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Lend me your Ears

By GALEN BRAND

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME, specially in these days of sudden flights from Egypt, and other Middle Eastern points. Evacuees stream in from one direction, foreign correspondents leave in the other.

It must be a strange sensation to have to pick up, pack up, and leave wherever it is that you have hung your hat in a matter of a few hours. What would you take? What would you leave? What would you regret? Unfortunately, an awful lot of people have found the answers to those questions by now. This way of life seems to be getting to be a 20th century habit.

One American tourist in Tel Aviv had just arrived a few days before the "get out of town" order came through, and had dropped into the American Consulate to register her arrival. She thought the place looked rather crowded and in a bit of a turmoil, but it came as a shock to be told to get packed and out to the airport in a couple of hours. She didn't quite make it, missed the plane, and was preparing to spend the night at the airport when a group of 30 Americans were brought in from Jerusalem, and she was put on board the military transport plane that evacuated them to Athens. Another American, a student, had just 1 1/2 hours notice to get packed and to Haifa. The first plan seems to have been to evacuate U.S. citizens by destroyer, but when he reached Haifa, there were 16 planes waiting to take them to Athens.

When an American citizen finds himself in the midst of an international hassle, the U.S. government undertakes to evacuate him to a safety area. From there on he's on his own, to make his way back home, or to sit it out where he finds himself.

That's what **Irving Fisher** has decided to do. Separated as a child from his family during the first World War, he eventually wound up in New York. Recently he had news that his family were living in Israel, and he went off to find them, after a separation of almost 30 years. When the word came for U.S. citizens to leave, he didn't even have time to pack a bag. His clothes are still hanging in his sister's house. **Fisher** is going to wait in Rome and see what happens. He feels that it will either be settled very quickly, or else it will turn into a long and drastic war. On the whole he takes the optimistic point of view, and is hoping to see his family again soon.



JANE STUART SMITH
. . . makes debut

Ho-Yo-To-Ho

Dramatic soprano **Jane Stuart Smith**, daughter of **Mrs Robert Hall Smith** of Roanoke, Va., is making her debut Thursday, singing Bruennhilde in Wagner's "Die Walkuere," at the Teatro Massimo Bellini in Catania, Sicily. The young singer made her American debut at Detroit in 1951, singing the title role in Puccini's "Turandot." **Jane** is the only American to ever sing "Tyrandot," and has appeared in that role in Italy many times. Since the launching of her operatic career, she has sung mostly in Italy and Egypt, with time out in 1955 for a season with the Cincinnati Opera.

Exits & Entrances

Ed Fenton arrived in Rome yesterday, joining his wife, **Maria Gamberelli**, at the Flora . . . lots of traffic in and out at the Stampa Estera, the foreign press club—correspondents are taking off hourly: **Lee Thody**, girl photographer, is en route to Israel for Black Star; **Joachim Meichsner** of Die Veldt goes to Israel; **Reynolds Packard** of the New York Daily News is bound for Cyprus; as is **Charles Ridley** of the UP; **Dennis Martin** of the London Daily Mirror is also headed for Cyprus; and **Max Schelle**r of the Munich Illustrierte is en route to Egypt.

Around & About

Alberto Tarchiani, former ambassador to the United States, is the guest speaker at the luncheon meeting of the American Women's Association of Rome, to be held Thursday at 1 p.m. at the Excelsior Hotel . . . **Mrs Jane Eaton**, wife of **Col. Jack Eaton**, UKA, who is stationed at NATO headquarters in Naples, will give a piano recital Tuesday for the Allied Officer's Wives' Club at Naples. **Mrs Eaton** will play selections from Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin . . . **Karin van Leyden**, a painter of great style and charm, opens her one-man show at the Galleria Schneider Tuesday afternoon . . . the Columbian painter, **Enrique Grau**, is currently showing at the Asterisco Gallery . . . **Gerard Wagner** is having his first show in Italy at La Medusa . . . Il Pincio has an exhibit of the paintings of **Elena Rondinella.**

If you have any news for "Lend Me Your Ears," please telephone Galen Brand at 587.115 between 1 and 4 p.m., or write her at 8 Via Dandolo, Rome.

Diana Dors' Husband Has Limited Comment

MAIDENHEAD, England, Nov. 3 (AP) — Dennis Hamilton, husband of British film actress Diana Dors, said today the breakup of their marriage "is a matter which concerns only Diana, Mr Rod Steiger and myself."

Steiger is the Hollywood actor whose name was linked with that of the platinum blonde British girl when rumors of a marital rift first cropped up.

Expectant Mother Tells Evacuation Story

(Editor's note: The following is an account by American housewife Mrs Estella Buxell, an expectant mother, on her evacuation from Egypt hours before Anglo-French air bombing started. Mrs Buxell, of St. Louis, Mo., is one of 295 U.S. evacuees who arrived in Naples on the American Export Line ship Exochorda.)

