leading to one of New York's most eminent theatres. As she stood clutching her dance bag, the words "AUDITION TODAY" screamed at her from a massive, oak-paneled door. When she mounted the steps and closed a trembling hand over the doorknob, the cold brass shocked her senses. She wanted to run.

"Now just a minute," a little voice said to her, "why are you afraid? You haven't studied dance for ten years just to run away from what might be your big chance!"

Jessica took a deep breath and opened the door. The rich majesty of red, gold, and white met her eyes. Hundreds of girls seemed to be milling around in the spacious lobby. Some were laughing nervously; some were sitting quietly; some were standing confidently as cigarettes dangled languidly from their mouths. Suddenly a handsome, young man swept into the room. He was clad in tennis shoes, jeans, and a tee shirt. Much to everyone's surprise he announced that he was Donald Gardener, choreographer of the show for which the audition was being held.

"All right, ladies, leave your names at this table, draw a number, change into practice clothes in the dressing rooms downstairs, and meet on the stage in fifteen minutes." With these words he vanished as quickly as he had appeared.

Many shapes and sizes of girls, dressed in every color of the rainbow stood in awe of the mammoth stage. Jessica stared beyond the footlights into the blackness of the theater. It seemed like a gaping mouth waiting to swallow her up. When the audition began, she retreated into a corner until number fifty-eight was called. . . .

Jessica suddenly realized how long she had been sitting in front of the window. It was nearly 6:00 P.M. At 6:30 the girls were supposed to return to the theatre to hear the results of the audition.

Why should I go back, she thought to herself. When my number was called, I froze. I know everyone was laughing at me. After seeing my "wooden soldier" exhibition I'll bet they thought that I'd never had a lesson in my life. My teacher told me that some people just couldn't take this kind of life, but I never thought I'd be one of the quitters. What else can I do? I've been here one year and where am I? I give up; I'm going home.

At 6:45 a hush fell as Donald Gardener strutted into the lobby. After hurriedly arranging papers he began reading names:

"Jessica Winters . . . is Miss Winters here?" Silence.

That evening at dinner Donald Gardener sat toying with his food. A puzzled, disappointed look had captured his youthful features.

"Hey, Don, you haven't heard one word I've said," his friend exclaimed impatiently. "What's the matter with you tonight?"

"I'm sorry, Trav. I keep thinking about that audition today. This real talented kid didn't show up for the results. I had a special number in the third act in mind for her. Isn't it strange? Some talented people who really could get somewhere just don't seem to care."

## "Soul Power" and "Sun Blood"

Colleen Wiggs

### I

" . . . and are responsible for eighty-five per cent of the crime committed in Indianapolis. Of course, these people are the very ones who have a complete mental list of their rights as citizens; they understand the law better than most of us do, and they take advantage of every rule and loophole ever instituted. If by any quirk of fate they should be sentenced to jail, they are 'punished' by a roof over their heads and square meals each day! When I think of my tax money being used for those. . . ."

At a loss for an appropriate word, the inspector clenched a beefy fist and wearily closed his eyes. Two hundred and twenty-five pounds of bones and flesh sank back heavily into the armchair. Opening dark eyes that swam heavily in their colorless fluid, he continued.

"These guys don't usually try much of anything until they're drunk. After all, it takes courage and the right kind of spirits to get these fellas to beat up a woman, snatch a purse, or maybe steal