

The Men that Really Matter

CIVILIZATION, like an inverted pyramid, rests on the bent backs of the men who toil on the land. Nothing that we deem of value, could exist without them. Till the chemists have succeeded in manufacturing synthetic food, all of us, all our triumphs, artistic, scientific or industrial, depend on the unremitting labour of those who plough, sow and reap, who tend their flocks and herds.

We seldom give enough thought to these patient uncomplaining millions, by whose labour we live. We have money in our pockets. We can go to a shop and buy food, or to a restaurant and order a meal. Do we ever stop to consider that there would be no food were it not for these men, some of them far away in wild countries, who work from dawn to dark, who never go on strike, on whom we are all, ultimately dependent?

Mr. Henry Ford may give employment to millions. The Film Industry may command the biggest capital in the world. The most wonderful discoveries of science may be made in the laboratories of London, New York, Berlin and Vienna. But none of them would exist if we had not our daily bread.

Imagine for a moment what would happen if all the agricultural labourers of the world went on strike. Given a warm climate, we might live without clothes; at a pinch, we could dig ourselves caves in which to live; but there is not enough wild game in the world, nor enough wild fruits and vegetables, for us to be able to survive without the ceaseless work of the man behind the plough.

What Might Happen

If there were no peasants, the world in an incredibly short time would revert to savagery. Millions would die of under-nourishment, even of starvation. We could only support a population of a tenth or less of the present population of the world. Those of us who survived would be engaged in a constant desperate struggle for the barest means of subsistence. There would be no time for the arts and graces, for the triumphs, the immense achievements of civilization.

When Portugal was mistress of all that was then known of Africa, of India and the spice islands of the far east, gold and treasure poured into the country. Yet the people starved, because all the young men were away adventuring, and there was no-one left to till the fields. Gold, when it has no purchasing power, is worse than useless.

In America, people are complaining that the farmers are unduly favoured. Where would indus-

try be, if it were not for them? The world suffers from an universal depression; but it is not dependent on climate, or the vagaries of the weather. Given a drought, or abnormal rain, and the farmer is ruined; and his ruin reacts on all the rest of the world.

Those who serve the earth are not unskilled. Not everybody could do their work. In their fashion, they are great artists. Have you ever tried to plough a field of stiff clay, with every furrow straight? Do you know the ways of animals, how to cure them of their sicknesses? Have you ever stayed up all night helping ewes to bring forth their young? Do you know the signs writ in the sky, the significance of sudden swarms of insects, what to do when there is an unseasonable frost, or hail storm?

Half-starved Heroes

Yet consider how small are their rewards! When we were very young, an agricultural labourer in the West of England received fourteen shillings a week. A four roomed cottage, without light or water laid on, a patch of ground sufficient to grow a few potatoes. Yet on this he worked while there was light to see; married, brought up a family; and eventually, bent and broken with rheumatism from the damp of the earth, died.

He had no memorial in bronze or stone. No solemn obituaries in the papers. But he was essential. Most of us are useless.

England would starve in three weeks, if it were not for her importations of food from overseas. That is why of all countries she is the most vulnerable. The fields of England lie desolate, when they might be farmed to the last inch, as they are in Denmark. France is practically a self-supporting country, because she has an immense and thriving peasant population. Vienna is the fourth largest city in Europe. Vienna, all grace and charm, a waltz tune, a laugh with a sob in it. Yet when Austria collapsed, when Austria lost her wheat lands, Vienna starved.

All the great industries of the world, all the pleasure, all the art, all the marvellous achievements of science could not exist, but for that lonely figure, eating his bread in the sweat of his brow.

While film stars are paid ten thousand pounds a picture, so as to titillate the jaded imaginations of city dwellers, is it not reasonable to demand that the men of the earth, by whom, because of whom, we live, should get a bigger share of the world's rewards, and of the world's admiration?

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

Chancellor Dollfuss lies in his grave, to which he was escorted with all the military pomp of Austria. Herr Schuschnigg reigns in his stead. The new Chancellor is a man of thirty-seven, an eloquent speaker, one of the old Austrian military caste, and a pronounced Monarchist in sympathy. We hazard a guess that Ex-Empress Zita, that regal and indomitable woman, is watching events with the closest attention.

Meanwhile, Germany stands without a friend in the world. The press is unanimous in attributing the slaying of Dollfuss to Nazi encouragement and intrigue. Mussolini does not abate his show of force on the Austrian frontier.

Lord Castlerosse, the witty chronicler of the London *Sunday Express*, says of the events in Austria: «It has been an eventful week for the Nazis. Personally, I am all against the shirt movement... It must have been a shock to the Nazis to hear of the death of Jack Dillinger. Nevertheless, the manner of his death was in excellent Nazi style—shot in the back, and two women injured... Every true Brownshirt must have cheered when he heard the news of Dollfuss' death. A treacherous attack, to be followed by the murder of a defenceless man... When it is realized that the odds against Dollfuss were overwhelming, the case becomes almost classic, except that Dollfuss' wife was absent... So I suppose it can hardly be considered as neat, or at least as comprehensive an affair as the murder of General Schleicher and his wife.»

Death of Field Marshal von Hindenburg

President Hindenburg died peacefully on Thursday morning at his country home. A worthy foe in time of war, in peace he won the respect and the admiration of the world by his courage, his firmness and his dignity during some of the most difficult years in the history of Germany.

Adolph Hitler becomes the new President of the Reich, while still holding his office of Chancellor. We can only hope that he will cut a figure as dignified, as worthy

of respect and as statesmanlike as that of his predecessor.

Twenty-five Years a King

Next year, King George V of England celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the most ancient monarchy in the world. Few British Mon-

archs have reigned so long; none has so worthily upheld the traditions of Kingship, nor has been so assured of the universal love, respect and loyalty of his people.

There will be universal rejoicings in England, beginning on May 6th, the actual date of the accession, with a solemn thanksgiving service in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Premiers of the Dominions have been asked to take part in the celebrations.

While Kings have toppled into oblivion all over Europe, the British Monarchy rests on a firmer foundation than ever, and it is no idle phrase when an Englishman says: «God Save the King!»

The Lion Wags its Tail

The Davis Cup, symbol of world supremacy in tennis, will rest for another year undisturbed in England. America after winning through to the finals in the world-wide competition was not strong enough to defeat England. Austin and Perry proved to be unbeatable and took all four of their singles matches. The team from the United States won only the doubles match.

