

OIL TROUBLES THE WATERS

By D.R.D.

HE complications which have been crowded this week into the African conflict have neither served to push the world nearer to the brink of war, nor remove the danger of a conflagration. The Italo-Ethiopian question, which shows no signs of ever being more than clumsily patched up, will probably go down into the annals of history as a case comparable to the Battle of Jutland, the Affaire Staviski and Lawrence of Arabia.

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There is a certain limit in human affairs beyond which our intelligence does not seem capable of taking us. As in the present case, there are times when everything we have believed in, after due thought and consideration, explodes into minute pieces and we begin to doubt our own sanity, Nothing appears to us in its right proportion, and we tend towards hysteria. Ideals, ambitions and creeds stand perplexed before a welter of doub of deliberate misstatement, intrigue and secrecy.

The amazing history of the mineral concessions ceded to the African Ex-ploration and Development Corporation by Haile Selassie serves to disorient us completely. One fact, however, stands out more clearly than before-that of the importance of the petroleum deposits in Ethicpia. No matter what retractions have been made, or will be made, it is obvious that when Mr. Rickett claimed the provide that when Mr. Rickett claimed the projected pipe-line as more important than the one recently inaugurated in lraq by the Shell-Royal Dutch group, he was thinking of the advantages this was thinking of the advantages this would bring to the Standard Oil combine. It is common knowledge that the vast majority of the world's petroleum interests are united into two gigantic rival organizations, so gigantic indeed that their rivalry presists almost entirely in their rivalry consists almost entirely in the maintenance of friendly relations. Standard Official Sta Standard Oil, meanwhile, at the instance of the White House, have withdrawn their interest in the server sign. Whether their interest in the concession. Whether other concerns are involved in the African Exploration and Development Corporation's schemes remains to be seen. It is interesting to note that this organiz-ation is in the State of ation is incorporated in the State of Delaware.

Clearing the Issue

Astounding as has been the whole business of the concession, even more eye-opening have been the sidelights thrown upon the whole Italo-Ethiopian situation. Firstly there is the existence of several alleged concessions previous to that obtained by Mr. Rickett, which we also learn, incidentally, was definitely arranged as early as in July this year. Italian comments, too, have been revealing in many ways. According to a note sent in 1926 to the League of Nations by Signor Grandi, Italy's erstwhile Foreign Minister, Britain's econ-omic influence in Ethiopia was quite agreed upon as long as the interests especially reserved for Italy were re-spected. (It is not stated what those interests were.). Thus only these two Governments were responsible, «but», the note continues, «this does not limit in any way the free action of the Go-vernment of Ethiopia, nor exclude the intervention of a third Power».....

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(Italics ours). Then, as the Spaniards would say. «En que quedamos?». If Italy's only reason for embarking

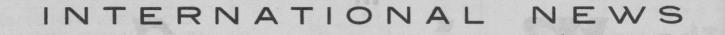
on hostilities (as we were told in the beginning) was to put an end to slavery in Ethiopia, and slave-raiding in Italian Territory, then why this violent protest in the face of a possible intervention of a third Power? A statement made a few days ago by an Italian Ambassador car-ries out the same naive theme. "We are up against a nation (Ethiopia) which is eternally intent upon war, and which is holding a part of Africa in a perpetually mediaeval condition". Barring notable exceptions in the shape of certain prosperous and well-managed colonies in Africa, has it ever occurred to anybody to consider that continent even mediaeval? Here we come upon the question of the responsibility of nations which are civilised to those which are not. Is it honestly the duty of any one people to force its will upon another with the ultimate idea of bettering the lot of the latter??. This is a very debatable point, but a very important one at the moment Mussolini himself has come out into the open and his statement to the League of Nations promises to be a revelation of what appears to be the bad faith of all concerned.

The material with which Baron Aloisi faced the Council at Geneva consisted of 700 printed pages of text outlining Italy's cause. In addition he had with him several volumes of photographs. These were principally war pictures and showed mutilated bodies of soldiers. A plea for peace?

War?

With all these side issues occupying our attention, the possibility of war, and the question of sanction, should not be shelved. Such a conflict, would, of course, be disastrous, and it seems as if through normal channels there is no way of avoiding it. At the same time, if we do come to blows, we shall at least know what we are fighting for and about-the economic possession by Italy of Ethiopia. The old proverb, "Empty vessels make most sound", will perhaps eventually turn out to be applicable here, and mean-while, PAX VOBISCUM.

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September 4th., the day for which the world had waited with bated breath came and went much as everyone had expected. The meeting of the League Council at Geneva was apparently a failure and the Council has adjourned indefinitely, and things are much as they were before. Mussolini has gone too far now for a man of his temperament to back out and we will probably see war shortly. Not even the risk of the loss of friendship of Great Britain and France, as it was so delicately put at the meet-ing, will sway Mussolini from his campaign. The rumours that the Italian invasion into Abyssinia has actually started have been denied in official quarters. The oil concession granted by the

Emperor to an unknown American company has done much to increase the tension. The State Department of the United States has announced that the concession will be cancelled, though whether this is possible or not remains to be seen.

In the meantime England's preparations for the «Manoeuvres» of its Mediterranean Fleet go on, and troops are being sent to Malta to garrison it to normal strength.

Royal Funeral



vernment, the plot of ground on the

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shores of Lake Lucerne where the accident occurred. If this is accomplished a statue will be raised to mark the spot where their beloved queen lost her life.

Deafness in England

In a speech at Margate before the New Health Society's summer school, Mr. Scott Stevenson, the ear specialist, stated that one out of every three of the population of the British Isles was affected by deafness to a larger or smaller extent. In England alone there are 40,000 deaf mutes and another authority has put the figure of those affected at 2,500,000, Ear trouble is the greatest single cause of rejection of recruits for the army and navy.

Death from Slimming

A young lady, Miss Phyllis Alma Chadwick of Willaston recently died as a result of her slimming diet. The idea of reducing had become an obsession with her and she had gone so far that at the end she was unable to eat proper food at all. At the time of her death she weighed but 4st. 11 lb.

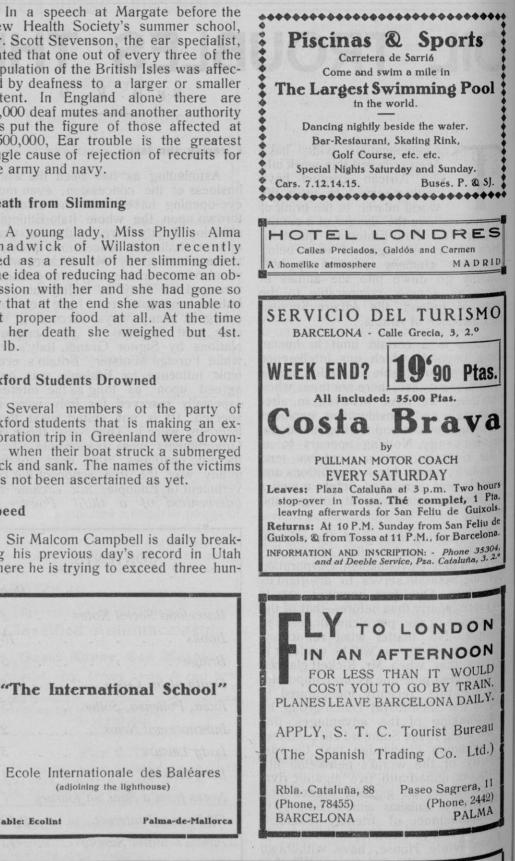
Oxford Students Drowned

Several members ot the party of Oxford students that is making an ex-ploration trip in Greenland were drowned when their boat struck a submerged rock and sank. The names of the victims has not been ascertained as yet.

Speed

Cable: Ecolint

Sir Malcom Campbell is daily breaking his previous day's record in Utah where he is trying to exceed three hundred miles per hour. To constitute an official record he must cover the distance of a mile in both directions on the course and the avergage speed is taken. On one run he reached the speed of 304 miles per hour, the fastest any car has ever been driven



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BARCELONA SOCIAL NOTES

On Tuesday, Mrs. Claude I. Dawson, wife of United States Consul-General. entertained in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Gullette.

