

The Weekly PALMA POST

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PALMA DE MALLORCA
DECEMBER 18-24, 1933

THE COPY
25 CTS

ON THE ISLAND

Mr. Harry Firbanks has left the Island for England to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Firbanks and their young daughter.

Colonel Hugh Clutterbuck, brother of Captain Peter Clutterbuck and father of Mrs. Daphne Kenyon, has arrived in Mallorca to remain with his family until February. A Christmas dinner has been arranged for Colonel Clutterbuck and his brother and daughter by Major Percy Bailey, now almost completely recovered from his recent serious injury in a boating accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorr E. Newton will be Christmas night hosts at their home, Son Vich, Esporlas, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gavett, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Newhall, Mr. Cecil Aldin, Major Charles Goetz, Mrs. Fulton Leser, Mrs. Ralph Hemingray, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Black and Mr. Lambert Mullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Black will be luncheon hosts on Christmas to a group that will include Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bower, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Goetz, Mr. and Mrs. St. Albans, Miss Bobby Merrick and Mr. Cecil Aldin.

Mrs. Flora Neale, daughter of Mrs. J. F. Requardt, arrived in Palma with her small son last Friday. Mrs. Neale, who has visited Mallorca before, plans to remain for the winter.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Mediterraneo are Mr. A. George Joynson, of Liverpool; Mr. Charles R. Howard, also of Liverpool; Mrs. Louise H. S. Atkinson of London, Miss L. Gillian Hewlett, of Dorset, England; Mr. Arthur D. Hill of Belfast, Northern Ireland; Mr. Paul Bernard of France, Miss Anna Atkinson of Belfast, Northern Ireland; the Marqués de Aracena from Gibraltar, the Conde de Ponce de León, also from Gibraltar; Don Juan Leyra of Madrid, Mrs. Maude S. S. Deane, of Surrey, England; Mrs. Evelyn M. Atkinson of Belfast, Northern Ireland; Mrs. Charles Edwin Odgers, of Surrey, England; Don José Salom, Mrs. Jervie Clark of the United States, Mrs. Mary Moss Humphrey of the United States, and Miss Esther Karlin, also of the United States.

A special Dinner and Dance is being arranged by the Hotel Mediterraneo for Christmas Day.

Arrived Saturday morning from Barcelona: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Turner and Mr. and Mrs. Chaloner. They are bound for Pollensa. Lady Odgelens and her two sons, and Mr. Kristian Myrdal arrived Saturday from Marseilles.

Lately arrived at the Hotel Victoria are Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Tippling of England, Mrs. Ethel Perry and her daughter Miss Molly Perry of England, Mr. and Mrs. T. Baker of England and Señor J. Ma. Gonzales.

Many people attended the opening of the new Alcazar on the Avenida Antonio Maura on Friday night. Among those present were Mrs. I. M. Bergmann, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Fay, Mr. Tito Cungi, Mr. Billy Martorell, Señor Mompó, Don José Balager, Señor Vidal, Señor Cortés, and don José Ruiz.

(Continued on page 4)

SOLDIERS SHARE IN BIG LOTTERY PRIZE AWARDED MENORCA

Half Of Fifth Prize Of Xmas Draw Was Sold To Mahón Café Owner, Who Resold Small Interests.

While a few lucky Palma residents were splitting up shares in two minor prizes in the Spanish national Christmas lottery, soldiers in Mahón, capital of the neighboring island of Menorca, were making merry on the proceeds of a big slice of the ticket that won the fifth award of 500,000 pesetas.

A half interest in the ticket was purchased by the proprietor of the Café Nueva y Central, who later whacked it out to his clients in small pieces.

As the café depends on the soldiery for most of its trade, privates, corporals and sergeants suddenly found themselves possessors of sizeable sums to spend during their Christmas holidays.

When the news was broken, the town went wild, for it has never

(Continued on page 4)

DOUBLE HOLIDAY TO STOP POST PRESSES

The double holiday of Christmas and Tuesday, December 26, will prevent the publication of The Daily Palma Post until the issue of Thursday, December 28, which will be on sale in the streets Wednesday night.

President Maciá Of Catalan Generalidad On Road To Health

BARCELONA, Sunday—Don Francisco Maciá, president of the Generalitat of Catalonia who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is reported on the road to recovery today.

Immediately after the operation the president's condition was the cause of concern on the part of his physicians, who were of the opinion that he was not rallying properly.

Alarm was also caused by the age of Señor Maciá, who is in his early seventies. Today, in spite of his years, the president took a decided turn for the better.

Don Francisco Maciá has been called the «Father of Catalonian Autonomy» and was an active worker for semi-independence in the region for many years before the autonomy statute was passed in Madrid.

The final passage of the bill in its present form was largely the result of Señor Maciá's persistent efforts and his consistent refusal to allow the now autonomous region to have any half-way statute foisted upon it.

Catalonia now enjoys complete independence in the handling of its internal affairs, to an extent beyond the fondest dreams of autonomists in the Basque provinces or in Galicia, where somewhat similar statutes are being sought.

In Catalonia, many duties ordinarily performed by the central

(Continued on page 4)

SPAIN ACTS TO END EVIL OF HOLDING 2 POLITICAL OFFICES

Under Old System Deputy To Cortes Could Hold Several Other Important, Lucrative Positions.

Spain during the past week took steps to end the often complained of evil of deputies to the Cortes holding two, and occasionally more, political offices.

In the past, it has been a common occurrence for a deputy, after his election to office, to assume other important and lucrative positions that make it impossible for him to devote a sufficient amount of time to the work of parliament.

Among the first to come under the new reform was Don Francisco Juliá, recently elected deputy from the province of the Balearic Islands and at present the president of the provincial diputación.

Señor Juliá, however, cannot be grouped with the deliberate seekers of several offices, as he had long been installed in the post of president of the provincial congress when he was voted to the Cortes in the secondary elections by a majority of nearly 24,000 votes.

The practice of holding two or more offices has been common ever since the election of the first Cortes, a few months after the formation of the Republic, parliamentary seats having been held in some instances by ambas-

(Continued on page 4)



We Wish Our Readers
A Merry Christmas!



Thomas P. Leaman Jr.
R. B. Leaman
Dick Harter
Bert Mullin

Edwin H. Hooker
Evan Freer
Kathleen Scott

Paul Sadée
Juliete Derron
Jaime
Juan

Daphne Merrick's Page For Women

«Hats, Hats, Hats!» Madeleine Et Odette Announce Sale Week

«Hats, Hats, Hats—at price reductions of one-third», is the slogan of Madeleine et Odette, whose shop in the Plaza Gomila will be the scene of a sale of headgear during the working days between Christmas and New Year's.

Every *chapeau* (we must live up to our vaunted linguistic ability as advertised in our «Window Shopping» column of last week) will be offered at a knock-down price during the week of the sale, and it doesn't matter whether you select a flossy creation from the Gran' Boulevards or a simple beret you can cram into your pocket, the sale is for you.

You take your pick and wrap it up at a third less than it would have cost you last week, if you had succumbed to the temptation of buying a hat for yourself instead of sending that steel-engraving of the Cathedral to Aunt Olive for Christmas.

And Some Dresses, Too

Although the sale is primarily a bargain opportunity in hats, Madeleine et Odette will also sell some of their gowns and coats at reduced costs to their customers.

Dresses that will find their way into the hands of clients during the sale are all from the shop's winter collection and are suitable for the rest of the winter season and (perish the thought) should another spring as cold as the last be fated to hold the Island in its grasp, for much longer.

But for the most part, the bargain week is for the benefit of hat-hunters, the proprietors of the shop say, and it is in this branch of the art of dressing that the ladies of the foreign colony will best be able to complete their costumes.

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Have you looked at the Classified Announcements on Page 10 today,

WINDOW SHOPPING IN PALMA

Now that our Christmas shopping is behind us (or is it?) there is precious little to write about, from the window shopper's point of view. That being the case, we shall step behind mere windows and have a look at the local pubs, always a subject for the scrivener during the Christmas-New Year's Day week.

The Trinhall Bar

Beginning with Palma's youngest emporium of this sort, and gradually getting around to the old standbys, we shall mention first the Trinhall Bar, *née* Hole in the Wall. This modestly proportioned establishment in the Avenida Antonio Maura goes in for seafood in a big way and is one of the few places in Palma where the lover of that succulent bivalve, the gentle oyster, can usually count upon satisfying his appetite. The oyster, however, is a fragile creature that will not always stand the trip from France, and the writer hereby disclaims responsibility in case the Trinhall is not always able to supply them.

If you visit the Trinhall on an off-day for oysters, try their big crayfish—prawns, for the benefit of our English public. An old student of crayfish, we are in a position to say that the finest of the species find their way to the counter of the Trinhall.

The Bocadillo

Do you ever drink outdoors? «I see you're shaving outside, Mr. Murphy», said Mrs. Cohallan to her next door neighbor, who was performing a tonsorial operation in his back yard. «And did you think I was fur-lined», was the rejoinder.

Which preface to the subject of drinking outdoors brings us around to the Bar Bocadillo, smack on the Borne. Here one finds a variety of drinks, both soft and sledgehammer at ridiculously low prices that are kept still lover by a large «No Tipping» sign. And that sign means business, Brethren, because if you try to leave a copper on the bar it will be politely refused.

By the way, if ever you wake up with your mouth tasting as though the Chinese army had marched through it barefooted, and you don't dare take a wee spot of the hair o' the dog that bit ya, drop around to the Bocadillo and ask for a *chufa*. *Chufa* is a non-alcoholic root drink that has certain curative powers of great benefit to those who have celebrated not wisely but enthusiastically

There's Always Lena's

Then there is always Lena's, on the Avenida Maura, where the appetite can be satisfied while the thirst is being slaked, always an advantageous condition in these days of 100 per cent efficiency.

Lena herself will mix your order at the bar, and as mixer, the Swiss proprietress knows few peers. Should you choose to sit at a table, your order will be executed with Teutonic precision by Otto and Carlós, former deacons at the old Little Club, now, we regret to say, gone the way of all flesh to make room for a seething hive of industry.

