

incorporated in  
The **Majorca Sun**

25 Céntimos

3<sup>rd</sup> Year, N.º 31, July 1, 1934

Published every Sunday

# The Gentle Art of Idling

**T**HE coasts of the Mediterranean are essentially places in which to idle. The tempo of life is slower than in Northern lands. To-morrow, will usually do as well as to-day, and if not to-morrow, next week. The summer sun is too benignly hot to make rushing about a pleasant occupation.

In the North, we rush to our business, and rush home again. We bolt our food, dash into a bar, gulp down a drink, dash out again. We play violent games as if our lives depended on them, scan the headlines of a newspaper, throw it away and buy another.

In the South it is far otherwise. Some of us exiles have work to do, but most of us are perforce idlers, and to idle successfully and at the same time lead a full satisfying life requires considerable character. You will need philosophy, and infinite patience; you must learn to enjoy being alone in a crowd; you must have considerable inner resources, you must take food and drink seriously; you must be an indefatigable student of the fascinating pageant of humanity about its business, whether it is buying and selling, quarrelling, making love, eating and drinking or starving.

## How They Do it in Spain

Watch a Spaniard seat himself at a café table. He will raise his hat punctiliously to any acquaintances, seat himself with deliberation. He will glance round, and settle himself to wait for the waiter. If the waiter is long in coming, he will hiss or clap his hands; and then he will order his drink with great care, though it is usually a harmless affair costing a few centimos.

But when it comes, he treats it as though it were vintage wine. With what care he will superintend the exact amount of water and sugar to be added. Then there's the question of olives or anchovies, a cigarette to be rolled, a match to be politely accepted from the waiter. And then he settles down to watch the cavalcade of the streets for an hour, and to enjoy every sip of his drink in the sunshine.

Perhaps a beggar will approach—and Spaniards are extraordinarily kind to beggars. He will get a penny and a «Vaya con Dios, hermano.» There is the ritual of boot-cleaning. The slips of celluloid between shoe and sock, the variety of polishes used, the slapping of the brushes, the brilliant shine that lasts such a short time.

Then probably a lottery ticket vendor, and the optimistic gentleman who carries a tray of spectacles, cigarette cases and other gadgets pass by.

Meanwhile the life of the street will pursue its accustomed way. The Guardias will whistle urgently at people who don't cross the street between the brass studs. A band will come by, advertising a film. There will be señoritas to be gravely regarded, appraised. Maybe there will be a stimulating little quarrel. And all this for the price of a small drink. Your Spaniard goes home refreshed, pleasantly hungry for the good things his wife has ready for dinner.

## «And Let There be No Moaning at the Bar»

Regard now a foreigner's behaviour in a bar because he has not learnt to like the local liquids. This is a pity because Manzanilla is a delightful aperitif. Lighter yet more stimulating than Sherry, and remarkably cheap. You can have four for the price of one cocktail.

This is not a diatribe against bars. Bars are excellent in their place. There is a time always when you must have a whisky and soda, and down it quickly. But regard what happens in a bar. Your foreigner enters in a hurry, but once inside, he meets someone who's got the latest story about Topsy Twinkletoes. «My dear, I saw her last night at Cheery-oh's, absolutely blind to the world. McGillicuddy was with her, and he was completely blind too. And she said to me...»

By this time our foreigner has had his second drink, and has begun to roll the dice for his third. And then somebody else comes in and tells him about how Mrs. Muckrake was seen coming out of a dive at four a.m. with that awful boy-friend of hers, and Mr. Muckrake is going home to see his lawyers, but he's no better, with that red-haired girl of his...

And so it goes on. The same stories, the same old faces, the same drinks, usually a few too many and of course one for the road. And you haven't seen anything, and you feel rather cross and you don't feel like any dinner. Instead, you drift along to another bar.

Then there's the question of meals. Among the Nordics, it is still not considered quite nice to take a deep interest in food. But to the Latin, food is one of the most important things in life. A good meal is a thing to prepare for, to choose with care and discrimination, to eat slowly and enjoyably, to digest quietly and without hurry.

Who can say who is right? The Nordic, with his dyspepsia but his passion for punctuality, and being busy all the time, or the Latin who is prepared to wait for things to come to him?



# Blackbirds

by Martin Carey

It was Henry VII, I think who prohibited private armies in England. That was when he stopped the barons keeping armed retainers. Now we have a baronet, neither very bad nor very bold, who maintains a large private army, all nicely dressed up in black shirts, and no-one says him nay. With the help of this army, he hopes to sweep himself into power, and persuade, peacefully or by force, all the solid, grumbling, depressed, gallant and intensely individual ordinary Englishmen to drink from the healing springs of Fascism.

There is an old proverb, which applies with peculiar force to Englishmen, that you can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. I commend a close study of this proverb, as of the history of England, to Sir Oswald Moseley.

We have not had a serious revolution in England for three hundred years. We have produced bad kings and good kings, magnificent and selfless ministers, as well as stupid and corrupt ones. We are masters of a quarter of the world. In spite of cabinets that appear fatuous on the surface, we are still the greatest and the freest people on earth. Does this man with the rather silly face, a complete failure in Parliament, whose only claims to distinction are that he married a rich and charming wife, that he is an excellent fencer, and that he has the backing of Lord Rothermere, a stupid but immensely powerful baron of the press, think that he is of the stuff that can lead England?

It is true that England, on the surface, seem to be governed by a set of incompetent half-wits, who spend most of their time rushing from one expensive and abortive Continental conference to another. But what makes England a country to be envied and to be proud of, is not the antics and the mouthings of a few place-seekers, but the immensely valuable work done by thousands of permanent officials, whom nobody ever hears of. We also have a legal system which is the wonder of the world. No English Judge has ever been bribed, every criminal is considered innocent till he is proved guilty.

Fascism, says Sir Oswald, is going to make everything bigger and better, greater and grander. And if you don't like what I tell you, my hired bravos will beat you up—Which they did, the other day, at Olympia.

Every decent politician is prepared for interrupters and hecklers. No decent Briton believes in political

violence. The British will die for their country, but not for a cause or a creed. They have too much sense of humour, a quality in which Sir Oswald Moseley seems conspicuously lacking.

Perhaps humour is unnecessary for Dictators, though I suspect Signor Mussolini of possessing one. He and Mustapha Kemal are the only Dictators worthy the name, and they have very different peoples to deal with from the British.

I have only once had the privilege of seeing Sir Oswald Moseley. It was at a London Night Club, where an exhibition of all-in wrestling was taking place. It was a boring show. Two large beefy men rolled each other over, and occasionally smacked each other, in a pettish way. One wearied member of the audience called out: «Pull his hair, Bert». Whereupon Sir Oswald rose to his feet and said: «I refuse to sit here and see an honest athlete insulted!» and wanted to fight a duel with the interrupter.

And this is the man who thinks he can make England a place fit for heroes to live in, with the aid of his British Fascists—the initials are significant.

I don't think he can do it, in spite of his money and his backing. The British are too old and too sensible a people to be deluded by the catch phrases of politicians. They are not willing to be regimented, they feel acutely uncomfortable in fancy dress.

