## Action, Music, Effects Blend In "Medium"

By Frances Horne

The Salem Productions, Inc. performance of Menotti's two-act opera, The Medium, was the first of its kind to be produced at Salem, and was the first offering from this committee, as well as one of the most polished productions ever staged in Old Chapel.

The set, which was designed by Bryan Balfour, was in perfect accord with the action and the music, and set the mood from the opening curtain. The lighting by Catherine Nicholson was in harmony with the action, particularly in the seance scene, in the first act, and added greatly to the over-all ef-

The line of action, which is a succession of rising and falling lines-each climax a little higher than the preceding-was well sustained through the entire show. This was due in large part to the accompanists who kept the tempo alive and vital, and who played with the singers sensitively and unobstructively.

The balance between the music and drama was very fine-perhaps the fact that the pianos were backstage and out of sight contributed to that unity, because they could not draw attention away from the goings-on on the stage.

One of the best features of the performance was the excellence of the diction. Every word came through clearly. The members of the cast understood their parts and their relationships to each other was remarkable. Elizabeth Reigner deserves much credit for her splendid job of direction.

The audience was enthuastic and responsive. It was particularly sympathetic to Madam Flora's aria, "Am I Afraid", and to the final scene immediately after, with Toby, (Dave Pardington) the mute, in cold. which Toby is shot by Madame Flora, and to "Monica's Waltz" in the opening scene of the second act, with Monica (Peggyan Alderman) and Toby.

This production was the flowerforth-coming.



The Home Economics girls living in the Practice House take time out for tea. Pictured left to right are Jean Edwards, Martha Newcomb, Ellen Bell and Carmen Johnston.

# Practice House Dwellers Have Their Trials While Learning How To Cook And Clean

By Cyndy May

and to the whole to a degree which a mess. The cothes need ironing and I scorch them. My children that that house would be their are in rags and my husband has home for six weeks. left me. And it is all because I don't know how to cook, keep house or take care of my children. I can't go back home and I am so cake for breakfast that morning.

Finds Warm Place

Ah, there is a light over there. Maybe the people who live there will let me in to get warm. An attractive girl opened the door and invited me in. She said her name ing of the combined efforts of the was Jean Edwards. Then she inmusic, drama and art departments. vited me to sit down by the fire. It is to be hoped that more from Soon three other girls came into this excellent collaboration will be the room. They introduced themselves as Ellen Bell, Carmen John-

son and Martha Newcomb.

"We get up at seven in the morning and eat breakfast at seven-thirty," Jean explained. She said that they had fresh coffee

"We all take turns cooking and doing the house work," Martha added. Then she said that the girls cooked all of their own food and they did their own shopping every week. It seemed amazing that each girl was allowed one dollar and ten cents per person per day for food, but they said they had good meals.

Will Serve Steak

"When I have my guests for supper, I am going to serve steak," Carmen interrupted, "we are going to eat hot dogs the rest of the time though."

The girls told me lots of interesting household hints and some of the funny things that had happened at the house. One night

when the girls were having guests Sob! Nothing I do is right. I The girls told me that they were for supper, the hostess couldn't home ec. majors at Salem College carve the baked chicken. Miss and they were getting their ex- Hodges, their house mother and inperience in running a home and structor, had to take it out into that that house would be their the kitchen to do it. She said she could do it better out there.

Something Burns

"Wouldn't you like some coffee before you leave?" Jean asked. The girls ran into the kitchen to ix it. Soon I smelled something burning. I went out into the kitchen
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### Hadwig Tells Of Her Church

By Hadwig Stolwitzer

The heavy carved door of the church yielded unwillingly to the shoulder I pressed against it. The mysterious stillness and obscurity of the holy place was broken only by the clicking sound of my heels on the stone floor.

It re-echoed somewhere in unseen heights to which pointed the massive gray pillars supporting the vault. It made me shrink and step on my toes.

A cold, holy smell pervaded the room. At this hour of the evening only a few flickering candles served to illuminate the space of the altar which was overhung with red velvet.

#### Monk Reads

A monk was reading the mass. The hood of his cassock pointed stiffly in the air. His murmurings, the Latin responses of his acolyte, the priest's gestures seemed timeless and strange like an incanta-

I knelt down in one of the oaken news the wood of which had almost darkened to black, worn by the use of generations and generations which had gone past it. The hard wood imprinted each mesh of my stockings deeply into my aching knees. Yet it seemed a kind of penitence strangly fitting to the

At last the priest stretched out his hands for the final blessing. The bowed and aged figures shuffled out of the church. The candles were extinguished.

Listeners Are Few

The listeners were few and old. They had dark hoods drawn tightly around their stooping shoulders to ward the chilly air which emanated from the stone floor. While their faded lips moved incessently, the well-worn beads of rosaries slipped through their wrinkled fingers.

The eternal light only was left to cast its red gleam into space, a guide through the darkness.

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