At Your Service, Madam

If you are an ardent morning shopper, Charley and Billy at the Morisco Bar on the Borne will relieve you of those bundles about the time their weight has you kneak in the wees. Don't ask us why they are willing to do this, because we think it's the dickens of an imposition to drop in on a body and say, «Here, check this», and walk out after, perhaps, making free use of the telephone and the ladies' painting and powdering department in the rear. But Charley and Billy seem to think otherwise, and its handy to know their dispositions are so hard to ruffle.

The Morisco is a comfortable and quiet place for the enjoyment of a contemplative cocktail or a whispered conversation over the tea cups. Incidentally, and *ap ropos* of nothing at all, we wonder if Billy and Charley know that the word *Morisco* was coined some five centuries ago to describe a Moor who had adopted the Christian faith.

The Fashionable Troc

For your evening in Palma we suggest the fasionable Trocadero, truly a cabaret that, like the leading Rotarian of Kankakee, can be introduced with the qualifying phrase that it «needs no introduction.»

Now here the Ladies of Palma can adorn themselves in their gladdest and gayest gahmints from Anne's, Beric's, Madeleine et Odette's (take your pick, we're writing about bars today) and feel that the effort has not been for naught. Of course, if the Island's bevy of beauties can get their lowing herd into dinner jackets, so much the better.

Personally, we admit a fondness for the bar at the Troc, but on entertainment nights you probably will want to sit in the big salon, particularly if an attraction as slick as the Levi-Wine Company is on for the evening.

The Trocadero prices, we take the trouble to mention, are well in proportion to the diversion offered. If gala prices are advertised, you get gala entertainment, and if only dance music is on the program, prices are lowered accordingly. Bar prices on all but the difficult and fancy drinks are always a shade under table costs.

Out Terreno Way

When in Terreno, try the Turkey Bar at the Hotel Bellver. Here you can play backgammon, dance or dine, in addition to drink, presumably the primary reason for your visit. Also, you may meet Mrs. Mendelson and draw an invitation to join her Bridge Club, which meets in the hotel.

«Anne's» In Terreno Plans Roman Holiday For Fashion-Hungry

Gowns, dresses, hats, coats, in fact, everything that makes up the stock in trade of the well-appointed *couturier*, will be sacrificed to make a Roman holiday for the fashionably garbed woman when «Anne's» of Terreno holds a mid-winter sale on January 5.

The shop in the Calle 14 de Abril will offer all the creations of the remainder of its winter collection at reductions ranging from 10 to 50 per cent.

Timed early enough to give the purchaser the benefit of most of the winter, the sale is designed to offer the stock of the shop for prices at reductions so great that the loss of a month or so of the season will be more than compensated for, and in the event of a late spring double bargains will be scored.

Balm For The Giftless

The sale should be a balm for the woman who had an eye on something particularly attractive—and didn't get it for Christmas.

For even if that object of her longing has been sold out, she will be able to get something else and know that she scored a considerable saving from the amount her husband would have shelled out, if—

«Anne's» enjoyed an astonishingly good pre-Christmas trade that put a sizeable dent in the season's supply of finery and that did much to make the proprietress wonder about the current talk of the depression, but there are still a number of items that were not taken during the holiday shopping rush.

Due to the small remaining stock, it was decided to confine the sale to a duration of one day only, and to set that day a few days into the New Year in order to allow fatigued Christmas shoppers time to get their breath.



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Mallorcan Catholics Sing Xmas Mass At Midnight In Cathedral

The clergy of the Palma cathedral planned for Mallorcan Catholics a Christmas Eve midnight mass.

Christmas Eve mass is a regular annual feature of the Island and is attended by Catholics of foreign, as well as Spanish, nationality. It is presided over, as a rule, by the bishop himself.

The cathedral choir, augmented for the occasion, sings the mass, with the assistance of the clergymen.

Besides the great service in the cathedral, there were also arranged minor services in the countless smaller Catholic houses of worship on the Island.

All of the Catholic churches with the requisite number of clergymen planned midnight masses, but it is the custom in Palma for all of the faithful who can do so go to the principal services at the cathedral itself.

For church-goers of the Methodist faith, there will be Christmas services at the Methodist church, Calle Murillo 44, Santa Catalina.

The services will commence at 10 a. m. and will include general confession, hymns, sermon and a Christmas collection to which it is hoped the parishioners will contribute with more than their usual generosity.

The complete order of the services at the Methodist church was given in the last Friday of The Daily Palma Post.

Although the Palma Methodist church is patronized for the most part by Mallorcans and holds services in the Spanish language, foreigners are welcome and their attendance is encouraged by the minister.

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International Language Club Members Hear Edwin H. Hooker On «Memories Of Oxford»

Edwin Hooker, an English journalist now living in Palma, lectured to the International Language Club last Tuesday on «Memories of Oxford».

The lecturer began by describing the ancient university city as seen on a summer evening from one of the surrounding heights. Seen at such a time, he said, Oxford seems like a dream city, King Arthur's Camelot, or the scene of the exploits of Tirant lo Blanch or Amadis of Gaul.

Mr. Hooker then considered some of the peculiar features of university life in his Alma Mater. He compared the constitution of the university, a federal union of colleges, with the medieval universities of Paris and Salamanca. Referring to the bloody affrays which formerly took place between students from different parts of England, and between the united English factions and the Welsh, he said that an echo of them might be found in the traditional rivalries existing between certain colleges.

These rivalries find an attenuated expression in slightly malicious stories. The lecturer quoted several examples of these. The cosmopolitan audience particularly liked a story which dealt with the narrow escape from death of a missionary at the hands of a tribe of cannibals. The holy man was saved by his necktie with the Balliol colors. The cannibal chief, himself a Balliol man, recognised the tie and interrupted the preparations for the feast.

A legal curiosity mentioned in the lecture was the jurisdiction theoretically exercised by the university chancellor. The chancellor can claim the right to try any member of the university charged with any crime except high treason. In practice the chancellor's deputies, the vice-chancellor and proctors, confine their activities to matters of internal discipline.

The lecturer also mentioned a university regulation which forbids students to carry crossbows in the streets. He regretted that he had not broken this rule, in

order to discover what the consequences would be.

To prove that medieval Oxonians found time for more serious occupations than fighting and drinking, Mr. Hooker referred to the encyclopedic learning of Roger Bacon. He compared the Oxford scholar with the Mallorcan poet and philosopher, Ramón Llull. The two learned men, who were contemporaries, lived just soon enough to be able to learn the whole sum of human knowledge, he said.

In this connection Mr. Hooker recalled the legend which hung about «Friar Bacon's Study». This building was really an old chapel which stood on an arch in the middle of a bridge spanning the river Thames. It was said that if a wiser man than Bacon passed under the arch, the structure would collapse on his head. Freshmen were always particularly careful not to pass under the arch.

The lecturer also touched on the subjects of student rags, sport, and conversation. As an example of a rag he quoted the act of a student who, irritated by the sight of a broken statue perpetually holding up an empty hand, climbed to the roof where it was placed, and tied an open umbrella to the hand. The statue was of the god Apollo.

Talk, it appears from the lecturer's disclosures, is the principal occupation of Oxonians, more important than either sport or study. As training grounds for conversationalists, the universities partly replace England's non-existent café life. Student conversation offers a unique contrast of enthusiasm and cynicism, profundity and ignorance. The lecture ended with an aphorism by a Cambridge professor; «None of us is infallible, not even the youngest.»

Allen-Rossello School Celebrates Christmas; Palma Mayor Attends

On December 21 the pupils of the Allen-Rossello School in Terreno celebrated the Christmas season with a song festival and the presentation of gifts.

The hardened youngster who insisted that the Santa Claus who distributed the gifts was Captain Rossello himself was mistaken, his comrades declared.

The program for the festival included Christmas carols sung by the school, a recitation by Sarah Lowry, a rhythmic waltz by Lillemoor Josephson, a recitation by Henry London, a piano solo by Carmen Wilkenson, a recitation by Lydia Konsett, Mallorcan costume folk-dances by Emilia Darder, Constance Lowry, Teresita Rossello and Juanito Borchard; a recitation by Martha Ferrer, a song by the lower grades, a recitation by Hector Wilkenson, a French reading by Marinette Roses, a boxing match between the demi-feather-weights, Alfreda Rueda and Luis Noguera, and a song by the entire school.

Among the guests of the school were the mayor of Palma, Don Emilio Darder and Señora, whose daughter, Emilia, took part in the difficult dance, the *bolero Mallorquin*.

Others present were Mrs. Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Nelly, Mrs. Josephson, Mr. and Mrs. London, Commander and Mrs. Harry Green Mr. and Mrs. Wilkenson, Señora de Morellanos, Don Francisco Ferrer and Señora, Mrs. Roses and Mrs. Kidd with her daughters.

Besides the presents that the children distributed to each other, every pupil was given a stocking by Santa Claus. The stockings were stuffed with candy.

To complete the Christmas spirit, a large tree had been set up by the proprietors of the school.

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COMPañIA TELEFONICA NACIONAL DE ESPAÑA

ON THE ISLAND

(Continued from page 1)

On Wednesday, the German colony gave a Christmas celebration at the Salon Bellver, Terreno. Three hundred people were present to hear the speeches given by the Spanish and German teachers, and the recital of German Christmas carols by the choir of the German school at Terreno. One outstanding item in the program was the recitation of five small Spanish children in fluent German. There was also a splendid Christmas tree and lottery in which there were many prizes.

* * *

Miss Inga Maja Bergman, of Stockholm, has now returned to Mallorca and is staying at the Alhambra Hotel.

* * *

Taking tea at the Morisco on Wednesday were Mr. J. F. Requardt, Mr. Fitz George and Mr. Walter Ogden.

