

# The Weekly PALMA POST

TRAVEL IN COMFORT  
IN A 20,000 TON  
**ORIENT LINER**  
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## THE PAST WEEK IN SOCIETY

Mrs. F. J. Requardt recently entertained at dinner Natacha Ramona and her husband Sr. Alvaro Urzaiz, Major Goetz, and Mr. Dudley Bigelow.

Under the pretext of giving a party to celebrate Labor Day, Mrs. S. Strong and her son and daughter Mr. David and Miss Jean Millan, arranged an attractive surprise for Bert Mullin on his birthday, September 4. A huge birthday cake with lighted candles entirely surrounded by attractive and useful gifts greeted the guest of honor as he entered the drawing room. The assembled guests joined in the singing of «Happy Birthday To You».

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Dorr E. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall, Major Charles Goetz Signor Tito Cungi, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Goetz, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard Mr. and Mrs. Donald Newhall, Mrs. Albert E. Bolson, Mrs. Eve Hemingray, Mrs. Lewis Atwood, Mrs. Kate Belt Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gavett, Mr. Williams Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bower, Miss Pat Byington, and Mr. Charles Marshall.

Mrs. Manuel Texidor and her recent house guests, Mrs. Helen Cooper and Mr. Richard Cotton Carline, have returned to Barcelona to Mrs. Texidor's house in the mountains. Mrs. Cooper is a landscape painter, and Mr. Carline a portrait painter and well known lecturer in antique art. He is at present finishing a book on negro art.

Mr. F. Williams Hunt left Palma Friday night to return to his home in Liverpool. Mr. Hunt came to Palma with the original intention of remaining for ten days, but he enjoyed his visit so much that he stayed four weeks.

For the last two weeks of his visit he was the house guest of Mrs. Kate Perkins, Signor Tito Cungi, and Mr. Bert Mullin in their apartment at 33 Calle De Salud.

Mr. René Halot entertained Sunday for cocktail at the home of Miss Pat Byington in Calle Dos de Mayo, 3. Mr. Halot is leaving Tuesday for Marseilles after a protracted stay in Palma.

Mrs. G. M. Mason and her daughter left Palma Friday on the Henderson liner the S. S. Chindwin for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard were hosts at dinner Friday night at Santa Eulalia to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gavett, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Goetz, and Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Harris.

Later, they took their guests to the Hotel Bellver for dancing.

Mr. Arthus Townsend was host at tea Friday afternoon at the Hotel Mediterráneo in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Porcell. Among those invited were Mrs. S. E. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Newhall, Mrs. Alexander G. Hadra, Mrs. Albert Eugene Polson, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, Mrs. Hinman, Mrs. Edith Dorsey, and Mrs. Lewis I. Atwood.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lester are moving into El Pinar, their Villa in Son Serra, on Tuesday. They have leased the house for one year from Mrs. Frances Stillwell and Mrs. Lord.

Among those noted at the last Thursday night gala at the Pinar were Don Fernando Pou Moreno and Señora with their daughter and a party that included Don Luis Tarrasa Noguera, Don Jaime Girard, Miss Derron, Mr. and Mrs. Miguel Roca.

(Continued on page 4)

## Don Fernando Pou's Defense Of Calumny Case Against Post Appears On Page 11

## CABINET COLLAPSE IN CAPITAL FAILS TO RUFFLE ISLAND

The route of the Azaña government in Madrid at the close of last week failed utterly to dispell the customary calm for which this Island is noted.

True, on the terraces before the clubs old men were heard to mutter about the prospects of any well-known figure forming a new cabinet, but the collapse of the former body served as a subject for discussion only. The fireworks with which such a downfall is accompanied in any other European nation were absent.

Mallorca, of course, considers that she played a prominent part in the fall of the Azaña government because of the important part played in the Tribunal de Garantias Constitucionales elections, when the banker Juan March was elected for Mallorca, along with a large number of others whose views are known to be contrary to those of the cabinet just resigned.

Whatever is thought about the election and its result, however, is not broadcast to the public. Rather, the thinking goes on in political clubs, in ramshackled old buildings and behind doors closed on luxurious quarters of whose presence the casual passerby would never dream.

The press, likewise, takes the matter calmly, sticking by its custom of keeping news off of the front page, regardless of its importance.

The reader finds the collapse recorded in detail, but on page six, not on page one below five column streamers.

As far as the foreigner is concerned, unless he is close to Mallorcans who are interested in politics, the downfall apparently never happened.