Staying at the «Villa Isabel» are Mrs. and Miss Brind, of London; Miss Bock of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Swiderski and family, also New York.

Doctor Robert Franck is back in Barcelona and is staying at the «Villa Ercilla».

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Braddock, accompanied by young Danny, left on Wednesday by air for Stuttgart. They will spend a holiday travelling in and around the Black Forest, visiting Switzerland on the return journey.

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Miss Berta Rantz, and Mr. and Mrs. George Fletcher Clar of New York, left on Tuesday for an extensive trip in Spain. They will spend some weeks in the Basque country before going south.

Miss Marcia Bailey has returned to Barcelona from Mallorca.

Miss Victoria Louis is spending a few weeks in Mallorca, at the Hotel Terreno.

Mrs. G. Allen and Miss Laura Jackson are spending a few days in Barcelona before returning to Palma.

to Barcelona after spending a few days at the Playa de San Salvador, near Veedrell. He reports a goodly crowd of celebrities at that strangely exclusive resort, amongst the big names being Pau Casals, Concepción Badia, the wellMaurice Eisenberg. If one has not the entrée at the Casino at San Salvador, well... it's just too bad.

Mr. Pastor together with his eldest son, Ferdie, and his daughter, Josephine, has returned from San Sebastian.

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Miss Witty left Barcelona this week to be present at the wedding of Mr. Frederick Witty to Miss Marshall, which takes place to-day at Esher, England.

Dr. Villangomez has returned to Barcelona from Ibiza, after spending some enjoyable weeks on his «rounds».

Mr. and Mrs. and C.P. Mills gave a farewell party Wednesday for Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Belk, who left on Thursday for New York. Mrs. Belk is a sister of Mrs. Mills.



Mr. Roy St. Noble has returned to Barcelona after spending a vacation on his finca near Masnou.

Mr. Cretchley and Miss Joan Cretchley are leaving for England shortly.

We hear that Mrs. Allen and her little daughter, Carlotta, are very happy in Navarra, where they find the climate very invigorating.

The Anglo-American colony at San Cugat continues to increase, Mr. and. Mrs. Forbes are amongst the most recent to settle there.

For many weeks the holiday resorts of Catalonia, both on the coast and up in the mountains, have been the centre of much gaiety.

Indeed, the last ten days at Sitges have been quite hectic. Dances, Cot-illons, Golf Competitions and sports of every description, to say nothing of sun and sea-bathing, have kept visitors there very busy.

There are many distinguished vis-itors from England and America, staying in Sitges. Among them the Rev. Thomas Crick, M.V.O. and his wife and young son. They are staying with Mrs. Crick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, who. with Mrs. Alexander, have a villa on the Avenida Sofia the Avenida Sofia.

The Rev. Thomas Crick was chaplain to the Prince of Wales when he went round the world on the *«Renown»*.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Gullette left on Wednesday for the Costa Brava where they expect to remain for two or three weeks, They are planning to spend a few days in Barcelona again before returning to Casablanca.

For Pijamas, Dresses, Coats, etc. Mrs. Smith: «Do you know of a good Dressmaker?» Mrs. Brown: «Oh yes, I have an excellent one now. She is TERESA LLOPART Carmen, 34, 2.º-2.8 Barcelona



PAGE 4

SPORT by «All Rounder»

Racing

The long-hoped for break in the weather has brought joy to the trainers who have been brooding over sore heels and coughing. The field for the St. Leger will be a small one and it seems difficult to find a rival for Bahram, who dominates the betting. Lord Derby may have a say in this race, and a little money each way on Plassy might be worse invested. There is some fine racing promised for Chantilly and Longchamps, where Theft and Ping-Pong will have many followers who expect much and some minor blessings.

Hockey

It is the Jubilee year of this grand amateur game and it will be fittingly signalized by an International Match between sides representing England and Wales versus Scotland and Ireland. Materially changed though the sport has been, it is ever spreading. Spain, in this respect, could put out an excellent side for the Olympic Games. In what consists the charm of Hockey? In its pure amateurism, its lack of gate and gallery and its speed. We are as yet resisting the soft rubber ball and the stick is becoming a sensible tool rather than a weapon. The original form was similar to that of a shillalagh, and heads were cracked and there was an occasional thwack on the shins which «bate» Donnybrook Fair «entoirely».

Golf

This is the season when new books steal out into the literary fairway, and we learn yet another system of gaining length and direction. Has any game been more dissected and discussed? It is to be lamented that golf still remains a rich man's game (as far as England is concerned). One would rather see a Municipal course than a plethora of «dogs»attractive though the latter may be to those who love a flutter.

Football. Rugger

The All-Black are with us, and what a lot of them! Thirty hefty young specimens with an average age of 24. Big forwards, however, are not everything and I don't think they will have it all their own way.

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Soccer

The season has opened-a thousand matches are being played and a million spectators watching. It is a pity, perhaps a tragedy, that these numbers cannot be modified. Not that a man is better sitting in a cinema watching Greta Garble hug Henry Emetic, but we are creating a race of spectators and it is not a good thing. If there were an Oxford Group for sport, and a little more muscular Christianity, this could be a better world. More pitches and fewer pubs-but the age of chivalry has gone-by gum, and the playing fields of Eton seem another forgotten and far-away thing.

Tennis

The VII International Tournament at Camprodon this year has created great interest and some very good play has been seen on the beautiful courts at that mountain resort. The results are as follows:

Mens' singles, Ramón Rubió.

Womens' singles, Sta. Ruth Kamman. Mens' Doubles, Ramón Rubio and Ricardo Saprisssa.

Mixed Doubles, Srta. Rosa Torres and R. Saprissa.

Ladies, Doubles, Sra. de Kamman and Srta. R. Kamman.

The absence of Maier and Srta. Chavarri. the Spanish Champions, from this tournament was naturally felt, but the former is busy playing in the American International Tournament at New York, where he has beaten Manolo Alonso in the 2nd round. Sta. Chavarri is amongst a large number of important names inscribed for the Venice International Matches to be held soon. She will compete with such players as Fraulein Aussem, Misses Horn and Senders, Mlle. Adamson, Mme. Mathieu and many other well-known figures.

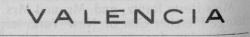
Baseball

Aqua

The pennant race, with only about a month left to go, has been practically

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decided in the American League, where the Detroit Tigers have a lead of eight games over their nearest rivals; the Yankees, but no one can say for certain whether the World's Series will be played entirely in New York this year, since the Giants and the St. Louis Cardinals have been running neck and neck for some time past, and are now separated by the narrow margin of one game. Pitchers are to the fore this year in both leagues, several having developed an unexpected hitting ability which helps win their own games, which may give the Series a new slant. If the Cards win, the Dean brothers will be sure to supply plenty of colour, and the Giants have a slugging hurler or two in their lineup, should the final honour be theirs. Incidentally, Kennedy, of the mediocre White Sox, pitched a no-hit, no-run game the other day, and brought in three of his team's five runs as well.



We are expecting a new American Consul here in Valencia. The exact date of his arrival is not known at present.

Mrs. Warren and her son will be back next month.

The summer widowers' pastime here seems to run to poker. As is usually the case the money has a tendency collect in front of the bankers.



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Beauty experts will tell you that you can mould your figure exactly as you please. Mind you it's a job all unto itself, and requires patience, concentration and above all intelligence.

First get to know yourself, (This is a hard business, as most of us skip through life knowing all about everybody else *but* ourselves). Study your appearance carefully and give your figure the once over; find its imperfections. If you have too much flesh and muscle, remove it (last week's article), and if your bones protrude, hide them. This can be done, but take it from me, replacing corners and angles by soft curves is no easy matter: However, flat chests and hips are out of fashion, só you had better start recurving right now:

Begin by taking a regular amount of exercise and as much fresh air as you can. If possible, to avoid fatigue, rest a good deal during the day.