Charles

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Improvements in Menorca

Important works are being undertaken by the central government in the island of Menorca, in dredging the historical port of Mahon, and widening the port of the city of Ciudadela at the West end of the island.

These improvements will be a new attraction to the tourists visiting the island. The city of Mahon, yesterday quaint and picturesque, but today a modern city, is bettering its facilities for the accomodation of newcomers from foreign lands. Besides its several hotels and pensions, some excellent bars have sprung up here and there; new buildings for business purposes are in course of construction. The service of autobuses to the various towns inland is insurpassable, and so are the panoramic views met at every turn of the rolling ground.

To the antiquarian, the prehistoric megalithic monuments on the south coast of the island are a revelation. Many tourists have discovered that Sante Gueldane and Cala en Purté are unrivalled for their landscapes. The region is perfectly healthy. Some visitors from abroad are coming over there in the summer; others are summering in the beautiful little fishing town of Fornells on the north coast.

Phew!

One of the members of the German Colony here, a future captain of industry, felt that the pickled fish was not what it should be and that here was a chance for a thriving business. He entered into negotiations at once and rented a small factory or picklery or what have you, gathered together the necessary fish and commenced pickling. As a show room or sales office he took small quarters in Terreno and all went well except the fish. Possibly they went too well, at any rate anonymous letters began to arrive threatening all sorts of things unless the fish (pickled) were removed. Things went from bad to worse until the other day police in gas masks entered the sales rooms in his absence and removed the fish. Just another step in the crisis — one man out of work and at least six fish completely ruined.

Exchange of the Week

The Exchange rate has been absolutely steady all the week.

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No 8. The Triana

Have you tried the Restaurant Triana? It's in the Calle Yeseros, just back of the Borne. There's an amusing bar, with little barrels let in to the walls. And they serve you Russian salad with your aperitif.

The place has a very definite atmosphere. It's full of attractive shapes — pillars and low archways. It looks rather as if it had been made out of the patio of some ancient house.

In the dining room, the walls are very amusingly decorated, and the food is excellent. You should try that nice dish of hot grilled vegetables. Also the wine. Triana, white, at two pesetas a bottle, señores, is well worth the money.

The propietor is a bonhomous chap with a gay moustache. You'll like the Triana.

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Belmonte Lalanda Armillita

A Great Afternoon in Barcelona

Señor Don Pedro Balañá, the man who fixes Barcelona's bull-fights, presented us fans with a cartel last Sunday which had the whole town talking. The name of Juan Belmonte is enough to draw anybody interested in the art of «tauromaquia» but when it is coupled with that of Marcial Lalanda, possibly the most complete and intelligent *torero* of to-day, and Fermín Espinosa—known as «Armillita Chico»—the graceful and emotional Mexican who has already triumphed here this year—well, that is the kind of cartel which makes us pawn our pants to raise the price of a seat in the sun on a hot July Sunday afternoon.

Belmonte gave a very sound exhibition with his first, leading with some firm-footed *veronicas* drawing music and applause. After the bout with the *picadores*, Juan made some fine passes with the *muleta* chiefly with his right hand, rounding off his *faena* with a good kill at the first attempt and receiving an enthusiastic ovation from the crowd which insisted on him taking the call all round the ring.

His second was disinclined to fight and anyway was completely messed up by the *picadores* to the chagrin of the spectators who hurled expressive insults at their grotesque tin-clad figures. Belmonte did all he could with a ruined bull but soon saw how hopeless it was and dispatched the beast with great skill.

Lalanda's first looked very poor when it came out of the *toril* and proceeded to beat a retreat but was brought to heel by Marcial with the cape in masterly fashion. Belmonte and Armillita assisting the *quites* with some great work. It was with the *muleta*, however, that Lalanda surpassed himself. Opening with two glorious kneeling passes—*pases de rodillas*—he succeeded in both animating and dominating his adversary, employing practically every pass in the repertoire of the *torero*.

Pases naturales, pases de pecho, molinetes—all the principal passes which can be found described in Ernest Hemingway's «Death in the Afternoon.» In fact, it would need Mr. Hemingway's expert pen to do real justice and to describe adequately the technique and aesthetic beauty of Lalanda's marvelous *faena* and I only wish he had been there to see it. A really great piece of work, dignified and supremely intelligent rounded off with a first rate kill, Marcial receiving both ears, the tail and a hoof, taking the call twice round the complete circle of the ring. A veritable triumph.

Armillita soon dominated his first with the cape and during the *quites* Lalanda showed us a beautiful *mariposa* after which the Mexican, having placed his *banderillas* himself, did great stuff with the *muleta* killed well and received loud applause. This undoubted success was nothing compared to what was in store for us with his second in which he sent us wild with enthusiasm. Starting with a superb series of *veronicas* he again placed his own *banderillas* as apparently only Mexicans can. Dedicating the bull to the public he led with, yes that's what I said, eight *naturales* or left-handed passes, finishing with a majestic chest pass or *pase de pecho*. Ignoring a terrific bump with the flat of one of the bull's horns he even improved doing all a man holding a small square of red cloth can do artistically, gracefully, courageously, and intelligently when confronted by a wild bull seeking to kill him. We watched this colossal *faena* with palpitating hearts and bated breath in an atmosphere of great emotion and when he killed at the first attempt all that emotion broke loose and the fans jumped the *barrera* and carried the Mexican triumphantly round the ring shoulder high, the President awarding both ears, tail and a hoof.

And we all went home feeling grand. It is the eternal hope of witnessing performances such as this that makes even the most disgruntled *aficionado* keep going to the bulls: the hope that he will see beauty, courage, skill, dignity, intelligence and judgement.

Well, we saw them all last Sunday.

E. L. B. H.

R. I. P.

Poor Miss Wright, the charming English girl who died so tragically in hospital after a fall from a horse, was buried on Monday. The service was conducted by the Rev. Faustmann, summoned hurriedly from Arenal to perform the sad duty. The mourners were Miss Wright's sister who had been summoned from England, Tito Cungi, Dr. and Mrs. Rattner, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Doris Cameron and Mr. Saward. It was all so different from an English funeral. No church, coffin brought out on a trestle awaiting the mourners, and looking rather like a cardboard box, a few flowers.

Miss Wright was the daughter of an English clergyman. Our deepest sympathy goes to her family.