Only one man alive to-day could carry the country with him, make it dance, and willingly, to his tune. And he can never do it, because of the Constitution of Great Britain and Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the seas. And that man is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

## Information About London

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**Varied News Items**

Mr. Ramsay McDonald, the British Prime Minister, is going to Canada for the holiday he has been ordered by the doctors.

The oldest man in the world, a Turk, died in Constantinople on Friday. He had married twelve wives, and remembered Napoleon. He claimed to be 144 years old, but doctors said his age was probably about 120.

Sport. Jack Crawford of Australia, holder of the Men's Singles Title, has reached the last eight at Wimbledon.

Henry Cotton won the open Golf Championship with a total score of 283.

The French team won the Prince of Wales' Jumping Trophy, open to the World, at the Olympia Horse Show. The Irish Free State was second and Sweden third.

In the Winchester and Eton cricket match, Winchester scored 231, to which Eton replied with 154 for two wickets.

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probably be standing room only at the Bellver.

**Majorca Society of Arts**

It is proposed to hold a motor boat excursion on the 22nd July, to Cala Refeibeitx. Lunch should be taken but tea will be provided at 50 cts. per head. Boats leave Palma 9.30 a.m. and Porto Pi (Calle Versailles) at 10 a.m. and expect to be back about 6.30 p.m. Tickets for non-members cost 5 Ptas. and for members 4 Ptas. Bookings before July 15th and information from Mrs. Bowden or Mrs. Lynn at the Mallorca Junior Club, The Flower Shop, 26 Calle 14 de Abril, Terreno, or the Spanish Trading C.º Paseo Sagrera, 11. Palma.

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**An Interview**

by Aficionado

I have had the privilege of talking to the one and only Belmonte. I met him through the courtesy of Sr. D. Xavier Vidal Quadras, an old friend of his. We found him sitting outside the Bar America, just over the street from the Grand Hotel.

Belmonte is slight but strong looking, bronzed with a life in the open. He does not look his forty-two years. His strongly marked features, the long chin, the protruding under-lip, are far more attractive in real life than in photographs.

He received us charmingly, and without a trace of «side.» We asked him how things had been at Nimes. «Very good,» he said, «and Gallo was excellent.»

«Have you had a look at the Murube Bulls?»

«No, because I don't want bad dreams to-night.»

«What do you think of Miuras?»

«They're very nice, when they are dying.»

«What do you think of Sidney Franklin, the American matador? «Good-for an American.»

He would not commit himself as to the merits of present day bullfighters, but said he thought Ortega and La Serna very good. He had not seen Jaime Pericas, the Mallorquin hope. Yes, he was afraid at each Corrida; and he'd not asked his wife what she thought about his return to the ring.

We told him that Sidney Franklin was engaged in translating a Spanish bullfighting classic into English, and that he had said he would prefer to face six Miuras with hands tied. «If he did that,» said Belmonte, «he would prefer to do the translation.»

We told him that bullfighting had a large following among foreigners here, but that the horse business always got them down. He told us that he is supporting a movement to turn the picador into a kind of rejoneador, who will ride roud the bull on a good horse, and pic him, in the manner of Simao da Vega, without letting his horse get touched.

We wished him four ears and two tails for this afternoon, and he asked us to come and see him dress for the fight, at his hotel.

Au revoir till five o'clock, Juan Belmonte, gentle gallant fighter of bulls.

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THE MAJORCA SUN and SPANISH TIMES, besides being on sale at principal kiosks in Barcelona and Mallorca, is obtainable at the following:

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## Bull Talk

by Aficionado

Well, they say that Juan Belmonte was pretty darned good at Nimes last Sunday. And that El Gallo was good with cape and muleta, but pretty darned poor with the sword. I never yet saw a gipsy who could kill. Joselito could, but he was before my time. And they say the Murube bulls are good lookers and big, and they have a reputation for fierceness. So we ought to see *something*, this afternoon.

I have often heard people say that they'd like bullfights better if they sometimes saw a man badly gored or killed. If they took the trouble to read the bullfight reports in the Madrid papers, they would see that never a week passes without a torero being severely gored, somewhere in Spain. Not long ago they had a *novillada* for novices who had never appeared in an important ring, in Sevilla. *All eight men who took part were gored.* And last week a banderillero died of his wounds in the capital. So there's quite a spot of risk for bullfighters — far more than in foxhunting.

## Lady in Pyjamas

Last Sunday was a glorious day for the Pyjama parade, at the Piscine of the Sporting Hotel at Calamayor, and lots of people were there.

The swimming races and diving caused great excitement, and the Beric Parade was extremely chic and received a great ovation, as the creations were not only smart but extremely practical. This house has come very much to the fore recently for the excellence of its work, and was offering a prize of a beach pyjama suit in the competition in which all could take part. This was won by Miss Rina Cabbibe of the house of Madeleine and Odette.

The second prize for pyjamas was won by an English girl, Miss Sparkes, who certainly twinkled from head to toes. She was much acclaimed, but most of the applause went to a misguided lady who insisted on showing a Japanese bedroom pyjama suit. Everybody was delighted! The Jury, however, was sorry for her, although it took pluck to be arrayed in this fashion.

Everyone seemed happy, many drinks were served, and the restaurant was twice filled for luncheon, which was excellent. Many spent the day there and dined in the evening as well.

One wee person noticed had no need of a fashion show for she ran around in the costume of «Eve», but no «Adam» was visible. Much praise is due to the management of The Sporting for their enterprise, and to Beric's for their most attractive mannequin parade. Next Sunday at 11.30, there will be a special show of bathing costumes.



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## Palma Restaurants

### No. 4. The Restaurant Mallorca

The Restaurant Mallorca, which is opposite the post-office, is usually affectionately called «The Fonda». It has a very high reputation among foreigners, and there are quite a good many, who like really good Spanish food, which is its speciality. There is always an excellent selection of local fish, particularly Salmonetes and Calamares. Also such dishes as kidneys cooked in Sherry, and sweet-breads in Madrileño style.

But the house's *pièce de resistance* is *Paella de arroz* — the national rice dish of Spain. I have tried *paella* in most of the Palma restaurants, but I have never had it so richly succulent as at «The Fonda.» Be sure you give an hour's notice if you want it, and turn up punctually to eat it straight off the fire.

By the way, they have a particularly nice, fresh-tasting white wine, *corriente*. And the prices are remarkably low.

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# The Campeador of Spain

**T**HE Cid is the great legendary hero of Spain, as well as the most prominent figure in her literature. To the Spaniard he occupies a similar position to King Arthur to the English, Roland to the French. He is the «parfit gentil knight,» *sans peur et sans reproche*.

There was probably a Romano-British king called Arthur, who fought with some success against the invading Saxons, when the Roman Empire was in its death throes; just as there may have been a Frankish warrior called Roland. But the real men differed greatly from their prototypes in the Morte d'Arthur, or the Chanson de Roland; and the Cid of history, though the greatest warrior of his time, was not quite the flawless knight of the Poem of the Cid, or the Chronicle.

Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, better known by the title the Arabs gave him, El Cid and El Campeador, was of a noble family, and was born between 1030 and 1040. The dominions of the Western Ommeyad Caliphate had been torn asunder into numerous petty states, so that Castilian and Moor were on equal terms. Civil war raged on both sides, as fiercely as against the common enemy.