* * *

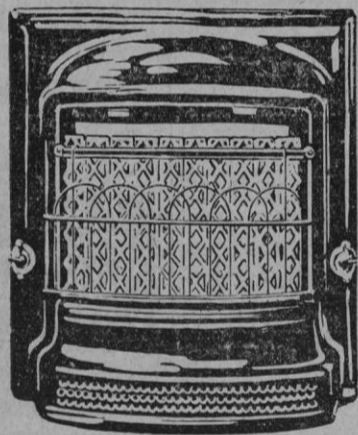
The special Christmas Eve party arranged by the management of the Morisco for the English and American colony, promised to be very well patronised. To avoid overcrowding, the number was limited and most tables were reserved.

* * *

Don Francisco Ferrer Llull, the Uruguayan Consul, who has been spending some months at Cala Ratjada, has now taken up residence in Son Armadams.

* * *

Miss Winifred Fish, the well-known English painter, who resides at the Hotel Costa d'Or, Lluch-Alcari, is spending Christmas holidays with friends living in an old palace in the Calle San Jaime, Palma.



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EL TERRENO BRANCH
GAS Y ELECTRICIDAD, S. A.

SPAIN ACTS TO END EVIL OF HOLDING 2 POLITICAL OFFICES

(Continued from page 1)

sadors to foreign powers, who are naturally unable to represent their constituents in Madrid while they are busy abroad.

Many of the ambassadors, such as Don Salvador de Madariaga, ambassador to France, have bowed to the custom of accepting Cortes memberships, but have cleared their consciences by refusing their allowances as deputies while holding their diplomatic portfolios.

Another recently elected deputy from the Balearics may soon have to take a choice between two important posts, Don Juan March Ordinas being at present an elected member both of the Cortes and the Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees.

At the time of his election to the tribunal, Señor March was in prison at Alcalá de Henares and his colleagues in the high court voted against his being released to take his place on the bench.

His election, however, was never questioned, and with his spectacular dash to freedom he became eligible to sit in the tribunal, provided he could gain the right to return to Spain.

That right he gained under an unwritten law that grants immunity to an elected deputy to the Cortes. At the time of his election, Señor March was a political refugee in Paris.

President Maciá Of Catalan Generalidad On Road To Health

(Continued from page 1)

government in Madrid are now in the hands of local authorities, and taxes formerly paid for the maintenances of government officials are now retained by the state which, however, has extra expenses to cope with as a result of assuming new duties.

Shortly before the statute was given the Catalans, they proclaimed an informal *generalitat* with Señor Maciá as its president.

With the coming of autonomy, the Catalan parliament was formed and the deputies, by an overwhelming majority, confirmed the former informal presidency of Señor Maciá, making his tenure of office permanent for the duration of a regular term.

Fomento Hike Sunday Was To Bañalbufar

The usual Sunday hike organized by the Fomento del Turismo was from the Cap d'es Bosquet to Bañalbufar this week.

The hikers' bus was scheduled to leave the Fomento office on the Borne at 7:30 a.m. From Cap d'es Bosquet the party continued on foot down to the Port d'es Canonge and by Son Buñola and Volta d'es General to Bañalbufar.

Lunch was taken at Bañalbufar, where the bus picked up its passengers for the return trip to Palma.

Forty-Five Arrive From England Aboard Sagaing Of Henderson Line; Six Depart On Same Ship

The following forty-five arrivals landed in Palma December 22 when the Henderson liner Sagaing anchored here:

Mrs. A. M. M. Atkinson, Mrs. A. E. Atkinson, Mrs. L. H. Atkinson, Miss K. J. Atkins, S. H. J. Read, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Baker, Miss M. E. Britton, Miss E. A. Britton, Miss M. J. Byre, Miss F. Byre, Colonel H. F. Clutterbuck, C. R. Chawick, Mrs. Deaner, Miss K. L. Donovan, Captain and Mrs. Gartside-Tippinge, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Harrison, Miss G. Hawlett, F. G. D. Hill, Mr.

and Mrs. G. Johnson, G. Joynson, F. H. Macauley, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Martin, Mrs. Moyer, Sir C. E. Odgelens, C. D. Ricardo, Dr. A. Robinson, Mrs. F. D. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Watt, Mrs. L. M. Tetitchick, Miss Tetitchick, Miss D. M. Tetitchick, Mrs. L. B. Wood, J. Woodridge, A. Slinger, Miss B. Slinger, Miss L. Slinger and Miss F. Skay.

Leaving on the same ship were Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Miss M. Somerset, Mr. and Mrs. Emilio Alonso and Adrien Alonso.

American Export Liner Exochorda Disembarks 13 Passengers, Takes Off Three For Continent

When the American Export liner Exochorda arrived in Palma December 22 the following disembarked:

Miss Dorothy M. Allen, Miss Mary D. Cullough, Miss Grace C. Cullough, Miss Grace A. Lohmann, Miss Lucie E. S. Harang, Miss Lulu

May Matheson, Mrs. Flora T. B. Neal, William Neal Jr., Miss Cleora Sutch, Dr. Antonio Valenti, Miss Valenti, Fernando Valenti and Miss Graciela Valenti.

Leaving on the Exochorda were: L. Steinfeld, bound for Marseilles, and Mrs. Anette Brook and Miss Maree Meriwether.

SOLDIERS SHARE IN BIG LOTTERY PRIZE AWARDED MENORCA

(Continued from page 1)

before cut a melon in one of the Christmas lotteries, although it has had its occasional winners in the smaller draws.

The soldiers, no better paid than the military of most countries, immediately prepared for holiday celebration ordinarily well beyond the means of the military profession.

Here in Palma, at the time of going to press, no lottery winners among the members of the foreign colony have been reported, and even if it develops that some of the *extranjeros* rode with luck, it is unlikely that their winnings will prove great, as the largest prize shared here was for only 100,000 pesetas and the greater part of that ticket was owned in Madrid.

On another page of this paper will be found the tabulated list of cities winning or sharing in the seven grand prizes, as well as a resumé of the division of the smaller prizes.

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BUT SOME ARE CYNICS -- By Robert McAlmon

PART II

The Palma Post Is Indebted To Mr. McAlmon For Permission To Print Serially This Hitherto Unpublished Short Story; The Second Instalment Appears On This Page

The day had coal-ember heat from which the fire was departing as evening came. Heat mist veiled the dry clarity and brilliant vapours wreathed around the mountains which cut the horizon's level. From the negro village came voices: the mellow voice of some negro shouting at his horses; the bark of dogs; the calling of orange-timbred female voices; curses; laughter; came across the stretch of sand intensifying the quiet solitude Grant felt. The Lyman boys were dining with the town banker, whose blond daughter Clarence courted. The Mexican dance did not begin till ten o'clock.

A vast, enveloping, sense of confusion and of melancholy that was a deep-plunged pain, filled Grant's being. It was the pain of sex desire, heightened by heat-worn nervousness. The negro women across the desert were not mere negro women. Indians who came and went through the village he was remembering in his mind as beings existent because of the process of procreation. They were tawny, bronzed, and black, gesturing-bodies. They were legends come to life and moving with slow impending pulse of sensuous thrill. Grant's will and impulses were magnetized to one throb, that of sex being, so that his own movements too made him aware of his body as a voluptuous organ.

The sense he had of the structural solidity of the desert was increased, but he had more a feeling of the suavity of its structural simplicity. Space was a monument, erected without confusions, but the monument had come to life, and surely its pulse was about him, as was the throb in his wrists and the pulse of desire in his limbs, heart, and mind. Memory was in him. Outside were cities, throngs of people, a cosmopolitan world, but they had always hovered about unreality for him. He stood for a time in the doorway of his shack, shirtless because of the heat. His muscles jerked when his fingers touched the elastic flesh of his bare arms as he put them akimbo. It seemed that his own flesh had partaken of unreality. Only another, desirable, body could be real to him now. He leaned his head to kiss the muscle of his upper arm, and felt it flux beneath his lips, and the universe swam with images of lovely flesh posturing about him. White and gold, bronze, olive; blackhaired; electric-eyed; tawny and lithely

breasted. His lungs scorched breath into his nostrils.

The sound of negroes chanting came intermittently to him. Space and gusts of breeze acted as step-valves to shut off the echoes, then re-opened to let the contralto-purple tones of melodious, nostalgic, voices come voluptuously into his ears.

Velvet clad hoofs, tiny, and exquisitely wrought, were pacing on bronze stairways, making music as they loped on the ascending plains of moonlight. Startled antelopes with slender bodies and gracile, erect, antlers, lifted neat heads upon lithe, undulant necks, as they listened, eyes ruby-gleaming, before darting upwards away through the veil of yellow gleaming in the musky glow of desert night. The desert was an amber within which opal fire still burned, defying the night.

Putting on a shirt Grant stepped across the sand towards the negro village. Outside a tumble-down shack he stood listening to voices speaking, and then singing hymns. A reticence held him from going too near the black people at their songs and prayers. Their fervour and rhythm came to him in vibrating waves across the space, though they were singing hackneyed Baptist hymns he'd known since years back. As he walked away from the negro's section moonbeams were running up the sky, making the night effervesce, electric with soft vitality, as champagne charged with a steady current of pin-point bubbles. In Grant's consciousness black bodies flocked, swaying, bending, giving forth warm vitality and attracting him magnetically. The negroes back there though he knew were not attractive. He was romancing, imagining young, lithe, and beautiful, black bodies.

To quiet the throb within Grant got beneath the shower bath and rubbed himself vehemently with cool water. Afterwards he went overtown. In front of the irrigation company office he found men lounging, while others played horseshoe. Whitehaired wrinkled, old man Harrison, ex-cowboy and rancher, talked against painted women. Slim Pike, who claimed to be the blacksheep son of an English nobleman, cursed prohibi-

tion venomously. And a group of ranchers cursed the water company for mismanagement and shortage of water. They doubted Ellenthorpe, that stuck-up Easterner; they chuckled at old man Woods and then became obscene over his laziness and crookery. Grant leaned against the wall chewing a straw, feeling removed. Life was more than this. His will wished to be in the midst of some current, but about was stagnancy. He understood the negroes better. They danced, sang, howled with natural mirth and vulgarity. They didn't talk money-making and valley or water-company politics.

