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4th Year, No. 35, July 27, 1935

Published every Saturday

Frenzied Finance

A the hectic days that followed the war, when francs and marks rivalled the currencies of the other combatant countries in financial acrobatics, one of the principal topics of conversation among the tourists whose headquarters was Paris was the exchange given by a small bank in the Place Vendome. Even its name appealed to the slightly homesick, confused alike by unknown monies and by their unstable values. The Travellers Bank, a modest institution started by B. Coles Neidecker, American war veteran, prided itself on closer calculation than could be done by the larger banks, and gave its clients the benefit thereof.

From this auspicious beginning grew a bank which until the 18th. of this month had enjoyed extraordinary popularity among tourists, and was accepted as representative by a number of reputable American firms. On that day, to the astonishment of all but a very few, the bank failed to open its doors for business. Mr. Neidecker and his brother, associated with him in the direction of the bank, were not to be found at their homes. Comment would be superfluous.

Neidecker's chief interest in life was yachting, on which he expended large sums of money. The interior decoration and furnishing of his 78-ton schoonerrigged yacht, *Argus*, which he purchased in 1932, cost him \$40,000 and was carried out by a famous London firm. This vessel, which visited Palma de Mallorca at one time, was burned to a hulk in the harbour at Cannes in September, 1934. His present yacht, the *Etoile Filante*, is a sea-going vessel with cabin room for ten persons—large enough for crossing the Atlantic by the southern route in summer.

Almost immediately after the bank's closing she set sail and left the harbour of Marseilles, where she had been for some time. A yacht said to bear this name visited the port of Barcelona on Monday last. Rumours are flying. Spain has harboured some strange visitors of recent years, but there are such things as extradition laws, and warrants are out in Paris for the arrest of the Neidecker brothers. The Falling Star seems to have been prophetically named. Perhaps now the name will be changed to the Flying Dutchman! An appreciation of George William Russell («AE») 1867-1935, by a close friend of Ireland's Grand Old Man.

"AE"

We must pass like smoke or live within the spirit's fire; For we can no more unto the smoke return; If our thought has changed to dream, our will unto desire, As smoke we vanish though the fire may burn. *** Lights of eternal pity star the grey dusk of our days, Surely here is soul; with it we have eternal breath. In the fire of love we live, or pass by many ways,

By unnumbered ways of dream to death.

«AE» is dead, and Ireland is bereft of one of the greatest of her sons. There is another poet in Hades. Singer, speaker, thinker, he now sees face to face what he saw in a glass darkly. The passing of George Willam Russell has deprived his country of the Apostle of Cooperation who carried aloft the torch that Horace Plunkett laid down.

There is, alas, a wide and barren field for the sowing of toleration in Ireland—where religion is bigotry and loyalty too often deemed a crime. «AE» gave of himself with open hands; he strove for conciliation, education and progress. If he made but little progress, he was too great a philosopher to have his heart broken by ignorance and spite. He created, in that Suburban Grove they call Rathmines, an intellectual fountain from which the thirsty could drink, and he poured out in splendid measure the doctrine that Irishmen do not live by potatoes alone—even when moistened with skim-milk or *poteen*.

His Great Work

«AE» smote upon his harp like a master and made it sigh with sweet music. To him, to his patriotism, his genius, we owe a debt for noble prose and sweet lyrics. He painted many pictures, and impervious to envy, hatred and malice, remained outside the turbulent mud of sect and squabble which befouls Ireland. He died to the sardonic laughter of machine guns, punctuated by the vicious crack of revolvers in the North, Belfast, where the fires of intolerance and ignorance make an annual St. Bartholomew's Eve into a week of bloodshed and tragedy. Dublin, that glamourous harridan, to whom «AE» preached, is no better in her regard for the second Commandment, even now. Russell loved his country with all his heart, poured out his mind and soul in her honour. He loved his neighbours better than himself, and rich in all things intangible remained the sage of Rathmines—never to be exiled—!

A Wide Culture

IMMORTALITY

He had studied the teachings of the Vedanta and acquired merit, but the diversity of his talents left little finished work behind. «Perfection is finalityfinality is death». Russell stood second to Yeats in the toll of poets, and his huge output of prose and verse poured forth like a mighty river. He painted a multitude of pictures, but none better than that of himself engraved in the heart of every man and woman he met. He had in him something of Swinburne, Ruskin and Carlyle, tempered by the mental neatness and perspicacity of a Darwin. «AE» was a passionate believer in the Parish Pump, and failed only in his un-Irish dislike for nailing the ears of his friends and enemies to it. He wrestled manfully with that monumental example of ineptitude-the Irish farmer. He tried to convince him to educate his children, to seek peace and ensue it. He failed as many before him, but the defeat never embittered him. He lived and moved among the tattle of the tea-tables of the Irish Upper Tooting, yet went on his way like a great St. Bernard dog despising, if he heard it, the yapping of pekes and curs. His huge shaggy presence in the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, made one sometimes look to him as a rock of refuge in the maelstrom of that turbulent and half-baked school.

The Upper Room

To those of us who have been in that upper room in Rathmines and have had communion with the great man, the news of his death is bitter to hear. A grand and good man has gone, a glorious voice is stilled, a noble and gallant crusader has laid down his lance. Russell has left us a legacy in his two brilliant sons. Brian and Dermod—if you read these words of mine, will you forgive this poor tribute to your father's memory? M. V. M.

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JULY 27, 1935

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Rioting continues in Belfast as appeals by the city's churches go unheeded. Ten or more Catholics have already lost their lives in the bloodiest riots that have occurred in Ireland in years. As is always the case in such affairs several of those who have been killed were but bystanders and had no part in the riot tiself. Strong police action is being taken but so far has not been sufficient to quell the disorders. Violent Catholic reprisals are feared throughout the Free State.

Heat Wave Breaks

New York's heat wave broke last Sunday with the advent of terrific thunderstorms and the city and nearby country was deluged. A sharp drop in the temperature resulted. As often happens, Coney Island, to which practically all of New York goes to escape the heat, was most severely affected by the storms. Seven were killed as the bolts of lightning struck buildings and trees.

Hannibal Ambles On

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Summer

Suits

Calle 14 de Abril, 35

Tel. 1772

Terreno, Palma

The American writer Richard Halli-

button and Dinah are progressing bit by bit on their trip over the St. Bernad Pass into Italy. On some days On they make as much as eight miles, on others their milage drops to five. Dinah has been suffering from mountain sickness and several times has refused

to go a bit further, threatening to go back to mother. A motor lorry is accompanying the pair with a great straw package in which Dinah is wrapped each night at bed time to protect her from the cold. The Alps are no place for elephants.



Av. Antonio Maura, House and Estate Agent Rail and Steamer Bookings. Luxury cars. Taxi prices. Large garage. Santa Rita 12 El Terreno.

The King's Prize

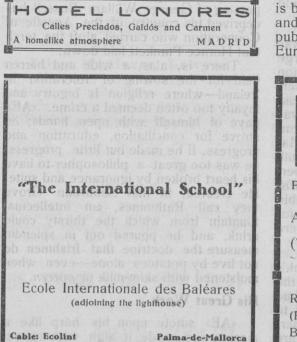
In the annual shooting match at Camp Bisley, Armourer-Sergeant F. S. French won the King's Prize under adverse conditions with the splendid score of 289 out of a possible 300. At 1,000 yards he scored 74 out of 75 and at 900 yards a 72 out of a possible 75. He won as a result of his victory a cash prize of 250 pounds, medals and a signed picture of H. M. King George.

New British Cruiser

The new cruiser Amphion is finished and is due to leave Portsmouth to-day for her trial over the measured mile. At the end of September she will leave for active service at the Africa Station with Captain R. L. Burnett, O. B. E., in command. The new destroyer Glowworm, was launched Monday at the Thornycroft works at Woolston.

Italy Off Gold

Contemplating the vast expenditures of money that will be necessary in the Abyssinian campaign, Italy has announced suspension of its $40^{\circ}/_{\circ}$ gold coverage. This will make considerably easier her foreign payments. No more striking example of Mussolini's determination to carry out this campaign can be imagined. In 1927 he promised that Italy would defend the lira to the last drop of blood. This step will make France's path the harder and rumours of the fall of the franc continue.



Innovation

No longer will English women have that moment of panic that comes when a telegram arrives, only to find upon opening it that it is but a birthday greeting or carries someone's best wishes. The Post Office has gotten out a new envelope for such messages. It is to be gold in colour and the message itself will be neatly typed on an attractive card. The sender of these wires is to be helped too. He may go the telegraph office and write out as many as he wants to together with the name of the recipient and the date on which he wishes it to be sent. He may even specify the hour that they are to be delivered. We see in this last a certain danger. It is small pleasure to receive birthday greetings at 5:30 in the morning.

Dreyfus Memoirs

Pierre Dreyfus, son of the late Colonel Dreyfus, confirmed recently his intention of publishing in the autumn his father's diary and memoirs, together with the letters which passed between Dreyfus when he was a prisoner on Devil's Island and his wife in Paris. A portion of the diary was published thirty-five years ago under the title «Five Years of My Life,» but it has long been out of print.

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To Honour Tolstoy

Preparations are under way in Russia to honour the memory of Leo Tolstoy on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death, November 20th. His house in Moscow is being restored and a book, «The Life and Work of Leo Tolstoy», is being published. It will be translated into European languages.

FUX TO LONDON IN AN AFTERNOON

 FOR LESS THAN IT WOULD

 COST YOU TO GO BY TRAIN.

 PLANES LEAVE BARCELONA DAILY.

 APPLY, S. T. C. Tourist Bureau

 (The Spanish Trading Co. Ltd.)

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 Paseo Sagrera, 11

 (Phone, 78455)
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F. G. SHORT Av. Antonio Maura, 30-Palma-Tels. 2422 and 1791 :: Established 1917 ings. ge garage. no. SHORT'S TEA ROOM, EL TERRENO, THE BEST PLACE FOR TEA Scones, Cakes, Jam. All home-made -- Morning Coffee, Excellent Lending Library.

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BARCELONA SOCIAL NOTES

There are so many delightful spots in Catalonia which bear comparison with famous European holiday resorts (and are not nearly so expensive) that it is no wonder many people elect to veranear within moderate distance of Barcelona.

There is, for instance, Camprodón, in the Catalan Pyrenees, where many leading Spanish families own charming summer residences. Amongst these holiday retreats is Señora Parellada's «Dolly Cottage», and the Condesa viuda

de Salces del Ebro's «Quinta Maria». Although the Condesa herself does not speak English, her sons and daught-ers are excellent linguists, and English is their favourite lengua extranjera.

BERTIN'S Tea Room

You cannot get a better tea in town

Excellent pastry Try the famous "Teulas de Santa Coloma de Farnés" Service to Private Houses 147, Muntaner, - Phone: 78821 - BARCELONA

The races, which take place on the 10th. and 11th. of August, and a tennis tournament later in the month will attract many more visitors to Camprodón.