No condition of affairs could have been more favourable to the genius of the Cid. He rose to great distinction in the war between Sancho of Castille and Sancho of Navarre, and gained his title of Campeador by slaying the enemy's champion in single combat.

Soon after, the Cid was sent to collect tribute from Motamid, the king of Seville, whom he found engaged in civil war with Abdallah king of Granada. In the latter's army were many Castilian knights, but in the battle that followed Abdallah and his army were defeated with great slaughter, and the Cid returned to Burgos with much booty.

But his enemies accused him to Alphonso, King of Castille, of keeping back some of the tribute received from Seville, and he was banished from his native land.

From this time, the Cid began to lead the life of a soldier of fortune, which has made him famous, sometimes under a Christian banner, sometimes a Moorish, but always for his own hand. He fought for Moktadir the Arab king of Zaragoza,

for eight years, fighting his battles against Moor and Christian alike.

His most famous exploit was the capture of Valencia, after a siege of nine months — the richest prize in Spain. The Cid ruled his new dominions, which included nearly the whole of Valencia and Murcia, with vigour and justice for four years.

At length the Almoravides, whom he had often beaten, marched against him in great force, and defeated his army under his favourite lieutenant, Alvar Fanez. The blow was fatal to the aged and war-worn Campeador, who died of rage and grief in July 1099. His bones lie in Burgos to this day. Philip II tried to get him canonized, without success.

Whatever his qualities as a warrior, the Cid was not of the stuff of saints. He fought with equal zeal against Christian and Moslem, burnt churches and mosques with equal zest. But he was undoubtedly one of the greatest of the guerrilleros, of whom the soil of Spain has always been productive.

The Cid of Romance, the hero of a thousand battles, combines the qualities of Roland and Bayard in one. In the popular literature of Spain he holds a place without parallel in other countries. Within a hundred years of his death his exploits were sung by wandering minstrels, and the innumerable poems and tales of his deeds serve to prove the abiding popularity of the national hero in his native land.

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# Madrid Report

Cataluña and  
The Republic

We have no «Grande Semaine» in Madrid but at least we have had a «Debate Politico» in full gala ceremony on the thorny subject of Catalonia. From the heights of the Foreign Press Tribune—in which were several foreign correspondents plus a varied selection of relatives and novias of Deputies, Director-Generals, friends of the Speaker, and secret police—we were able to observe how excited folks can become on sugar-water.

For Spain's Deputies fight the oppressive heat in this semi-circular Chamber, carefully devoid of the most elementary ventilation, by large glasses of brown-coloured water in which «azucarilla» has been dissolved and which the attendants carry in on, presumably, silver trays. Only the plump José Maria Gil Robles has lemonade brought him. And the hawklike Sr. Cambo (Don Francisco de Asis) drinks plain water.

But considering the temperature, Spain's Deputies show great restraint. A «full house» hangs expectantly on the words of Don Ricard Samper who explains with some indignation that he didn't wish for this debate, that the dictates of the all-high Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees will be observed, that there will be no civil war and that the Cabinet has a «formula» which it will produce exactly at the right moment. The Cabinet members look contented. Don Cirilio del Rio shuts his eyes benevolently and leans back. Of what is Don Cirilio dreaming? Of a premiership? Of his native vineyards of Alcazar de San Juan? you know the place where they sell «navajas de Albacete» in the train. Sr. Salazar Alonso writes copious notes which he will afterwards pass to Premier Samper, but pauses occasionally to carry out certain operations in the neighbourhood of his nose which ill become the blue bench.

Then Don Antonio Goicoechea. Lots of patriotism. But also some very good legal arguments. The Radicals—what's in a name?—become very annoyed. The situation has its humor. The Radicals as good Twentieth Century middle class folk fight equally furiously the aristocratic sentiments of the Monarchists as they do the proletarian aspirations of the Socialists.

Don Francisco de Asis Cambo explains a lot of things which really need a very great deal of explaining. He is desperately hoarse, but his magnificent will power overcomes this. He has the face of a Greco figure with his burning black eyes and straggling beard. «I do not mind what Deputies think; I am interested in how they vote.» So now we know; some Deputies do think.

Minor artillery, Messrs. Lara and Maura. Heavy guns, the governmental tutor, Sr. Gil Robles, whose voice booms with the boom of a successful man and Sr. Prieto «Don Inda» whose voice has the melancholy note of a man who knows that those who listen will vote for the Government anyway.

Sr. Gil Robles has the voice of a school-master. And his 116 Deputies of the Catholic «Ceda» Party look like nothing so much as a good class of well-behaved little boys. Nobody ever raises his voice in the Chamber except «El Jefe.» When Sr. Gil Robles waxes indignant, 116 Deputies wax indignant. When he sniggers, 116 Deputies snigger. At first, it is said, they used to ask permission to leave the room, but perhaps this is only a cruel libel.

«Don Inda» tells us of the Socialist sorrow at the spectacle of a defunct Republic; Sr. Azaña says ditto on behalf of his handful of Republicans. Sr. Gil Robles bellows loud interruptions. Sr. Samper calls stormily across the Chamber: «You are very daring Sr. Azaña!» What a spectacle. The Chamber is righteously indignant.

Sr. Samper winds up with a dramatic phrase. «Ah señores Diputados, Catalonia is not the Esquerra; Catalonia is not the Lliga; Catalonia is—Catalonia!» This brings a delirious ovation. Everybody goes home. Five hours speeches to decide something that was decided before the debate started. We are hot, hungry and very bad-tempered. We think kindly of all non-parliamentary regimes. So we roll off to the Verbena de San Juan and eat roast pigeon and spend a «duro» shooting for a bottle of cider worth a peseta.

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# From Coast To Coast (2)

From now on we did not exactly follow the course of the Ebro, but kept in the same direction, venturing into the mountains towards our next stop, Reinosa. Immediately after passing the famous Jesuit School Oca we found the road blocked, as a rock had fallen down from the mountain top and workmen were busy removing the obstacle. The road runs along a little river, on the other side of which is the new railway line that was built to connect Santander with Madrid, and that still is not finished in its whole planned extension.

We went for hours through these mountains with hardly a village on the way, and only stopped once at a place called Soncillo, high up on a plain, where it was cold and unpleasant. At a small café we warmed ourselves by a stove and ordered cognac and coffee to revive us.

Not a soul besides us except the proprietor and his boy who were very talkative, but in a nice way. I suppose being so far off the beaten track makes you that way. You want to know what is going on in the world. The man had a wireless set and tried to please us by switching on an English station. Passing through boggy country and over pretty bad roads we finally got to Reinosa, a small town famous for its good butter. We went along the main street at a slow pace looking round for a hotel to stay at, and then decided to ask somebody for the best. By chance the man we asked turned out to be the proprietor of one of them, and he certainly did not recommend us to go to another than his. He helped us put the car away and put us up nicely in clean rooms with running water.

Before we sat down to dinner we had to wait a while. The girls wrote postcards to all and sundry while we talked to the proprietor and various guests; cowdealers, travelling salesmen and chauffeurs, about our trip and its continuation. When we said we were going on to Potes by the mountain road, everybody said: «But that's impossible; the road is blocked by snow drifts six metres high.» Well, that was an unpleasant surprise, but the proprietor of the hotel told us that they were clearing it away and that he would ask the bus people in the morning if the road was open to traffic again. After a good dinner with excellent butter and cheese we went out to have a drink at a little tavern — and then to bed.