By Mrs ESTELLA BUXELL

NAPLES, Nov. 3 (UP)—I was lying in bed, expecting my fourth child, in the U.S. Mission Hospital in Patah, on the road from Alexandria to Cairo, when we heard that Israel had invaded Egypt. It was Monday, October the 29th, and I had only the day before left my three children with our two Arab servants in our home in Alexandria.

My husband John was in Beirut attending a conference of the World Health Organization, of which he is an official.

The first news any of us had of the attack, was a phone call from the WHO offices in Alexandria, telling us to pack up and leave immediately. The order applied to American patients as well as to American personnel. We were to return to Alexandria immediately, where an American ship was ready to take us to Italy.

It seemed incredible. We had been worrying about the Suez crisis, of course, but an attack from Israel seemed quite unexpected. I particularly, was in serious doubt. I expected the baby very shortly, but at the same time I was also very worried about my three other children. But my husband was away and I had to make the decision, so I decided to leave the hospital and return to Alexandria.

We tried to get more news in Patah but all we could find out was that there had been an attack. I tried to call my husband in Beirut, but could not get a connection. When I left the hospital for the drive back to Alexandria there was no panic or commotion anywhere. Again I could hardly believe that the report had been true.

All along the 120-mile drive from Alexandria the people seemed friendly and calm as usual. There was absolutely no sign of panic or even worry.

Because of my condition we drove slowly, and we arrived in Alexandria in the evening. As we drove through the streets everything was exactly the same as ever. The lights were on as usual, and the citizens went about their business in a normal manner.

At home my three children, John, 10, Jimmy, 7, and Barbara, 3, were playing with their Arab nannie. Neither the children nor the nannie or the other Arab servant knew anything about the attack.

The servants refused to believe me at first when I said we were leaving, then they cursed the Israelis. I again tried to phone John in Beirut, but still could not get through. The office had also not received any word from him. They, like most of us(were also getting ready to leave.

The next morning I packed our clothes and the essentials. I also took along John's new suits, which I knew he would have hated to lose. I called some of my friends. They were all leaving aboard the Exochorda that day and that made me feel better, but I was still worried about John. The office assured me he would be all right. I hope so.

I left our rented two-storied villa, our furniture and our new Ford station wagon with the servants. I am still sure we will soon be back.

On the way to the harbor the city again looked absolutely normal. Apparently reports of the attack had been published, because more people than normal were reading the papers in the streets. But again thre was no panic, no sign of commotion or fear, nor did I notice any preparations, such as anti-aircraft precautions, sand-bags or other protections.

It seemed quite impossible that we were leaving Alexandria, after five years in Egypt. I had always liked it, and enjoyed our stay.

Aboard the Exochorda I was assigned a stateroom for myself and the children, and put under the ship's doctors care. There was no confusion aboard. Had it not been for the circumstances of our leaving it would have been a lovely trip and enjoyable. I felt a little sick, but that was all. Now I need word from John, and I shall be all right.

Child's Eye View Of Travel By Air--Without Mom And Dad

By DODGE FIELDING

FORMENTOR, Majorca — Because my father writes travel guidebooks, I travel quite a lot for a ten-year-old American boy. I've traveled alone, I've traveled with friends, and I've traveled with my mother and father.

I thought that your sons and daughters would be very interested with this column. I've written it because I want to show your girls and boys that there's nothing to be afraid of when you go any good place alone.

The last time I was in a plane without anybody was from Switzerland to Majorca, Spain.

Believe me, it's the best fun to be alone. There's no one to say to sit down and be quiet, and don't move,, and have a sleep, and stop wiggling, and read, don't yak so much. They're just two people who can do that. They're on the ground. You're in the air.

The Hostess, the Purser, and the Captain are all very nice to you because they see that you're alone. They feed you first. Then there's only one bad word you don't like to hear from them, that's Go To Sleep.

I've known millions of boys who are afraid to go on a plane without anybody, even afraid to go in a taxi alone. I don't blame them. Sometimes when I was young before traveling, I was afraid myself. But now that I've learned not to be afraid, there's nothing to fear. The first time was when I was six and I flew from The Netherlands to Denmark alone and I had one of the best flights of my life.

Well, the first thing you have to do is to get on the plane. Instead of crying and being lonesome for your family, be happy and think of helping the Hostess, because if you cry the Hostess has got an extra pain in the neck — you. That's selfish and silly, because in your heart you know that your father and mother are safe, that all your family are safe, and so are you.

Then you fasten your safety belt. If you don't know how to fasten it, don't be any embarrassed. Ask your companion man who is sitting beside you. If the Hostess is there, ask her.

Then the plane will start moving. You give the last wave and don't think of your father and mother any more. Think of the fun you're going to have. Because if you think of your father and mother, you'll get sad and maybe cry. That's no help to you or anybody, honest.