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Boris and his People

By Sydney Hunt

Not even now is the full extent of oppression among the Andorrans known to the world. Here, in the centre of Europe, has existed, for at least five centuries, a people who have been imprisoned in the fear and ignorance of the Middle Ages, from which they have not been permitted to progress.

The powers exercised by the Spanish Bishop of Urgell and the French Prefect of Perpignan are those of Feudal Lords, neither with justification, but as the result of constant encroachment into a tiny territory strategically important as controlling the pass through the Pyrenees between Spain and France, and socially as a haven for political refugees.

The laws of the state are unwritten, being entrusted to the memory of the old men. Mediaeval absurdities are still undenounced among the customs that may be applied at the caprice of the powers to the inhabitants. The tyranny of this system has reduced the population to a spineless lot of cravens. The slightest political offence among the Andorrans results in the offender's immediate expulsion and the confiscation of his property. Through the centuries this has been practised against thousands of the inhabitants until now there are but four thousand remaining, though the country is quite capable of supporting three times that number.

Rich in scenic value and natural resources, the land is totally undeveloped, being held stationary between the counter-acting forces of the Spanish and French feudal lords. Foreign capital has never entered the country since any foreigner could be expelled in twenty four hours and his property taken.

More distressing is the fact that the moral state of the nation is being undermined. The only religion permitted is the Roman Catholic. This certainly is no crime, but the behaviour of these bishops who act as political tyrants of the thirteenth century, and of the friars who are monopolizing commercial concessions is so disgusting the population that the people are rapidly becoming atheistic. They laugh in the faces of the fat carnal friars who saun-

ter in groups, seemingly caring nothing for the indifference of the villagers.

There is no political justice whatsoever. Appeal from one court is to the same men sitting in a different court. There is no restraint on the foreign riguiers who rule the country and are also the Supreme Court. Hence to go to Court for a political offence is to be condemned. The result of this is a cravenness of spirit more equivalent to a starved, beaten dog than a man.

The people know no sense of resistance, either active or passive. They know only cringing obedience, with the alternative of expatriation and expropriation, at the caprice of the Spanish and French delegates whose signatures can dissolve parliament (Council of the Valleys) and without whose signatures parliament is powerless.

The justification of the pretender, Prince Boris, is based upon hereditary and moral rights. I hope to convey to the world that he is a man of overwhelming personality, of deep spirituality, most admirably educated and thoroughly trained in the processes of enlightened government.

If I were permitted to state here his personal heritage, it would be clear to all that his efforts towards possession of Andorra can be nothing but philanthropic, the state being beggared.

I appeal to all right-thinking people to give their deepest consideration to this new discovery of an oppressed people, and to follow with sympathy the progress of its champion.



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Madrid Report

The New Spain
Reflections at the Theatre

Madrid has changed a lot these last few years. Meaning what? Well, lots of things. Take the Toros for instance. We were at a bullfight the other day and despite the protective pads one horse got its tummy horned rather badly with the usual unpleasant scene that follows wounds in such a place. Who would have noticed that a few years ago? «Mas Caballos, Mas Caballos!» the crowd would have bellowed. But, wonder of wonders, on this occasion everyone got up and protested loudly and violently because the horse wasn't killed promptly and put out of its suffering.

Or take the cinema. Bless your life a five centimetre celluloid kiss drove Madrid audiences into near-hysterics a few years ago and now they stand metres and metres of the real goods and remain more or less cool. Yeah? Yeaaaaah?!

All of which floated more or less vaguely in our mind the other night as we drifted into Maestro Guerrero's opulent theatre, the Coliseum, down the end of the Gran Via to see Harry Flemming's new revista. Harry Flemming is a gentleman of color who has made a name for himself in Madrid as a dancer and conductor of jazz orchestras. Long strip of a guy with broad shoulders, good figure, dressed almost too well. Puts his stuff across with great snap. His people don't like him much and once you've seen him you understand, although you couldn't just say why if anyone asked you: right off the bat.

It was a Saturday night crowd too. But they lapped up the crooning and the jazz stuff and the snappy little hotchacha girl who sang that new song: «If I had a talking picture...» in English. A few years ago, they'd probably have heaved a few bricks around at all this jazz stuff. Funny little mixture of New York and Seville was a thin little man, kind of apologetic, who with a shining sixpenny Mike, probably from Woolworths, in his hand tonefully crooned another new number — «Marta...» Then he manfully heaved the Mike into the wings and strode to the front of the stage and sang flamenco with the best of them. It wasn't quite flamenco. He'd sugared it down. Those bellyaching Aye, aye, aye, aye, ayes were softened down altogether and it made a nice parlor effect. Like Argentina's way of dancing Spanish dances so that foreigners understand.

The kids did their best. And by the kids we mean the revue chorus. They'd lost a lot of weight. Mebbe it was the hot weather or the Playa, but anyway they were the lightest team we've seen on Spanish boards. Not so good-looking as Hollywood's products. The chorus isn't yet a career in Spain. Poor kids earn nothing and who can blame them if they don't kick their legs together nor have any more idea of keeping in rhythm than you or anyone else might have. Made us sad somehow.

Oh and later there was a row. Musicians wouldn't play a fox-trot by his great and serene

highness the Maestro Guerrero, composer and, incidentally, owner of the theatre. This was bearing the lion in his den with a vengeance. Seems the musicians have it in for the Maestro because he made some nasty remarks about them in a newspaper interview and the musicians' union ordered a nation-wide boycott.

The band looking very smart in their white uniforms — à la Hollywood — sat back looking indifferent. Harry Flemming rushed here and there. Maestro's brother explained what all the row was about — and did nothing to remedy it. Evidently a show-down was being sought. The audience got worked up. Being a typical Spanish audience, it divided at once. The well-dressed folk in the expensive butacas had fits of apoplexy «Fuera estos socialistas, que los echen, queremos música de Guerrero!» And solemnly and dutifully, in the best Spanish tradition, the folks in the cheap seats upstairs with a full sense of their proletarian responsibilities roared back: «Abajo Guerrero, Abajo Guerrero, Bravo los Músicos!» And pretty soon Guerrero was more or less forgotten while «La Caverna» and «Los de Abajo» had a lung-power tussle.

We left. Our lady-friend understood Spanish and although we were in the nice bourgeois butacas surrounded by elegantly dressed folks, the kind of language they used when they got worked up was nobody's business. Slightly coarse, slightly.