## Among the Mountains

The next morning it turned out that the road had just that morning been cleared of snow, and so we set off to Potes on a road first to the North, then following a valley to the South, and then North again. Soon after Reinosa we said good-bye to the Ebro definitely when we passed its springs, and then a panorama of high, snow-topped mountains opened itself in front of us. Green meadows on both sides of the road, cows with tinkling bells and horses were grazing everywhere, and pleasant villages and farmhouses lay like white dots on the landscape. The car climbed the steep road with great ease, apparently animated by the fresh mountain air, and soon we got to the dreaded snowdrifts which covered the road in the bends, and into

which narrow passages were cut so that we passed between two high walls of snow. We got through the dangerous part without trouble, but feared every time the wall of snow would come down on top of us.

Then the road went down again and we had time to admire this wonderful mountain landscape, with green trees and waterfalls that made us feel we were in Switzerland and not in Spain. Again we passed through few villages along perfect roads. At every corner a new surprising view enthralled us, the same landscape in ever changing variety. We got to Potes just in time for lunch. Hungry as we were, we went to the first hotel we came to, but the lovely trout was badly cooked and the service was far from satisfactory. Afterwards we went for a stroll in the village which is one of the most picturesque I have ever seen. Closed in by mountains on all sides, a rapid river passes through this summer residence of old time *Grandes de España*. Many houses carry the escutcheons of great families and an old tower stands out from the lower rooftops. Only because none of the hotels and fondas looked particularly inviting did we decide to carry on to the coast. We were now right in the *Picos de Europa*, high rocky mountains through which the road winds in deep gorges. The landscape was as gloomy here as it had been serene in the morning. Big rock hung over the road and the torrents rushed through the narrow gorges with tremendous noise. Only when we approached the sea and were out of the mountain region did the scenery recover its softer beauty.

## Down to the Sea Again

We got to San Vicente de la Barquera in the late afternoon and stopped at a very nice hotel on the sea front which was furnished with good antique furniture. The rooms were large and old fashioned, but comfortable. Before dinner we went for a stroll to the old part of the little fishing town on the top of a hill which flanked the entrance to the river. Also here we could muse on bygone splendours. Palaces of Renaissance style lay in ruins one next to the other, and the only building that had survived was the beautiful Romanesque church which lay hidden among the trees on a kind of a terrace from which one had a view of the whole surrounding country.

The next morning we were off again. It was our last day, so we took it easy, rising late and driving at no great speed. Towards midday we got to Santander, where we had lunch after a drive through the still closed sea-side suburb. *Fabada Asturiana* and *Queso de Santander* were found worth their fame, and when we left again we thought that the town was one of the prettiest in Spain. We drove along the coast, and then again further inland, past mines and factories, into the busy Basque country. Names like *Araquistain* and *Urquidi* appeared on the shop fronts and the closer we came to Bilbao the smokier and moer industrial became the scenery. Through endless suburbs we finally got to Euzcadi's capital and sat down at a café by the *ria* for a farewell drink. Our trip was ended.



# What to Do and Where to Go in Barcelona

## Theatres

ROMEA—*Los Caballeros*.  
 NOVEDADES—Luis Calvo Zarzuela Company.  
 BARCELONA—*Agua de Mar*.  
 GRAN TEATRE ESPANYOL — Valencian Comedy Company, *Les Xiques del Barrio*.  
 PRINCIPAL PALACE — *Las Mujeres del Zodíaco*.  
 COMICO—*Las Chicas del Ring*.  
 NUEVO—*La Cruz de Hierro*.

## Cinemas

COLISEUM — *Merrily We Go To Hell (Tuya para siempre)* in English. Tomorrow: *Disgraced (Ignominia)* and *Under The Tonto Rim (Estaba Escrito)* both in English.  
 URQUINAONA—*Little Giant (Pequeño Gigante)* in English.  
 FANTASIO—*Les Surprises du Divorce (Las Sorpresas del Divorcio)* doubled in Spanish.  
 FEMINA — closed.  
 TIVOLI—closed.  
 CAPITOL—*Sehnsucht 202 (Anuncios por palabras)* and *Das Tankmaedel (La Chica del Surtidor)* both in German. Tomorrow: *They Just Had To Get Married (Hubo que Casarlos)* and *King for a Night (En la Gloria)* both in English.  
 CATALUÑA—*Perfect Understanding (De Mutuo Acuerdo)* in English.  
 KURSAAL—closed.  
 PUBLI—News reels and reportages.  
 ACTUALIDADES—News reels and reportages.

## The New Barcelona Film

Edward G. Robinson, who first sprang to cinema prominence as a gangster in «Little Caesar» and «Smart Money», has come to the screen of the Urquinaona as an ex-gang leader in the First National picture, «Little Giant». Robinson, who graduated from the racketeering type of story with his more recent pictures such as «Silver Dollar» and «Tiger Shark», plays his first comedy part in the role of a Chicago beer baron who retires from his highly profitable business to break into high society, after beer has become legalized. By cramming his vocabulary with French expressions and superficial phrases about futuristic art, he believes himself ready to crash the exclusive circles. His sophomoric attempts to play the gentleman lead to some of the most hilarious situations imaginable.

Constantly in hot water as the butt of the social elect, he does not wake up to the fact that he is being played for a sucker until the charming adventuress he adores and her father have taken him for a ride to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars. «The Little Giant» is an extremely timely subject with a brand of comedy that is highly hilarious, especially when Robinson brings on his Chicago mob to help him get back his money.

## Reprises

METROPOL—*Cavalcade (Cabalgata)* in English.  
 PATHE PALACE — *Dos mujeres y un Don Juan* in Spanish.  
 EXCELSIOR—Same programme as Pathé Palace.  
 MIRIA — *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum (Soy un Vagabundo)* and *So This Is Africa (Atrápanlos como pueden)* both in English. Tomorrow: *Charlemagne* and *Au Ncm de la Loi (En Nombre de la Ley)* both in French.  
 AVENIDA—*Simonne Est Comme Ca (Simone es Así)* in French and *Life Begins (La Vida Empieza)* in English.  
 INTIM—*A Farewell to Arms (Adios a las armas)* in English.  
 RAMBLAS—*The Big Broadcast (Ondas Musicales)* and *Murders in the Zoo (El Asesino Diabólico)* both in English.  
 PARIS—*Evenings For Sale (Noches en Venta)* in English.  
 VOLGA—*Madison Square Garden* and *The Eagle and the Hawk (El Aguila y el Halcón)* both in English.

## Amusements

Bullfight—This afternoon at 4:45 at the Monumental bullring. Six bulls of Albaserrada for Vicente Barrera, Armillita Chico and Domingo Ortega.  
 Football—This afternoon at Las Cortes: F.C. Barcelona vs. Brazil.



Edward G. Robinson and Helen Vincent  
 in *The Little Giant*. (Warner Bros.)