For those who still linger in Barcelona, the terrace of the British Club is a popular rendezvous just now. Almost every evening one sees familiar faces sathered around the tables, drinking tea, or sipping iced drinks beneath the striped umbrellas which so effectually shield one from the sun or from the dampness of the evening air.

But amongst these familiar faces we miss Mr. Hughes. His illness is causing anxiety to his friends, who all wish him a speedy recovery.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Cheshire has made an excellent comeback from his recent serious illness and left hospital a few days ago.

Mrs. Murray and her son, Mr. Andrew Murray, passed through Barcelona a few days ago en route for Palma.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Lawton have left for Vernet.

Miss Jean Cross and Miss Sanborn left Barcelona on Thursday for a motor tour through Spain. They intend to visit many out-of-the-way places and should get a very good idea of the enormous variety of Spanish scenery. Miss Cross is a niece of the Hon. Cecil Cross, late of the U.S. Consulate in Barcelona and now appointed to Paris.

....Select your suiting among the most varied assortment of patterns and colourings.

It is the most complete collection of materials of national and foreign manufacture, and includes both modern and classic.

You will have the assurance of style together with the guarantee of a name of quality.

B. KLEIN, Suc. Fontanella, 6 pral. Barcelona. Ladies' & Gentlemen's Tailor.

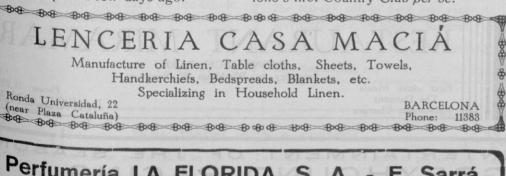
Consul Thomas S. Horn left Barcelona on Wednesday by car for Switzerland and Germany. He was accompanied by Herr Schrader. Whilst in Switzerland Mr. Horn will join his sister, and will then proceed to Salzburg for the musical festival.

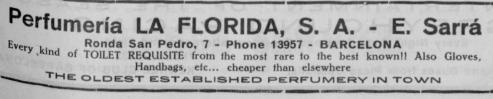
Mr. Ronald Lindon left on Friday for Paris, after having spent some months in Barcelona. Mr. Lindon's bridge was of the best that has been seen in Barcelona for some time.

A great crowd of personalities and society folk attended the opening on Wednesday of the new swimming pool situated in the old grounds of the Polo Club at Casa Rabia. The pool, which is claimed to be the largest in the world, is some 100 metres in length. Besides swimming, one can dance, eat and play golf at what promises to become Barce-lono's first Country Club per se.

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India.





The marriage takes place to-day of Miss Maricyta Loveday and Mr. Robert S. Scott, at Banbury, England. Miss Loveday is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loveday, former Barcelona res-idents. Mr. Loveday was for some years President of the British Chamber of Commerce in this city. Commerce in this city.

Dr. Robert Franck has returned to Barcelona from Germany. He hopes to spend some months visiting places of interest in the vicinity.

Miss Victoria Louis was at home to a few friends on Thursday afternoon.

M. Daladier, the French politician, is expected in Barcelona this week-end. He intends to visit the Costa Brava before returning to France and her problems.

Miss Madeleine Carrol, the British film star, famous for her fine work in «*I was a Spy*,» has been staying at Cal-ella de Palafrugell. Whilst on the Costa Brava Miss Carrol has chosen the site for the house she will build in the near future, close to that owned by Don José Maria Sert, the famous painter. Colonel Woevodsky and his wife, the former Lady Carnarvon, also have a house in the vicinity, as has Lord Islington. Miss Carrol says that she finds the Costa Brava one of the most beautiful places she has ever seen, and owes to her friend Sra. de Sert the idea of building. there. Sra. de Sert was, before her marriage, Mlle. Mdvani.

Sr. Edgar Neville, former Spanish Consul-General in New York is staying in Barcelona for some weeks. Sr. Neville who is of English descent, has formed a new Spanish film company which promises to have excellent results.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parsons are spending some weeks at the Portmany Hotel, San Antonio, Ibiza, where they are vis-iting Doña Pilar Veiga.

Miss Elsie Parsons has left Barcelona for Alcanada, Mallorca, where she is visiting her friends Montserrat Plá and Montserrat Goiteasola, two young Spanish ladies well-known in the Anglo-American Colonies.

Friends of Mr. V.R. Viramani will be interested to learn that he has recently been appointed Secretary to the Chancellor of Annamalai University, South

Miss Dorothy Adams, of London, who has been making a tour of Spain, arrived in Barcelona on Thursday and is staying at the Oriente.



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Another Londoner who is making the grand tour is Miss Chloe Marco, who arrived yesterday to join her friends with whom she will set forth for Andalucía within a few days.

PAGE 4

With the breaking up of the English schools for the summer holidays, several young Barcelona residents will return to the fold this week-end. They include Masters David Roberts, Geoffrey Webb, Cretchley and Loud. We hope that the effects of that last tuck-shop gorge will soon wear off.

Dr. Juan Villangómez is spending a few weeks at his home in Ibiza before returning to his practice in Barcelona. Don Mario Tur de Montis has also left Barcelona for Ibiza where he will spend the summer in the house of his mother, Doña Cristina de Montis, Vda. de Tur.

We should like to congratulate Mr. Donald (*Tommy*) Walker on the excellent address he gave before the Chemistry Department of Barcelona University last week. An audience of some 300 students and experts applauded Mr. Walker tor his interesting remarks on the latest methods of preparing textile fibre.

by «All Rounder»

SPORT

Golf

The links at the big Continental summer resorts are proving, as usual, very popular this season. At Chamonix-Mont-Blanc, on the beautiful course backed by mountains, the Prix des Moussoux was won on Monday by Mme. Munier. In the foursomes such first-class players as Cyril Tolley and Comte Charles de Gramont took part, the contest being won by M.P. Maeght and Mme. Solange-Bodin. At Evian, the Prix du Casino was carried off by M. Robert Lalou who, in a magnificent round, beat scratch by 3 strokes. In the French Amateur Championships, play-ed at Granville, the fortune of the British players has not been too good. By beating Bentley in the 3rd. round, de Ybarra proves that a final between himself and De Arana is likely. Both players are of Spanish origin.

Cricket

Saturday will see the fourth match of the series to be played between Britain and South Africa at Old Trafford. Surprise was caused by the recalling of one of England's greatest players, the veteran Maurice Tate. Team:— Cap. Wyatt (Warwickshire), Clay (Glam), Robins (Middlesex), Hammond (Glos), Leyland (Yorks), Verity (Yorks),

GREATEST

Barber (Yorks), Mitchell (Yorks), Bowes (Yorks) Tate (Sussex), Duckworth (Lancs), Smith D. (Derby), and Hardstaff (Notts) as twelfth man. We shall see if Tate can pull it off.

Swimming

Beyond the usual crop of perspiring aspirants to the title of Channel champion, swimming generally is not to the fore this week. Paul Chotteau's fine attempt to cover the 47 miles between Catalina Island and Long Beach resulted in his having to give up some 8 miles from the coast. Sharks and physical exhaustion were some of the minor causes for his abandoning the attempt.

In Barcelona, the annual Championships of Cataluña will be held at the Montjuich pool on Saturday and Sunday, July 28th. and 29th. Some of Spain's best swimmers will take part in the keenly contested events, the Spanish representatives for Berlin to be chosen from amongst the winners. The 100 metres should prove an interesting event. Sabater and Brull have both made excellent times recently.

Athletics

America's track and field team are taking all before them in their French tour. At Nancy, even after conceding good handicaps, they practically wiped out their opponents last Sunday. There is something to be said for specializing, except in very rare cases where runners have exceptional powers and versatility. Owens, the coloured athlete, shows that it can be done. At Mannheim, one of the German Olympic team, Volke, put the shot, on Monday, some 16m. 40. This, if approved by the A. A., wil constitute a world's record.

Boxing

This week's after-lunch sporting discussion has led eternally to the question of the colour line in boxing. It is claimed by those who pretend to be in the know, that should Joe «Clay Face» Louis wipe up Schmelling, he will not be given the opportunity of meeting Braddock. Times have changed since Jack Johnson threw 'em through the ropes.

Gliding

A new world's record has been set up for motorless flight by Ludwig Hoffmann who glided on Tuesday from Berlin to Oskovice, Czecho - Slovakia, a distance of 310 miles. The British record, established recently, is of 95 miles.

TENNIS

Wimbledon

It will not come as a surprise to many of our readers to see Donald Budge, the young Californian who has done so remarkably well at Wimbledon, beating Austin and reaching the semi-final round, being chosen by the selectors to represent his country in the Davis Cup.

This was amply justified when he beat H. Henkel of Germany in the first match of the inter-zone final of the Davis Cup, played off at Wimbledon, last week, by 7/5, 11/9, 6/8, 6/1.

Budge, who has modelled his game after that of Ellsworth Vines, has a very strong service and won many "aces".

The second match, as was expected, was won by Germany, Von Cramm beating W. Allison by 8/6, 6/3, 6/4. Although Von Cramm won in three straight sets, the American played a very plucky game, and in the first set we saw some very good lawn tennis. Allison's volleying being brilliant; but Von Cramm, being several years younger, tired his opponent with accurate placings.

The doubles were won by the Americans: Wilmer Allison and J. van Ryn beating von Cramm and K. Lund (Germany) after a very close match by 3/6, 6/3, 5/7, 9/7, 8/6. This was the key match of the event as it was considered that whoever won this match would be the challenger and play England at Wimbledon.

At this stage America leads by two matches to one, with two remaining singles to be played.

Eastbourne

England was getting some practice in preparation for the Davis Cup last week when she met an Australian team at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. Australia won by three victories to one. The British team were disappointing. Austin being beaten by Crawford rather easily, and Hughes and Tuckey (a new combination) were no match for A. Quist and Turnbull.

Davis Cup

Inter-Zone final

U.S.A. won the two remaining singles, Allison beating Henkel and Donald Budge beating Von Cramm 0/6, 9/7, 8/6, 6/3.