So we went home, wondering if after all Spain really had changed so much.

Information About London

The London office of THE MAJORCA SUN and SPANISH TIMES is at the disposal of readers who intend visiting or returning to England. They may have their mail addressed there, secure information or reserve hotel accommodations through the office, to which inquiries and requests may be sent direct. The address is 205 High Holborn, W. C. 1.

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MADRID

This Bullfight Racket

by The Rogue

As the reader must surely know, the editor's word is final. So I had to get up rather earlier than usual last Sunday, dress hastily, and rush off to the Monumental bull ring where I had to write up the day's fighting. Belmonte, Lalanda and Armillita were down to do to death six brave bulls-how a bull can still be brave after learning that Belmonte is on the menu is one of the mysteries of the noble art.

Never having been to a bullfight before, never having got up in time, I thought that a little study of the matter might be all to the good. Mr. Hemingway has written quite a good work on the subject, and it was to this volume that I decided to look for preparatory matter. *Chicuelinas, mariposas, pases al alto y de pecho, vueltas al ruedo*—perhaps it's *vuelos al rueda*, I'm not sure—were all got off by heart, and I sallied forth armed with a first edition of «Death in the Afternoon», and prepared for the tough stuff.

Naturally, it being my first visit I was prepared for thrills. Here I would see the handsome toreadors, beg pardon, toreros is the word, ladies in native and typically Spanish costumes, men with wide black silken belts round their ample waists, etc. etc. If the bespangled toreador kept his feet together, then «Ole» was to burst from my throat, and if he didn't lean over the bull's horn in killing, then «que se vaya».

Old Spanish Customs

Clinging to the back of a tram for my life I was able to get to the arena without paying my fare. Shouts were already coming from the throng when I began my course towards my seat. Climbing over some three hundred pairs of legs and running the gauntlet of as many old Spanish curses, my seat was at last reached. This is rather a euphemistic way of describing it, but anyway, I was horrified to notice on arrival that my neighbour's wife had been resting baby Pepita on my place and—oh! oh! did you ever!

This, however, was only the beginning of my troubles, for suddenly, and without the slightest provocation on my part, I was attacked from below with a bag of peanuts which landed fair and square on my ear, and one second later a 10 centimos piece came to rest on the back of my head. Thus it was that I realised why so many people attacked bullfighting as not being a sport in the true sense of the word. If this was only the prologue, what was to follow? It turned out, however, that I had been made a sort of clearing house between a peanut vendor below and a prospective purchaser behind.

Apologies tendered and accepted, and bows exchanged, I retreated into the space behind my seat to witness the attacks on the toreadors, who, I supposed, must be experts at the art of dodging.

A quick one-step struck up on my immediate left by a well meaning but somewhat aged band, led to the entrance of three lines of resplendantly garbed men in pink stockings and extremely tight fitting breeches, followed by rather over fed Qui-

xotes on horses, which reminded one of the classical Rocinante.

It so happened that those sitting before me were also from the fair Isle of Albion and were also at their first bullfight. Gazing scornfully towards them, I was taken aback by the appearance in the hand of an overdressed female of uncertain age of «Death in the Afternoon». So before mine was spotted, I promptly stuffed it behind me, and proceeded to hold a conversation in my best Spanish with my late enemy, little Pepita.

The Bull Gets it in the Neck

A trumpet was sounded, everybody looked towards a red door which opened suddenly gave entry to a small bull with an enormous set of muscles reaching from its ears half way down its back. Instead of the brave toreador advancing to grasp it by the horns and throw it to the ground, he turned and dived over the fence, followed closely, but not closely enough, by our friend the toro.

The poor toro had my sympathy all the way. Poked at with long pikes, adorned unceremoniously with barbed sticks, rushed here and there to no purpose, the poor creature was anybody's bait. I feel it should be recorded that Lalanda was rather kinder than the others, he stroked the animal's horns on several occasions. The crowd greatly appreciated this, which gives the lie to the idea that Spaniards are a cruel people.

At about this time, feeling that a little liquid refreshment would assist my powers of concentration, I left my seat and made for the bar. A rather pretty lady happening to pass at the very moment I arrived took my thoughts off the object of my visit to the bar. The editor isn't such a bad fellow and he was once young himself... anyway, what's the necessity of my going to see the bullfight when I can copy an excellent account from the Noticiero on Monday evening?

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What to Do and Where to Go in Barcelona

Theatres

- ROMEA—*Maria la famosa*. Three act comedy by Quintero y Guilen.
- PRINCIPAL PALACE—*Las Inviolables*. Musical Revue with an abundance of female beauty.
- NOVEDADES—*El Barberillo de Lavapiés* and also *La Dolorosa*.
- COMICO—*Las Vampiresas*. Musical Revue living up to it's name.
- BARCELONA — *Una noche sola*. An operette by an Austrian author and presented by a Viennese company.
- POLIORAMA—*Comitae*. Magician with a box of tricks.
- GRAN TEATRE ESPANYOL — *Amparo, la sabatera*. In Catalan. This work is by a taxi-driver author.

Cinemas

- COLISEUM — To-day. Wallace Beery in *Flesh (Carne)*. Tomorrow: *Lousiana*, a Metro Goldwyn film in English.
- URQUINAONA—Closed.
- FANTASIO—Closed.
- CAPITOL—*King Kong*, in English. Friday: *The Kid from Spain* with Eddie Cantor, in English.
- METROPOL—Tomorrow: *Teresita* with Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, and *Ronny*. The first in English, the second in German.
- PATHE PALACE — Tomorrow: *Hot Pepper (Pimienta y mas Pimienta)* in English, and *The Orient Express*, in English. Friday: Wheeler and Woolsey in *Diplomacias*, doubled in Spanish.
- EXCELSIOR—Same programme as Pathé Palace.
- MIRIA—*Tenor de Cámara*, in French. Friday: *The Devil's in Love (El diablo se divierte)* and *Business and Pleasure* with Will Rogers. The former doubled in Spanish and the latter in English.