The cast which supports Robinson includes Mary Astor as his leading lady, Helen Vincent in the role of the adventuresome vamp, Kenneth Thomson, Shirley Frey, Russell Hopton, Donald Dillaway and Berton Churchill.



## About Barcelona

Mr. and Mrs. Macnally are shortly leaving for Singapore. Mr. Macnally's connections with the American Consulate in Barcelona will end at the beginning of July.

\*\*\*

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer of the International Banking Corporation have left for a three months holiday in America. A farewell party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis was given at the beginning of the week and many of their friends were present to bid them good bye.

\*\*\*

Admiral Cumberbach, who arrived in his yacht a short time ago, will leave for Palma within a few days.

\*\*\*

Friends of Mr. G. Lawrence, Chairman of the British Hospital Committee, will be pleased to learn that he has successfully undergone an operation and is on the road to recovery. At the last meeting of the Committee, Mr. Dolphin was elected a member. Mr. Dolphin is deservedly popular with the American and English Colonies and his appointment was urged on all hands. He will, no doubt, be of great assistance to this cause.

\*\*\*

The Misses Garvin, who have added grace and interest to the British Club library for some months past, will leave for England on Monday. It is feared that more than a few «enthusiastic readers» will not be seen changing their literature quite so often.

\*\*\*

On Wednesday next there will be a meeting of the Lunch Club at the restaurant Flora, in front of the British Consulate.

\*\*\*

It is hoped to arrange a tea for the ladies who work at the Seamen's Mission on Tuesday. It will probably take place on the «Castellar» as some of the Mission's treasured friends are leaving on that boat.

\*\*\*

A select and numerous attendance at the English School witnessed the annual gymnastic display given by the children. Parents expressed their satisfaction at the efforts of Mr. & Mrs. Armstrong, who organized the celebration. A one act play produced and acted by the School staff won considerable applause, and it is hoped that the talent which undoubtedly exists among the stars will shortly be admired in another production.

\*\*\*

"Buby" Maier, the Spanish tennis champion,

### Classified Announcements

#### Books

ANGLO-AMERICAN LENDING LIBRARY, Fontanella 10, 2.º, 10.ª. Open each business day from 10:30 to 1:00, also on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6:00 to 7:30 P.M.

was defeated on Tuesday in the Wimbledon Tournament by Hecht (Czecho Slovakia). In spite of this unexpected defeat he is considered to have a good chance of pulling off the mixed doubles.

\*\*\*

Thursday evening witnessed the opening of a magnificent sports enterprise at Guinardo, on the outskirts of Barcelona. In addition to a first class bathing pool, restaurant and dance hall, a Greyhound Racing track with an up to date electric hare will be open to the public at very popular prices.

\*\*\*

On the eve of the passing away of Señor Don Juan Selves, late Minister of Interior in the Catalan Government, the acting chief of the department issued a note to the

effect that there would be a severe tightening up of the control of the police forces, so as to ensure a better means to combat those who are prepared to disturb public order. Two thieves who were caught after entering a farm house at Elche, Alicante, were dragged from the hand of the Civil Guards and beaten to death by the infuriated crowd.

\*\*\*

Saturday afternoon witnessed the baptising of Mr. and Mrs. Bolton's infant son.

\*\*\*

Mr. Ernest Witty leaves to-day for a fortnight's trip to the North of Spain.

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# Information, Shipping and Mail Connections

## Regular Passenger Lines From Palma

**Henderson Line:** Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.

July 6—BHAMO, from Liverpool and Gibraltar for Marseilles and the East.

July 12—YOMA, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.

July 20—AMARAPOORA, from Liverpool and Gibraltar for Marseilles and the East.

July 27—PEGU, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.

**Orient Line:** Agents: Gabriel Mulet e Hijos, Avenida Antonio Maura, 62. Tel. 1717.

July 26—ORONSAY, from London and Gibraltar for Toulon, Naples and Australia.

July 28—OTRANTO, from Australia Naples and Toulon, for Gibraltar and London.

**Union-Castle Line:** Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.

July 18—LLANGIBBY CASTLE, from London, Gibraltar and Tangier for Marseilles and East Africa.

July 26—DURHAM CASTLE, from East Africa and Marseilles for Gibraltar, Tangier and London.

**American Export Lines:** Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.

July 6—EXETER, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean.

July 13—EXCALIBUR, from Genoa and Marseilles for Málaga Boston and New York.

July 20—EXCAMBION, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean.

July 27—EXETER, from Genoa and Marseilles for Málaga, Boston and New York.

**German African Line:** Agents: Baquera, Kusche y Martin, S. A., Plaza Libertad (Borne). Tel. 1322.

July 23—USAMBARA, from Genoa and Marseilles for Southampton and Hamburg.

Agust 4—TANGANJICA, from Hamburg and Southampton for Genoa and East Africa.

## Cruise Liners:

July 2—DORIC, arrives 8 a.m. from Monaco, leaves 2 p.m. for Liverpool.

July 5—ORONSAY, arrives 8.0. a.m. leaves 5 p.m. for Naples and Eastern Mediterranean.

July 6—MONTROSE, arrives 8 a.m. leaves 6 p.m. on a Mediterranean Cruise.

July 14—MONTCALM, arrives 8.0. a.m. leaves 6 p.m. for a Mediterranean Cruise.

## Mail Connections for U.S.A.

Sunday July 1st, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 1.30 p.m. for the MANHATTAN, Le Havre, due in New York July 11th.

Wednesday, July 4th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8.0. p.m. for the AQUITANIA, Cherbourg, due in New York July 13th.

Saturday, July 7th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 6.0 p.m. for the BREMEN, Cherbourg, due in New York July 15th.

## Island and Mainland Services

Palma-Barcelona: Every day save Sunday. Lv. 9 p.m. Ar. next day 7 a.m.

Palma-Menorca: Lv. Tuesday 7 p.m. Ar. Ciudadela next day 7 a.m. Lv. Thursday 8 p.m. Ar. Mahon next day 7 a.m. Return from Ciudadela Monday 7 p.m. and Mahon Friday 8 p.m.

Palma-Ibiza, Lv. Wednesday and Friday noon. Ar. 6 p.m. same day. Return Friday 8 a.m. and Sunday midnight.

Barcelona-Ibiza: Lv. Monday 6. p.m. Ar. Tuesday 4.30 a.m. Return Tuesday, 5 p.m. Ar. Wednesday 5 a.m.

Palma-Cabrera: Lv. Tuesday and Friday 7 a.m., return same day 2 p.m.

Palma-Marseilles: Lv. Wednesday 10 a.m. Ar. Thursday 9 a.m.

Palma-Algiers: Lv. Saturday 6 p.m. Ar. Sunday 6 a.m.

Palma-Valencia: Lv. Wednesday noon and Sunday 8 p.m. Ar. next day 7 a.m.

Palma-Alicante: Lv. Friday noon. Ar. Saturday 7 a.m.

Palma-Tarragona: Lv. Tuesday 7 p.m. Ar. Thursday 7 a.m.

## Tramways

Trams run to Cas Catalá from the Hotel Alhambra every 26 minutes, first and last trams from Palma leaving at 5.57 a.m. and 10.12 p.m. respectively. To Genova, trams depart from Hotel Alhambra at 8.35, 9.40, 11.0, 12.10, 1.25, 3.00, 4.25, 5.40, 7.15, 8.55. From Genova to Palma trams depart at 9.00, 10.15, 11.35, 1.10, 3.40, 4.55, 6.35, 8.00, 9.25.