When waking up in the morning, drink a glass of orange, lemon, or grapefruit juice, to which a teaspoonful of glucose may be added. You need not change your breakfast menu, but finish up with a raw apple and some nuts.

An hour after each meal drink a big glass of water.

Between breakfast and lunch have another glass of orange juice with the glucose (you can get it at any chemist's) and an ounce of cream or a 1/4 pint of milk. Take this with figs, nuts or dates.

For lunch, the heaviest meal of the day, you can either choose liver and bacon, underdone beef, kidney or steamed fish. This can be followed by mixed salad with egg and sardines etc., and as much oil as you can possibly manage (or if you prefer, lemon juice), but at all costs avoid vinegar. Include in your menu lots of green vegetables and steamed potatoes. For a dessert, have a rice or suet pudding, which are both excellent to put on weight, or else dried fruit with cream, Rich pastries should be suppressed. End up the meal with fresh fruit and a stick of barley sugar.

At tea-time, eat plenty of toast with lots of butter and oat-wheat biscuits. Nuts, dates, and figs are also helpful. If you take your tea with lemon, replace it by a fair amount of milk.

For dinner, start with a thick creamy soup, to which you add a raw egg yolk.

Instead of meat, have a cheese dish, boiled fish or an omelette (watercress and tomato) Accompany these with potatoes and fresh vegetables. To conclude, a milk or custard pudding, followed by bananas, a few raisins or an apple... and these everlasting NUTS (but you need them).

Before going to bed, drink a cup of very hot milk or Ovaltine, which will ensure a good night's rest, and the last thing to remember is, that glass of water before turning off the light.

This recurving diet is certainly no joke, but well worth trying. However, you must not expect any astonishing results before *several* weeks have passed. Don't give it up after the first few days, persevere a while, and you'll be surprised at the improvement.

Recipes

An American variety for a change:

Corned-Beef Hash With Poached Eggs

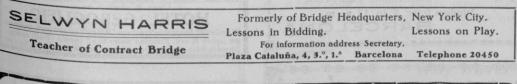
2 cans corned-beef hash-2 tbsp. fat-

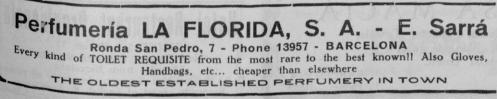
8 eggs. Slice contents of each can into four slices. Saute in the fat in a skillet until brown on both sides. Meanwhile fill a skillet about 2/3 full of boiling water, measuring it as you add. Add 1/2 tsp. salt for each 2 c. of water. Break eggs one at a time into a saucer, and slip carefully and quickly into the water or into greased muffin rings arranged in the water. Reduce heat so that the water no longer boils. Cover until whites are set and a white film has formed over yolks-about 3 min. Remove eggs with greased skimmer; slip one on to each round of hash. Sprinkle lightly with salt, pepper, and butter. (Serves 6).

New England Stuffed Aubergine

I aubergine, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, breakfastcupful dried bread-crumbs, I tsp. lemon juice, I egg, lightly beaten, buttered crumbs, I teaspoonful salt, a dash of pepper.

Cut the aubergines in halves lengthwise. Remove the pulp as close as possible to the milk. Add about $\frac{1}{4}$ pint water or white stock, bring to the boil and boil 20 minutes. Add the dried crumbs, butter, lemon juice, salt pepper and egg and combine well. Pile the mixture into the shells, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate





oven 10 to 15 minutes, until thoroughly heated and well browned on top.

Boston Cream Pie

3 ozs. butter, 6 ozs. granulated sugar, 2 eggs, well beaten, 6 ozs. flour, 2 tsps. baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, few drops vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt.

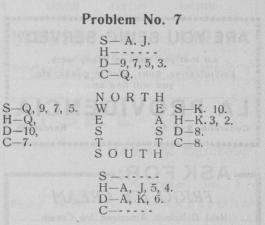
Cream the butter and half the sugar together. Beat the eggs and add the remaining half of sugar, and mix with the creamed butter. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt, and add to the butter and egg mixture, alternately with the milk. Add the vanilla to taste. Bake 30 minutes in buttered layer-cake tins, making 2 layers. Put together with cream filling between.

BRIDGE

Double Dummy Problems are played with all the cards exposed, and it is not necessary to infer the position of cards. Hence, the result must be obtained against perfect defense. By perfect defense is meant any and all defenses that the adversaries may offer. A Bridge problem can have but one correct solution.

Questions should be addressed to Mr. Harris, of THE SPANISH NEWS AND MAJORCA SUN, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

The correct solution of the following problem will be given in our next issue.



Clubs are trumps. South leads. Can you (South) make six of the seven tricks against any defense?

Solution to Problem No. 6

South leads a spade and North discards a heart. West wins a club trick and then leads a heart, with the ace. South leads his spade on which North discards his remaining heart. Any lead by West gives North the three remaining tricks.

NOTE: In order for North and South to make four tricks the diamond 4 must win a trick. This can be accomplished only by ruffing a suit in which East cannot over-ruff. It is necessary, therefore, for North to rid his hand of hearts, which can be done only by having two spade leads before the second lead of hearts.



Where to go in Barcelona

Theatres

ROMEA — Coming soon, Vittoria Podrecca's Teatro de los Prodigios. A unique spec-tacle which should not be missed.

POLIORAMA-Madrid Company in Pluma en viento.

TIVOLI-Hip, Hip, Hurah! ends on Sunday. COMICO-Miss-Miss, also leaves us shortly. PRINCIPAL-Las de Armas tomar, a revue which is breaking the box-office records.

BARCELONA — Madrid Company in good co-medy repertory. Air-conditioned theatre.

Cinemas

COLISEUM-Gertrude Michael and Alison Skipworth in Una Dama sin Igual.

CAPITOL—Richard Barthelmess in Midnighl Alibi. Pola Negri in Fanaticism. FANTASIO-Saturday, Sunday, Monday, with

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funeral. PUBLI-Queen Astrid's funeral, and newsreels.

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We regret to announce the death recently, at Palautordera, of Mr. Samuel Morris. Mr. Morris, who had been a resident in Barcelona for some forty years, was well-known in sporting circles and had been a magnificent athlete in his time. He was one of the few Englishmen ever to have played *pelota*, and was an excellent billiards player. We should like to offer our condolences.

A Wrong Tale of Three Tourists

The Spanish papers commented, rather sarcastically, one day last week on the fact that three tourists from an English cruise ship had appropriated a coach which was for hire on the quay and had gone for a ride around the town in it. The true story, it appears, is that the culprits were three sailors from the English boat and that their chariot was a rubbish cart. Anyhow the jolly tars spent a night in jail and returned home the next day on board the «Lancastria». They can at least say that they are the only people to ride up the Rambla on the wrong side. We have often longed to do that ourselves.

General Notes

The Spanish railroads have announced some important changes in the workings of kilometric trickets. It is now no longer necessary for all the persons grouped on a single kilometric ticket to belong either to the same family or the same business organization. The minimum distance of thirty kilometers for use of a kilometric ticket has also been abolished, and a number of price reductions and other agreeable changes have been made in the various classes of tickets issued at special prices or on special occasions.

The tourists who arrive almost daily in cruise ships will have cause, whether or not they realize it, to bless the Ayuntamiento of Barcelona, since a ruling was made official dating from the first day of September, forbidding taxis who meet the boats at the Estación Marítima to charge the special tariff for their services which has been giving visitors the impression that Barcelona is an extremely expensive city in which to live. From now on tourists will pay the same tariff as do residents who take a



taxi anywhere in town, sixty centimos per kilometer.

What sounds like an unpleasant echo of medieval times comes from the more mountainous districts of the Province of León. Numerous wolves have made their appearance, killing and carrying off cattle and sheep, in some cases from perilously near the towns and villages. The peasants have applied to the Government for arms with which to fight off this dangerous pest. If Esop were alive today, he would probably write a new fable about the wolf getting under the lion's skin!