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The Tender Art of Bullfighting

The recent ban on lady bullfighters in Spain, which was suddenly raised, has given rise to a considerable crop of this art. The word *fair* exactly fits in this case since most of them, following the dictates of implacable fashion, have lost their dark, gleaming locks in a basin of peroxide. Incidentally one wonders when Spanish women will realize that they are wonderful as they are, and that even dyed and, painted they do not look English. A recent comment made on the subject was to the effect that Spain has more blondes, artificial and otherwise, than the British Isles. Juanita Cruz, synthetic blonde, is to-day Spain's leading torera. She has just caused a furore in Madrid by despatching two very difficult beasts, amidst the applause of the public (a full house) and to the welcome sound of the music of the Red Cross Band playing a paso doble castizo. Apparently those enthusiasts who went to laugh at Juanita, or merely to admire her gestures, were surprised at her obvious knowledge of the difficulties of bullfighting. From Andalucía (where else could it take place?) comes another note proving that bullfighting is not all blood and entrails. Srta. Figuerda, daughter of a well-known raiser of bulls, and herself a very fine horsewoman, recently tried the experiment of bringing up a young bull on the bottle. Even when it had grown to a respectable size, Matador, as he was called, would follow her around her father's large *hacienda*, and would permit itself to be caressed, but only by her. She grew quite fond of the animal, which, whilst seeming tame enough when with her, was a regular snorter amongst his companions. The day arrived, however, when Matador had to be taken to the ring. His mistress, rather sadly, took her seat in a box to watch what must have been an upsetting performance for her. Matador was let into the ruedo which he crossed at top speed and then came up against the the cloak of Ortega. The bull put up such a good fight that the crowd who knew his history demanded his release. Not able to contain herself any longer Srta. de Figueroa called to the President to have the animal spared. Her request was granted and Matador and his mistress returned triumphantly to the hacienda, where the bull will be used now for stud purposes. The sturdy beasts grazing in the fields of Andalucía will know him from now on as «the man who came back.» Bull-fight fans on the whole are not too pleased. «When sentimentality enters the ring,» they say «well, adios to good sport.»

Open Air, Unlimited

The London and New York newspapers have a great deal to say, these days, about the popularity of that pleasing novelty, the sidewalk café. Certainly, there is a charm about sitting in the open air, slowly imbibing a drink which is made to last so long that whether it started out as a hot drink or a cold one, it is tepid by the time the last drops are savoured. One watches one's friends go past, or utterly unknown people, upon whose appearance comments grow gradually franker as the drink sinks lower in the glass. One's shoes are polished, and there is time for a new coat of dust to accumulate upon them before the end of one's stay. Flower and lottery ticket vendors appear as a matter of course, and usually are sent away as equally a matter of course, though an occasional sale is made.

In this time of world-wide crisis, it is pleasant to think that there is at least one business which grows and flourishes, as do the sidewalk cafés. In the interests of strict statistical truth, a count was recently made of some of them. We are delighted to announce that in or just off of the Plaza Cataluña there are no less than eight of them, all apparently doing a rushing business at most hours of the day. The Paseo de Gracia has sixteen more, all equally prosperous, and the Calle Salmerón, the continuation of the Paseo de Gracia from boulevard through village to Suburbia, boasts of fourteen flourishing establishments of a slightly humbler sort. Modern man, and the more emancipated of his womenfolk, in spite of unemployment and crises, must have refreshment. Long live the sidewalks and their cafés, and may they increase and multiply!







D. D.

Seekers in the Dark

A traveller just returned from Vienna reports that the theories of Sigmund Freud, which once upset the civilized world, are no longer credited by the Viennese. «That is to say,» he added «by those who have never read anything but the by-product literature of some of his more startling discoveries.» Generally this impression seems to be very popular everywhere. Freud, Bernard Shaw and Karl Marx are not done at the moment. Scientists and psychopathologists, however, I am told, smile to themselves and remember the capac-ity of the public for denying its hero of last year. The tragedy of it lies in the fact that Freud is a sick man. Cancer is rumoured, and so, should he die, the applause of the world will go out to one whose great work has been more completely (and willfully) misunderstood than any other existing, possibly. He always claims that this very misunderstanding demonstrates the exactitude of the theory. Sour grapes of the sub-conscious, one might say.

The Pride of New Castile

We were looking at a Spanish illustrated magazine of this month's date recently, and positively becoming sickly sentimental over it, for it was entirely devoted to articles and pictures of Madrid showing all the best points of that capital city from entirely new angles. The result was extremely beautiful and interesting, and made it even harder to realize that Madrid is built on a treeless, ill-watered plateau 2060 feet above sea-level, and was only created capital by the arbitrary will of a sovereign.

The magazine in question showed some excellent reproductions of drawings by Gustave Doré, depicting types seen in old Madrid, alongside of modern drawings which, if lacking in art as compared to the great master, certainly give a perfect impression of the change that has come over the women of Madrid during the last century.

We would like to see other similar numbers devoted to the different towns of Spain, the historical backgrounds and modern progress of which supply endless material for writers and artists.

ENFERMERÍA EVANGÉLICA Camelias, 21. BARCELONA



Qualified English, German, Swiss and Spanish Nurses are in residence. Further particulars can be obtained from Mr. C.H. Webb (Hon. Treasurer) Paseo de Colón 24, The Matron of the Hospital or the Editor of the «Spanish News & Majorca Sun.»

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Musical Upheaval

For some years past pessimists have been prophesying that a time would come when imitations would be preferred to realities, even in the world of the fine arts. It is apparently a recognition of this danger that has inspired the Metropolitan Opera of New York, under its new director, Edward Johnson, to a drastic step. Giving as a reason that most of the artists in question have dedicated so much of their time and endeavour to performing for the cinema or on the radio that they are unable to give their best efforts to the opera itself, Mr. Johnson has terminated the contracts of a number of the Metropolitan's bestknown stars.

The list of the departing includes such eminent names as Rosa Ponselle, Lily Pons, Lotte Lehman, Lawrence Tibbett and Tito Schipa with others who have shown themselves not averse from using their voices for various forms of mechanical reproduction. Mr. Johnson, himself a distinguished singer under the name of Eduardo Di Giovanni, which he, a Canadian, adopted for stage use in deference to the prevailing superstition that no Anglo-Saxon could have a voice of opera calibre, believes that the flesh and blood personality of the singer is a part of his or her art, and is retaining in his company only those artists who are in agreement with this idea. He is supported strongly in his stand by the consulting committee, on which figures the name of Lucrezia Bori, the great Catalan diva.

The question has been thus raised between the real and the imitation, however good. The world of art will surely be up in arms, taking one side or the other in what cannot but lead to a great controversy. It is more important than perhaps the rest of us realize.

Beauty and Comfort Both

It is interesting to note how modern European and American dress is being affected at the moment by Eastern styles. Sooner or later during an era the costumes of one part of the globe seem to imitate those of the other, and this year is certainly the time. We hear of Hindu draperies, Arab head-dresses, Tahitian beach skirts and Fiji wraps. Most of these are machine printed in more or less authentic designs, and it is not necessary to take an expensive sea voyage to obtain them. The principle stores of the capital cities of the world have endless stocks at the moment.

There is one particular branch of these wrap-around beach or house skirts that is a little more out of the ordinary. I refer to the hand-painted Malay sarongs, which are attracting the interest of fashionable people who prefer to be a little different to the rest.

These sarongs, designed by an artist either from original Dutch East Indian batiks or from his own ideas or those of his clients, are worn with a narrow sash top or a sort of Eaton jacket of the same material; and no water, either salt or fresh, can harm the designs.

The Malays certainly knew how to be comfortable as well as attractive in the hottest weather when they decided on sarongs as their national costume. These copies we have seen are most gay and cool-looking, and would be a great addition to any wardrobe.





Hotels & Pensions

Barcelona

PALACE HOTEL Ronda San Pedro, 41 HOTEL FALCON Plaza del Teatro, 5 HOTEL MADRID (Ptas. 12) Boguería, 29 HOTEL CONTINENTAL Rbla. Canaletas. 8 HOTEL NOUVEL Sta. Ana, 20 HOTEL URBIS Paseo de Gracia, 23 HOTEL BRISTOL Avda. Pta. Angel, 42 HOTEL INTERNACIONAL Rbla. Centro, 1, 3 HOTEL MAJESTIC DE INGLATERRA P.º de Gracia, 70, 72 HOTEL VICTORIA Plaza Cataluña, 12 PENSION CENTRAL Fontanella, 12 PENSION CISNEROS Aribau, 54 PENSION ALEMANA Claris, 24

Doing Things in a Big Way

PENSION FRANCO-ESPAÑOLA Rbla. Centro, 37

HOTEL RITZ

HOTEL COLON

It is some time since we have had news of Dick Haliburton-in fact, since he swam the Panama Canal, and had the Canal Zone authorities open all the locks for him, he has not been quite on the front page. Still waters, however, run deep; now we hear that Dick's next escapade will be more grandiose than anything he has hltherto attempted. Perched upon the broad back of an elephant, our playboy will follow Han-nibal's route over the Alps. The descent to Aosta should be worth watching, but we wonder if Dick knows that to follow the modern motor-road would be cheating. The original route, which Hannibal almost certainly followed, runs in the valley. Some large rocks have fallen upon it since the hosts of Carthage passed, and we think that both Jumbo and the man in the howdah will be a bit the worse for wear by the time they reach the Monastery of St. Bernard. For next year we should like to suggest that Dick be Jonah to one of Hagenbecks's whales.

Swimming Tuition for Children

With the idea of improving the future standard of swimming in Spain, and also to encourage swimming as a pastime, the Directors of the Club de Natación, Barcelona, have organized a series of special classes for small children, to begin this week. Children not already members of this Club may join these classes, on being presented by a member, the cost for the whole course being 15 pesetas. Instruction will be given to the children from 11.30 to 1 every day (except Sunday) during the months of July, August and September, in the very fine pool of the Club. Fresh water is employed and is renewed every day.



Calle Cortes

Plaza Cataluña

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London Letter

What a week it has been! The winding up of Jubilee celebrations was, if anything, a series of spectacles more brilliant and certainly better stage-managed, even, than the earlier part of Jubilee-time. When these things are handed over to the army and navy they usually go with a swing, they have all the drama in the world, and it becomes

a grand field day for old spit-and-polish. The military review at Aldershot was followed closely by the naval review at Spithead. For once the rather flat but utilitarian Plain became alive and interesting with a concentrated presentation of everything military. There was only one regret-that the Air Force review had been held separately. There are those who hold that the military review would have stood out magnificently if the columns of troops and cavalry and the fleets of mechanized units had swung into line under a sky that hummed with the noise of squadron after squadron of the air fleet.

All England and other parts of the world flocked to Portsmouth and neighbourhood for the first naval review held since that fateful one of 1914 when the fleet gathered for inspection and then slid off quietly to other and more serious business. It was impossible that comparisons would not be made, and there was an undercurrent of small talk that centered on this and that trouble in which the navy might, in some circumstances, be called upon to lend a hand. However, it was only an undercurrent, and the occasion was satisfyingly spectacular. Whoever thought of the idea of firing down a robot airplane was a geniusthe crowd loved it and gasped deliciously as the plane faltered in the sky,

slipped, ultimately diving into the sea. No Member of Parliament has yet enquired what was the cost of the airplane so destroyed. All an M.P. has wanted to know was why certain guests were left to rummage for their own food on one of the ships used as a grandstand for junior ministers and foreign representatives. So runs the mind of Parliament, always alert to any defects in the service.

The public mind is more than usually troubled at the apparently unending succession of air disasters recorded over the past few days. Air traffic has fallen off considerably as a result, and past experience has shown that it will require a long period of faultless air transport to restore confidence. Imperial Airways has announced hastily that its liners are to be converted to use oil fuel, which will reduce fire risks to a minimum, while the Dutch line is to effect certain

Absinthe (Pernod S. A.)