On Sundays and fiestas trams to Génova leave Palma every 40 minutes. 6.0, 6.40, 7.20, 8.00, etc. Last tram 8.40 p.m. Trams return to Palma immediately after arriving in Genova. To C'as Catalá every 13 minutes first and last trams as above

## Electric Railway to Sóller

	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	NOON Daily	P.M. Daily	P.M. Weekdays	Sundays Fiestas
Lv. Palma	7.00	9.30	12.00	3.00	8.00	9.00
Arr. Sóller	8.00	10.30	1.00	4.00	9.00	10.00
	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	P.M. Daily	P.M. Daily	
Lv. Sóller	5.45	8.15	10.45	1.25	6.15	
Arr. Palma	6.35	9.15	11.45	2.25	7.15	

**Railway to Inca, Manacor and Artá.** Bus connection between Inca and Pollensa and its Port. Manacor for Caves of Drach and Hams, Artá for Caves and Cala Ratjada.

	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. Palma	7.05	8.00	8.25	1.45	2.35	2.45	6.15
Inca	8.21	8.45	9.39	3.00	3.20	3.51	7.00
Manacor		9.38			4.15		
Artá		10.23			5.05		
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
Lv. Artá		6.50					4.00
Manacor		7.42					5.15
Inca	7.48	8.43	11.30	12.49	5.00	6.19	
Palma	8.58	9.25	12.30	2.03	6.10	7.12	

Trains also run to Felanitx and Santañy.

Excursions are run daily in comfortable motor coaches from the Oasis Tourist Office in the Plaza Gomila Terreno, stopping at the Oasis Office in the Borne, as follows:

Monday, Caves of Drach and Hams. Also Valldemosa, Deyá Sóller.

Tuesday, Pollensa Formentor.

Wednesday, Caves of Drach and Hams.

Thursday, Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller. Also Bañalbufar, Estalenchs.

Friday, Pollensa Formentor.

Saturday, Caves of Artá, Cala Ratjada.

Sunday, Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller.

Price of return fare for every excursión except Artá, which is 13 ptas., 11 ptas.

There are also ordinary motor-bus services to most places on the island, most of which start from the Plaza Olivar, Calle San Miguel.

## Where to Go in Palma

The Cathedral Ayuntamiento Palace

The Lonja Bellver Castle

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British Vice-Consulate, Calle Morey 24, Tel. 2,085.

Police Station Calle Unión. Tel. 1,945.

Crédito Balear, Calle de Palacio 67. Tel. 1,300.

Lawn Tennis Club, Son Alegre. Tel. 2,210.

Post Office, Calle Soledad. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 4.30 p.m. to 8.30. Sundays and Fiestas 10 a.m. to 1.0 p.m.

Telegraph Office, Calle San Felio. Open day & night Branch office in Terreno, Calle Gomila, 9 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and 4.0 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. Sundays and Fiestas 10.0 a.m. to 1.0 p.m.

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**PALMA ATTRACTIONS**

PROTECTORA—(3:30, 6:30, 9:30) PRESTIGE with Adolphe Menjou and Ann Harding. Also TITANS OF THE FOREST. (both in English).

PRINCIPAL — Today, NARCOTICS with Daniela Parola and Jean Murat (in French) and Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer in I AND THE EMPRESS. Wednesday SUSANA TIENE UN SECRETO (in Spanish).

BALEAR — A Spanish film UNA MORENA Y UNA RUBIA, also EL REY DE LA PISTA.

BORN — Today, AGUA EN EL SUELO and DELIRIOS DEL TROPICO. Monday EL HOMBRE LEON.

LIRICO — FLESH, with Wallace Beery (in English.)

MODERNO — (Daily from 3:30) SE HA PERDIDO UNA RUBIA and POR UN SOLO DESLIZ (In Spanish) Monday, two Spanish films, LUCES DE BUENOS AIRES, and ESCLAVAS DE LA MODA.

RIALTO — Today, HERE IS THE MARRIED COUPLE' with Warner Baxter. Monday THE NEOPHYTE with Joe Brown, and AEROPUERTO CENTRAL (in Spanish) with Richard Barthelmess and Sally Eilers.

**Dancing:**

TURKEY BAR and HOTEL BELLVER. — Dancing in the garden every afternoon and evening.

TITO'S. — Dancing every night.

**Miscellaneous:**

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE CLUB, Tuesday at 5 p.m. in the Hotel Bellver, Terreno.

Exhibitions: Paintings—at Sol y Sombra, Terreno.

Bullfight: To-day at the Bull Ring at 5.00 p.m. Six Murube Bulls for Rafael Gomez El Gallo, Juan Belmonte and Victoriano de la Serna. The most important Corrida of the season.

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- Sóller, Sunday 8th, Hotel Ferrocarril
- Manacor, Monday 9th, Hotel Muntaner
- Felanitx, Tuesday 10th, Fonda C'an Alaro
- Sineu, Wednesday 11th, Fonda Juan Oliver
- Inca, Thursday 12th, Fonda La Mallorquina
- Lluchmayor, Friday 13th, Hotel Universo
- La Puebla, Saturday 14th, Pension Neutral
- Alcudia, Monday 15th, Hotel Victoria.

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**A Midsummer Night's Dream**

The majority of parents and friends who set out for the Ecole Internationale last Tuesday afternoon probably went fully expecting to see the usual rather pathetic, weakly amateur end of term play, in which each child is given a vague role to enact solely to please fond parent and — on rare occasions — child itself.

But this same majority returned to their several homes, amazed to learn that such a fine performance could be produced with such young actors. Little Puck — Jay Black — is only 9, yet he made his long speeches with scarcely any hesitation and a charming naturalness which was wholly puckish and lovable. Emelita Nell, as Titania, was as queenly as one could wish and she and Oberon (John Herron) suited their parts to perfection.

Oberon's enunciation was particularly beautiful — in fact Miss Holden is to be heartily congratulated on the way all the children spoke. Shakespeare is no easy matter for Americans, Germans, Swiss — almost every nationality but English.

The setting was perfect, a wide terrace backed by stone seats and urns and a wood with a wide path running down the centre of it. The fairies and Titania's court, Puck disappearing to fetch the magic flower, Peter Quince and his jovial companions, all seemed so very much in their place amongst the trees. Catherine Hutter, who produced the play, has evidently learned something from Reinhardt and his Salzburg Festivals of how to use natural settings to their best advantage.

Every child was good, there was no weak spot. The fairies were adorable and Mrs. Hutter had arranged a charming little dance for each one of them. Tiny Stella Jones made a delicious Cobweb and Mary Stafford as The Fairy, Margot as Moth, Hilda as Peasblossom, Marian as Mustard Seed and Irene as a cowslip all danced their way into everybody's heart.

The Pyramus and Thisbe comedy was funny enough for a proper theatre. Billy Jones was admirable as Peter Quince and the acting of Douglas Haines (Bottom and Pyramus) and Philip Jackson (Thisbe) was an outstanding feature of the afternoon. Andrew John and Doris as Theseus and Hippolyta with their court of one (Peter) were dignified and gracious.