At Joe's poolhall Harry Gallego greeted Grant heartily. Already Harry was glistening gay with drink. «Hey, there, Grant, I got something to tell you in the back room. Come on, at'sa boy.» Harry said, his voice warm with an infantile quality rather than a foreign accent. Grant went with him to get a shot of whiskey. The small room, thick with warmth, got pleasant about him.

«God, I hope the orchestra's a good one. I want to hear jazz, lots of it. I'm going to get drunk and cut loose. The niggers aren't the only people who know how to dance or what bodies are made for. To hell with the hick penny-grabbing white men in this valley.»

«Have more drink, Grant. Dere's more where this came from. You and me pair it off swell, don't we? You ain't no stuck up bartard I thought us guys wuz in for high-brow stuff when Ellenthorpe phoned he had a college guy coming on de job.» Harry threw an arm about Grant's shoulder.

«Ellenthorpe's a good guy, Harry.» Grant defended. «He has to act standoffish to get anything done in this bloody valley. If he got chummy people would say you and he were grafting money off the community.»

In the dancehall men with their ladies lined up before the soft-drink bar. Several drank near-beer. The girls were done up in store-bought finery, with the exception of two who had on magnificent Spanish shawls. Grant liked these Mexican's brown skins, and the animal-naive quality of some of the men. He danced with Harry's wife, several times, until

he thought Harry might be jealous. The room spun vertiginously, swarming with brown faces, beady black eyes, coloured dresses and shirts, spinning, appearing and floating away. Harry's wife had on a black velvet dress, with a V neck that revealed the orange-waxen texture of her flesh. She alone of the girls had American style; the others were peon class, swarthy, solid-bodied, and healthy-looking. He felt ill at ease and did not dance with them as he spoke no Mexican, and they knew that he was 'boss' over their men. The sour milk odour of stale sweat made him want more drink to be able to ignore the smell. He danced with Ginger's wife. She was huge, dressed in green plush. Moving alienly to badly played jazz she steam-rolled him as they danced. Grant left her to seek Harry who caught his arm affectionately.

«My wife's some kid, ain't she? You like her I guess. She's classier than me.»

«I like you both, Harry. She said you'd have me to dinner some night. Don't forget. Let's have another drink. I'm not keen on dancing.»

Back in the drinking room more men were gathering. They joked and wanted Grant to jig, but were not insistent. He drank more slowly now. Warm air, breathing animals were about, amiably. He could talk, laugh, or be quiet, but a well-being of life was in him. The smell of sweat had ceased to disturb his nostrils. He didn't feel one of these people, but he and they understood each other through a common friendliness. He must not think that only the novelty of this let him be interested. These people couldn't irritate him as pretentiously mental or edu-

cated people could. They had acceptance of life which he needed.

Grant's head was heavy when he woke in the morning but a shower bath and a cup of black coffee helped. He walked into the desert, feeling peaceful. Two pictures persisted in his mind: The negro, and the Mexican dance hall pictures. They were both now removed, static, but he had a sense of germination; of swarming colour and warmth; of antiquity too. In a muddled way his still intoxicated mind thought of Greece and Egypt; of the old South; of New Orleans. He liked it. Why think the negroes common labouring blackmen? Why think the Mexicans diseased, smelly, sullen, overworked, peons? They were of life and much as masses have been anywhere at any time. He was a damn fool within himself. Life doesn't need the evasions of ideals and romancings. If it has vibration, and it had for him then so that painfully and carnally it clutched and stabbed him with desire, but with vibration his appreciations would be quicker when free of all illusions. Life he didn't know how to use, but he wanted it thick and fast about him, with whatever consequences. Quickly he rejected a realization that in so thinking he was romancing. Believing that life is as much one place as another he could not wait, but in a blindrush he might thrust away from him experiences that he most desired. And he began to wish that Dutchie, or Margaret Alden, or some girl he had known at college were with him. All of them he had planned to know better, but in the city other things cropped up to occupy his attention. But it wasn't them he wanted either. The only answer he knew, and he forced himself to accept it impatiently, was that later he would know better what he wanted. And that would be in cities. That sureness he had. He needed people.

(To be continued)

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Editors and Publishers

Thomas P. Leaman Jr.

R. B. Leaman

Christmas, 1933

With the advent of Christmas comes the full blast of the depression. Gone are the great trees, banked high with presents; gone the fat bonus the Wall Street houses used to dole out to their employes, from sleek junior executives on down the scale to the humble messengers.

Whatever presents are passed around this Christmas will more than likely be of a useful nature; money in large amounts will not be frittered away on dispensable luxuries.

The optimists will say this condition is all for the best; what this world needs is a good jogging, and it's high time men and women forgot about the frills and fripperies of the Roaring '20s and came down to the solid earth of the Somber '30s. The optimists are all wrong; the world's in a devil of a shape, and the optimist who says everything is rosy is not one of those unfortunates who rode around in Chryslers in 1928, only to think themselves lucky five year later to own second hand Fords.

«It might be worse», says the optimist. «If it can be, it will get worse fast», says the pessimist. The realist admits things are bad enough already and hopes for the best.

Nevertheless, Christmas is Christmas, and it is nice to know that events have not been of such a turn that there will be no Christmas trees, no Christmas dinner, no Christmas spirit and spirits. Many a table will groan beneath the weight of fattened turkeys or juicy pigs, and many a family will exchange gifts of some sort, even though the lavish presents of bygone years will be missing.

Yielding slightly to the side of the optimists, it becomes possible to admit that, perhaps, it might be worse; possibly there is something to rejoice over, although one is forced to contend that the cause for rejoicing is not immediately discernible; and on the assumption that a merry Christmas is not an impossibility, even in this year of grace, The Palma Post wishes its readers MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE NIGHT WATCH

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house—we have faint recollections of having read those words somewhere before, but they give the time and the place as well as any others—were piled the dear presents from our gentle public. Not to be opened until Christmas, most of them were labeled, but we own no master and a direct order like that is just the thing to make us assert our independence. We opened them.

Well, perhaps it will be «Merry Christmas» for some folks, but it will be just another day for us. Ah, the pain of it! The agony of facing the world with a smile when the heart is rent asunder! Paggiacci, share with us your spotlight!

Is Christmas the day of peace on earth and good will toward men? Ladies and gentlemen, it is not, for consider the spleen that must have gone into the selection of a Christmas present we have this day received from one whom we have long counted our friend. A check on the defunct Bank of the United States was his contribution to our happiness.

As though our cup of woe were not full to overflowing, we also received a prospectus for a world cruise, to be paid for, no doubt, with the aforesaid check, when as and if the imprisoned directors of the bank make good on their obligations. And the cruise to be enjoyed by us on a when, as and if basis, as well.

* * *

Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone, the old wives say. We bear no man ill will, although it is sometimes fortunate that arsenic, strychnine and other potent drugs are not easily obtainable without a doctor's prescription.

After all, there are always the joys of our own fireside, with our children gathered round our knees and a glass of mulled wine in our hand. Always provided the chimney works, the children don't hop across the street to the cocktail party at the Thistlethwaite's, and there are enough cloves in the house to mull the wine.

As a matter of fact, the more we see of adults, the better we like children and mulled wine—mulled wine slightly more than children. Next Christmas we may give sort of a one-man *eisteddfod* for children and, frankly speaking, on mulled wine.

Already we see the little tots beating a path to our door, although we were a Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, or the world's best mouse trap.

At this point, our picture cracks slightly because, our voice having been the only thing that kept us out of grand opera, we are not confident of our ability to put over our Christmas carols, with or without the assistance of lubrication for the inner man.

Under the circumstances, it might be better all around if we confined our activities to the ancient art of story telling, something at which we have been efficient ever since the bygone days when the Guvnor used periodically to miss his briar pipe or find a strange shortage in his supply of Turkish cigarets.

* * *

Who knows, we might even become the Aesop of the Twentieth Century or even, perish the thought, a Latter Day Mother Goose. Already we can think of a number of improvements on some of the old standbys, such as Mother Hubbard and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

Now take Mother Hubbard, for instance. The author of that little piece owed it to his public to point out some sort of a moral. Mother Hubbard owed it to that poor mut of hers to see that she got something to eat, and not having done that, punishment should have been forthcoming. The time was ripe for the introduction of the wolf of Little Red Riding Hood.

Fancy the gratitude of our neighbors if we teach their children the blessedness of being kind to animals! Why, there won't be an alley cat in Terreno that does not find his way into one of our better homes to share the festive board, if not at the table, then secretly and in the darkness of the pantry.

* * *

Our happy thoughts, romping in the field of fable and fairy story, are now far from the bitter pills mentioned at the beginning of this column, and we are the better prepared to wish our readers the season's greetings.

So without reservations—except a pardonable withholding of unbounded cordiality to the chap who sent us the phoney check—MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The Watchman

IN ONE EAR

The best string band of Shoat Corners is there to play for the dancing. Hod Satterlee of Rooster Hill brings the broomstick with which he gives an imitation of a bull fiddle, and everybody makes a night of it, not going home until after nine o'clock.—*Jean Eric in the Newark Evening News.*

«You didn't seem to be very hot about the efficiency expert,» remarked the secretary.

«No,» replied the boss, «his explanation of how I could cut the overhead was over my head.»—*Sam Hill in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

«You say you served in France?» said the restaurant manager, as he sampled the new cook's first soup.

«Yes, sir. Officer's cook for two years and wounded twice.»

«You're lucky, man. It's a wonder they didn't kill you.»—*Times of India.*

COUNTRY CONSTABLE — «Pardon, miss, but swimming is not allowed in this lake.»

CITY FLAPPER — «Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?»

CONSTABLE — «Well, there ain't no law against undressin'.»—*Sani-waxer.*

«Bill's only books are women's looks.»

