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Lend me your Ears

By GALEN BRAND

THE HUNTER'S MOON shone brilliantly on the Abruzzi mountains as our car raced up the lonely, fantastically curving road to San Polo, a tiny village built more than seven hundred years ago. The lights of Tivoli lay far below, seeming a cluster of stars warmly glowing in the deep blue distance, while up on the mountain all was sharply silver and black in the clear moonlight.

Some of the hunter-guests were waiting in our host's lodge. Fire blazing away, deep chairs, and dogs of all races and ages leaping up in wild welcome. Time for a drink, then off to the *trattoria* where some of the village's most renowned *cacciatori* were waiting to join us in a feast. The dogs ran alongside of the car, and, taking advantage of the moments required to park, raced up to the lighted door snubbing us slightly for our lack of speed.

A long table was set up in the simple room; in the kitchen modest country women bent over the huge pots simmering on the wood stove, and chopped and mixed at the big marble table. About twenty of us sat down to dinner. The kind of country dinner that one reads about, and almost never has, interspersed generously with toasts drunk in the excellent local wine.

Sated at last, the hunters sat back, and began to sing their mountain songs—*canzone a lungo*—two or more voices blended in strange melodies, long sustained notes, giving an effect both Arabic and a bit like bagpipes.

Then back to the lodge, the fire, and brandy. On the way we picked up an accordionist. More music, singing, and then dancing. San Polo is a town of antique customs, so the women are not allowed to attend parties. The men celebrate by themselves, and dance by themselves, spirited and traditional folk dances rather like the polka.

It was a bit difficult to leave this place and these people so remote from our century. We could hear them singing still as our car nosed down the mountainside on the way back to Rome.

Around & About

"Evviva i carabinieri" rang through Constitution Hall in Washington Thursday night as more than 100 of Rome's magnificently handsome and talented carabinieri concluded a concert of symphonic music. The audience was brought to its feet cheering wildly at the sight and sound of Italy's famous Carabinieri Band. Music critic Paul Hume wrote: "I wish there was some way of prying our usual concert audiences out of their seats once in a while in some real red-blooded shouting like that we heard last night after at least half the program. These carabinieri are something special, though. Perhaps it is that they play with so much heart as well as with such immense musical style and superb tone.

"Their band, numbering just over one hundred pieces, has a magnificently balanced sound. It is a stupendous aggregation of musicians, headed by a conductor of great knowledge of both style and instruments, **Domenico Fantani.**"

Liberace and his mother have arrived in Rome, "Just here as a couple of tourists." His arrival at Ciampino Friday night was noticeably lacking in the shrill hullabaloo that generally hails and trails the piano-playing phenomenon of American TV and his beaming "Momma." There was only one reporter on hand, and the normally teeming airport was so deserted that he had to tote his own luggage through the customs bit. His mother and brother **George**, who had arrived earlier, met him and whisked him off to the peace and quiet of their hotel suite.

Charles Blackman, acting public affairs officer of USIS, has presented a silver Paul Revere Liberty bowl to **Minister Renato Silenti** chief of protocol of Rome, in recognition of his work in relation to Boston's Salute to Rome last winter. Chairman of the Boston committee, **Mark Bortman**, brought three Liberty bowls to Rome, one for **Prince Pacelli** of LAI, one for **Senator Guglielmone**, and the third for **Ministro Silenzi. Bortman** was unable to personally make the presentation to **Silenzi** because the minister was in Tokyo last week.

Jokers Stand Waiting At Celebrated Hotels

By TEMPLE FIELDING

GENEVA — On your next visit to any celebrated international hotel, never be fooled by the striped pants, the funereal air, and the Adolph Menjou suavity of the man who runs it.

It's almost a sure bet that under that stiff collar and discreet oxford grey beats the heart of one of the world's most fanatical practical jokers.

The tensions of this industry are terrific. When his daily rat race is over, this harassed executive has either got to blow off steam — or blow his top.

Everybody knows everybody in this most clannish of fraternities — so any handy colleague from Iceland or Vienna or Johannesburg is his pigeon.

When Albert Candrian, the portly, amiable director of the St. Moritz Suvretta House, went to Cairo for his honeymoon, his friends at Shepheard's received the newlyweds in an unusual way. A giant buzzer and a 2000-watt floodlight, both controllable only from the manager's office, were buried under steel netting in the ceiling of the bridal chamber. Then the former was sounded every hour on the hour from 1 a.m. through 5 a.m., while the light shed its stark glare at bafflingly-unpredictable intervals between the buzzes. As a crowning indignity, a 32-piece Arab band burst into ear-piercing squeals under their window at 6 a.m.



FIELDING

Jean Armleder, fourth generation operator of the de luxe Richemond here in Geneva, is perhaps the most outrageous prankster of all. At one Congress of European Hoteliers, for example, he stayed up all night to decorate in secret the ballroom, conference room, and lobby of one of Switzerland's stuffiest institutions with 500 rolls of toilet tissue.

At another, he fixed up the bedroom of a painfully straitlaced Swiss delegate so that when his wife checked in, a half-hour later, she was greeted by lipstick-smeared cigarette butts in the ashtrays, a lady's garment draped over the shower rail, and similar surprises.

Walter Schnyder, popular manager of the Castellana Hilton in Madrid, still chuckles about the era when he shared a dressing room in New York's Waldorf-Astoria with Ed Hastings, now boss of Hawaii's Matson chain. Every morning, before reporting for duty, Hastings used to leave his old fashioned pocket watch on the bureau before stepping into the shower. When Schnyder's eye happened to fall on it, a droll sabotage campaign was born. For one straight week, he secretly set its hands back 60 minutes. As a result, Hastings was inexcusably late for three lunches and several appointments, to his great embarrassment.