The new Minister Plenipotentiary from the Free State of Ireland, Mr. Leopold Harding, has just presented his credentials to the President of Spain, in Madrid. This is the first official representative whom the Irish free State has accredited to Spain.

* * *

The Spanish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been aroused to vigorous action by the capea, an illegal and dangerous form of bullfight, which took place at the recent Fiesta Mayor of Amposta. The capea, which consists, roughly, in setting free a num-ber of bulls in a space enclosed only by a ring of carts, and permitting the public as well as professionals to take part in the spectacle, has for some time past been declared illegal, and the Society is acting in the interests of both man and beasts in its efforts to have this prohibition strictly enforced.



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Notes from a Spanish Journey by John Van Seyn

Back home again after an exhausting, but spiritually delightful trip through the Iberian Peninsula, I settled down to think over what I saw. Not being in the habit of keeping a journal, (the writing of a daily novel is no holiday occupation) I found that the points that had most impressed me could never have been those I tried to remember. Standing in the deep valley below Medinaceli I made a mental note of that terrifically historic landscape. All that I can remember now are the fierce colours of the sunset, spread out behind the black mountains. Somehow the strongest memory of my journey is frivolous, or at least will be considered so by those who have not had the same experiences. It certainly must head this list of impressions.

The Blue Danube

The revival of this waltz tune all over the world recently seems to have struck a spark in the imagination of modern Spain. There is no telling why, but the average Spaniard to-day obviously finds it most soul-satisfying. The solution may be similar to that explaining the paradoxical popularity in England of «The Monastery Garden», the turgid orientalism of which did something to middle-class Albions. «El Danubio Azul», announce the speakers on all Spanish radios. «El Danubio», repeat the listeners in a thousand towns and villages. The cunning initiation to the waltz, by which Strauss kept the ballrooms of yesteryear in a state of delightful expectancy, terminates in the sentimental plunge we all know so well. The Radios of Spain are notoriously strident; they are also tireless, and, of a Sunday afternoon they blare forth above the heads of domino players in village casino (Republicano or Recreativo), city club and beach pavillion. Everywhere one hears the Blue Danube. It does more harm to Spain, by driving visitors frantic, than do all the stories of bloody revolution and cunning banditry; non-existent these.

The Touts of Toledo

All Cathedral towns, apparently, are hot-beds of touting. In Italy this nui-sance is regulated by the Government a kind of table d'hote of pests-and one can pay the minimum amount of hush money. In Spain, however, some places are swarming with men, boys and women, who for a slight consideration (never sets the for a slight consideration) (never actually fixed upon beforehand)



will give one a most inaccurate description of the local architectural joys. If the traveller knows his stuff, and is a cynic, he may get some pleasure out of these garbled descriptions. Otherwise he will be sincerely annoyed and considerably out of pocket. Toledo, of all the places in Spain, is the greatest offender in this respect. At the bencina pump outside the walls they start.-Necesita Vd. un guía! they cry, hanging onto the running board. If you don't want one it is all the same, you will get one anyhow. Limpetlike they attach themselves to you for the whole of your stay, which, in consequence, is usually much shorter than you had intended. If you can manage to enter the Cathedral without heading a procession of would-be cicerones, you will be taken on by a priest, who, remorselessly charges you for quite adequate service. Perhaps the ignorant traveller cannot appreciate those Gothic windows without aid. I should like to think that this is the idea in the minds of the stately cannons of the Church. Note. The best view of the Tagus, as it rushes down the chasm between the brown hills, is obtained from the large rubbish dump behind the town. Suggestion. Toledo should be visited in disguise. The brown corduroy of a peasant suit would enable one to savour that delightful city to the full. Oh! to linger in one of those patios without being told that an extra five minutes will cost another peseta.

Summer Colony at Escorial

There they sit, taking a sort of waking siesta on the terrace of the small but pretentious hotel. A back-breaking meal has induced not sleep but a species of vague chattiness which requires a modicum of effort from the mind. Small Government officials are here for the day, visiting their wives and families who «have left Madrid for the summer». This is a social necessity in most circles. No matter how far you go, you must get out of town. Under the thick leaves of a grape vine, and in a wicker chair, la Señora de Gutierrez is holding the conversation about her, in the same way that she gathers in the wool of a pale blue garment she is knitting. (Do these summer labours ever get finished?) «As I said to Don Ramon», she announces, before her friend opposite has had time to start a fresh subject «We cannot be too careful of the children in summer». «Little Dorotea here (««dont fidget little rich one»:) is not as well as she should. be. I find that a purge every week does her a great deal of good. Now we are

Plaza Cataluña, 3, 2.º

trying Dr. Fulano's fever powders...... Dorotea! sit down at once and do not poke at the poor little doggie!» A grimace from the child, unpurged from impishness. A vision of flying pigtails followed by the post-lunch *embonpoint* of Lady Gutierrez. A hand resounds on Dorotea's person. «These black people in Abyssinia», begins another of the guests, hopefully, «what can one do with them?». But a voice from nearby defeats him. «My Dorotea is sorry she has been rude to mamma and will recite for the ladies and gentlemen». The sun pours down and the heat settles upon the quiet leafy street. But for this I might have lunched at Far Rockaway, Bridlington, Knocke-sur-Mer. The Escorial and the dead Kings of Spain await me. Be as naughty as you can, Dorotea!

JOHN VAN SEYN



Telephones 12043 and 12026

Barcelona

Manuel B. Cossio Dies in Country Home

Spain is mourning the sudden death of Don Manuel B. Cossio, distinguish-ed Academician and author of many well-know works on Art. Don Manuel was the first man to be honoured with the Citizenship of the Spanish Republic. Although it was suggested by the President of Spain that a public funeral should be accorded him, by Don Manuel's own wish the ceremony was a quiet one. Many famous Spanish men of letters, however, were present. The following article, written some weeks ago, gives an impression of Don Manuel in the mountain resort where he breathed his last. Ed.

An Impression of Don Manuel

In the heat of the forenoon we climbed the slope that leads from the apeadero to the whitewashed villa nestling among the foothills of the Sierra de Guadarrama. «Perhaps I should explain,» said my friend, «that my grandfather has been bedridden for nearly four years. Yet although he is 76, he recently decided not to be an invalid for the remainder of his life, so, defying all the doctors, he got up, and is now able to walk for twenty minutes a day. The rest of the time he is wheeled about in a bath-chair. Before so long, I am quite sure that he will be on his feet again as usual.» Even though I had not been thus prepared, I should soon have realised the grim determination and fighting spirit of Don Manuel.

We were seated on the terrace in front of the house, and listened eagerly while our host discussed Spain and things Spanish. «When I first came from my native Galicia,» he said, «I thought I should never be able to live happily in this harsh, brown landscape of Castile. Yet now I rejoice in its very austerity. Have you ever realised that the two greatest geniuses ever produced by Spain, both turned to Castile for inspiration? If you know anything of Velázquez' paintings, you will remember how often he reproduces the blue ridge of the Sierra. I need not mention the wanderings of the Manchegan Knight: the essential point is that he was Manchegan, and not Andalucian or Asturian. I have always thought that yonder build-ing,» he said, pointing out the domes of the Escorial, barely perceptible, so well did they blend with the surrounding hills, «is perhaps the most typically Castilian institution that exists. Its grave and sombre walls, set as they are in a bare, hard landscape, depict the very soul of

Spain, its noble forbearing, its poignant sad melancholy, its profound beauty. Yes, this is the true Spain. Not the sen-suous luxury of the South, not even the green hills of my own province, but this -this the very heart of Castile.