«It's hard to earn a bachelor's degree that way.»—*Argosy.*

When a petrol dump in America exploded, flames rose to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Much to the disgust of a gentleman near-by, who had been trying for twenty minutes to make his automatic lighter work.—*Opinion.*

«It doesn't pay to be a good

A woman's

unnassailable capital

is her appearance

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sport,» moralizes the Concordia Weather Bear. «If there are any dirty deals, let the good sport get them, he takes it on the chin. It's all right to be a good sport most of the time, but it pays to have just enough meanness about you to keep people treating you well.»—*E. E. Kelly in the Topeka Capital.*

A man who has two wives, of course,

Is always called a bigamist;

But when he has some three or four

We guess he is a pigamist.

—*Florida Times-Union.*

The greedy guy who gets so far

From being a monogamist

As to have spouses four, I'd call

A matrimonial hogamist.

—*E. B. in the Boston Transcript.*

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TALKING OF BOOKS -- By Howard N. Rubien

A surprisingly large number of the contributors to the English language papers on the continent have books to their credit. This tradition is as true of the relatively young Palma Post as of its older colleagues, the «Chi-Tib» and the «Herald». James Park is the latest contributor who has brought out a novel, *Strange Occupation* (The Fortune Press, 7/6).

Briefly, Zena Mountchase, an English woman of wealth and position, being bored by Mayfair as well as Bloomsbury, inserts an advertisement in the Agony column of the *Times* offering 500 pounds to anyone who will find her an adventurous occupation abroad. She settles on the business of dope selling and running prostitutes into England, where she breaks off her new occupation on finding an eligible young man whom she marries—and the book ends happily. But she has had lots of adventures—one of them being the shooting up of a gigolo at a hotel in Paris, which somewhat strangely seems to delight the manager who feels that Zena has done something very chic which will be a splendid advertisement for the hotel—for which kindness he repays her with gardenias and her bill receipted.

This episode is characteristic of most of the book; there is a certain, shall I say, lack of conviction about the deeds as well as the costume of Mr. Park's heroine. Need I say that I find it hard to picture Miss Mountchase burning 'em up at the Winter Sports with her red ski-ing costume? But it is Mr. Park's heroine and he can dress her as he pleases, I suppose.

Now I take this to be a first novel; and as it resembles so many first novels I shall make some comment upon its structure and form, comment that applies to many other first novels as well. My position as Reviewer permits me to hand out unsolicited advice and I take this opportunity to get even for all the equally offensive advice showered upon me.

In this book as in his article on the wretched Marquis de Sade, which appeared in The Palma Post some time ago, the author showed a highly developed faculty, common enough among journalists but no less shocking for that reason to an old fogey like myself, for writing about things of which he is in complete ignorance. Now why should a man, a free lance novelist, do this? I can understand a school boy or a journalist who is forced to turn out so many words on some assigned

James Park, Former Post Contributor, Failed With First Novel But Will Succeed As Writer Eventually, Reviewer Believes

topic—and who does his best although ignorant of the subject; but why should a man who can choose any subject take one of which he knows nothing?

Why did Mr. Park write about old Sade when he knew so little about him that he thought he was a Sadist—when we have overwhelming data that his Sadistic writings were at best a compensation for his timidity. We have the record of his arrest—no evidence of Sadism in any of the charges. He did chuck a fair damosel out of the window, but then he might have been annoyed with her—no reason to blame this act upon perversion. The whole subject of Sade has been exhaustively studied and written upon, so why did Mr. Park take up the threadbare tale without even finding out the dope on the subject? And in the case of this novel, why did Mr. Park write a book which is chiefly about the illicit traffic in drugs while knowing nothing about this traffic?

The villain of this book is the head of a great international organisation owning huge poppy fields in China, controlling the distribution of dope all over Europe. Yet they have on hand only one hundred kilos of Opium! The author assumes that opium is worth several hundred English pounds a kilo because nose candy cost from 50 to 75 French francs a gram! Let me here advise Mr. Park that the current rate, retail, to comparative strangers, almost any place in the Old Port of Marseilles is 500 francs a kilo. I have taken the trouble to look up the current price list of the British Drug House who sell (but in this case, only legitimately of course) Moist Opium «assayed and adjusted to contain 10 per cent of morphine» at the reasonable rate of 26 shillings per pound. This syndicate of our author's has on hand then about a thousand dollars worth of opium—and control the whole illicit trade of Europe! He is equally dizzy when it comes to manufacture and distribution of happy dust, or nose candy. This is of two kinds, known in the illicit trade as «C» and «H», that is cocaine and heroin. These he supposes are synthesised. No, that won't do. If that were the case there would be no need for the poppy or coca industry. Nor would sea ports like Marseilles where the drugs actually are received from the East play any part in the dope racket. The drugs could be made anywhere. No, this won't do at all, Mr. Park. Nor will I have ladies being sent from Bâle, Switzerland, to Paris, where they engage the Imperial hotel suite

(leading up, as that sort of thing is bound to do, to the shooting of light fingered bed companions in the small hours) just to bring 104 grams of snow to a Montparnasse hop peddler. No, Mr. Park, the dope racket isn't carried on with such a huge overhead. And what is gained by sending thirty—count 'em—thirty smugglers from Bâle to Paris each with a few grams of *How d'y do?* hidden in his hollow heels and in his suspenders? No, Mr. Park, this is all wrong. Dope is delivered in France as openly as booze was in Prohibition America. The charge to deliver a kilo of opium and twenty grams (or any larger quantity wanted) was 150 French francs to any place on the Riviera from Marseilles—and just because you don't know that is no reason for thinking that sophisticated people who read your book are as innocent as you are.

This book purports to give the low down on sophisticated life. Well, chic ladies don't wear red ski-ing costumes, opium is not expensive, dope is not carried at terrific overhead, managers of hotels are not delighted with shooting parties nor do they give the story to the newspapers and keep it from the police, nor are English ladies of wealth and position dropped out of Society because they will not make Fifty Quid loans to all the friends of their defunct relatives, nor do the daughters of American University professors who have themselves attended Oxford speak as follows: «There's the Cafe Royal, where all the blushing berries go when they're in bloom. Oddenino's aint a bad kinda speak-easy, though it's a bit dusty sittin' outside like that ole frog is.» So much for the author's data. Now to the style.

This book contains examples of every possible style. At moments it becomes subjective—the thoughts of the characters are given; at other moments it is coldly objective. Then for a rather unhappy part it becomes «Philosophical» if that is what you call it when the heroine begins to ask herself, why am I here, Whither, Wherefore? I think we could get on without that—especially as the author tells us, «What matters it whither since our destination is preordained from the beginning?» Thanks for the tip, Mr. Author. That little news from the horse's mouth is going to save the philosophers of the world a lot of time they would have wasted thinking about such things. In the next book I hope you won't be an old meanie and keep from us just how you found this out.

At times he, like most modern writers, tries to be Ernest Hemingway and succeeds only in becoming Robert McAlmon. Oh well. Enough for that side of the

ledger. Now for the other side.

This wide-eyed boy, for so I picture him, has two things that will make him a successful writer. He has wonder and he has energy. Life interests him, he is enthusiastic about it. He doesn't know much about it yet, to be sure, but that innocence will soon be mopped up if he continues in Mallorca, the Riviera and Bloomsbury—which he already knows well enough to dislike. And he likes to write about it, and writes not badly. I look forward to his next book which will be about something he knows better than the dreary dope industry. I hope.

YVONNE CLOUD

At last I have read a novel that is absolutely a knock-out; a real money-back guarantee should go with this book of Miss Cloud's, *Mediterranean Blues* (The Bodley Head 7/6) Here we have a book about the Riviera which will stand with Norman Douglas's *South Wind* or Compton Mackenzie's *Vestal Fires* as an understanding appreciation of the Anglo-American expatriate in the semi-tropics. Some might call Yvonne Cloud cynical or hard—I do not. She has taken a group of typical English or American habits and taken them apart—so that you can see what makes them tick. Oh, she doesn't mean you, nor for that matter, me, of course. But she does mean our friends; and you will admit she drew their pictures accurately.

I advise you, unless you are more courageous than most, to read this book in full understanding that she is talking about your friends and not you. For these Riviera folk of Miss Cloud's are cheap, vulgar, nasty, at best. Sometimes they are worse—sometimes downright ridiculous. But you will recognize their types only too well.

When a woman writes an uncomplimentary book about a group of people, the usual criticism raised is that she met them but rarely and knew them not at all. Remember the case of Miss Mayo and her book, *Mother India*. But Miss Cloud knows her Riviera as well as anyone. She has lived there long and has been very much a party of it. She knows her Bloomsbury as well, and this enters the book. Nor, I claim, is she unsympathetic or cynical. Not at all; she is merely accurate. And she has succeeded in doing an almost impossible thing, she has made a delightful book of thoroughly despicable people; pimps; sluts; fat-head old fogey dilettantes; mean, nasty middle-class English - old - maid - villa - renting shrews; English retired colonels with wives actuated by one motive in life only, the desire to

butt in, to interfere; genteel half-decayed nymphomaniacs showering gifts on all the young fisher-boys of (what I take to be) Bandal, yachtmen afraid to take their boat out into the sea—only to flounder when they do; bouncers; crooks; drunkards; snobs.

I know them all—and I love them. I have lived with them for years—and so has Miss Cloud. They are not you, nor I, nor Miss Cloud. No,—but they are our friends.

Yvonne knows them and loves them—that is why her book is a delight. She knows how charming and pleasant they are. I am not going to speak of the slight plot or the characters other than one, a Riviera dog. This character I claim is a masterpiece. Miss Cloud stops her narrative long enough to say that there is no serious character in the book except the dog. I would hardly say that but I think her clever to stop her story and point out the significance of the dog, lest some careless reader miss it.

This is the first accurately drawn Riviera dog in the history of literature. I do not speak of dogs in general. Writing in England, one cannot. That most popular pink, the timid Bolshie, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, tried to write an attack upon dogs for the *Sunday Referee* but collapsed into a squashy sentimental slush in the last paragraph by dragging in his own dog and saying that of course none of what he said could apply to his little darling. I repeat, I am not speaking of dogs in general. I speak of Riviera dogs—and Miss Cloud's picture of the dog in this book is all of them. To quote: «The dog was a climber and a cad. His camp, as they now call it, was excessive. Like a person who has risen from his own class on the *goût de canaille* of another rather than on personal merit, and refuses to so much as acknowledge his previous associates, this dog would not sport or fight with other dogs.»