(Tarraco Brandy)

The only English Tea Room

BARCELONA

transformations in line with its belief that the feed on its machines is defective. The question that is being asked is why was it necessary to go through a succession of so many accidents of such magnitude before these alterations were put in hand? There is the cost, of course, but the average air traveller believes that his safety is more important than cost.

After its first introduction here, London is still politely doubtful about colour in films, «Becky Sharp» at the New Gallery being the example of the process from which judgment is to be made. To the eye of the ordinary film fan there appears to be little difference between the colour values of this film and earlier attempts, and yet everyone will admit there is a certain something about it which is recognizable but undefinable. With all its faults-and some of the colouring is pretty terrible-«Becky Sharp» is pioneering something which will be standardized in a short while. Do you remember how we all disliked the first sound films-said we liked quietness in the cinema-that we never did like Al Jolson anyway-that the American accent was trying to our sensitive English ears? Think of all that when somebody snoots colour in films.

C. E. Head

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The Beggars' Opera Silenced

On Monday, July 22nd. there went into force in the city of Barcelona an edict which cannot but be popular with most of us ordinary hard-working citi-zens. Unfortunately, it applies to the city only, and was specifically signed by Sr. Pich in his capacity as Alcalde of Barcelona, rather than as Governor General of Cataluña. It is to be hoped that the scope of the law may be later enlarged, to cover at least the whole of Cataluña, if not of all Spain.

This welcome order is one to prohibit all street begging, a thing which has recently become a pest. Everyone found begging in the city strreets will be arrested, and a sorting-out process will send the crippled and feeble to suitable institutions, the merely lazy to the workhouse or a similar place, and impose punishment on parents who encourage their children to beg for them, or who, worse still, rent out their children to

HOTEL

New & Second-hand

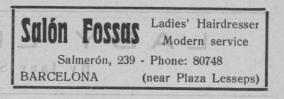
SEWING MACHINES All brands-Real bargains GLASSWARE © OBJETS D'ART for presents. FUR COATS Of all kinds at low prices ANTIQUES POOTS © UP 55

BOOTS & SHOES of best quality, latest styles at

very low prices

Calle Pelayo, 8

FURNITURE



professional beggars who use them as «stage setting.» Enforcement of the law is further ensured by an additional provision making anyone giving to such beggars liable to a fine of from two to fifty pesetas, the amount to be determined by the nearest policeman, and collected by him on the spot, against receipt, for which purpose the police are being provided with official receipt forms.

Probably to most of us there could hardly be a more welcome reform than this. The constant petty annoyance of these often brazen beggars has been on the increase. Clearing them away will restore to Barcelona one of her lost charms. More power to the police!



Calle Pelayo, 8 - Phone: 14370 BARCELONA

PAGE 7

ASK FOR:

Cognac

MUNTANER, 250

THE SPANISH NEWS AND MAJORCA SUN



The use of make-up, particularly lipstick, is very important, and is often the keynote of one's entire appearance. The shape of your mouth is one of the most characteristic things about you, so you had better decide, before making-up, what the general shape of yours is, and highlight its best points with your lipstick.

There are many tricks to glorify its beauty. For instance, if your mouth is too large, try two shades of lipstick. Outline the edge with a darker shade, and fill the outline with a brighter shade, blending the two carefully. If you have a large lower lip and a very much smaller upper one, you can solve the problem by only rouging the upper lip, then pressing the two together to transfer the colour from one to the other. This trick will help to minimize the former.

Some lipsticks are particularly fascinating in colour, but not permanent. This might be the case with yours. You can increase its staying qualities by applying it generously and dusting your lips with a thin film of powder. Wipe this off. Re-apply the lipstick, and let it dry. You will be surprised what a difference this makes.

On the contrary, if it is a little too glaring, put it on heavily, then press your mouth against a piece of tissue, preferably cleansing tissue. This will remove just the right amount of lipstick without imparing its indelibility.

Blondes always look lovelier and fresher if that rouge is slightly creamy. If your favourite lipstick doesn't quite give you this effect, try applying a tiny dab of cream to the lips before applying the lipstick.

These few details are very helpful so long as you do not tamper with the natural shape of your mouth.

Fashion Flashes

Seen here and there:

Tailored linen suits. Always favourites at recent collections ...

A perfect town suit in black, under a green wool jacket, and a high neck, outlined with square, flat, mirror beads...

Flared skirts with vests, and suits revealing a bare back when coat is removed....

Crêpe dresses like drum - majors' uniforms. Soutache coiled round the neck and ending up in tassels...

Shantung dresses, pleatings all the way down in front, to give a swing to your silhouette ...

lacket and shorts in peasant-blue canvas, impeccably tailored

Fernando, 25 - BARCELONA



For the evening:

Gowns inspired by Fra Angelico, in intense and clear colours (Poiret)

Tanagra statuettes come to life. Floating draperies pleated in front, adorned by coloured chiffon or tulle. (Alix)....

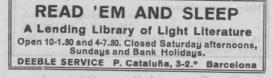
Dhotis (garment worn by Indian men) which wrap around in complicated folds. (Schiaparelli),...

Edwardian dresses in flowery chiffon, ruffled wherever possible. (Molineux)

Classically simple gowns, adorned around the shoulders by wholly becoming drapery. (Vionnet)

Strapless models in net and tulle with detachable trains which hang away from the figure when you walk. (Chanel)....

Rumba dresses in printed piqué or linen, which swirl around the ankles. Red and white seem to be predominating. (Lelong).....



La Ruena Sombra Ginjol, 3 - Barcelona - Phone: 17431 Dancing - Atractions - AMERICAN MUSIC HALL

JULY 27, 1935

The Artful Canapé

Entertaining has steadily grown more casual and more enjoyable recently, probably because stiff formality has become outmoded. One of the most delightful customs, that of serving canapés, has for some time been growing in popularity.

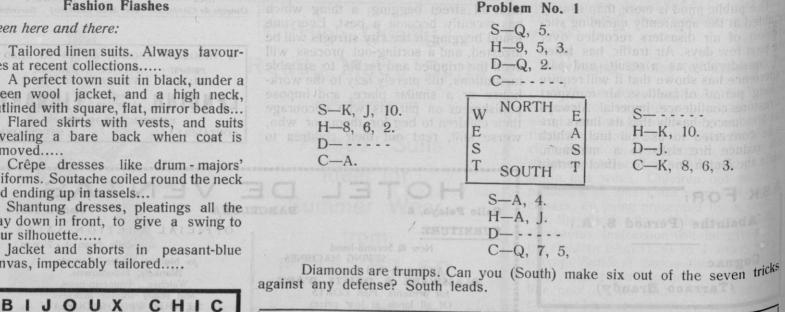
The contents of almost any refrigerator will suggest the ingredients for many original canapés, but if you wish to keep special supplies on hand you should include anchovy, shrimp or lobster paste, ripe and stuffed olives, Roquefort, snappy and Pimento cheese, crab flakes, smoked salmon or sturgeon, some sliced Smithfield ham, and Swiss cheese.

For a fish paste, such as lobster and shrimp, crisp crackers are the best back-ground. To make these, combine the paste with a finely minced green pepper and mayonnaise. After spreading it on rather thickly, garnish each with a slice of parsley. The various cheese canapés are especially good with highballs or tomato juice. Try Roquefort turnovers! To make these, roll flakey pie crusta scant eighth of an inch in thickness and cut into small rounds with the top of a tumbler. On each place a half-teaspoon of finely crumbled cheese. Place on a baking pan. Brush with milk to make a shiny crust. Bake about 10 minutes and serve hot or cold.

BRIDGE

Double Dummy Problems are played with all the cards exposed, and it is not necessary to infer the position of cards. Hence, the result must be obtained against perfect defense. By perfect defense is meant any and all defenses that the adversaries may offer. A Bridge problem can have but one correct solution. This series of twelve problems has been edited by Selwyn Harris, lectured and teacher of Contract Bridge whose advertisement appears in this issue Mr.

and teacher of Contract Bridge, whose advertisement appears in this issue. Mr. Harris will answer any written question concerning either the bidding or the pla of any hand. Questions should be addressed to Mr. Harris, of THE SPANISH NEWS AND MAJORCA SUN, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. The correct solution of the following problem will be given in our next issue.



Formerly of Bridge Headquarters, New York City. SELWYN HARRIS Lessons on Play. DUNHILL - TOLEDO WORK Lessons in Bidding. For information address Secretary, Plaza Cataluña, 4, 3.º, a.º Barcelona **Teacher of Contract Bridge** English spoken Telephone 20450

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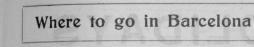
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Theatres

- BARCELONA-Cataplum! continues on the bill of the excellent company from the Maria Isabel Theatre, Madrid.
- ROMEA-Popular prices. Sol de Otoño.
- NOVEDADES—Capable light opera company in *El Beso del Remedio*. COMICO — Knave of Diamonds, revue with Alady, Lepe and Laura Pinillos, who will make you giggle.

POLIORAMA-Closed temporarily

Cinemas

Owing to the increasing difficulty, during the summer season of reprises, of obtaining exact information regarding films shown, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for changes of programme.

URQUINAONA-Closed until September. FEMINA-Closed.

COLISEUM -- Baer-Braddock fight pictures, also Ruggles and Boland in Spring Song.

- CAPITOL Various re-showings, very well worth seeing.
- MARYLAND-Various re-showings, very well worth seeing.
- CATALUÑA-Closed for redecoration.

FANTASIO—Jan Kiepura in Todo por el Amor, also Martha Eggerth in Her Biggest Suc-

- cess. KURSAAL-Various re-showings including so-und version of *Niebelungen*, Fritz Lang's
- great picture.
- METROPOL Conditioned air. This week Viva Villa and others.

ACTUALIDADES-Four funnies.

PUBLI-News and shorts, mainly German.

VOLGA-Re-showing of Roman Scandals, and Strip Dancer, with Joan Crawford.

Dancing outdoors

Saígon-Barcelona's best band plays in ideal surroundings, Good floor show.

Miramar-The place with a view Restaurant and dancing nightly.

Casino San Sebastian-Dancing afternoon and night on terrace by the sea. Crazy Boys orchestra.



Santiago

Thus the Spanish warriors of former days were wont to cry when going for-ward to the attack, and still to-day towns and villages all over the country celebrate the feast day of the Patron Saint of Spain. Santiago was the son of Zebedee and Salome, and elder brother of Saint John. He was one of Christ's most faithful and beloved followers, and, tradition says,-came to Spain during his journeys, remaining to die here after working many famous miracles. The bo-nes of Santiago were frequently carried, during the middle ages, in the vanguard of the Spanish army, and these numerous journeyings have led to much discussion as to where the remains of the Saint are really to be found. No matter where his last resting place may have been, Santiago's shrine is in Galicia, where, on July 25th. each year, the romantic old town which bears his name celebrates its remarkable fiesta.