He paused, and with a kindly smile asked us what plans we had formed for our excursion in the Sierra. No sooner had we told him than he became reminiscent. «In my youth,» he said, «they had not built the railway through to Segovia. We used to leave Madrid at four in the morning, travel as far as Villalba, and then walk to the Sierra. Folks thought we were mad-they could not understand how we could find pleasure in sleeping on a mountainside beside a fire, for wolves were not un-known in those days. Yet now how different it all is! Where once you could walk for days without meeting a soul, now flocks of «excursionists» come from Madrid every weekend, by train or motor-coach. «Why,» he added, «they have even built a mountain railway up to Navacerrada!... No, if ever I am to see dawn once more over the plains of Castile, from the summit of Cabezas de Hierro, I shall have gone there on foot and not have patronised any of your railways or motor-coaches»... And I realised the hidden meaning in his words. «But now it is time for you to go. I envy you the pleasure you will have in discovering the beauties of our Sierra, while I ... » He paused. «¿Y tú, abuelo?» asked my friend. «Oh, I,» continued Don Manuel, «will remain here on the terrace, as I do for the greater part of each day, thinking, and gazing on those dusty plains and curved hills that mean so much to me.» Again he smiled, but I thought that I saw reflected in the very blueness of his eyes, the rias and the gentle green slopes of his beloved Galicia. C.T.D.



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Englishwoman in Hold-up

Miss Macdonald, an English resident in Barcelona, was amongst those made to do a little arm exercise at the point of a revolver when gangsters entered the offices of a factory in San Adrian a few. days ago. As it was the occasion of the Fiesta Mayor in that section of town, the employees were due to receive double pay, and this the thieves apparently knew as they presented themselves at the cash desk at the hour when the men are usually paid. Owing to some delay however, the pay envelopes had not yet been made up so that the raid was fruitless. After knocking the manager of the office to the floor and hitting him with the butts of their guns, the men made off. Miss Macdonald stated that she was not frightened, but was anxious about a valuable ring she was wearing, and which she managed to remove behind the cover of a friendly cupboard.



«A Man's a Man for a' that»

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From the Paris «New York Herald Tribune» of September 2nd comes the following sidelight on British jurisprudence:

In the same category with the man who bit the dog is the Keswick judge who fined a motorist for not crashing into a truck.

Summoned to court for striking a pedestrian with his car, Alfred Watts, of London, said as he was passing a truck the driver pulled out into the middle of the road, causing him to swerve into the pedestrian at the side of the road.

Disregarding the defense, Anthony Spedding, chairman of the Keswick Bench, fined Watts \$25. and costs and said that Watts should have crashed his car into the truck.

September 7, 1935

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A letter from the Dorr Newtons tells us of a wonderful summer at home. Not too hot and not too gay but gay enough what with visits from many of their old friends of Mallorcan. days The Murray Blacks, who left here not so long ago, have spent a couple of weekends with them and have now taken a house in Warrenton, Va.

Miss Eileen Wall and her uncle Mr. Power returned on Sunday fom Carcasonne where they had expected to remain for some time. They were disappointed however in the weather and were glad to get back to the sunshine of Mallorca.

Mrs. George McClintock arrived back from her summer in distant lands, on Sunday and has gone to the Solarium. She drove her car from Barcelona as far as Scotland and back. Those planning to motor through France might do well to take along tins of petrol as she reports the price of that commodity as almost prohibitive.

Another whom everyone is glad to welcome back is Mrs. Peter Owen who landed on Thursday from the Otranto after a long vacation at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lincoln who for two years were residents of Puerto Pollensa and who returned to America about a year ago have settled down near the sea again. They have taken a house in Osterville Massachusetts right on the water where we imagine their life goes on much as it did here.

It is with regret that we report the death of Mr. Sven Tische early this summer. As will be remembered Mr. Tische was not well when he left here and he died shortly after reaching home.

We hear that Baron Jack von Ripper is quite the man-about-town at present in London, He is to be seen almost daily dining and wineing about in London's swankiest restaurants, complete with stick and gardenia.

If you wish to know anything about



boats here in Palma, want to charter one for a cruise or have one here yourself and are going to fix it up, go and see old Captain Cook. He has handled the reconditioning of lots of the craft around here and can be counted on to see that a good job is done. He is to be found at the office of Estella and Estella on the corner below Lena's. Or if he is out somewhere look for a man with one of those tropical hats that all big game hunters wear.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Eyre Pinckard has pretty well recovered from his severe illness at home. His doctor however, has told him that he may not work for two years and with this in mind he and Mrs. Pinckard are thinking of returning to Mallorca. We only hope that they consider it seriously enough to climb on a ship Mallorca bound.

Mrs. Ray Ogden, wife of Mr. Ogden head of the Ecole Internationale left on Tuesday evening for a quick trip to Barcelona and return. She expected to be gone but a day or two.

*** The three most consistent Frontoners are Mrs. Joan Malcom, Mr. Hutton and Don Lorenzo or «Larry» as he is known to everyone who ever had a spot of baggage trouble on the Island. They are invariably there and all three are usually in the pay-off line.

Friends of Mrs. Armstrong, who stayed for quite a long time at the Terreno Hotel, last winter will be glad to hear that she has had a play accepted in New York. It's called «When Tulips Bloom» or something like that and will be produced this fall

There was a gay evening at Mrs. Anne Burns' on Wednesday when she was hostess at a dinner party. Mr. Charles Owen entertained the guests with a fund of amusing stories. Mr. Owen is a brother of Mr. Peter Owen and has been out East for years. He is a bill broker in



to everyone's regret here in Palma. Mrs. Braddon, who is another member of the Owen family and who is visiting her brother at present, was also at dinner as were Mr. and Mrs. Donald Newhall. *** We were able to spike the rumour as

Kobe and is soon to return there much

false that a waiter from the Sporting Hotel had been attacked while bathing at Cala Mayor by an octopus. By the time the story reached us the man had been nearly killed and when help arrived it had been necessary to chop him free from the creature with a hatchet. Apparently not even a *calamar* had been sighted.

Morris Short, who is swimming in Valencia with Mallorca's aquatic team was unable to leave with the other boys and left later by the Valencia plane on Thursday. This service has become exceedingly popular, on Thursday every place was taken for the trip.

THEA

VILLA



mentor at present.

Edda Urbani

The Villa Thea out in San Agustín has changed hands. The new proprietor will continue to run it as a hotel, making certain changes. It is now open.

The Conqueror, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-

Owen's big steam yacht is lying off For-

* * *

Mr. T.P. Leaman will be spending his days from now on at the shipyard where the keel for his new boat is about to be laid. We haven't seen the plans as yet but understand that he is building a small sloop.

Last Sunday two ships of the line set out from Palma for Cala Fornells, Camp de Mar and points north. At the helm of one was that old mariner Capt. Leinau and on the bridge of the other paced skipper Newhall, B.M., C.R.P. There was quite a sea running and off Palma Nova Mr. Poole's craft which was being towed by the Nimbus broke its tow line and started out on its own. Some excellent seamanship by the combined fleet finally rescued it at the cost of a few broken spars. The ships finally put in Cala Fornells where the monotony of sea fare was broken by a series of dinners ashore at which Mrs. Grace Atwood, Mrs. Leaman and Mrs. Burns were hostesses.

A card from Carcasonne tells of Mrs. Lowry's safe arrival there, complete with three children and fifteen pieces of baggage. She was fascinated by the country and hated to be leaving for Paris.

Case Against Nudism

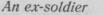
These judges and lawyers who have for some time past searched for logical definitions concerning the nudist problem will be elated to learn that the crime of peeping Tom is punishable. Long Valley, N.J. nudists have charged a too curious passer-by with *visual trespass*. The culprit said he noticed a nudist parade passing by when one of his mules shied Perhaps Nudism itself will not be called *visual offence*, since to many people the whole movement is immoral.