This dog, in his capacity of gigolo, climber, and cad, supplies the cause of many of the difficulties encountered by the wretched characters of the book. Here is a book which young novelists like Mr. Park should read if they want to know what this sophisticated world is like. This book is the *Candide* of the Riviera, and the author has not fallen into the absurd sentimentality of making the dog stand out as the only fine character amongst miserable human beings. No. Like the people, so the dog.

Mary Butts, speaking of lovely Giverny, once the ideal retreat of Bohemians in Normandy, said that it was a place where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. Think how much more profound Miss Cloud is in saying of the Riviera:

«It must not be forgotten, though, that where the prospect pleases, man is only vile.»

Spaniards' Equivalent To April Fools' Day Comes On Thursday

The Spanish leg will be pulled next Thursday, December 28, when Spain celebrates the Fiesta of the Innocents, which corresponds to the English and American April Fools' Day.

Most of the time-worn pranks in use in the English-speaking countries will be tried on the gullible here, and many a youngster will chase down to the hardware store to execute his father's order to bring home a bucketfull of countersunk holes or a left-handed monkeywrench.

The adults, too, will have to be wary lest they fall into a trap, for the Fiesta of the Innocents is the day when it is legitimate for the daily newspapers to pull almost any sort of tall yarn, with the sincere hope that the readers will fall for the trick.

Some of the «howlers» that have been published deliberately in the past have had far-reaching and not always pleasant consequences.

«La Nación's» Howler

Only a year ago, the widely-read Madrid daily, *La Nación*, dared tamper with the dignity of the government, then under the guidance of Don Manuel Azaña.

The paper published an apparently accurate account of the collapse of the cabinet and the premier's hasty resignation, a story that caused consternation not only to the readers but to rival newspapers, whose editors thought they had been scooped. Too great care was taken to make the story ring true, for upon its appearance no one suspected that it was *La Nación's* contribution to the success of the Fiesta of the Innocents.

Paper Fined

Unfortunately for the editor of

MAC INVITES ME -- By W. A. Sweeney

The sun was shining and the twittering of the birds or the tramcars, or something, came to my ears as I sat, hard at work, in the Son Armadams Café. Everything, you will agree, was conducive to the production of literary work of a high order.

I bent myself to my task and concentrated. What was it Robert Louis Stevenson said about the fierce concentration needed for literary work? In his essay on Burns, was it not? Or was it—

I coursed softly, bent myself still lower and concentrated like an Oxo cube. With the swift, bold, unerring strokes of the true artist, I drew a skeleton's head and regarded it critically.

As good a skeleton's head as I had ever drawn. Better, if anything, than the other 18 heads that represented my morning's labors. My skeleton's heads have line; they have *chic*. It is a well-known fact that most literary men seldom get beyond small pigs, when at work, and I have known more than one columnist to blanch in impotent rage at my heads, while he went back to his miserable pigs with, perhaps, an occasional shaded square.

I reflected on columnists. A low and selfish crew, columnists. Caring for naught but their carnal appetites, their armchairs, their central heating, their central eating. One might parody G. K. Chesterton's poem on grocers. Eh? Come, pass me my lyre...

«The kindly hearts of inkeepers induce them, now and then, To crack a bottle with a friend or treat un-moneyed men.»

So far, that is Chesterton's. Now for the parody, Hand me the

paper, the government, no less touchy than others on the subject of its stability, failed to see the joke and whacked out a heavy fine upon the perpetrator.

golden zither.

«But who hath seen a columnist pay for something in his shop?»

Or stand a man a glass of ink, a comma or full stop?»

Pretty good, though I say it as—

With a grunt of irritation, I remembered I was at work and concentrated again. I drew two more skeleton's heads rapidly, shaded one of them, and then threw down my pen with a sigh. I realized I had no inspiration. And then, at that moment, in walked my friend Mac.

Now, Mac is a Scottish friend of mine who lives on the Island, though not in Palma. Mac goes in for the broad, open spaces of—well, I had better not tell you where he lives.

«Am I interrupting you?» he demanded.

«You are», I replied. «You find me absorbed in producing better-class fiction for the masses and you charge into the garden of my labors with the tact and delicacy of a taxicab. I have about 35 skeleton's heads to draw before lunch time, and after that I start on coffins. My coffins are much admired in academic circles, I can tell you. The great art in drawing a coffin is to complete it in one sweeping movement, nails and all. Now—»

«I was wondering», said Mac, slowly, «if you would come to my place for Christmas?»

«My dear Mac», I cried, rising and clasping him with both hands, «forgive my erstwhile churlishness! Of course I'll come. I'll stay a few days if you like.»

Mac looked away out of the window. «Your work—», he began uneasily, but I cut him short.

«I can draw skeleton's heads as well at your place as here», I said cheerfully. «When do I come?»

«You might come on Christmas Eve», said Mac. He was still gazing past me and I noticed a peculiar, thoughtful expression on his face, as if he had something on his mind. «You know the house?»

«No, Mac, I don't. But tell me; I'll find it.»

«Well, when you get out of the train you just walk along past a field on your right and then turn to your left past a farmhouse with a blue—»

«One moment, Mac.» I seized a pencil. «This is too much like the directions for Red O'Hara's Sunken Treasure for me to remember.» I wrote rapidly. «Very good. Public house with a blue—»

«Farmhouse», corrected Mac. «with a blue front. Go right

round that farmhouse and then you'll see a path branching off to the right—»

«Path branching off to the right», I wrote.

«Which leads through a wood. Go through the wood and when you come out you'll see a wee white house with a white gate. Just kick open the gate and walk in.»

«Traverse primeval forest», I wrote, «and come to white house. Many thanks, Mac.»

«Oh, you can't miss it», said Mac slowly. «Just kick open the gate with your feet and you're there.» I gazed at him with emotion.

«Mac», I said huskily, «doubtless it is your natural modesty that causes you refer to your gate disparagingly and invite me to revile it and treat it with disrespect. You Scotsmen have the courtesy of Oriental potentates, but I shall not kick your gate open with my feet. What do you think I am? A mule? I shall open your gate with the Christian politeness due to the dwelling place of a man of your noble character.»

«I doubt», said Mac, still gazing into the distance, «I doubt but that you will have to kick it open with your feet, man.»

I arose from my chair and looked at him hard. There was something strange about Mac today. I had noticed it from the moment he had entered my presence. His look of uneasiness had deepened.

«In heaven's name», I said, approaching him, «why should I have to open your gate with my

Ivan Bunin, Winner Of Nobel Prize, Is «Story» Contributor

A 12,000 word story by Ivan Bunin, 1933 winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, is one of the features of the January issue of «Story.» This is the first new story of the Russian writer's to appear in an American magazine since he was awarded the \$40,000 prize.

Two other stories of current as well as literary interest are «Actual Riot Scenes», by H. M. Letisier, which is based on the Ambridge, Pa., mine riot newsreel, and a story by two American college men now in Germany, «Nazi Nights' Entertainment», in which a Hitler Storm Troops beer hall in Berlin is used as the setting. Other stories by known and unknown authors round out the issue.

The progress of «Story» in America is followed with keen interest by old Palma residents, who remember when the magazine was published here, in handset type, every other month. Since its journey to the United States, «Story» has become a monthly of first-rank importance.

fet?»

«Well», he hesitated and coughed. «Well, you see, your arms will, no doubt, be full of provisions, will they not?»

I staggered to the table and drew 20 skeleton's heads hysterically.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST bring results.

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Sindicato, 189

PALMA

Capella Clásica's Christmas Festival Commences Monday

Capella Clásica, the Mallorcan choir organized and conducted by Father J. M. Tomás, will give the first of its Christmas-to-Reyes festivals Christmas afternoon in the Almudaina Palace.

The concert will commence at 6 o'clock and will feature the Chant of the Sybil, a chant of religious significance that was introduced to Mallorca nearly 900 years ago.

Also on the program will be another «Chant of the Sybil» by the Mallorcan composer, Antoni Quintana; «Sortida de la Cibil», to a composition by Saint-Saens, and other songs to compositions by Father Tomás, the Mallorcan composers, Gelabert, Lambert and Romeu, and a song to a composition by Cesar Franck.

As its names implies, all of the songs sung by the Capella Clásica are rendered without the accompaniment of music.

The second day of the festival, on the day after Christmas, there will be another concert, this time at 1 p. m. at the Provincial hospital.

Most of the composers to be followed at this concert are foreign, Handel and Bach being among those whose works will be used.

On the last day of the year, the anniversary of the conquest of Mallorca by the great Jaime I, the Capella will take part in the annual homage to the Island's deliverer from the Moors.

On New Year's Day at 6 p.m. another concert will be held in the Almudaina Palace. This will be a repetition of the Christmas Day concert.

On January 6, the day of Reyes, the Capella will partake in the ceremonies to be held under the auspices of the president of the Audiencia Territorial, which will conclude the festivals.

There will not be another Capella Clásica concert after that until January 21, when a special performance will be offered at the Almudaina.

Lena's

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Turkey
Mince Pie
Plum Pudding

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Terreno

Ultima Hora, Palma Evening Newspaper Sums Up Arguments Against Tourists' Regulations

All through the week telegrams from various Mallorcan bodies continued to pour into the home office and other governmental centers in Madrid, asking for the immediate withdrawal or amendment of the recent decree regulating the presence of foreigners in the Balearic Islands.

The latest society to add its protest to the heap at the time of writing is the *Casal Catalá*, the association of Catalonians resident in Palma. Don Manuel Torres Ventosa, president of the *Casal*, wired to the leaders of the *Lliga Catalana* and the *Esquerra*, the two Catalan groups in the Madrid parliament, asking them to use their influence to defend the interests of the sister region.