It was interesting to compare Midsummer Night's Dream with Hiawatha, (first produced last Christmas and re-played with two changes in the cast) given in the same setting two days later, and to see the enormous progress the children have made. Hiawatha was just as charming but the play was read by Miss Holden with the exception of one or two phrases and was very much less difficult to act. The high spot was Philip Jackson's Paupukeewis dance at Hiawatha's Wedding Feast, a superb performance.

Mr. Ogden and his staff are to be congratulated on the way the school has gone forward in the last year.

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Editor: Geoffrey Holdsworth.

Contributing Editor: Gwen R. Walker.

Barcelona Representative: U. C. A. Krebs.

Palma Office: Calle Montenegro 8. Tel. 2464.

Barcelona: Rambla Cataluña, 66 4.º, Letra F.  
Tel. 79140.

London: 205-206 High Holborn, W. C. I.

Subscription Rates: Anywhere in Spain, Portugal,  
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**AMERICAN EXPORT LINES**



**OF PERSONAL INTEREST**

Mrs. Lang is shortly leaving for South America to join her son there and make the acquaintance of her grandchildren. Mr. Gaston Lang is leaving at the same time and thinks of settling down in Barcelona. Miss Nadine Lang will remain in Palma.

\*\*\*

anne's is opening a branch fashion shop in the Hotel Formentor this summer. Mrs. Pauline Leser spent a few days over there last week to get things going and will probably combine business with pleasure on many flying visits during the next few months.

\*\*\*

Mr. Mortimer left Palma on Friday for a short business trip to Paris.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Gramkow came over from Ibiza last week to see the end of term shows at the Ecole Internationale, and has taken her two sons, David and Teddy, back with her for the holidays.

\*\*\*

The English American Cake Shop in the Calle Pelaires announces that it will be closed Mondays as well as Sundays during the summer months. On all other days it will be open from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. and early shoppers can be refreshed with a light breakfast there. If you have not yet made the acquaintance of the English American Cake Shop, it is quite time you did. Their cakes and ices are quite unrivalled; in fact at a restaurant where we went for tea the other day, the waiter told us triumphantly: «We serve English American Cake Shop cakes here,» and it made all the difference.

\*\*\*

Mr. Black of «La Taulera» is leaving for Marseilles on Monday to meet his mother and bring her back with him for a visit.

\*\*\*

Mr. Ronnie Goetz finds it difficult to stay away from the enchantment of Mallorca in the summer time and is expected back here at the end of the month to spend some weeks with his father, Major Charles Goetz.

\*\*\*

Another Mallorca-summer enthusiast to return this year is M. Charles Bouteillier who arrived from Paris on Thursday morning. M. Bouteillier is a keen tennis player and does not seem to find it too hot to indulge in the sport.

We hear that Mr. Leonard Liebling of *Musical Corner* is expected in Palma this week.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Anne Burns has taken a charming apartment in Camino de Genova, San Agustin, but is going to France to bring back her young son after taking her daughter to Scotland.

\*\*\*

Captain Dunne of «C'as Porrás» is back on the island after a visit to England.

\*\*\*

Mr. and Mrs. Ranney are trying to sublet their house in Terreno, as they expect to return to the U.S.A. They will be greatly missed by their numerous friends.

\*\*\*

This morning at eleven in the morning the mysterious goings-on at 38, Avenida Antonio Maura (the former Victor's Bar), which have been arousing the curiosity of many, will be made public.

Paris-Bar, a name which may evoke pleasant memories, will open its doors to Mallorquins and visitors to the island, and offer the daintiest dishes of France and all that is best in international cuisine, at truly popular prices. A great deal of time and thought has been spent on the decorations of the new bar and the result is very attractive and unique, and does the proprietor much credit. Paris-Bar will be a great joy to the many who still spend much time in town, whether on business or pleasure bent.

\*\*\*

Mr. and Mrs. John Georgii of «*Son Palerm*» are contemplating a trip to the U.S.A.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Pamela de Prizer is making a stay at the Hotel Costa d'Or at Lluch-Alcari near Deya. Mr. and Mrs. Desaulniers joined her there last weekend and are enthusiastic in their praises of the place.

Mr. Jacques Desaulniers is taking a quick trip to Canada.

\*\*\*

Miss Joy Petersen fell and broke her elbow last week and now has it in a plaster cast. Rather hard luck, coming just when she has bought an automobile!

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One of the larger gatherings recorded in the annals of the foreign colony was the fiesta held on Tuesday night at Son Dureta, the home of Mrs. Fritz Requardt. The party was a welcome home for Miss Mary Ann Scoville, Mrs. Requardt's daughter who is here to spend the summer. A marvellous supper was served at midnight with real Virginia baked ham as the pièce de resistance. The gathering was largely Spanish, although a smattering of the foreign element was observed on the outskirts of the throng, quietly sipping.

\*\*\*

«El Globo», doorman, dancing partner, and man about town is now reported in Ibiza where he is said to be representing «Big Business» with ideas of opening casinos and what not on that little isle. It is said that important money is behind this lad.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Sidney Jackson, maid, child and dog left for Calaratjada on Thursday where she plans to take a chateau for the summer. Her two boys are still at the Ecole, and expect to join her when the dramatic season is over.

\*\*\*

The Rover Boys completed their trip around the early part of the week. After a «quiet» evening in Puerto Pollensa they shoved off at four o'clock, making an uneventful run to Camp de Mar, in time to enter and lose in the consolation ping pong tournament. The log reads: 100 miles run, lives lost, 0, headaches 6.

\*\*\*

Miss Wright arrived on the *Orama* on Friday, and is here for an indefinite stay. She is going to the bullfight this afternoon with Tito Cungi.

\*\*\*

Don Alfonso Merry del Val, who was here all last winter, has been in jail in Madrid. Some kind of political trouble was going on in the capital, and shots were fired from Don Alfonso's car. Because he was unable to prove that he had not been in the car at the time, he was arrested and imprisoned. It is now reported that he has been released on bail.

\*\*\*

Lady Sheppard is leaving on the *Doric* on July 2nd. With her will be Mrs. Chisholm, also from Fornalutx. Lady Sheppard will be back in the autumn. Also on the *Doric* will be Mrs. Lester of Es Pinanet, Son Roca.

\*\*\*

Major Charles Gilson, the well-known writer,

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Palma-de-Mallorca

arrived on the *Orama* on Thursday, and after two days at the Victoria Hotel has left for Casa Segui, Puerto Pollensa.

\*\*\*

Miss N. Tucker of Cala Gamba, near C'an Pastilla, after being unwell since her visit to Cala Ratjada, has now been taken seriously ill.

\*\*\*

The Hon Cornwallis and Mrs. Godley, of Binimelis, are leaving for good, and sailing for England on the *Montrose*. On the same ship go Mr. and Mrs. Moore Kennedy, parents of Miss Margaret Kennedy, the well-known author of «The Constant Nymph.»

\*\*\*

Lady Waleran arrived from Barcelona last week with a handsome Bentley car. She has taken a villa at Formentor.