Amusements

- Bullfight—This afternoon at 4.45 in the Arenas, plaza de España. 8 young bulls will be killed by three bullfighters from Mexico. A special feature of this corrida is the killing of 2 bulls by Juanita Cruz, the lady torera. Prices are lower than usual.
- Greyhound Racing—Sunday afternoons at 5 and Saturday nights at 10.15 at the following tracks. Canodrom Park, (Las Corts) Trams 7 and 15 and E bus. Guinardó Park (Horta) Buses from C. Pelayo. Polo Jockey Club, (end of Diagonal). Betting is allowed at all the tracks and special buses run to and from them for night meetings.
- Ball Game (Pelota Vasca) — Fronton Novedades (Calle Caspe) and Principal Palace (Rambla

Sta. Monica) 4 and 10.15. This interesting game similar to our Fives but played with curved basket or baton, is very interesting to watch and typically Basque. Betting is allowed. Well worth a visit and perhaps a flutter.

Maricel Park—On Monjuich behind the Exhibition this amusement park is a splendid spot for a jolly evening in warm weather. Scenic railway, side shows, restaurant, music etc. Special nights on Thursdays.

Music Halls—Stambul, Bombay, Ba-ta-clan. General cabaret dancing and very sophisticated revue. Very good Spanish dancing can often be seen here and elsewhere in the Paralelo. Don't tell mummy you're going.

Restaurants—A good meal is obtainable in town at the Flora, facing the British Consulate. A more expensive one at the Café Suizo, in the Ramblas or the Hostal del Sol off Paseo de Gracia. In warm weather a cool spot for dining is at the Font de Lleo, Pedralbes, or the Miramar, near Maricel Park.

The Call of the Sea

Although social reformers may be tickled to death by the fine sounding name of the the Barcelona jail, the Carcel Modelo, the inmates appear to favour a change of residence from time to time. Various are the methods adopted for making safe getaways, some even rivalling those of our friend Dillinger in originality if not in bravery.

About a year ago the favourite way of departing prematurely was by digging a tunnel from one of the cells down to the drainage system, and then crawling along the huge sewers to the outlets in the town. Thus the manhole of a drain in front of one's house would suddenly rise as if by magic and a number of begrimmed figures emerge from the lower regions and scurry away into the shadows.

The coming of the holiday season has had its effect on the lags, who would prefer to be sunbathing at Sitges rather than meditating over the evils of the police force in quiet and peaceful but somewhat enclosed surroundings. This is hardly the season for excavatory operations, however, and so some simpler and less arduous means has had to be devised.

When a uniformed messenger arrived at the Carcel Modelo the other day bearing the customary documents ordering the release of Juanito Alvarez, the prison Governor was about to comply with the order when he thought that he recognized the features of the bearer as being remarkably similar to those of a recent guest of his. He returned to make sure and discovered that the messenger had already left. This roused his suspicions even further and on investigating the matter, found that the document was a forgery and the bearer a confederate of the prisoner in question.

This sad story has as its result the addition of a further term, to the unlucky Juanito's stay in Barcelona; it seems, in fact, that he won't be at Sitges at all this year.

About Barcelona

Although many people have already left town for the seaside or little villages around Barcelona and quite a few have gone to spend the summer in

England, those who remain are not lacking in activity; several enjoyable parties having been given during the past week.

A cocktail party was held at the home of Mr. Arthur Witty in Calle Muntaner, on Monday, and was attended by not a few well known members of the British and American colonies. Among the guests were Consul General Claude I. Dawson and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Gagnon, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Witty, Mr. Mead

and Mr. Harker, of Valencia. Mr. Harker, who is Vice Consul at Valencia, left for that town with his mother immediately after the party:

Mr. Charles Eberhardt, who has been visiting Barcelona during the past week, was entertained at San Sebastian Restaurant at the beginning of the week. About a dozen people sat down to dinner in very refreshing surroundings. Mr. Eberhardt left for Malaga on Thursday.

The officers of the American Consulate with their friends spent a pleasant day last Sunday visiting Montserrat. They went and returned in private cars. Consul Horn, by the way, has acquired a charming green Chevrolet of which he is very rightly proud.

San Sebastian restaurant was also the setting for another party on Friday night. This time the hostess was Mrs. Deeble.

Mr. Grimes, who has left for a holiday in Germany, asks us to state that his address there will be Hotel Kaiserhoff, Bad Nauheim, Alemania. Dr. Jones, who takes his place temporarily, lives at the Seamen's Institute, Pasaje de la Banca, Rambla Sta. Monica.

Miss Kingsley entertained the more romantic section of the colony at her home in Tres Torres a few days ago. This charming lady combines in herself the unusual qualities which make her an excellent listener.

Captain Harvey has deserted Bonanova for the Pyrenees, where he has gone for a short holiday accompanied by young Toby Garcia and the son

of Mr. Henderson Ryder. Those who know the terrible number of questions of which Toby is capable cannot but feel sympathetic towards the respected captain.

The usual monthly lunch of the Englishmen in Barcelona was held at the restaurant Flora on Wednesday this week. Although the attendance was smaller than it generally is, the diners lacked nothing in quality. A welcome feature was the presence of Mrs. Pundsack to represent the weaker sex.

The Group, which held several meetings last season but fell away towards the end, is to be revived shortly and placed on a more definite footing. It is said that the organizing will be in very capable hands and that one of the younger and more fiery members of the colony will be asked to take the Presidency.

About 20 guests sat down to tea at the home of Mrs. Witty on Friday. Tea was followed by Bridge for several of the ladies.

Mr. Hart, enthusiastic member of the St. George's Choir, has left to spend six or seven weeks at Moyá.

Miss Pearly Witty left for England on Tuesday. She will probably stay there about a month.

The English School will open in the mornings during the month of September to coach pupils for the coming term. Particulars can be had from Mr. H. M. Harskin at the Villa Isabel, Bonanova.

Mr. and Mrs. Fabricious arrived at the beginning of the week from Paris to visit several of their friends in Barcelona. They made the trip by car and returned yesterday.

Miss Elizabeth Deeble is away on a motor tour of Spain. Mr. Donald Darling is holding the fort in the offices of Deeble Service.

Everyone has been talking about the excellence of the bullfight last Sunday, when two of the matadors received the signal honour of hoofs as well as ears and tail.

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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.

Aug. 11—CHINDWIN, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.

Aug. 17—BURMA, from Liverpool and Gibraltar for Marseilles and the East.

Aug. 24—KEMMENDINE, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.

Aug. 31—YOMA, from Liverpool and Gibraltar for Marseilles and East.

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

Sept. 6—OTRANTO, from London and Gibraltar for Toulon, Naples and Australia.

Sept. 22—ORAMA, from Australia Naples and Toulon for Gibraltar and London.