When the terms of the decree became known, a meeting of business people interested directly or indirectly in the tourist business was called to discuss what action could be taken. The meeting, held at the *Fomento del Turismo* on Friday December 15, resolved to send a cable to the home office asking the withdrawal of the order.

On Monday December 18 the local authorities took a hand in the matter. Mayor Emilio Darder sent wires asking for withdrawal or amendment to President of the Republic Niceto Alcalá Zamora, Prime Minister Martínez Barrios, Home Minister Rico Avello, and the Balearic deputies in the *Cortes*. Don Francisco Juliá Perelló, president of the Provincial *Diputación*, wired the premier asking him to study the whole question very closely.

Civil Governor Juan Manent, reporting the visit he had received from a deputation of business interests, strongly advised the minister, if the order could not be rescinded, to have it redrafted in such a form as to cause the least possible inconvenience to travelers. Señor Manent also cabled the *Director General de Seguridad*. He informed the national police chief that the police office on the ground floor of the *Gobierno Civil* was insufficient for the duties placed on it by the change in the registration rules.

The chambers of commerce and of property and the hotel keepers' association were among the other corporations which swelled the tide of protest in the course of the week.

The Palma evening paper *La Ultima Hora* published a long article on the front page of its Friday edition summing up the arguments against the decree. The writer insisted on the fact that the measure places the province in a position of inferiority, not only to resorts abroad, but also to the rest of Spain.

He went on to point out that Mallorca had escaped from the effects of the worldwide depression thanks to the development of the tourist trade in the last few years. The new industry had offset

the effects of the shrinkage experienced in the other occupations followed on the Island. The ruin of the industry would have disastrous consequences to several others. Many workers would find themselves without employment.

According to the contemporary paper, the decree «subjects every foreigner coming to the Baleares to a usage justifiable towards those who are suspected of coming with sinister motives.» Further on he says, «The tourist demands every kind of commodities and attentions. He who travels for pleasure avoids every inconvenience, every irksome obligation.

«The competition sustained between themselves by the centers which vie for the preference of international tourism, for the benefits which the travel industry brings to the places favored by the affluence of tourists, offers the travelers everywhere the maximum facilities and the greatest consideration.

«If while this happens, annoyances are imposed on him here, the tourist stream which till now has favored us will necessarily be diverted, and travelers will prefer to go to places where they see a better return made for the benefit which their preference brings to the country or region to which they grant it.»

Shops May Be Open On Tuesday Morning

Shops in Palma may be open if their owners so decide from 8:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Tuesday. This concession is allowed when December 26 falls on a Tuesday or a Saturday.

Toyshops may remain open till midnight on the eve of Epiphany, January 6. That is the day when Spanish children expect the Magian Kings to do for them what Santa Claus does 12 days earlier for their contemporaries in northern countries.

A circular from the *jurado mixto* (labor court) reminds shopkeepers of the terms of the agreement granting these extensions. The clauses quoted in the circular provide that workers in toyshops which keep open on Friday night are entitled to a full holiday on

Ateneista To Hold Benefit Fiesta For Orphans Of Palma

Saturday, December 30, the Juventud Ateneista will sponsor a festival for the benefit of the orphans in the Palma Asylum.

The festival will be held in the Ateneo, of which the Juventud Ateneista is the chapter of junior members.

The proceeds of the day will go to the orphanage, and the chief contributors will be the more fortunate children of the city, who will be the guests of honor.

A program of interest to the children has been arranged, with comic films featuring Charlie Chaplin and animated cartoons of the popular Felix the Cat.

There will be dances, both Mallorcan and cosmopolitan, in which the children themselves will participate, and a number of the guests will take their turns as entertainers and give recitations.

The Juventud Ateneista hopes to take in a sufficient sum, through admissions and donations, substantially to swell the sum needed for the purchasing of presents for the orphans on the day of Reyes, January 6.

Reyes means the distribution of presents to every child in Mallorca not provided for by his parents, and as most of the totally destitute are orphans, the greatest expense is encountered in the providing of gifts for these unfortunates.

Regularly, at the close of each year, the Juventud Ateneista holds a festival for the benefit of the waifs, and invariably the funds for their pleasure are greatly augmented by the proceeds.

This year, because of the general depression, the organization is particularly anxious to do more than its part to contribute to the Reyes funds.

The Friday of next week.

It is not known how many shopkeepers will avail themselves of the provisions of the agreement. Only those who applied for permission to the *jurado mixto* a fortnight in advance of the date may do so, the circular reminds them.

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READER'S INFORMATION SERVICE

Places to Visit

Ayuntamiento Patace — In the winter this museum may be visited from 9 to 1 a. m. and 3 to 4:30 p. m. every day, except holidays. In the summer it is open from 10 to 12 a. m. and from 4 to 6 p. m. The charge is 1 peseta—free on Sunday.

Palace Courtyards—The palaces of the following families are open to visitors upon request: Vivot Oleza, Morell, Palmer.

Bellver Castle — Open from 8 o'clock in the morning until sundown, every day. There is a charge of 1 peseta.

The Lonja and the Provincial Museum of Fine Arts— May be visited every day, including Sunday, from 10 to 12 o'clock in the morning; and from 3 to 5 in the afternoon. Charge 25 céntimos, free on Sunday.

Cloisters of San Antonio — Every day at any time.

Arabs Baths — May be visited every day at any time. Fee voluntary.

Cloisters of San Francisco and the Church — The beautiful cloisters and the sepulchre of Raimundo Lulio (Ramon Llull) may be visited every day, without charge.

Cathedral — May be visited every day at any time. Considered one of the four finest in world.

Guasp Printing Press — One of oldest printing presses in world, founded in 16th century.

Original wood blocks and prints on exhibition, Calle Morey, 8, top floor, from 9 to 1 and 4 to 6, work days.

Casa Mulet, (Genova)—Mallorcan country house. One of the few untouched structures of bygone days still existing in its original condition and open to the public.

Museum—Sociedad Arqueológica Luliana—Displays of the medieval arts that should not be missed. Calle Almudaina 8.

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Emp. LA ESPERANZA.—Lonjeta, 14

EXCURSIONS AND SHIPPING MOVEMENTS

REGULAR SERVICES to the CONTINENT and the ISLANDS

Barcelona Daily service, Sundays excepted, leaves Palma at 9 p. m. arrives Barcelona 7 a. m.

Weekly service from ALCUDIA on Sundays at 7. p. m. arrives Barcelona 7 a. m.

Valencia Weekly service from Palma on Sundays at 8 p. m. arrives Valencia 7 a. m.

(Via IBIZA) Weekly service from Palma on Wednesdays at midday.

From IBIZA weekly service on Wednesdays at 10 p. m. Arrives Valencia 7 a. m.

Alicante (Via IBIZA) Weekly service from Palma on Fridays at noon.

From IBIZA Weekly service on Fridays at 9 p. m. arrives Alicante 7 a. m.

Tarragona Weekly service from Palma on Tuesdays at 9 p. m. arrives Tarragona 7 a. m.

Mahón Weekly service from Palma on Thursdays at 8 p. m. arrives Mahón 7 a. m.

Ciudadela Weekly service from Palma on Tuesdays at 9 p. m. arrives Ciudadela 7 a. m.

WEEKLY SERVICE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ALGERIA

Marseilles Every Tuesday at 10 a. m. from Palma arrives Marseilles 7 ... m.

Algiers Every Saturday at 6 p. m. from Palma arrives Algier 7 a. m.

CRUISE BOATS. — REGULAR CALLERS

Palma-Gibraltar-Boston- New York arrives and leaves Palma: December 30 S. S. EXCAMBION. January 12 EXOCHORDA.

Palma Marseilles-Naples-Alexandria-Jaffa-Haifa-Beirut arrives and leaves Palma. January 5 S. S. EXCALIBUR.

Palma-Gibraltar-Liverpool-or London arrives and leaves Palma: December 27 S. S. CHINDWIN. January 10 S. S. KEMMENDINE.

Palma-Marseilles-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: December 29 S. S. BURMA.

Palma-Gibraltar-Plymouth and London arrives and leaves Palma: December 30 S. S. ORFORD. January 27 S. S. ORONSAY.

Palma-Gibraltar-London arrives and leaves Palma: January 12 S. S. DURHAM CASTLE. February 8 S. S. LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE.

Palma-Marseilles-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: January 2, S. S. LLANDAFF CASTLE.

Palma-Málaga-Lisbon-Southampton - Rotterdam - Hamburg arrives and leaves Palma: January 7 S. S. USAMBARA. February 5 S. S. ADOLPH WOERMANN.

Palma-Genova-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: December 24 S. S. TANGANJIEKA. January 22 S. S. NJASSA.

Palma-Toulon-Naples-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: January 11 S. S. OTRANTO. January 25, S. S. ORFORD.

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS

Monday: Caves of Drach and of Hams.—Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller.

Tuesday: Pollensa, Formentor.

Wednesday: Caves of Drach and of Hams.

Thursday: Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller, Banalbufar, Estallencha.

Friday: Pollensa, Formentor.

Saturday: Caves of Arta, Cala Ratjada.

Sunday: Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller.

TRANSATLANTIC

Steamer	Leaves	Port of	For	Due	Company
Berengaria *	Dec. 27	Cherbourg	New York	Jan. 2	Cunard
Rex *	Dec. 28	Villefranche	N. Y.	Jan. 4	Italia
Excambion *	Dec. 28	Marseilles	Boston	Jan. 8	Am. Export
Washington *	Dec. 28	Havre	New York	Jan. 4	U. S. Lines
Europa *	Dec. 30	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Jan. 4	N. G. Lloyd
Britannic *	Dec. 30	Liverpool	N. Y.	Jan. 7	White Star
Ascania *	Dec. 30	Havre	N. Y.	Jan. 8	Cunard
City of Havre *	Dec. 31	Havre	Baltimore	Jan. 10	Balt. Mail

* Ships carrying mail. Mail marked to go via a North Atlantic liner should be posted before 7 p. m. at the Post Office or at the gangplank of the Barcelona boat by 9 p.m. THREE days before the sailing date of the liner. On Sundays mail should be posted before 1:30 p. m. since it is to go via Alcudia to Barcelona.