On the seventh day, the disgusted Hastings took the timepiece to the jeweler for "repairs." Then, the moment that it had been "fixed" and was back on the bureau again, Schnyder moved its hands FORWARD one hour!

Maurizio Bettoja, owner of Rome's Bettoja chain, was equally subtle when he told eight of his Italian conference-bound conferrees that their ship would pick up eight luscious, delicious young film starlets at Genoa early the following morning.

"Get some flowers and meet them at the gangplank!" he advised. "Be there first!"

Thus, at 5:40 a.m., when the liner docked, eight sleepy-eyed gentlemen, all impeccably dressed and all clutching bouquets of roses, were lined up along the rail. Eight ladies materialized — and they were nuns.

Perhaps the most classic example of occupational combat fatigue is the famous manager who could no longer stand the floor show in his hotel's night club. Numb with boredom, he decided to stir things up by substituting a hard-boiled egg for the fresh one which the magician used in his act. When the conjurer tried to spill the yolk into a folded newspaper and then to make the whole thing vanish, the results were spectacular.

Next, after the strip-tease dancer had removed her last piece of clothing in blue semi-darkness, every light in the place suddenly blazed on. When she scooted in panic for the door to backstage, she made a startling discovery. It was locked.

Last week, as we saw this dignified master hotelier chatting serenely with a baron and baroness in his elegant foyer, the key still rested in the pocket of those beautifully-pressed trousers.

Italians Take Rock 'n' Roll In Stride

MILAN, Oct. 20 (AP) — Rock 'n' roll came to Italy last night and the reputedly hot blooded Italians gave it the coolest reception in Europe so far.

The American musical movie which touched off near riots among teenagers in the United States, Britain, and many countries in Europe, drew only polite applause at its Italian premiere here.

Extra police were on hand for the expected teen-age excitement.

But there was nothing for them to do. No rockin' in the aisles — no rollin' in the foyer.

Rock 'n' roll got the same polite welcome at a sneak preview in Turin last night.

One noted Turin critic summed up his impression of the film this way: "Nothing Aeschylean."

For the rock 'n' roll devotees whose memories it might have slipped, Aeschylus was the father of ancient Greek drama.

WHOOPS

MODENA, Oct. 20 (AP)—Police were called last night to calm hard-hit rock-'n'-rolling teen-agers who uprooted theater seats in frenetic dancing in the aisles.

Singer Divorces Hubby Over His Rash Driving

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 20 (AP) — Singer Peggy King, who jumped from singing commercials to stardom with George Gobel, won an uncontested divorce from trumpet player Knobby Lee yesterday.

Miss King testified that her husband drove his auto so fast that it caused her face to break out in a skin allergy.

What's Going On In Rome

MUSIC

TEATRO ARGENTINA — Opening concert of the Santa Cecilia Orchestra's 1956-57 season; Fernando Previtali, conductor; soloist: Artur Rubinstein, pianist; next Sunday afternoon.

AULA MAGNA, Rome University — Opening concert of the 1956-57 season, by the Quartetto Chigiano; Saturday afternoon.

EXHIBITS

VIA MARGUTTA and adjacent courtyards — 5th semi-annual outdoor show of Rome artists; today and tomorrow.

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

OBELISCO GALLERY, 146 Via Sistina — Works by Jawlensky, Kandinsky, Klee, Marc, Werefkin. Hours: 11-8:30; closed Sundays.

SAGITTARIUS GALLERY, 22/b Via Lazio — Works by Jane Lane. Hours: 10-1, 4:30-8; closed Sundays.

SELECTA ART GALLERY, 2 Via Propaganda — Works of Sonia Delaunay.

GALLERIA IL CAMINO, 45/a Via del Babuino — Contemporary Japanese Painters. Hours: 10:30-1, 4:30-8:30 weekdays: 10:30-1 Sundays. Through Wednesday.

LIBRERIA MACCHIA, 95 Via Torino — Paintings by R. M. De Angelis. Through Saturday.

ASTERISCO GALLERY, 14 Via Vittoria — Twelve contemporary Italian painters. Through Oct. 31.

GALLERIA ALIBERT, 61/b Via Marcutta — Paintings by Emilio Sobrero. Through Tuesday.

GALLERIA DEL PINCIO, 19 Piazza del Popolo — Paintings by V. Simat. Opening tomorrow at 6. Through November 1.

LA FONTANELLA, 194 Via del Babuino — Paintings by Austrian artist Hubert Tuttner. Opening tomorrow at 6.

LA MEDUSA, 124 Via del Babuino — Paintings by Renato Vernizzi.

LA FELUCA, 38 Via Frattina — Works by artists of Egypt, Jordan, Iraq, Lebanon, Syria. Opening tomorrow at 6.

PORTONOVO, 51 Via del Babuino — Works by Spanish artists.

FILMS

ARCOBALENO THEATER, Palazzo di Vetro, Via XX Settembre — "Alexander the Great," with Richard Burton, Fredric March. Today at 6, 8, 10 p.m. Telephone 470.470.

FIAMMETTA THEATER, 3 Via San Nicolò da Tolentino — "Attack," with Jack Palance, Eddie Albert. Today at 5:45, 8, 10:15p.m. Telephone 470.464.

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