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

August 15—LLANDOVERY CASTLE, from London, Gibraltar and Tangier for Marseilles and East Africa.

Aug. 22—LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE, from East Africa and Marseilles for Gibraltar Tangier and London

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

Aug. 10—EXCAMBION, from Genoa and Marseilles for Gibraltar, Tangier and London.

Aug. 17—EXCALIBUR, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean.

Aug. 24—EXOCHORDA, from Genoa and Marseilles, for Malaga, Boston and New York.

Aug. 31—EXETER, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean.

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

Aug. 16—ADOLPH WOERMANN, from Genoa and Marseilles for Southampton and Hamburg.

Aug. 25—NJASSA from Hamburg and Southampton for Genoa and East Africa.

Cruise Liners:

August 10th — MONTCLARE, arrives 8 a.m. leaves 7 p.m. for a Mediterranean Cruise.

August 16th—ORFORD, arrives 8 a.m. from Vigo Leaves 6 p.m. for Rapallo.

August 17—BELGENLAND, arrives 8 a.m. for a Mediterranean Cruise.

Mail Connections for U.S.A.

Sunday Aug. 5th. Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 1.30 p.m. for the MAJESTIC, Cherbourg, due in New York Aug. 11th.

Tuesday Aug. 7th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8.0 p.m. for the ILE DE FRANCE, Havre, due in New York Aug. 16th.

Wednesday Aug. 8th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8.0 p.m. for the BERENGARIA, Cherbourg, due in New York Aug. 17th.

Sunday Aug. 12th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 1.30 p.m. for the LAFAYETTE and the WASHINGTON, both Havre, both due in New York Aug. 22nd.

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 Genova 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 Cas 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 Santañá.

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 Bórne, 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

Cloisters of San Francisco Arab Baths

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

PRINCIPAL — Sunday and Monday: CITY LIGHTS and ANOTHER LIFE (both in Spanish.)

PROTECTORA.—Today: PRIVATE JONES with Lee Tracy and Gloria Stuart and EAST OF BORNEO with Rose Hobart Charles Bickford.

BORN—Closed.

RIALTO.—Monday: At 7 Sharp. Thursday: NO DEJES LA PUERTA ABIERTA. (In Spanish)

MODERNO —BUSINESS FIRST, with Will Rogers, and THE DEVIL DANCES with Loretta Young.

LIRICO—TUGBOAT ANNIE with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. Monday: Robert Montgomery in COMRADES.

BALEAR:—THE THREE MUSKETEERS, (in Spanish).

Dancing:

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

TITO'S.—Dancing every night.

LOS PINOS.—Dancing in the garden every evening. Rivera and his band.

Bullfight. This afternoon at the bullring, at 4.30 p.m. Six brave bulls from the ranch of the Conde de Casal for Marcia Lalanda, Carnicerito de Mejico and Alfredo Corrochano. Last Full Corrida of the season. Gala Performance.

Excursions: Round the Island by Motorboat. Organized by the Club de Regatas. Leaving Palma 3 p.m. Aug. 11 returning 8 p.m. Aug. 12. Price without meals, 25 pesetas.

Art Exhibition. Sol y Sombra. Calle Bellver, Terreno. Pictures and sculpture by Lise Langley (U.S.A.) and pictures by Miguel Campomar (Palma)

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CINE PROTECTORA

(3:30, 6:30, 9:30)

PRIVATE JONES and EAST OF BORNEO
(both in English)

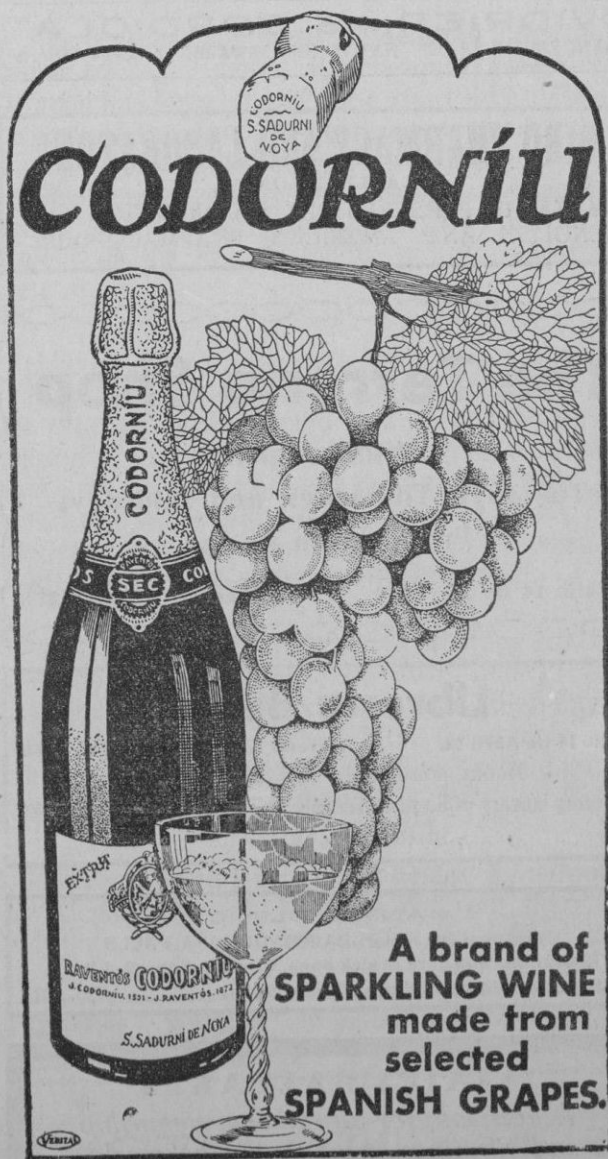
Café

The Café Born on Friday night. The hard white light beating through the darkness. The swoop and flicker of bats. Crowded tables, men, nearly all men. And the sound of pipe and tabor, played by two old men in hats like those of clergymen, short black coats, white shirts, striped baggy plus fours, white stockings, no shoes.

Little bouncing bodies on the temporary wooden stage. A little boy and girl, also in fancy dress, dancing. They were so tired that one felt that anything meant nothing at all. They had passed beyond boredom, indifference, to a white-faced blankness.

They danced very well indeed. It must have been a very old dance, and years ago it probably meant something—desire, pursuit, capture. But now it seemed to mean: «I'm so terribly tired. When will it end, so that I can sleep?» After it was over, the little girl did sleep, curled up like a kitten in a wicker chair. And the little boy danced with a grown up man, who wore a gay scarf round his head, and rattled castanets.