When the plane is testing, before taking off, the Hostess will give you a piece of chewing gum. Don't think it's for saving. It's for going up so your ears won't hurt in the change of pressure. Afterward, take the gum out of your mouth (or if the flight is short, keep it in your mouth) and roll it in a piece of paper so it won't stick up your hands or anyone. When you're going down, unwrap it again and start chewing it, because you change pressure again.

If you're visiting around with some other person, never forget to keep an eye on the Captain's signal to fasten your safety belt. Because sometimes the flight is rough and the plane shakes.

Always on the flight they give you crayoning and stuff, or comics, or pins, or candy and all that, so you can be entertained and not be homesick and not stand around and annoy the other passengers. So for holy cow and pete's sake, don't run up and down the aisles. It's dangerous, because maybe sometimes you'll enter real rough weather and you'll start shaking badly. It's nothing to do with the motor. It's just the weather.

If you aren't in your seat with the belt fastened, you can bump your head on the ceiling which hurts.

Also people may be trying to sleep and you keep hitting them.

In other words you're just a brat to them. And none of us want to be brats (or scaredy-cats either).

Now the food is completely delicious. You get in for free, at no cost. There's all kinds of drinks, milk, oranges, sandwiches, fruit, and stuff like that. Then if you have lunch or dinner aboard they'll bring you a big meal like soup, chicken or meat, potatoes, vegetables, salad, wonderful cake or ice cream. Later if you get hungry, ask the Hostess for sandwiches or cookies and milk (but not if you just want to see it and waste it).

And for the airline company's sake, don't bother too much the Hostess. As I said, it's selfish and silly. Only little kids who are too little or dumb kids without any manners do it.

When you land I guess your father and mother will arrange somebody to pick you up at the airport. If they didn't, be grown up. Be sure before you leave, your parents have given you the address of where you're going. Then go outside the airport and order a taxi. I've done that several times.

I've met a lot of interesting people. That's why we have so many friends. I hope you'll try it and have fun too!

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What's Going On In Rome

MUSIC

TEATRO ARGENTINA — Recital by Artur Rubinstein, pianist (works of Beethoven, Schumann, Stravinsky, Chopin); this afternoon at 5:30.

ST. PAUL'S PARISH HOUSE, 58 Via Napoli — Recital by Ivan Davis, pianist; Tuesday evening at 7.

EXHIBITS

PALAZZO VENEZIA, Via del Plebiscito entrance — "The Family of Man," photographic exhibit from the New York Museum of Modern Art. Hours: 9:30-1, 4-8 daily. Through Nov. 23.

SCHNEIDER GALLERY, 10 Rampa Mignanelli — Works of Matta, Manlio, Corpora, Cristiano, Mirko, Pagliacci, Tchelitchew, White, Hadzi, Cagli and others. Hours: 10:30-1, 4:30-8; closed Sundays. Last day tomorrow.

OBELISCO GALLERY, 146 Via Sistina — Paintings by Flavio de Carvalho. Hours: 11-8:30; closed Sundays.

SAGITTARIUS GALLERY, 22/b Via Lazio — Paintings by Paolo Weiss. Hours: 10-1; 4:30-8.

SELECTA ART GALLERY, 2 Via Propaganda — Works of Franco Gentilini.

LA MEDUSA, 124 Via del Babuino — Paintings by Gerard Wagner. Hours: 10:30-1, 4:30-8; closed Sundays.

LA FELUCA, 38 Via Frattina — Works by artists of Egypt, Jordan, Iraq, Lebanon, Syria. Hours: 11-1, 6-9; closed Sundays.

GALLERIA ALIBERT, 61/b Via Margutta — Sculpture by Carlo Ramous. Last day tomorrow.

LIBRERIA MACCHIA, 93 Via Torino — Paintings by Cagli, De Chirico, De Pisis, Guttuso, etc. Through Friday.

FILMS

ARCOBALENO THEATER, Palazzo di Vetro, Via XX Settembre — "The Proud and Profane," with William Holden, Deborah Kerr. Today at 6, 8, 10 p.m. Telephone 470.470.

FIAMMETTA THEATER, 3 Via San Nicolò da Tolentino — "A Kiss Before Dying," with Robert Wagner, Virginia Leith. Today at 5:30, 7:45, 10 p.m.

SPORTS EVENTS

HORSE RACES — At Capannelle race track; every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 2:30. Through Nov. 25.

CLUB MEETINGS

AMERICAN WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF ROME — Luncheon meeting; guest speaker: Alberto Tarchiani former Italian ambassador to the U.S.; at the Excelsior Hotel Thursday at 1.

ROTARY CLUB meets every Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.; dinner at the Excelsior.

ZOO

GIARDINO ZOOLOGICO, Villa Borghese — Open 8 a.m. to sundown daily

NIGHT CLUBS

BIBLIOTECA VALLE, 9 Largo Teatro Valle — Dancing, restaurant, two orchestras, Telephone 551.292.

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