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the peasants begin to arrive from the outlying villages, each family herding before it the various animals it hopes to sell at the great Fair. Elderly dames, attired in the gay Galician costume, are to be seen descending from motorbuses, carrying a little fat pig under each arm. On arriving safely at the market place the pigs, hens, goats, sheep and other animals are dusted, brushed up and adorned with coloured ribbons. All over the town one hears music. A band is likely to play beneath your window at 3 a.m. In the afternoon there is the solemn ceremony dedicated to the Order of Knights of Santíago, most of them Grandees of Spain, who foregather at the Chapel of their Patron to do him honour. One of the most moving and picturesque sights in Spain is the procession of elderly, aristocratic gentlemen in their long white robes and little feathered hats, as they leave the chapel and descend the grand staircase after the ceremony. At night there are magnificent firework displays, during which the visage of Santiago appears in flame, and general illuminations everywhere. All Spain venerates its Patron with fireworks and bonfires, but the fun is greater in Santiago de Compostela itself.

From the early hours of the morning

Crime Club Meets

This unique group, so typical of the 20th. century, has hitherto existed only on paper, but it was decided to call together its many members in London last week and to hold a banquet. The Marchioness Townsend presided on this occasion, the guest of honour being the wax model of Thomas Crippen, kindly lent by Madame Tussaud's to add local colour to the proceedings. Amongst the guests were many distinguished writers, crime experts and high officials from Scotland Yard. The menu, we understand, was as unique as the gat-hering, We imagine it to have been something like this— Les Perles Grises Volées

La Coupe de Consomé Sherlock Les Failles d'Or Synthétique

Voleur-au-Vevt Staviski

Le Délice de Sole Chiappe

Le Blanc (Maurice) de Surrey

La Gerbe d'Asperges Vertes

Travellers Bank Sauce Americaine

Fraises de Couronne Disparue Les Douceurs Fines Guillotine.

The table decorations which consisted of Arsené Lupins, poisoned ivy and Crimes of Passions Flowers were supplied by Maison Korrection Ltd..., Charlie Peace's *Light Fingered Gentry* afterwards played for dancing.



PAGE 10 THE SPANISH NEWS AND MAJORCA SUN JULY 27, 1935 CATALONIA FOR HOLIDAYS A Mountain Fastness Along the Costa Brava Hotel Restaurant Providencia CALDETAS Phone: 17. Ideal Climate. Open all the year 22 miles from Barcelona. Baths & Douches. Terrace; phones in all rooms. Favourite resort of English & Americans, CAMPRODON Board from 20 Ptas. First class throughout Made in Camprodón exclusively from fresh Pyrenean Dairy Produce. The Beach at Santa Cristina RIBAS FOSCA BEACH LA amprodon (COSTA BRAVA) One Km. irom Palamós The best beach in Catalonia, - Delightful temperature. Clean & shallow water. The largest hydro in the Pyr-enees. Waters excellent for stomach, intestines, liver. Rooms with private bathroom. Full board from 18 to 22 Ptas. Baños Though only three hours by train HOTEL GEROGLIFIC from Barcelona, this lovely town is de Ribas , Wonderful Situation-Spacious Dining Terrace with outlook on beach & sea. Running water in all rooms - Bath room -Shower bath-Garage-Beautiful garden & woods. - Tel: 67 high up in a beautiful valley in the Catalán Pyrenees, at an altitude of over 3,000 feet. An ideal spot for spend-HOTEL ROVIRA 10 to 20 Ptas. **Royal Sport Bar** ing a cool, invigorating summer holiday. Hotel accommodation is excellent Fermín Galán, 7 - Cervantes, 38-40 PALAMÓS and there are good flats and villas to let. 'Phone, Ribas 7. LLORET DE MAR Camprodon is an excellent centre for many delightful excursions, including the ascent of some of the highest HOTEL RESTAURANT, BAR PENSION NAVARRO peaks in the Catalán Pyrenees. Superb JUST OPENED Every modern convenience. Exceptionally large rooms. scenery, lovely walks. From 11 Ptas. French Proprietor & Cuisine Shooting, 15 FROM 8 TO D Fishing, Riding, M.Z.A. Railway Station (Estación de Francia)

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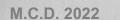
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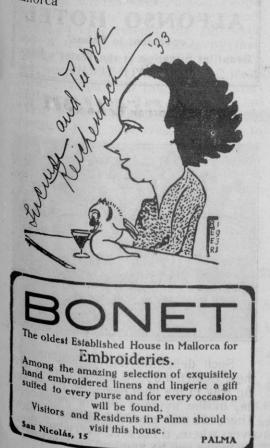
OF PERSONAL INTEREST

There has been quite a flurry of gaiety during the past week as oldtimers here welcomed back the Newhalls. There have been cocktails and lunches and dinners. Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Camp had a dinner party for them and on Thursday Mrs. John Lowry invited a number of friends in to give them a cheer. The Newhalls first went to the Victoria and have now settled in the house in Bonanova formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Richards. Mr. Newhall is busy getting his boat into shape for a summer cruise, for which they ope to leave shortly.

Mrs. Dora Raffloer leaves Monday on the *Scharnhorst* for Germany to visit relatives there for a month or so. Before returning here her trip will include a voyage to the United States from where she expects to return loaded with household goods and furniture.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Eyre Plnckard has been quite ill with angina pectoris and that Mrs. Pinckard has become very much run down in caring for him. At present their home is in Mentone, California.

Another illness which we must report is that of Pee Wee, Mrs. Lucinda Reichenbach's famous little lap dog. According to Mrs. Newhall, who saw the invalid shortly before leaving New York, she has lost weight and is not her self at all, even to giving up her liking for caviar. We reprint herewith an old cut of Pee Wee (life size) and his mistress, done two years ago when they were members of the foreign colony in Mallorca



That old sea dog Captain Leinau is in Palma at present having come in from Andraitx with his ketch *Nimbus*. Mrs. Leinau is visiting Mrs. John Lowry in Bonanova. With Mr. Leinau we met Mr. Nemmo, whose likeness to John D. Rockefeller is so pronounced that we were on the lookout for shiny new ten cent pieces. No luck.

A letter from Mrs. Kathleen Mc-Clintock tells us that she will be returning on September 1st. and is thinking of chartering a house in Terreno for the winter.

Another letter to reach us is from the Lees. They witnessed the Naval Review from the decks of the *Foam* having with them as a guest Commander Niall Griffin. They'll be back again for the winter, too.

Of the Cumberleges and the ship *Fleur de Lys*, no word. They are somewhere at sea bound for Malta, we believe.

We seem to have gleaned most of our social news from the mail this week. Just one more—Mr. Walter Ogden is still in Barcelona and writes that he would like to come over and shake hands with all the old faces but is afraid he cannot make it for the time being.

Our maritime department was fortunate enough on Tuesday to be invited out to the Miguel de Cervantes, the flag ship of the cruisers which have been lying in Palma's bay. We were shown all over the ship and entertained royally by the officers. After the tour of inspect-ion we repaired to the wardroom and had some excellent sherry, followed by ice-cream and cocktails. The ship was constructed shortly before the coming of the Republic, the idea being to send her to America on propaganda work. As a result the wardrooms and the Admiral's suite were decorated exceptionally well. They are panelled in dark walnut, and the armoirs and chests are beautiful examples of old Spanish work. When we went to secure the names of our naval hosts we became confused in our Spanish and consequently are unable, to our regret, to print any of them. Among those who went out from shore were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Croissant and Mrs. Ann Bowman-Burns.

Mr. «Bill» Beauley is expected at the Grand Hotel in Palma to-day for a rest and change after his recent illness in Soller. It will be a change, without doubt, but the rest is doubtful.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davies have settled down in a spot called Curia in Portugal for the month of August. Mr. Davis has not been well and he says they will be glad to be quiet for a while after their travels. We imagine that radio reception must be pretty good there. Mrs. Joan Malcolm was in town on a quick business trip on Monday, hurrying back to the the «coolth» of her Soller hillside in the evening.

There will be a real inducement for those who like to drive out of town for dinner and dancing when the Hotel Playa, at Camp de Mar, gives its Grand Fiesta to-night, Saturday, at nine o'clock. The beautiful, cool surroundings of the Playa are well known, and from all we hear the Hotel will be at its best and most gay, which ought to be good.

Mrs. Barr and a party of friends landed Thursday from the Orama. She will stay at the Alfonso.

Mrs. Murray and her son are at the Pension Shay. They flew from London to Barcelona, before coming on here.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Steele, who arrived from Tossa last week, have gone to the Hotel Castellets at Cala Ratjada.



Mrs. Firbank and her daughter landed here Thursday from the Orama. Mrs. Firbank is the wife of Mr. Harry Firbank, engineer in the Gas and Electricity Company. She intends to stay in Mallorca about two months.

Mrs. Graham Cheeswright, who is closely connected with the London branch of *The Christian Science Monitor*, is expected shortly for a visit to Palma. While here she will stay with relations.

* *

Mrs. Peter Owen left to-day, Saturday, for England. Mr. Owen will pass a good deal of the time during her absence attending to his garden, which we understand is expected to sprout sweet corn and other delightful things at the appropriate moment.

* * *

Thursday night at «Tito's» was really pleasing. The management, in line with the *fiesta* feeling of the 25th., made a special effort to entertain their guests, and the result was good. There is a certain relief in going to a place where you are not forced to sit in rows staring at the same old faces. The terraces on different levels at Tito's are all pleasing —there is one in particular, sky-high at the top of a long flight of steps, which, makes a breezy and secluded eerie from which to watch the crowd in peace.

Many officers from the cruisers now in Palma harbour were among the dancers, and a shower of roses supplied by the management added to the gaiety of the scene.

The Perriwinkel family have been quite gay during the week. On Tuesday they gave a soireé out at *C'an Casuela* to which a number of friends were invited. The Perriwinkel family is one of the most musical that has ever visited Mallorca. Mrs. Perriwinkel plays the harp, accompanying her husband who is very smooth on the oboe. The two daughters play saxophones and apparently were the most popular twins at Newport last season. We sat around simply entranced at the party on Tuesday. No small part of the success of their parties is due to Jefferson, their colored butler, who they brought with them from the States. His speciality (and Mr. Perriwinkel's) is mint juleps, at which he is a past master.

The foreign colony has received quite an addition in the person of Sir John Dunn who is staying with the Havelock Clarks aboard the Rambler. Sir John has seen a good bit of the world in his travels. He was at one time in the police force of South Africa where he made a name for himself for his quick and accurate shooting. Later he became associated with the stage in New York where he played in practically all of the Theatre Guild shows of the last ten years. As a story teller they come no better. His stay here is indefinite, possibly to last only as long as his fund of stories. Six months might be a safe guess.

* * *

Captain and Mrs. Leinau entertained aboard the *Nimbus* at cocktail time on Friday. It was a grand party and the guests made so much noise that the local authorities thought some cruise liner had tied up to the mole and rushed reserves to the scene. Everything remained under control, however.