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Cine Protectora

OUT ALL NIGHT

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ES ESTO AMOR?

with Mary Brian

Palma Gets Share In Couple Of Christmas Nat'l Lottery Awards

Palma shared with Madrid in two large prizes drawn in the national Christmas lottery, but this city failed to get in on any of the seven grand awards ranging from 15,000,000 pesetas on down to a mere 150,000.

This capital won money on ticket number 8,839, which calls for a prize of 100,000 pesetas, and on ticket number 18,855, which carries with it a prize of 25,000 pesetas.

The grand prize was divided by lucky ticket owners in Sitges, Bilbao and Alcira. Barcelona shared the second, 6,000,000 pesetas award with Orense, and Las Palmas and Granada split the third prize of 3,000,000. The fourth prize of a cool million went in toto to Barcelona.

Little Mahón, capital of Menorca, divided the fifth prize of half a million with Madrid. Sixth prize of 250,000 went to Valencia and the last major prize of 150,000 was shared by Alicante and Barcelona, the latter city once more maintaining its reputation for luck in the lottery.

Barcelona was in on one ticket for 100,000 pesetas, another for 75,000, won an entire prize of 75,000, shared in two tickets for 50,000, won a prize of 25,000 and shared in five 25,000 peseta prizes.

The state was enriched to the tune of 60,000 pesetas when an unsold ticket was drawn, but there was no luck such as the astounding stroke of several years ago, when the state won the grand prize of 15,000,000 pesetas.

No winning tickets were held outside of Spanish territory, although the North African Spanish city of Melilla shared with San Sebastián in one prize of 25,000 pesetas.

As yet, no names of foreign

POSTSCRIPT TO A CONFERENCE-- A Defence Of Isadora Duncan

By DAPHNE JACOBSEN DE GARCIA PALADINI

I met Isadora Duncan in my home in Copenhagen, at one of my father's gatherings of artists; there I danced for her. It is well known that the entire Danish aristocracy and even the lower classes send their children to dance academies.

Later I saw Isadora dance in the large hall in my father's museum. The cult, which the world at all times offered the great artist, has not only not cooled off by her death, but the emptiness which she left has moreover not been refilled as yet.

Later in Paris my husband introduced me to Raymond Duncan, brother to the unfortunate and glorious Isadora; I assisted at the «Raymond Duncan Academy» in number 31 of the Latin quarter, the Rue de la Seine. In this tabernacle of art, of which Raymond, her brother is the high priest, as well as in other artistic centers and theaters in Paris, commemoration of the anniversary of the death of Isadora was held this last spring, in which writers and poets of universal fame took part.

Even the sandals we wear are signed by Raymond Duncan!

This defence of Isadora must not be considered as something subjective. It happened that I heard of a German critic who had passed very unfavourable censures rather than criticisms on the subject of dancing and certain artists. Next I actually read in the local press a censure of the famous artist; I can not understand

winners have been announced. If any of Palma's foreign colony are found to have been among the lucky ticket holders, their names will be published in another part of this paper.

how one can say, concerning the art of dancing in human life, and referring to the genial Isadora, such very daring and adventurous things as the following, which we read in a local paper; «An American wished to bring us the Greek dance: the greatness of gesture and rhythm; but she was not a creative artist and hence stayed amongst the imitative class of artists. Her greatest importance was the abolishment of stiff gestures.» The italics are ours; complete ignorance of the lecturer on this subject, when he is able to speak thus of one of the restorers of ancient classic dancing and creator of a new tendency, individual and singular. Isadora Duncan is one of the dancers who has contributed most towards creating an artistic element around the art of dancing, and one may say that the modern dancing has received its particular inspiration from her. To speak thus of Isadora Duncan merits not to be commented upon and should deprive one of the right of talking on the art of dancing.

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Artist Is Lecturer For Members Of International Club

The International Language Club (*Los Amigos de España*) held its Christmas celebration in the Trocadero on Thursday night.

A feature of the evening was a recital of poetry by Mr. Tembrok, the artist. The linguists received the rendering with applause.

Dancing, which generally occupies a prominent place in the reunions of *Los Amigos*, occupied the remainder of the time. The floor was full until the legal closing hour.

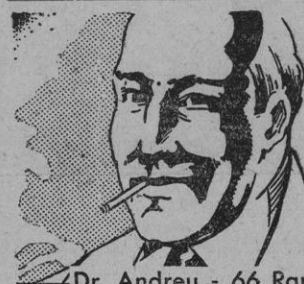
A Christmas tree, bright with candles, struck an exotic note among the decorations of the hall. During the evening presents were handed to the ladies.

Von Simons, Former Reichsminister, Sails

Von p 11 col 4 abajo Semanario German Ex-Minister of State von Simons left the Island by Thursday night's boat. He gave his destination as Paris.

The distinguished traveler had spent some months in Mallorca, and expressed his intention of returning after his Paris visit. He will settle permanently in the picturesque village of Establiments.

Von Simons was one of the most prominent men in German politics before the advent of the Hitler regime. He has now withdrawn from politics and come to spend his retirement on the shores of the Mediterranean.



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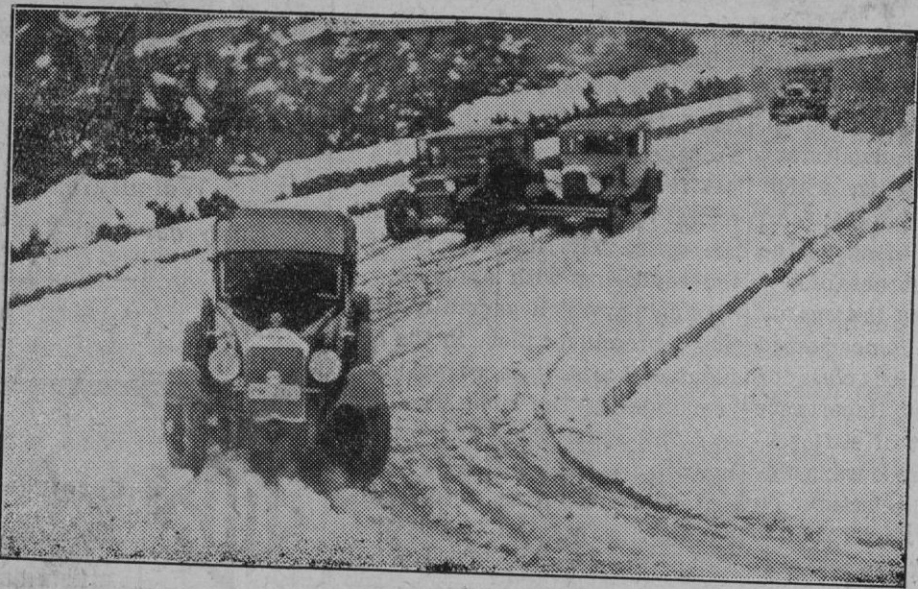
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Snow Clogs Soller Road--Turkeys Snapped Up



The Island was surprised, a week ago, to find itself buried under a mantle of snow. Although the sun quickly melted away the snowfall in the lowlands, it remained for some time on the roads over the mountains, and on some of the higher thoroughfares proved a menace to traffic.

The above photograph shows the condition on the Carretera de Soller on one of the mountain passes.

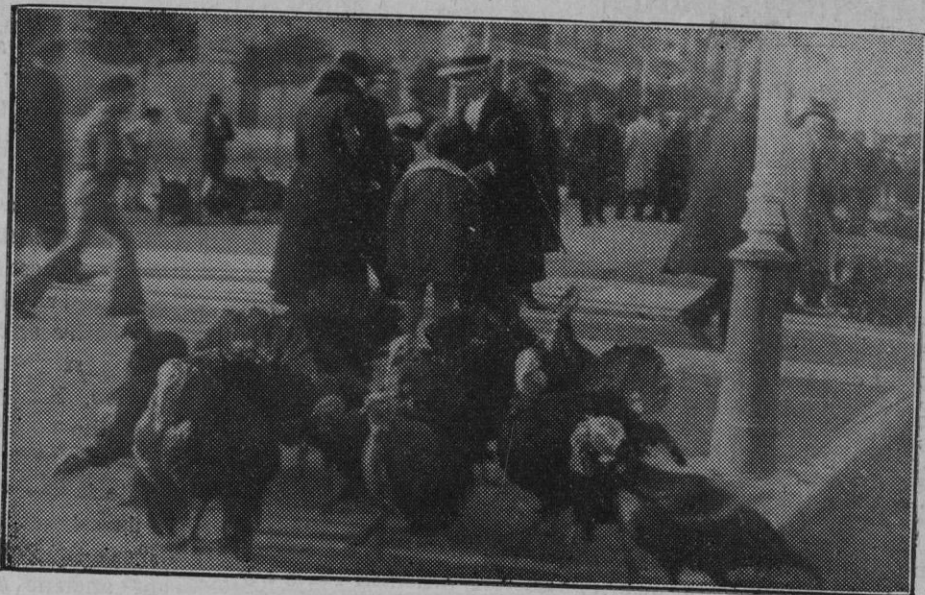


Above, the Baleares Football Club team that last week took its rivals, the Constancia booters, over the jumps for a 2 to 1 beating.

The rivalry between the two clubs is particularly keen, and the game as usual was hard fought.



A Baleares player smashes the play of a Constancia man, who almost succeeded in booting the ball well into his opponents' territory.



All Palma turned out during the last shopping days of the week to buy the Christmas turkeys and pigs.

Above, a photograph of the turkey market after most of the birds had been sold out to hungry Christmas diners.

Although the turkey is a popular fowl for the Christmas board, most Mallorcans favor their pigs to any variety of bird.



A scene at the local market when the Christmas provision buying was at its height.

Christmas in Mallorca is not a day for the exchange of gifts, but is the one grand day of feasting that the Island's trenchermen await hungrily.



A tense moment for the Baleares Football Club. The outfit's goalie gets in front of the ball in the nick of time.