\*\*\*

News has just come through of the death of Mr. J. Ellis de Vesian on June 20th at Northwood Hospital, Middlesex, England.

Mr. de Vesian came of and old Huguenot family. He and his wife

came to the island about fifteen years ago and first settled in Andraitx where they built the house known as *Marmacen*. After some years they transferred to San Agustin where they have been living until leaving for England about a month ago.

Mr. de Vesian has always been noted for his good health and was one of the few who took his daily swim winter and summer alike. Shortly before leaving the island he caught a cold which got worse during a stay in Mentone on the way home, and which developed into a serious chill on his arrival in England. He was eventually taken to a hospital and died three days afterwards.

\*\*\*

Mr. and Mrs. Piers and Flight Cdr. Keans, who is staying with them, are going out to Paguera.

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Amarapoora	July 12	July 17	July 19

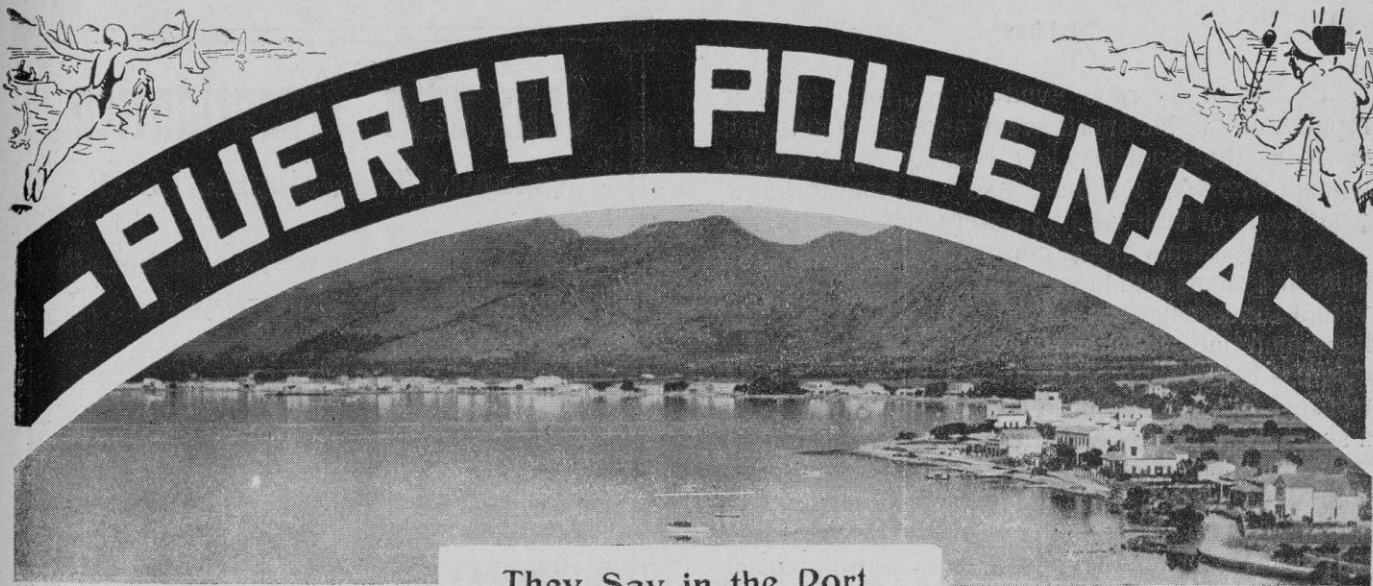
#### HOMeward SCHEDULE

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Yoma	July 13	July 15	July 20
Pegu	July 27	July 29	Aug. 3

Outward bound steamers proceed via Marseilles. Homeward bound steamers proceed via Gibraltar.

Ask your tourist agent for particulars or apply to Schembri, S.L. Avenida Antonio Maura, 52 - Palma - 54





**They Say in the Port**

San Pedro got his anniversary and the day dawned gray and rainy. There are many activities scheduled in honor of Pedro, Patron Saint of fisherman, a swimming meet, a regatta, and a foot-ball match. None of these will be unless St. Pedro remembers to turn on the sun. As this goes to press there is no sign of his remembering.

this time to England for two months. Mrs. Lorna Barley gave a cocktail party at C'an Anet for them on Wednesday evening, after which they were invited for dinner by Fritz and Anet. It has been a custom with the Barleys to eat their last dinner before leaving, at C'an Anet, as well as their first meal upon returning.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Captain and Mrs Barley have gone off again,

Mr. and Mrs Palmer came for two weeks, this

was three months ago. Since that time they have been leaving at regular intervals but it is now reported, confirmed and about to be published that they are NOT leaving. They have taken Casa Pinos for the summer and we all are pleased.

\*\*\*

The South end of the island is not the only one to stage a ping-pong tournament. A most successful one has just been held at C'an Anet, and every night could be heard the plock of ball on bat, and Fritz Lyons calling the score. The Winner was an Austrian, Herr Irwin Frind. For once, Sr. Juan Segui was defeated. Ping Pong is enormously popular in the Port this year, and nearly every bar and hotel has a table. The Miramar even has a double table, at which two matches can be played simultaneously.

\*\*\*

Lots of people are coming into Palma to-day to see Juan Belmonte—not to mention El Gallo and La Serna—in the ring. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lincoln are going, Dr. Trautner hopes to get away, as well as several who have never seen a bullfight before.

\*\*\*

There was a big fancy-dress dance at Traut's last night and everybody was very gay.

<p><b>International Library</b> &amp; Tourist Bureau Foreign periodicals-books-stationery Travel service-Information-Tel. 31</p>	
<p><b>Hotel Miramar</b> On the Sea Tennis Court Motor Launch Pensión 12-16 Ptas. Tel. 2</p>	
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### Smart!

Beric's of Terreno lived up worthily to their reputation for chic sports wear at their Mannequin show at the Sporting last Sunday, and every woman who was not there is sure to want to know what some of their creations were like.

A white tennis dress, consisting of a boxpleated skirt, the pleats and hem stitched with navy blue, with a sunbathing top of the same loosely woven linen material, was worn by Mrs. Camilla Somers.

Miss Erica Beric showed a pair of wide sailor's trousers in navy blue linen, with brass buttons, and a short sleeved tailored shirt of old gold shantung.

A three piece ensemble of coarse silk linen in almond green, consisted of shorts fastened on one side with pearl buttons, and a green spotted backless sunbathing top. Over this was worn a plain wrap skirt buttoned to the hem with pearl buttons, and a short sleeved coat of the same material with side pockets corresponding to the patch pockets on the skirt. This was worn by Mrs. Eve Galpin.

With a white wool handknitted swimming suit was worn a wide wrap-over skirt of red and black diagonal stripes on a white ground. The skirt could also be worn as a long shoulder cape. Shown by Miss Niedermeyer.

A wide trousered beach suit of striped red and white cotton, the bretels crossed at the back and fastened at the waist line, the only trimming supplied by a wide navy blue linen belt fastened by two steel rings, was worn by Miss Anita Intze.

Little Bergit Lindeman showed a child's outfit of striped red and white shorts with a navy linen shirt and stitched navy belt, worn with a broad brimmed peaked straw hat.

Mrs. Freund and Miss Eva Niedermeyer were the other two charming mannequins.

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