But the children were so desperately weary...



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David Loth and Helen J. Wilcox.

Editor: Geoffrey Holdsworth.

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.

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AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

OF PERSONAL INTEREST

Mrs. Florence Marmon writes begging us not to take the attitude of the rest of the press anent Boris I, and cry «Impostor! Teacher of Physical Culture who has invented his names!» According to her, Boris was actuated by unswerving loyalty to his Suzerain the Duc de Guise, rightful King of France; he would rather go to the guillotine than compromise him in any way. He wants to bring back an oppressed people to the allegiance they should have. Nor is his army a myth. In three days it could be assembled.

Personally, we are all for Boris. He appears to have behaved with dignity and not to have lost entirely his sense of humour. More than one can say of some rulers.

Signor Tito Cungi asks us to state that he no longer has any connection with the restaurant bearing his name.

Mrs. Lucinda Reichenbach is now in London at the Hotel Savoy. She expects to go on from there to Paris but her further travels do not include Mallorca. This will be a disappointment to her many friends here as the latest news from her was that she intended to be here throughout the summer.

Mr. Murray Black is trying to make arrangements to take his mother back to America, but at the moment any accommodation on westbound Atlantic Liners is almost impossible to obtain.

The Dowager Viscountess Brentford is returning shortly to her home Son Semola.

Captain Evan Freer, the genial caricaturist and chronicler of the Palma Post, has left the staff of that paper and his now working for The Spanish News.

We are just back from Cala Ratjada where life seems very simple after the rush of Palma. It is gay enough there with the town quite full of interesting people. Wonderful bathing on a choice of beaches with bridge for the evenings with good players. And then there is always the Wi-ki-ki Bar for one of Victor's Planter's Punches. If you do nothing else while there be sure to surround at least one of these.

Madame «Gngu» Guturbey is ramping round Puerto Pollensa. Her yacht is lying in the bay. The lady says she is going back to Madrid to take up anew her real career — politics.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay have taken the country house of Sr. Rafael de Lacey for a month and expect to move out there about the fifteenth. This is a beautiful estate with a grand old house and beautiful gardens. They hope to have Mrs. Bulson with them for a week's visit.

The Export Line is doing a rushing business these days as those who expected to leave for America via this line have found out. Their four express steamers are booked full until September and some persons are booking passage on their freighters which call at Barcelona each month.

We regret to announce the death in hospital in Palma of Mr. Edward Remington Grinnell. Mr. Grinnell had been staying for a short time in Puerto Pollensa. Last Monday, he threw himself from a window. He was rushed to hospital, but died without recovering consciousness. He was an American citizen, and an old Harvard man. This makes six violent deaths in a fortnight; a truly lamentable state of affairs.

Have you heard Rivera's band at Los Pinos? If not, go there without delay. Two of the musicians are negroes and they have that certain something that only men of their race can give to modern dance music. When the two darkies sit on the bar with banjo and cornet, harmonizing perfectly with the piano and the drum, crooning huskily when the spirit moves them, you just have to dance.

Mrs. Doris Cameron's funny little dog Kiki has taken to religion. Usually, he waits outside while his mistress is in church. But the other day he walked up the aisle, licked Mrs. Cameron's hand while she was on her knees, and was with difficulty restrained from advancing to the altar.

Several visitors arrived on Friday by aeroplane to Alcudia. Mr. F.G. Short was out there that morning, being, as usual, helpful, useful and kind.

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The attractive looking yacht that was flying the White Ensign in Palma Bay last week, was the Anna Marie, a Diesel engined vessel of 337 tons, the property of the Earl of Dudley.

Mrs. Ellen Root arrived back here from Switzerland on Thursday. She had been away longer than expected owing to the illness of her young daughter Denise, who had been suffering from an infected finger. Since arriving here she has been under

the care of Dr. Peñaranda.

Things we want to know. Whether there was any title at stake in the International boxing match at Camp de Mar the other night, and whether the Italian champion was not pretty rudely buffeted.

Whether they have not been doing rather a lot of chucking out at the Hotel Formentor, and if that's why the chucked ones flew to Madrid. And when the lawsuit is starting, and why the lady left yacht, and whether it isn't all in the worst possible taste?

Odds and ends: Miss Bailey has moved from Dr. Jimenez' apartments to Calle Caro, 2. Mrs. Murray Black with her boys is staying at the Camp de Mar hotel, which by the way is full for the month of August. Mrs. Dora Raffloer is expecting her friends Mr. and Mrs. A.S. Gilbert of New York City, towards the end of the month for a

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IBIZAN INTERLUDES

Madame Schneider Kainer, Austrian painter and collector of Eastern Art has recently sold to the British Museum a number of Indian miniatures which were appraised by experts as among the finest in existence. Madam Schneider Kainer is proprietress of the Ca-Vostra.

Mrs. Harold Rogers has closed her house in Santa Eulalia and taken an apartment in Ibiza. Mme. Edneé Bosquet of Paris plans to leave for Mallorca next week where she will be a guest of Mrs. Requardt at Son Dureta. The Migjorn was very gay last Sunday night, among those dancing were, Mme. Erika Siegreest, sculptress of Bale, Sr. Riera of Buenos Aires, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Iams of Paris and Princeton and Sr. Juanito Villagomez of Barcelona.

An excursion is being organized by the Agencia Viajes Baleares to Algiers. It is for August 30th.

CA-VOSTRA HOTEL PENSION
10 PESETAS
ROOFGARDEN - TEA - BAR - DANCING

week's visit. Mrs. Gika Bloss is in Paris and expects to go from there to her home in Denmark. Mr. Judkin is at the Hillgarth's. We have a pretty good idea who the German girl is that is eking out a living by denouncing to the Carabineros the names of those who have contraband cigarettes in their possession.

A new arrival of beauty and distinction is Miss Virginia Nichols, who is staying at the Hotel Mediterraneo. She flew over from Marseilles on Friday.

Wednesday Aug. 11th.

Gran Gala in
aid of
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Madrid—Kiosks in the Calle Alcalá.

Valencia—Kiosk in the Plaza Emilio Castelar and also at Calle Barcas and Perez Pujol.

Málaga—Excursion and Estate Office, Cortina del Muelle, 57.