Don't Worry

The present topic of conversation seems to start with war and end with war, if you open a paper or hear a conversation in a bar or tea room, it's all war, war, war. Personally I don't find it such an interesting or cheerful subject, it may be because I remember too much of the last one, but then for our younger generation I suppose it's a great subject, so I will tell them the French «Poilu's Philosophy» hoping for their sake they will never feel the need of it as we did,

«When you are a soldier, you're one of two things-either you are at the front or behind the lines. If you are behind the lines you needn't worry; if you are at the front you are one of two things-you are either in a danger zone or in a zone which isn't dangerous. If you are in the latter, you needn't worry. Now if you are in a danger zone you are one of two things-either you're wounded or you are not wounded. If you are not wounded you needn't worry; if you are wounded, you are one of two thingseither you are wounded slightly or seriously. If you are wounded slightly, you needn't worry and if you you are wounded seriously, one of two things is certain-either you will die or get well. If you get well, you needn't worry and if you die you can't worry. So there is no need to worry at all.»





Dictators Die in Bed

The statement made by the Emperor of Ethiopia to the effect that if his country and Italy come to blows, he himself will take part in the fighting, although he does not expect to see Mussolini there, brings up an amusing sidelight on the ethics of the Complete Warrior. With modern warfare in its present state of advancement and perfection, both men would be exposing their countries to great danger by being present on the battlefield, yet, given the traditionalistic trend of the Fascist movement (conforming to the standards of ancient Rome) can Benito Caesar ignore this challenge? As a solution to war problems in general, we suggest that the responsible parties be made to battle together on a neutral ground, while the rest of the world blows itself up chemically in a gigantic cosmic suicide.



Miss Edda Urbani has telegraphed friends here in Palma that she has been released by the police in Barcelona and that everything is all right. She is at present staying at the Urbis Hotel in the Catalan capital. Her difficulties came from a series of unfortunate incidents over which she had no control and once the authorities understood this there was no further trouble. There is nothing harder is Spain however, than to explain away a gun. Our advice to any that may have a revolver in their possession, no matter how old or antique it may be, is to get rid of it.

The Doric in Collision

The SS. *Doric* which was a visitor in our harbour a week ago has been in a collision at sea and the passengers transferred to other ships. The accident took place off the Portugal coast on Thursday when she collided with a small French steamer. The *Viceroy of India* and the *Orion* were nearby and went to once her assistance.



THE MAJORCA SUN AND SPANISH NEWS

London Letter

There has been an entire series of shocks to our nervous systems the past few days—we who thought we had be become practically immune and certainly phlegmatic in the face of what the Popular Press calls war clouds. We are still trying to recover our mental composure after learning from the Daily Telegraph, which had the exclusive story, that the mysterious Mr. Rickett, had to all intents and purposes purchased half of Abysinnia for equally mysterious English and American interests.

Anyhow, all our governments have spoken with a promptness that pays considerable tribute the prestige of the Daily Telegraph, but which does not tell the taxpayer much more than he knew before. At best, nobody is pretending to know what it all means, but Mr. Rickett is going to be called upon to do some explaining when he gets back to England.

In the meantime, London walls have become anonymously inscribed with the chalked message «Mind Britain's Business», the phrasing not in any wise disguising its meaning; hordes of ardent young blackshirts have been selling their official organ, warning the Government not to interfere with Italy; everybody who has a nodding acquaintance with East Africa is writing books about Abyssinia, and what is more, getting them published. (It is suprising, by the way, how many people have at one time or another dined with the Lion of Judea).

Consternation came to England when the news reached here of the tragic death of the Queen of the Belgians. Everywhere genuine sorrow is felt, with something of a personal feeling, which is almost surprising in view of the fact that English relations with the Belgian royal couple have not been particularly close. By instinct rather than by guidance, all flags dropped to half-mast, a movement that was not confined to official buildings.

Some mighty struggles went on behind the scenes in most newspaper offices last Thursday night. All England wanted news of the Queen Astrid tragedy, and at the same time the engagement of of the Duke ot Gloucester was was announced. The Belgian story was, almost invariably, given first place, a policy dictated not only by reader interest, but also by the fact that the engagement had been announced over the radio on the Thursday evening.

That broadcast has had the effect of banning circulation of the Court Circular to the B.B.C. until the following mornnight, as it is to newspapers and news agencies. This particular broadcast, in effect represented premature publication, and the newspapers were sore about it.

C. E. Head

MONSIEUR EMMANUEL Coiffeur for Ladies Formerly with the Hotel Formentor Abril, 96 : Terreno : Tel 2312

Letter Box

(Note: «The Spanish News and The MAJORCA SUN» is not responsible for any of the contents of this column. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, and must be signed with the writer's own name. A nom-de-plume may be added, for publication, if desired.)

The Editor. The Spanish News Barcelona.

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers could give me some information regarding the ritual observed by the Spanish Jews, who now, I understand, since the Republic, are permitted to exercise their cult. Presumably quite a few Synagogues are in existence in this country, and I should like to know where they can be found. Yours truly,

Ruth Belmont Pension Uritrea, Barcelona.

To:-The Editor.

Sir,

May I suggest that Sincere Prowler acquire a copy of Mr. Frederick Chamberlin's excellent work «The Balearic Islands and their Peoples», which contains a very useful amount of information on burial places in Mallorca. The number of these, however, is small and if your correspondent really wishes to make a study of this subject he would be well advised to make a stay in Menorca where there are many tine specimens of the kind he mentions. I should be very glad to give him more concrete information if required.

Very truly yours. Ladislaw Pringle (Write c/o. Spanish News, Barcelona



for telling us of the following letter which was written by Lord Nelson to his wife, from Gibraltar in 1793. The letter appears in the book, The Sailor's Nelson, by Admiral Mark Kerr, C. B., M.V.O.

"A bull feast was exhibited, for which the Spaniards are famous, and from the dexterity in attacking and killing these animals the ladies choose their husbands. We English had certainly to regret the want of humanity in the dons and the donnas. The amphitheatre will hold sixteen thousand people, and twelve thousand were present. The bulls were selected, and one brought out at a time. Three cavaliers on horseback and footmen with flags were the combatants. We had what is called a fine feast, for five horses were killed, and two men very much hurt; had they been killed it would have been quite complete. We felt for the bulls and horses, and I own it would not have displeased me to have seen some of the dons tossed by the enraged animals. How women can even sit out, much less applaud, such sights, is astonishing. It even turns us sick, and we could hardly go through it; the dead, mangled horses with the entrails torn out, and the bulls covered with blood were too much. However, we have seen one bull-feast; and agree that nothing shall tempt us to see another. The better sort of people never miss one if within reach of them; and the lowest will sell his jacket or go without his victuals rather than be absent."





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THE MAJORCA SUN AND SPANISH NEWS

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PALMA'S WATER SUPPLY She's Throat Happy! (Member, Institute Highway Engineers, Certified Honours in Water Supply

and Sanitation.)

PART I

Talking with Consuls, ancient and modern, house agents, world renowned and otherwise, bar-owners of international fame, one of the most important questions asked by the foreign visitor is, what of the water supply? One well known Palma bar has a notice up-'If taken with the right spirit, is good.' I can honestly tell you now that if you are on the modern water supply of Palma, it is far better without spirit and I am not a teetotaler by a long shot or a short one either.

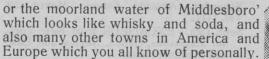
Palma is quickly becoming one of the most modern towns on the Mediterranean seaboard and as far as the water supply is concerned, far better than many English or American towns of the same size and the Town Council should be congratulated for the splendid work they are doing, both with water and sanitation. Of course, it is costing money perhaps more because it is municipal work, and will cost more still; so smile my friends, you will surely have your share to pay and why not? You, I am sure, appreciate it perhaps more than the natives, with your two baths a day, running water in every room, etc.

Palma's ancient water supply or rather its ancient conveyance of water is almost a dead letter now and we need not describe it. Enough to say, that to attract the visitors as it has done, its climate, scenery, situation and charm really must be as marvellous as advertised to have overcome its ancient, unsanitary supply of water. Its source has always been one of the finest and purest the world can produce, an artesian spring with up to now a never ending abundant supply.

The spring is situated away up the road to Valldemosa, about 200 yards above sea level. This gives advantage number one. No pumps. It reaches the highest point of Palma with natural flow, force force sufficient for every purpose and without the polutions at its source of any town menace or pastoral contamination. Think of what other towns pay for this privilege. Buying up thousands of acres to ensure that its source is not contaminated and being a spring, no water sheds to conserve or rivers to keep clean like Manchester and London,

Embroideries.