* * *

Joe, who sometimes closes for the month of August, is going to remain open this year, we are glad to report. There is no nicer spot to pass away the early evening in than Joe's garden. It is always cool and you always meet some of your friends there and we need not say a word about his drinks. All in all it is a grand institution.

We hear that «Bert» Mullin was unable to connect in New York with the broadcasting company with whom he had hoped to work. That is until fall, at least. So he has returned to Chicago again, stopping off on the way to see the Dorr Newtons in their home at Malvern, Pa. They are returning to Mallorca in the Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Requardt are summering in the Berkshires up in the corner of New York State. They have a delightful summer camp there. Miss Dickie Scoville expects to leave Palma soon to join her mother at the camp and her sister Miss Mary Anne Scoville will leave from London for the same spot.



A Blow for Paris

We were really quite disappointed when the Sunday Express arrived and we found that Viscount Castlerosse had nothing further to say about Mallorca. He probably feels that he has said all there was to say and that the question is now settled, once and for all. Supposedly no self-respecting Englishman will, from now on, even entertain the thought of a trip to Mallorca.

We can imagine that folks in Paris are pretty cross with the Viscount this week for he used up several of his paragraphs in picking on things French and particularly Parisian. The food in Paris, according to this chronicler, is definitely bad. What a blow that is to we who have always been reared with the idea that French chefs were the world's best. His bon mot about the chickens simply threw us into spasms and was quite on a par with the one last week about the matches. How he keeps it up we don't know. He says he believes that they must have chicken races in Paris. otherwise they could never get birds as muscular as the ones they serve. And the salmon is beyond description, resembling pink cotton wool.

As for the expressionless American men and grim-faced American women he saw at the *Follies Bergere*, it probably was so, for the *Follies* are disappointing.

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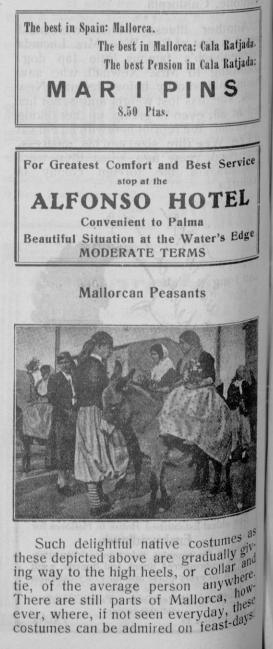
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The Wales of France

In the whole of Morlaix—I might say in the whole of Brittany—of all the marvellous stepped streets and ancient, overhanging houses, the place I liked best to be was the quiet chimney corner under the huge mantel of the «House of the Duchesse Anne.» The faint scent of the charcoal fire in my nostrils, listening to that unforgetable, hollow sound of *sabots* on stone, my eyes rested on the wonderful spiral stairway as it twisted its way to the vast skylight three stories above. One solid piece of oak, polished with age, formed the supporting column, and the waist-high sides were covered with the finest carvings.

Vaguely reminiscent of the queer wooden beasts and gnomes on the ancient housefront was the stern, wrinkled face of my good hostess seated opposite, the fire flickering in her pale blue eyes, on her high cheek bones and quaint linen cap. As she slowly made delicious Breton pancakes on the flat iron disc resting over the coals I heard with a strange pleasure of other wooden ligures, of marvellous linenfold panelling in a home not five minutes away, and of the gaily coloured Saint in his nich over the church porch at St. Herbot, her own village. She told how one could see, on a special altar inside the church, tails of animals belonging to the local peasantsofferings to the holy protector of cattle, St.Herbot himself.

In each locality in Brittany there is as special day put aside for the «Pardon» or fête of the local patron Saint. The one I liked most to hear the old lady talk about was that of Le Folgoët. People from all over the countryside gathered in their gayest garments, the stiff white caps of the women denoting by their various forms the regions from which their wearers come, the habitual black gowns covered with bright silk aprons and fringed shawls. The small girls are a riot of marvellous colours from the crowns of their little velvet bonnets to the striped hems of their long, full skirts, while the men and boys sport brightly embroidered waistcoats and give an extra brush to their buttons, buckles and longribboned beaver hats.

The name «Le Folgoët», I was told, means the «fool of the wood», a poor idiot boy named Solomon who frequented

the countryside, bathing in a certain natural fountain and murmuring to himself strange philosophies and Ave Ma-rias. When he died nobody in particular mourned for him until, one day, there fell upon his simple grave a white lily with «Ave Maria» in letters of gold upon the leaves. Now his fountain flows from the back wall of a quaint old church. Every year, on a certain day, flocks of people collect to drink or bathe in it, to kneel in row upon row on the grass before the open-air shrine, eating between hymns the simple fare they have brought with them, and afterwards amusing themselves with games of bowls «ringing the bottle» for strange prizes. or

I wonder how much these simple folk know of the age-old happenings in their country, of the time when it was supposedly attached to Wales? I have heard a curious conversation between a Breton and a Welshman, neither speaking the other's language yet understanding each other perfectly and apparently without question. Monoliths are scattered all over the country-menhirs and dolmens-the most important perhaps being the unaccountable lines of stones at Carnac, but, to me, the most impressive that lonely, colossal monument at Brignogan, surmounted by its comparatively modern crucifix. Within sound of the restless, melancholy sea one gazes wonderingly on this thirty feet or more of solid, rough rock, speculating upon the methods and reasons of the ancients for placing it there.

A slight misty expression came into Madame's eyes as we talked of the coasts of Brittany. One can see written in the faces of the peasants there the





story of the hard, cruel winters they have to endure, the waiting for August when the Iceland fishing boats return to Paimpol-always supposing they have weathered the terrific storms and other hardships-an uncertain matter calling upon all the natural stolidity and fortitude of the people. I noticed this stolidity particularly in a small «débit», or café, near the Point de Raz. The patron was weighing and buying «langoustes» caught that day. A semi-circle of youths, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years old, gathered round the scales on the floor where dozens of the coarse lobsters writhed and scratched about. Each boy was paid according to the weight of his catch, and a row of china cider bowls was placed on the counter for free refreshment at the finish. This kindness on the part of the patron was as stolidly received as the fact that the smallest and youngest amongst them happened to have earned the most pay. Not a smile, not a gleam in their steely blue eyes as, their business completed and the bowls emptied, they moved out with much shuffling of sabots on the stone floor.

My hostess was commencing to tell me of the glories of the ancient, moated chateaux—Kerjean, Roche-Jagu and the ruined marvels of Suçinio near the inland Morbihan Sea — when I heard with a start the mellow tones of the clocks of Morlaix around me. Reluctantly I rose from my warm corner, realizing the many yet undiscussed fascinations of Brittany and the importance of my catching the Paris *rapide*.

«Thank you,» I said, as we bade each other farewell, «I am glad to know the French race and mine are connected with so fine a people.»

Startlingly came the reply: «In olden times we, in our hearts at least, were attached to no other nation. Those were great days.»

For a moment she might have been the Duchesse Anne de Bretagne herself, and I left her so by the great fireside, in her atmosphere of fine linen, of wood and stone, closing behind me gently and with regret the heavy, oaken door.

S. SUTTON-VANE





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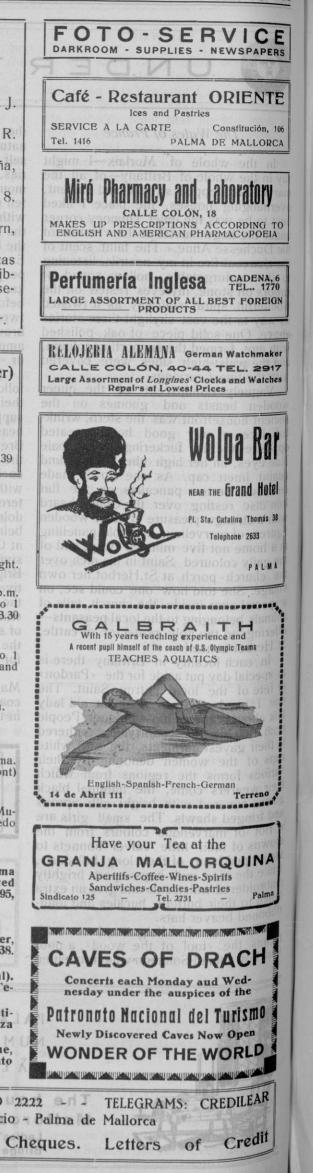
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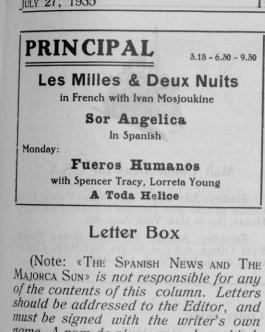
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University College,

To:-The Editor. Sir.

for publication, if desired.)

Having read a short article in your paper (13th. July) referring to the «Poem of the Cid», I think that perhaps the following details may prove of interest to your readers;

name. A nom-de-plume may be added,

London.

The only known codex of the Poema de Mio Cid is that made in 1307 by a copyist, Pero Abad. Sr. Menéndez Pidal, in his authoritative edition of the Poem (Madrid, 1908, 3 vols), states that Pero Abad based his copy on a much earlier manuscript which could not have been written later than 1140.

Sánchez, in 1779, used the 1307 codex, which he reproduced with modern orthography. Janer, in the «Biblioteca de Autores Españoles,» vol 57, Madrid, 1864. gave a far more accurate version of the Poem, since it is paleographic; while Menéndez Pidal (who is in no way connected with Pidal, who was Janer's patron) has given us the most reliable version in existence. He reproduces the text paleographically and also gives another version of the text which he has supplemented with words and extracts from the prose versions of the Poema found in the Crónica de Veinte Reyes, the Crónica de Castilla, and the Crónica Particular del Cid. This amplified version, which can be obtained in the Clásicos Castellanos edition (Madrid, 1931) is far nearer the original cantar than the somewhat corrupted codex of Pero

It is interesting to note that Tomás Antonio Sánchez (Vol. 1 of the Colec-ción de D ción de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al siglo XV. Madrid, 1779) was the first scholar in Europe to appreciate the wealth of mediaeval literature; and although Spain was still in the throes of the prevailing French neoclassic literary taste, he published the «Poema del Cid» 40 years before the first version of the «*Niebelungen*» appeared, and 60 years before the «*Chanson de Roland*»!!

Note:-Pero Abad's Manuscript is by no means the earliest docu-ment written in Castillian. There

are many documents of much greater antiquity. Sincerely yours,

C. T. D.

To:-The Editor. Dear Sir,

Mr. Bell is so gallant an antagonist himself that I regret not to be able to respond to his invitation to relieve his mind on the subject of Professor Gregory's report, but if he will seriously read the excellent articles in the Daily Telegraph supplements on the «Sterling Block Countries» of the 8th. and 15th. July, I think he will find an answer to his perplexity.

I shall be delighted to send these to him if he has not already seen them.

Perhaps he does not appreciate that the difficulty many of his readers have felt who are not fully acquainted with the theories of Major Douglas is that Mr. Bell has «argued» rather than «stated» his case and we should have appreciated a reasoned statement.