Reus—Librería Nacional y Extranjera, Arrabal Santa Ana, 20.

Tangiers—Galleries Marcel Levy.

London—205 High Holborn, W. C. 1.

New York City—Foreign News Stand, Times Building.

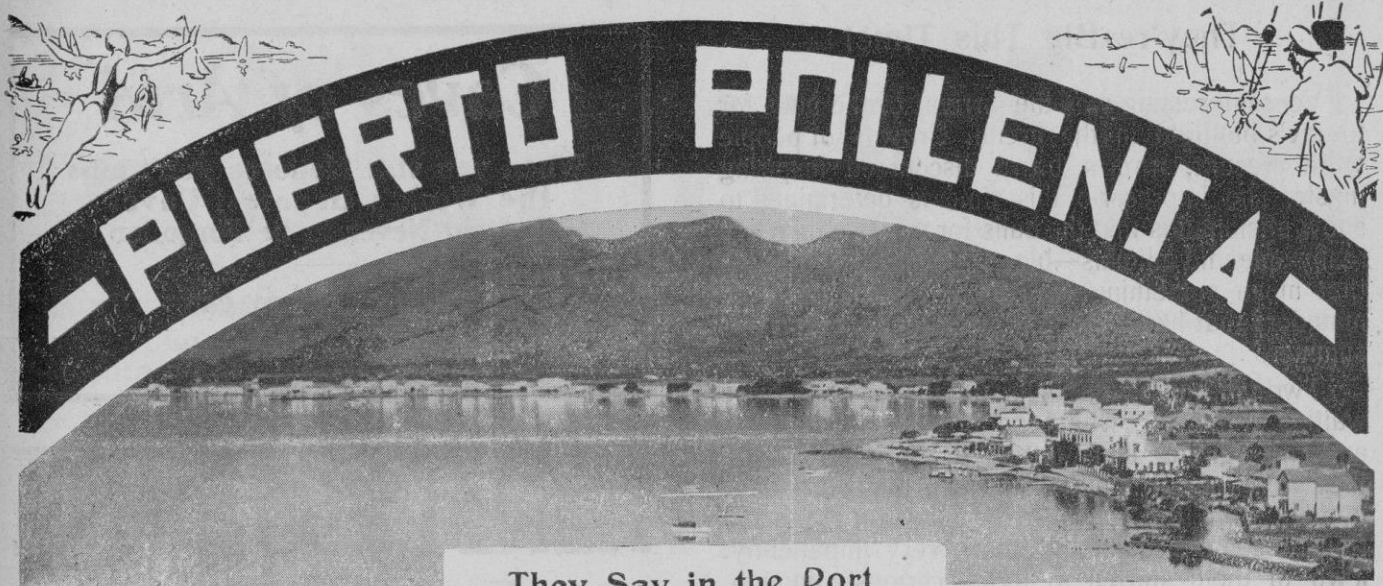
Ibiza—Where foreign newspapers are sold.

Mr. and Mrs. Iams arrived last week from Paris and are planning to remain in Santa Eulalia for several months. Mr. Iams was, in France, associated with the Paris edition of the New York Herald-Tribune. While there he saw Mrs. Camille Paul who expects to return to Ibiza shortly.

The Royalty has had some distinguished guests lately. Sr. Federico Lopez de Ucariz y Roblado Madrid's well known architect and former head of the Spanish relief in Belgium during the war has recently been a guest there. Also staying there have been Sr. Miguel Nieto, M. Eduardo Perrone and Miss Louise Darcy of California. Miss Darcy is an art critic of repute.

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They Say in the Port

Pollensa Town is seething with its annual Fiesta and most of us have trekked over to enjoy the native fun making. There was a bullfight, folk-dances, fireworks and a Gran Verbena, though not all at once. This spread itself over three days, during which time everything by way of work was suspended. No appeal or emergency seems important enough to rouse the Fiesta-minded Mallorquin. The walls of your house may be neatly collapsing, but they

must wait till the festivity is over. So be it. Holidays should be taken seriously.

The Port is full of people and animation. All the hotels crowded, and the heat successfully defeated by bathing, sailing and eating the most deliciously satisfying ice cream at Es Pins. The Miramar boat goes to Formentor daily, and the International Library is occupied with excursions to everywhere.

We promised to report Traut's Bal Apache, so — There were costumes with the most incredible results. Sober minded citizens miraculously changed into rowdy sordid women, and heavily muscled tough guys. Mrs. Jacobsen was more Kiki than the original, Mrs. Tsapline came as one of those women with a naughty ermine choker, long red gloves and a look — well, you know what I mean, and Mary Coles upset all low dive spirit by appearing as a very whiney but cute youngster. Mrs. Duane and Madame Gorska also portrayed a side of life with which we dare believe they are unfamiliar. The men blossomed forth in striped jerseys and caps, looking much the same as usual with the exception of a gaudy scarf and heavy manner. It was fun and really gay. The bar had been turned into a Parisian Bistro by the clever hand of Mr. Palmer.

Still speaking of Traut's, next Saturday, August 11th, the bar will be transformed into a circus and everyone is cordially invited to perform. If your mind is dry of ideas, may we offer the following helpful suggestions. You might come as the always popular trained seal, or the man-eating lion, or the exquisite waltzing pony, or best of all, if you're talented, the prestidigitator who produces rabbits from his sidecar.

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They're Big This Time!

Very interesting was the arrival of the bulls for to-day's bullfight in the arena. Crowds of people were present, and a band discoursed inspiring music. The impresario this time is determined to show aficionados that the bulls for to-day's fight are really splendid animals—big, strong and with horns that mean something. Worthy opponents for three matadors that have had a tremendous season this summer.

Two old bulls with bells on their necks were waiting in the ring when the boxes were opened and the fighting bulls turned loose. One by one they were let out, a bit dazed after their four days journey from the ranch. Some looked round curiously, some disdainfully, some very impatiently. Two of them started to fight—curiously enough, doing no serious damage, but sparring with the horns, like two fencers.

It took an hour to get them into the corralls. The old bulls did their best, but at last a picturesque looking gentleman in a real Sevillano hat drove them in with a whip, amid great applause.

There was a lottery in which free seats were given away. Two old men and a little boy won. The corrida should be well worth seeing, as Lalandia had a triumphant afternoon at Barcelona last Sunday, and Corrochano did very well indeed at the feria at Valencia. So, Señores, a la Plaza!

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