In Nicolás, 15 visit this house.



Here, in Palma, you have a natural pure crystal spring coming out of the ground with such a force, that even today at the height of a dry season, if you throw a stone in the centre of it, it goes around and around and you can see it slowly sink to a bottomless depth. By the way, they have a watchman there now, so take my word for it.

From Far Away

I have my own opinion where the water comes from and this is backed by some noted men who have visited the spring. Have you ever thought what happens in London or almost anywhere in England if the rain-fall is not at least average, and that means a lot in comparison to this place with its «climate ideal.» Don't water your garden, don't so little water for them, factories closed down, are the usual warnings. Yet here, on this tight little island, the most you have to suffer is to have the water cut off from sunset to dawn and no restrictions on how much you store in the daytime. Town streets watered and washed to counteract its dusty summer days. Well, it is obvious that it is not filtered sea-water. Water never ran up hill without a force to push it. The small rain-fall of the place, the quick evaporation of any that does fall out of season. The parched vegetation on the water sheds that would naturally accumulate the Palma water supply whose area is not so great when you take all the land away that is not over 300 yards above sea-level. Besides, there are many more towns on the island that need supplying. So don't you think it feasible that this supply comes from the mainland-the melting snows of the Pyrenees? You find this same hard water over there-the same rock formation. Was there always a Mediterranean Sea? On the French Riviera in old caves the carcasses of elephants and many other large wild animals are to be found buried in the limestone rock, which points to me that in this world formation Africa was joined to Europe and these small hills were the foot-hills of Spain in the distant past. You have further proof of this theory a



the pure natural Cork Tip, Hygienic and Waterproof, prevents sticking to the lips and staining of teeth and fingers; binds the Cig-arette-end firmly and keeps it dry ensuring a arette-end firmly and keeps it dry, ensuring a cool, *clean*, sweetsmoke.

100% CORK - TIPPED wash your car, just so many baths and Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats MADE BY CARRERAS, A SPANISH NAME WITH AN INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

> few miles from the Monastery of Lluch, high up on the hill-side on the old road to Pollensa, you have an eternal spring gushing from the mountain side. In Cala San Vicente I saw a modern Moses strike the rock a few feet below the ground where they were digging a well and out gushed such a stream that the proprietor wants to supply Pollensa and Formentor with an abundant supply of water and this was far above sea-level.

> The water is taken from the present source in cement pipes to regulating tanks. A few years ago it ran in an open ditch right into Palma; thus the cases of typhoid which were often. I was one of the sufferers; now, I guarantee that it is practically stamped out to those on the modern water supply. These regulating tanks are the most modern higienic eyeopeners to any water engineer of any country. Personally, if I were the City Council, I should invite the whole population of Palma to visit them. The enthusiastic foreman there, who speaks English quite well, I am sure takes a pride in showing you around and well he might. The modern way, the simplicity, the foolproofness of its purification, this and the city doctor's daily tests, both at these tanks and again at the city laboratories guarantee you a water second to none in the world for a large town. I know that is saying a lot but I know, where water is concerned.

From these large tanks it is now brought into Palma direct, first by reinforced concrete pipes of large dimensions and then distributed all ever the town by Uralite pipe, the most sanitary and modern tube yet constructed.

(To be concluded)

M.C.D. 2022



Tramways

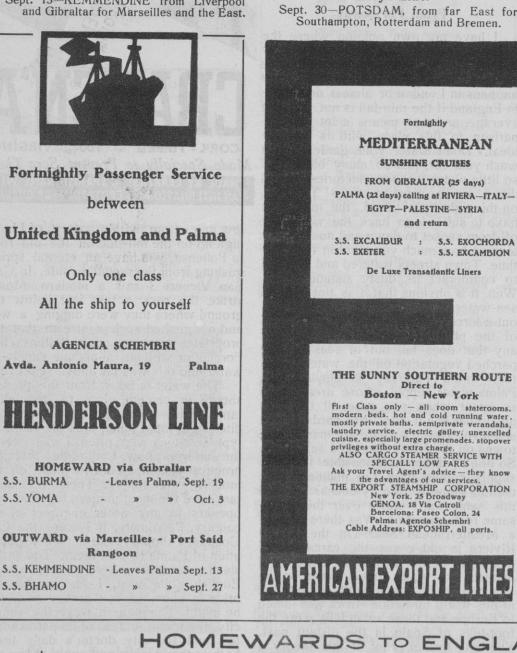
To Genova, trams depart from Hotel Al-hambra at a. m. 6.10; 6.40, 7.20, 8.40, 10.0, 11.20, 12.0, p. m. 12.40, 1.20, 2.0, 3.20, 4,40, 5.20, 6.0. 6.40, 7.20, 8.0, 8.40, 9.20. From Genova Palma trams depart at a. m. 6.40, 7.20, 8.0, 9.20, 10.40, 12.0, p. m. 12.40, 1.20, 2.0, 2.40, 4.0, 5.20, 6.0, 6.40, 7.20, 8.0, 8.40, 9.15, 9.55. On Sundays and holidays, cars leave Palma generally every 20 minutes from 6 a. m. to 9.20 p. m., returning from Genova at same intervals.

Regular Passenger Lines From Palma

Henderson Line: Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida de Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417. Sept. 13-KEMMENDINE from Liverpool

Oct. 3-YOMA from Marseilles and the East for Gibraltar and London.

- Union Castle Line: Agents: Agencia Schem-bri, Avenida de Antonio Maura,52. Tel 1417. Sept. 11-LLANGIBBY CASTLE, from London. Tangier and Gibraltar for Mars-eilles, Genoa and East Africa. Sept. 18-LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE, from
 - East Africa and Marseilles for Gibraltar, Tangier and London.
- American Export Lines: Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.
 - Sept. 13th.-EXCALIBUR, from New York. for Marseilles, Genoa, Naples and Eastern Mediterranean
 - Sept. 20-EXOCHORDA from Genoa and Marseilles for Malaga, Boston and New York
- German African Linera:
 - Sept. 21-USSUKUMA, from Hamburg and
 - Southampton for Genoa and Port Said. Oct. 1-ADOLPH WOERMANN, from Port Said and Genoa for Southampton and Hamburg.
- North German-Lloyd Line:
 - Sept. 30-POTSDAM, from far East for Southampton, Rotterdam and Bremen.





Mail Connections for U.S.A.

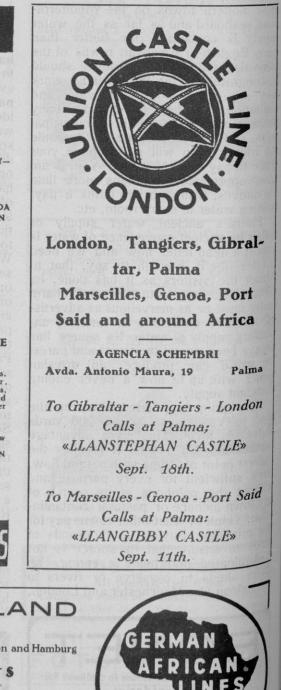
Sunday, Sept. 8th. Mail closes Palma Post Office 1 p.m. for the BREMEN, Cherbourg, due in New York Sept. 16th.

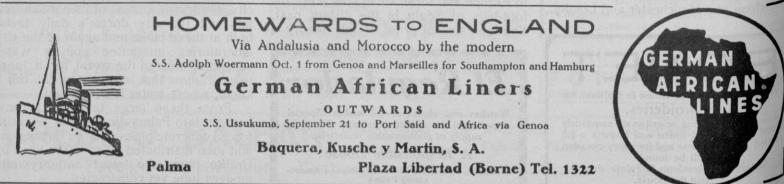
Monday, September 9th. Mail closes Palma Postoffice at 8:00 p.m. for the ILE DE FRANCE. Havre, due in New York Sept. 17th.