However this is not now so important as I have written to friends in Alberta for more definite information on what seems a most interesting theory, even though at present veiled in a cer-tain obscurity, and if their comments throw any valuable light I shall pass them on for your readers.

I must congratulate you on starting these discussions in your paper but I am sure that many of your readers hope you will not overlook articles on Spain and its wealth of history.

Also there are many in this Island and in the Peninsula, who have travelled in various parts of the world and seen strange sights.

I feel sure many of these would be delighted to reminisce for your paper, either by article or interview, and add to the pleasure of your readers. Having read with great care the val-

uable judgment of Mr. Justice Wool in that most «Misleading Case» of Troth v. Tulip as reported by A. P. Herbert in Punch it is indeed difficult to appreciate whether the word «highbrow» has (1) any meaning at all or (2) purely a defamatory one, but there are many who will welcome to your paper in addition to its obligatory social notes, articles on Travel and History both in Spain and elsewhere, which will make your paper an «intelligent» addition (whether «highbrow» or not) to the culture of those who live in this land of History. Yours faithfully,

C. H. Gurney

To:-The Editor. Dear Sir,

In the edition last week of «THE MAJORCA SUN AND SPANISH NEWS» All Rounder enquired, in his Sport column, whether a man swam faster in fresh or salt water.

The principle of Archimedes, mentioned in the paragraph, is that an im-mersed body loses an amount of weight upon immersion equivalent to the weight of the volume of the liquid displaced. A solution of sodium chloride like sea water has a specific gravity or density greater than ordinary fresh water or hydrogen chloride. It follows that the displacement will be greater (immersed object lighter) in the salt solution. So much for the swimmer who is merely floating immobile. But a swimmer also propels himself with hands and arms and to a far lesser extent with legs and feet. Here too the denser fluid offers greater resistence which is so necessary for propulsion. Against a tiled end of a swimming pool a swimmer can push off at a start or a turn, for example, faster than he can swim, so that the average race is not an exhibition of pure aquatics but of aquatics combined with acrobatics.

That a swimmer not only floats more easily making less work for the legs which are used largely to maintain themselves near the surface but also gets a better purchase on the brine for paddling than in the case of fresh water has long been recognized by swimmers and their trainers, as for instance in «SWIMMING THE AMERICAN CRAWL» by John Weissmuller, wherein the world champion describes himself reducing the number of leg beats to the arm stroke out at Honolulu. He received his initial training in the fresh water pool of the Illinois Athletic Club in Chicago. It might be mentioned in this connection that the legs contribute very little to the propulsion, so that this matter of reducing the beats is rendered necessary by the greater buoyancy of brine rather than the greater resistance thereof.

I trust this answers the question as put. Please believe that I am ever at the disposal of the interesting periodical you so ably edit. Cordially,

Bertram Galbraith

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Tramways

To Genova, trams depart from Hotel Al-hambra at a. m. 6.10; 6.40, 7.20, 8.40, 10.0, 11.20, 12.0, p. m. 12.40, 1.20, 2.0, 3.20, 4.40, 5.20, 6.0. 6.40, 7.20, 8.0. 8.40, 9.20. From Genova Palma trams depart at a. m. 6.40, 7.20, 8.0, 9.20, 10.40, 12.0. p. m. 12.40, 1.20, 2.0, 2.40, 4.0, 5.20, 6.0, 6.40, 7.20, 8.0, 8.40, 9.15, 9.55. On Sundays and holidays, cars leave Palma generally every 20 minutes from 6 a. m. to 9.20 p. m., returning from Genova at same intervals.

p. m., returning from Genova at same intervals.

Regular Passenger Lines From Palma

Henderson Line: Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida de Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417. Aug. 2-YOMA, from Liverpool and Gibral-tar for Marseilles and the East.

- Aug. 11-BHAMO, from Marseilles and the East for Gibraltar and London.
- Union Castle Line: Agents: Agencia Schem-bri, Avenida de Antonio Maura,52. Tel 1417.
 - Aug. 14—LLANDAFF CASTLE, from London, Tangier and Gibraltar for Mar-eilles, Genoa and Eastern Mediterranean.
 Aug. 22-DURHAM CASTLE, from East Africa and Marseilles for Gibraltar, Torgicre and London.
 - Tangiers and London.
- American Export Lines: Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.
 - Aug. 2-EXETER, from New York for Marseilles, Genoa and Eastern Mediterranean'
 - Aug 8-EXCALIBUR, from Genoa and Marseilles for Malaga, Boston and New York:
 - Aug. 16-EXCAMBION from New York, for Marseilles, Genoa, Naples and Eastern Mediterranean.

North German-Lloyd Line:

- July 30-SCHARNHORST, from the Far East, Naples, Marseilles and Barcelona for Southampton.
- Sept. 16-POTSDAM, from far East for Southampton, Rotterdam and Bremen.

Fortnightly

SUNSHINE CRUISES

and return



Mail Connections for U.S.A.

Sunday, July 28th. Mail closes Palma Post Office at 1.30 p.m. for the ILE-DE-FRANCE, Havre, due in New York Aug. 6th.

Saturday, August 3rd. Mail closes Palma Post Office at 8 p.m. for the BREMEN, Cherb-ourg, due in New York Aug. 11th.

Cruise Ships:

August 8-TUSCANIA, Anchor Line, for Mediterranean cruise.

Aug 10-MONTROSE, Canadan Pacific Line, Mediterranean cruise, Lisbon and Tilbury.

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Palma



German African Liners OUTWARDS S.S. Ussukuma, September 21 to Port Said and Africa via Genoa

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Original ideas for parties seem to be cropping up lately in our midst, and Miss Kemp's «Shipwreck» party on Saturday night at her charming Formentor villa was a brilliant example.

The guests, who arrived in various stages of *deshabille*, and simulated exhaustion, were most hospitably revived. The costumes were simple, as might be expected, and amusing-in fact, the whole affair was a huge success.

C'an Anet's dance last Sunday was was well worth attending. Many of those present had been «shipwrecked» the night before, but seemed in excellent form nevertheless, which says a lot for C'an Anet. By the way, there is to be an added attraction to these popular Sunday dances-a piano, and, what's more, a pianist!

In a comparatively small place it is extremely pleasant to have more than one good place to prowl to of an even-The Sunday night dances at ing. Maxim's are really good fun, and well in line with the other attractions of the Puerto, as the big crowd there last week testified.

MÁXIM BAR 28th. July **Diner** Dansant CARNECERIA FORTEZA Tel. 60 (Beside Post Office) For Best Meat. Daily Del Daily Delivery Haberdashery, Linen Mater-ial. Bathing Suits, Toilet CASA CATALINA Requisites

When planning your holiday this year why not choose dballorca? botels and Pensions to suit all pockets. Regular steamer service from the mainland, Eng/ land and America.

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The verbena at the Kiosko on the Playa last Sunday was a great success, and quite a crowd gathered together to have a good time. A farewell party was given the same night for Miss Winifred Davis and Miss Maud Miller, who have been staying at the Marina, and who left for England on Monday.

Miss McKenzie and Miss Gentles have left the Marisol for Cala Ratjada.

Mr. James Phair is deputizing at The Little Library for Mrs. Shafto while she enjoys a short but well earned holiday. She is one of these aboard the motor boat, Los Hermanos, hired for the summer by Miss Brenda Dean Paul, which left the Puerto on Monday for a tour of the Island.

SOLLER ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Lv. Palma: 8 & 12 a.m., 3 & 8 p.m.
Lv. Soller; 6.45 & 9.15 a.m., 1.25 & 6.15 p.m..
Fares week days. 9.15 a.m., 1.25 & 6.15 p.m..
Sundays: """ 5.55 "" 4.25-single 1st class ptas. 5.05., 2nd class ptas. 4.10
Combination with return by auto car: Departure from Palma by electric train at 3 p.m..
Return via Validemosa by auto car departure Soller 4.10 p.m..
Arrival Palma 6.55 p.m. Fare: Ptas. 11.-

Balearic Islands

There has been so much publicity recently for and against the Balearic Islands that it gave us a slight shock when we discovered recently that there are actually some people in existence who do not even know that the Islands belong to Spain!

The group is comprised of Mallorca, Minorca, Ibiza (or Iviza), Formentera, Cabrera and several smaller islets lying off the coast of Valencia. From 1220 to 1344 they formed the Kingdon of Mallorca, which was united in 1349 with the crown of Aragon. They now form a Spanish province, and together have an area of 1935 square miles.

Sometimes it happens that those who live on a small island become, after a while, rather inclined to overrate their own importance or that of the part of the world which is their home. Yet one has only to realize that England, for example, is not such a very large island to come to the conclusion that it is not the size of a place which makes it important amongst the countries of the world, but its history and the personal or combined achievements of its inhabitants.



Prelude to Mallorca

by Allen Shannon

Night. The small village of Deya lay sleeping before us. Its quant old houses stood on a hillslope and appeared as if they were stacked very carelessly on one another-something in the manner of a child's blocks. The street lamps were bright and glowed like fallen stars. There was a breeze blowing gently from the East where lay the blue Mediterranean, calm and moon-reflecting- tamed like some mill-pond. A scent of wild peppermint wafted over the smoothstoned wall that followed the windings of the road. All was still, beautifully still. There was a sheep song or a bell tinkle that would break thru the silence, or some distant shepherd singing a difficult though tender flamenco ...

After some minutes we were told by the sudden barking of lanky and halfstarved dogs of surely Moorish origin that we had come to the edge of the village. On entering we encountered many narrow criss-crossing streets, and were at a loss which to take. They were all quite empty of travellers or natives, as it is customary for the men to seek their favorite tavern and the women their favorite needle for darning the pants the men wear out sitting at their café or wine table.

So we stumbled onward, upward or downward, whichever happened to be the case, seeking the center of the town. We at last detected what appeared to be the popular bar. The both of us having somewhat of a patient nature we settled down to our cigarettes while waiting to be served. After what seemed hours had fled we finally grew wise to the native habit of clapping hands for service. With appetites such as ours it was essential not to over-applaud. The waitress, appearing from nowhere in particular, took our order as a matter of course.

After some time had elapsed we began to suspect the *chef* was asleep at his post or else they were brewing the wine... we never inquired. A miracle! On the horizon we saw the waitress approaching with a huge Mallorquin stew. This was easy to absorb. Then came a course of fish which, after saturating it with lemon juice, we quickly diminished. Someone has said (if not, it is time someone did)—«Mallorquin fruit is meant for Kings.» The two of us, not bragging, were able to conceal a dozen





fresh apricots and half as many miniature pears. Not to leave a bad impression we will forget about the number of peaches.

We paid our check with giant copper pennies and wandered off in search of a *pension* or some place to put up for the night. We came to one of those old houses that have stood for ages, weather-beaten and friendly. The door, of time-polished oak, was huge. We lifted the knocker and our tap tap taps resounded thru the house. The door, with its antique hardware, opened creakingly and there, peering above an over-grown candle, was the visage of the old innkeeper. After exchanging salutations and remarking on the weather, which is undoubtedly an established international topic, we were conducted to our bedroom.