Oct. 12-POTSDAM, from Bremen and Southampton for Barcelona, Genoa and the Fart East.

Cruise Ships:

Sept. 12-ATLANTIS, Royal Mail Line, out-ward bound from England on Mediterranean Cruise.





M.C.D. 2022

SEPTEMBER 7, 1935

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IBIZA

Since the arrival of the Spanish troops there is an entirely different movement on the Island. Coloured uniforms everywhere and on passing through the old lanes of this picturesque town you can hear the clatter of horses' hoofs on the cobbles as the Spanish Cavalry swings by. And one hears snatches of songs as the soldiers go about their work.

All this has increased the charm of this quaint place. Through the courtesy of some of the Spanish officers some of the foreign colony have been able to have a bit of horseback riding, a rare treat in this land of donkeys.

The English yacht Verona, belonging to the Rothschild family is at anchor in the bay at present. It came from Palma on its way to Alicante.

BIZA DECEMBERS IBIZA FONDA LA MARINA 8 pts. CA VOSTRA International guest house for artists HOTEL PORTMANY San Antonio 8-12 pts. "HOLZAPFEL" International Paint Co. (Trade Mark) Eugenio Molina, 22 The PAINT for YACHTS ESTOMACAL FRIGOLA APERITIVO PALO MARI ANIS MARI **Registered Marks** Beware of Imitations Pharmacy CESAR PUGET M. COSTA Dentist-Surgeon Paseo Vara de Rey Pharmacy B. MARI MARI High Class International Delicatessen COME TO IBIZA THE ISLE OF PEACE For information write The best in Mallorca: Cala Ratjada. Fomento del The best Pension in Cala Ratjada: Turismo de Ibiza MARIPINS 111

POLLENSA

The Annual Puerto de Pollensa Fancy Dress Ball was held as last year in the Plaza de Toros. The attendance surpassed all expectations and the costumes were as varied as they were beautiful. Señorita Margarita Llobera as "Canariense" and Señora Doña Laura Capllonet as a lady of 1870 were among those winning prizes.

The group prize went to Miss Margaret Laurence and nine friends who came as mermaids and Tritons. No rain came this time to put a sudden end to the dancing as happened last year and it can be regarded as one of the Puerto's most successful affairs.

Mrs. and Mrs. Jacques Seltz are spending a few days in Casa Delaney, the charming villa belonging to their aunt.

Another visitor from Palma is Mrs. George McClintock.

The military aeroplanes are still with us and their officers and men are be seen about the Port daily.



8.50 Ptas.

SOLLER

The Puerto has been pretty gay this past week what with many tourist parties arriving daily from Palma for luncheon in our hotels and a swim in the bay. Our hotels here have had a good month and there are many reservations booked for September.

Mr. «Bill» Beauley, having quite re-covered from his recent illness' is up and about town once more. He is to be seen daily at the Cafe Frontera in Soller with is friend Ramon, where they settle affairs of state as easily as one might order a drink.

A flurry of excitement ran through the Port on Tuesday when the story went round that the Prince of Wales was expected in the afternoon aboard the yacht on which he is cruising. Everyone had on his best bib and tucker and all parties were held in abeyance as eyes were hopefully turned towards the mouth of the harbour. Alas, it was for naught, the only craft to enter was a fishing boat. Even the greatest imaginations could not transform the corduroy clad skipper of the craft into Baron Renfrew.

The only thing to get out of control in the Puerto last week was the ceiling of Mrs. Shafto's «Little Library». The people in the flat above were having their apartment tiled and as a result the entire floor fell through into the room below, which happened to be the Library. The books were covered with the dust of centuries. Mrs. Shafto managed to keep the place open however and business went on as usual.

and the second	ARINA DE LA PLAYA É FRONTERA	The only hotel with bathing beach Tel. 5 Puerto Sóller			
Cafe Frontera Anglo - American Club Cocktails and Tea Calle de la República 18 Telephone: 47 - Ramón Frontera - Cars for hire					
Sólle	er Electri	c Railway			
Clean	- Comfortable MAGNIFICENT P	ast our norther			
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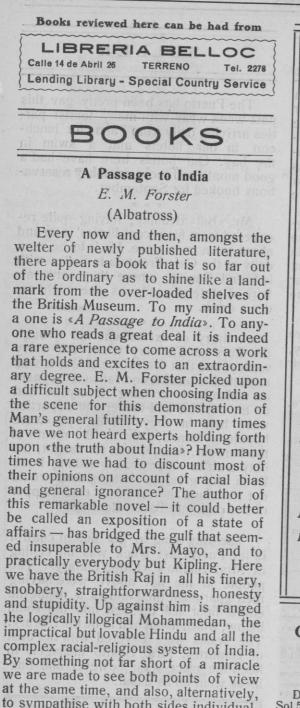
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to sympathise with both sides individually. The material and physical advantages of the Britisher's polo are held up and contrasted with the spiritual and divine recompense of the Brahman and Mahommedan culis. From enjoying the Club life of the exiles at Chandrapore, we are switched to the intense fervour of an Indian police court. Now we feel sorry for Mrs. Turton, busy avoiding contact with the dreadful native; now we feel for the dignified Brahman priest and make a mental protest against the Turtons of this world.

The whole book is a brilliant exposition of the theory that nothing is what it seems, that everything is worth of our attention and sympathy and that the world is in a sorry pickle anyhow. This latter fact we already knew for few of us can really be quite satisfied with civilisation to-day, but we have never had the facts of the case so neatly presented before. Apart from these very interesting and depressing conflicts, the author gives us an insight into life in India that should be made a perpetual manual for our Schools. His gentle irony, and humour too, he sprinkles upon all and sun-The ceremonies of the annual drv. rebirth of Krishna are a riot of reverence and humour, and with the same brush he paints for us an official British Garden



Classified Announcements (One Peseta a Line)

Jaime Muntaner, Lawyer Divorces, Law Suits, Heritages. Calle del Sol 54, Palma. English spoken.

German Woman

Wishes position as general houseworker. Speaks English, and Spanish. The best references. Apply: MAJORCA SUN



Party. There is a force about this book which sets one thinking, and a beauty of expression that resembles sugar taken after medicine. To misquote the author slightly — the Indian problem was, is not, was not, is; — and, for all I know, always will not be. But now I understand why.







Possibly our sense of humour is a bit disarranged and things which we find amusing no doubt the next person would find very dull. A case in point is something which happened to us not so long ago. Despite the sadness and even tragedy of the affair we were able to get one smile out of it.

We had occasion to attend the interrment, in the local cemetery, of an unfortunate chap who died here on the Island, practically friendless. We with a friend were the only ones present and, upon arriving early on a rather nasty, cold day, fell into conversation with the attendant, a garrulous fellow who apparently had few opportunities to talk. Here, as in many other places along the Mediterranean, the funeral of one who has died must take place very shortly after death. The remains are brought, after the service to the cemetery and the casket placed in some sort of a receiving vault until the actual grave or niche is made ready. Here in Palma this is a large room where often as many as twelve caskets at one time are resting on wooden horses.

We asked our new acquaintance if there was anything in the theory that, after death, the nails and hair continued to grow and that, if a man were clean shaven when he died, did he not have a beard after a day or two? These ideas he pooh-hoohed, said that there was not the slightest bit of truth in them and went on to give us some pretty gruesome details of his work.

«And» he said, «As for people coming to life after they have been declared dead by the doctors, and stuff like that, there is nothing to It. Man and boy, I have worked here for twenty years and every morning when I come into this room, I say, *hola*, *amigos*, *buenos dias*, and so help me, in all those twenty years I've never had one single answer.

It seemed too bad that the lonely chap we saw lowered away could not have heard him. He might have felt that he had had at least one friend here.

R. M. G.



Calle de Gomila. 3 (nr. Hotel Mediterráneo) Terreno For the best in Giffs, Novelfies and Linens RAFFIA SANDALS, PURSES AND BELTS Special Hand Decorated Map of Mallorca, Pias. 12