This consisted of two small beds, several crude chairs and a metal washbasin. The dominating color-scheme by candlelight was yellow, and one could not help but recall the «Bedroom» of Van Gogh. We were quite tired after having walked the twelve kilometres from Soller, so we extinguished the candle and turned to our beds.

The sun broke thru quite early and, after many gesticulations, we learned that it was impossible to have a bath, but were encouraged at the thought of the sea gently rolling some few yards away. So we bathed that morning at the base of Foradada-a great boulder ris-ing out of the sea. The morning was ing out of the sea. The morning was insurpassable. Color! It was everywhere. The rock itself was of burnt sienna and terra cotta. The sea was like transparent turquoise, and the hills to the interior were silver, green and light red. And there were many patterns on the hills. The terraced olive groves and an occasional field of ripened grain formed from the distance a patchwork quilt. The water was comfortably cool and invigorating.

Once out of the water we dressed and continued our exploring. We took the high road toward Miramar where Louis Salvatore, cousin of Franz Josef of Austria, lived and died. He was alluded to as the uncrowned king of the Island, his work for it and its people being well remembered. His palace is referred to by the natives as the Archduke's Castle. It is an immense building with its own church, almost a cathedral. A spacious garden with flowers of many colors is considered the center of adoration by all who pass by.



Hotels and Pensions

HOTELS HOTEL VICTORIA, Terreno. HOTEL MEDITERRANEO, Terreno. HOTEL ALFONSO, Cala Mayor^{*} HOTEL ALHAMBRA, Palma. HOTEL ALHAMBRA, Palma. HOTEL PLAYA, Camp de Mar HOTEL PLAYA, Camp de Mar HOTEL PARIS, 14 de Abril 14, Terreno. HOTEL PARIS, 14 de Abril 14, Terreno. CALAMAYOR (Near the sea) CA'S CATALA (On the sea) TERRAMAR-Near the Sea-San Agustín 11-15 Pis.

PENSIONS

	(R'ms. only)
PENSION IBERICA, Palma.	6 Pis
WEYER, Dos de Mayo 19, Terreno.	10 Pts
SANS SOUCI, Terreno.	8-12 Pts
HILLER, Terreno.	8-15 Pts.
MŰNCH, Dos de Mayo 8, Terreno.	9-12 Pts.
SHAY, Sta. Rita 7, Terreno.	8-9 Pts.
SON MATET, Cala Mayor.	10-12 Pts
I.F.A. Armadams 87-3.°	10-12 Pts
ENGLISH PENSION, Son Serra	10-12 Pts
MARIE ANTOINETTE, S. Alegre, Seasid	e 10-12 Pts,
CHALFONT HOUSE, Villalonga 18, Ter	r. 10-12 Pts

The MAJORCA SUN and SPANISH NEWS will be glad to furnish any information concerning these hotels and pensions, should anyone prefer writing to us than to them direct.



Before I cease this prelude, I cannot help but write about the legends the peasants tell of the Archduke's kindness. One especially I will relate.

It seems there was a rainstorm and the roads in the castle's vicinity were very impaired. After the storm the Archduke went out to investigate the damage done by the mountain torrents. He hap pened upon a peasant who was quite new to the immediate neighborhood and this peasant was working laboriously over his cart which had overturned in a ditch. Looking up, he saw the Arch-duke and said, roughly, «Look here, young man. Will you help me right my cart?» To which the the time right my cart?» To which the Archduke silently condescended. After a bit of toil and mud-throwing, the peasant cart was on its wheels again, and the peasant turned to his royal helper and said, «Here, take this, young man.: And handed the Arch duke a copper. The Archduke accepted it, and after a while the copper was seen surmounted by a frame of gold. His servants inquired into the meaning of this, on which the Archduke responded. «It is the first penny I have earned in my lifetime lifetime.»

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It is possible to see this same penny to-day at the castle.

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THE MAJORCA SUN AND THE SPANISH NEWS

FAGE 19



	r Garden - Terraces IBIZA LA MARINA
CA VOS' Internation	8 pts. TRA al guest house for artists
HOTEL P	ORTMANY San Antonio 8-12 pts.
**************	AR - Pension San Jorge st beach. Pts. 8 FEI '' International Paint Co
**************	st beach. Pts. 8 FEL'' International Paint Co

The new Hotel «Las Sevinas» does not belong to the owner of Mira Mar, as was erroneously stated in the last issue. but to Señor Rafael Mari Llaser of Fonda Esmeralda.

Mrs. Keidel has come back to her peautiful home in Santa Eulalia after a ew weeks stay in Germany.

The composer Hans Heller, after emaining here at Ca Vostra for many nonths, has left for Brittany to put the ast touches to his work which started so successfully here.

At the Grand Hotel: Mons. and Malame Jaques Dorsay, Mons. Henri Gaillart, Mr. Eric Neidhardt, and Senor Reynaldo Luza from Peru.

Mr. and Miss Langendorf, brother nd sister of the owner of the Galerías bicencas, have arrived for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Auerbach from Madrid nd Mrs. Auerbach from Barcelona are uests at Sol y Mar in San Jorge.

Mr. Goldschmidt has left for Deya after a fortnights stay at the Hotel sla Blanca. Others staying at this hotel are Mr. Arturo Nacht, Mr. Jean Ballori, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fichas, Sr. A. San-eonini, Sr. Furini Ludone, Mrs. Rosa Spring, Mr. and. Mrs. Jean Borry and Mr. R. Clark.



Well-Let It Go

When we first decided to come to Mallorca a long time ago our first step was to buy a map and find out where it was. We found the Canary Islands at was. We found the Canary Islands at once but had to really hunt to find the Baleares. Possibly this is excusable in one where one whose geography never went further than the bounding stage and naming the capitals of a few states. All this noncompany that we can tell this nonsense is just so that we can tell an amusing story we heard the other day. It soon that is a war which day. It seems that during the war which the United States insisted that Spain fight Matt fight, Mallorca was sending troops as



well as the rest of Spain. The Military Commandant of the Baleares received a telegram from the authorities in Madrid one day ordering him to mobilize two battalions and ship them off to Cuba. Their actual embarcation was, according to the orders, to be by ship from Inca.

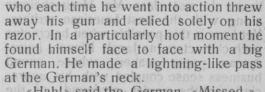
And this reminds us of a war story. In America among its negro population the straight razor is not only used for shaving. Many of the men carry one with them as a weapon and are experts in its use. There was one negro soldier

Restaurant Parisién

Plaza Libertad 6 (near Cook's)

The Spot for Epicures

Tel. 2619



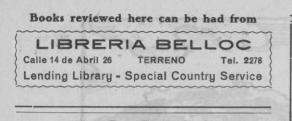
«Hah!» said the German, «Missed.» «Missed Hell, brother. Just wait till you try yoah haid.»



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BOOKS

The Foolscap Rose

Joseph Hergesheimer

(The Albatross)

Even were all the title pages missing, on picking up a book such as this there would not be a shadow of a doubt as to the identity of the author.

Mr. Hergesheimer has a clear and concise method of getting to the point and immediately conjuring up a beautifully synchronized series of perfect pictures which cause the reader to live and feel with the characters in the story, no matter how unfamiliar the details of the period may have been beforehand.

In the eighteen-twenties the Wigton family, owners of a paper mill in Pennsylvania, are making paper by hand; less than a century later their business has become a huge trust. Family antagonisms, dramatic love episodes, the eternal conflict between father and sons play an important part in this transformation. The unavailing fight against machinery, the battle between capital and labour, the war between the banks and politicians determine the lives no less than the fortunes of the passionate urgent men and lovely romantic women who crowd the scene. Here is a closely packed panorama of that older America, fiercely resenting yet forced to come to terms with the America of to-day.

«There is only one way to prosper and that is honestly,» Hazael Wigton, paper mill owner, announces in the beginning of the book, «.....I understand there is machinery that will turn faster than a man can walk, and when that happens it's time for godly men to sit down.»

«The Foolscap Rose» has appeared in various forms, including a serial in The Saturday Evening Post, written more or less on order after the tremendous success of «The Three Black Pennies,» and it was with real pleasure that I greeted its arrival over here in the Albatross edition. A few people, I be-lieve, do not class Mr. Hergesheimer along with the best American writers. Yet how is this possible when he creates such characters as Jacob Kinzer, journeyman paper maker, whose sound business sense coupled with his appreciation of the «quiet profound» of the Quaker meetings makes him such a strong factor in the building up of America? Mr. Hergesheimer's true and fine records of the settings, speech and customs of the period, alone, are without price

To my mind, a valuable and exceedingly interesting pschycological novel. S. S-V.





Classified Announcements

JOE'S BAR Tel. 1791

(One Peseta a Line)

Guest House, Son Matet

A quiet, airy, breezy house. A real home with the best of home cooking. Splendid view of sea and mountains. The trams stop at the door. Near Palma, but in the country. 10-12 Pesetas.

Jaime Muntaner, Lawyer Divorces, Law Suits, Heritages, Calle

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

For Sale or Rent

Ironing machine, wardrobe and two beds. Apply: Pension Hiller, Terreno.





There Ought To Be a Law-

A friend of ours had an amusing experience at the local Post Office the other day. Her passport having expired she had forwarded it to Barcelona for renewal. After a few days she was advised by the postman that there was a registered letter for her here at the office. Being quite quick about things like that she rightly surmised that it was her new passport.

She went at once to claim it, really having very little difficulfy in finding just when the particular window for this sort of business was open. When her turn came they said at once that there was a registered letter for her and all she need do was to show her passport.

The situation rapidly became acute. Her best Spanish failed to shake the clerk's urbanity and there they were. Nor could she ask them to open the envelope to show them its contents. And her efforts to demonstrate cutting it with a pair of scissors convinced the man that she was playing some kind of a game with him in which he was very glad to enter. ti ai ei oi ai jo wR lu es

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She was about to give up when a friend came along, explained the whole matter and she reached home only an hour late for luncheon.

Something which has always made us wonder a bit is our listing on the driving license issued to us here. Under nationality, instead of *Americano* we found to our surprise that the authorities had gone even deeper into the matter and we are down as «Yanqui.» It's true we hail from north of the Mason and Dixon Line but not from the strictly Yankee country of New England. It possibly has something to do with the fact that practically all of our motoring on the Island is done on 'buses, though occasionally we patronize the tran lines.

Another thing which has intrigued us a lot is the lack of growth in the babies that the gypsy women carry around in their arms as they beg. We have seen the same woman in Palma's streets for three years with what we have always believed to be the same baby and it is always the same size. We have gone into this pretty thoroughly recently and find that in America and in London there are baby farms where infants for this use are rented out. Not speaking *Gitanese* we have not been able as yet to find out about the Spanish one, that surely must exist. Don't be alarmed if you read under our classified ads. shortly—«Wanted to rent: small baby until the return of the dollar to the Gold Standard.» R. M. G.