## MALLORCA FINDS ANOTHER CHAMPION; AMERICAN HEAD OF PUBLISHING HOUSE TO PEN TRUE ARTICLE ABOUT ISLAND

Mallorca, only recently defended from the attack of one of its detractors by Leonard Liebling, editor of the Musical Courier, has found another champion in the person of Maurice Leigh, vice-president of the Surgical Publishing Company of Chicago who spent a month here last spring.

Mr. Leigh plans to write an article giving what he considers a fair version of life in Mallorca, particularly as lived by the law-abiding foreigner.

Already the Chicago publisher has written the editor of the American «Mercury», asking him if, in the interests of justice, he would not be glad to print yet another article on this Island.

Mr. Leigh's letter follows:

Gentlemen:

In our Club library I have just read Mr. Pratt's article on Mallorca, published in the July issue of your esteemed journal. In fairness to mallorcans on one hand and to your subscribers in particular, I am writing to inquire if you would consider a companion article for early publication which would keep well within the bounds of truth and yet give

a vastly different picture of this Island, its people, its culture and possibly the social and economic problems.

My query about a second article is prompted by no selfish reason. I am an American business man not financially interested in Mallorca nor in any travel agency promoting Mallorca. On a holiday this spring, this Island was on my itinerary and I found the place so interesting, I spent a full month there—and left reluctantly. I found food there that Oscar of the Waldorf would be proud to sponsor and I found miles and miles of paved roads that rivaled any I have seen in Europe or America.

Very few writers have noted that the Island is economically independent and that its people could live indefinitely without import or export. In the light of theories propounded at the recent London conference, it is particularly interesting to note that Mallorca has been isolated for hundreds of years, and yet the natives are industrious, prosperous and (of greater importance) happy. This little experiment in self-sufficiency

(Continued on page 4)

## Hackenkreuz Hoisted In Puerto Pollensa Starts Minor Riot As Anti-Nazis Rip Down Reich Flag

PUERTO POLLENSA — The Nazi Swastika made its second appearance in this port last Thursday when the new flag of the Third

Réich fluttered briefly from a staff before the house of Georg Koetzler and his son.

Not for long, however, for public sentiment was aroused by the sight of the *hackenkreuz* and soon an unpleasant-looking little group of anti-fascist Germans showed up and ripped the emblem down.

Something in the nature of a minor riot ensued, as loyal Nazis fought with the foes of Hitler to

regain their cherished banner. The Nazis lost, as the flag was torn to ribbons in the fight for its possession.

The civil governor has been informed of the incident, which was the second of the sort to take place in past months.

Previously a disturbance occurred when a German yachtsman rented a boat from a resident of the foreign colony and hoisted the hooked cross.

The owner of the boat demanded that the swastika come down.

(Continued on page 4)

# Daphne Merrick's Page To Women

## Chopin Cell Dispute Still Rages Merrily Among Valldemosans

At this time of the year you do not see Soller at her best. Soller at her best is in the spring time. In her virginal dress of almond blossom, decked out with clusters and clusters of deep hued oranges and pale gold lemons. Then Soller is a thing of beauty unforgettable.

If your time is limited you may do Valldemosa, Deyá and Soller all in one trip. The Oasis bus leaves Palma at 9.15am from the office 26-32 Paseo Borne, and Terrero Q. A. M. Plaza Gomila.

At Valldemosa you will see the monastery where Chopin and George Sand stayed together. From all accounts they were not much appreciated by the inhabitants at the time. Now Chopin festivals are held annually at the monastery and disputes as to which is the authentic cell occupied by the two rage furiously from time to time. Such is life! Valldemosa itself is a picturesque little place surrounded by hills. The church is worth a visit if only to see how large and impressive it is for so small a place.

On the way to Deyá you will stop at Miramar, the late Austrian Archduke's residence. We did not see much of interest there beyond a few pieces of old furniture.

### Deyá Quaint

Deyá is perhaps the quaintest and most individual pueblo on the island. It is built on a hill and is the pet resort of artists. The road is magnificent from Valldemosa on past Miramar and Deyá. A fine view of the sea on the one hand and on the other towering hills which turn into some of the highest mountains on the Island as you approach Soller. You wind down by way of many hairpin bends to Soller which nestles in a hollow.

If you try out your best Spanish on a native of Soller he will invariably answer you in French. The reason is that the town carries on a large trade with France, mostly in fruit, so from their frequent trips to Marseilles nearly all the inhabitants speak the language.

Soller strikes one as second to no other place on the island for cleanliness and a general air of prosperity. Every front door stands open and reveals rows and rows of little chairs ranged round the wall. There must be a sort of pride amongst the Sollerians as to who can produce the most chairs. Through the hall at the back of the house one catches a glimpse in every case of a delightful green little garden full of plants and ferns.

## WINDOW SHOPPING IN PALMA

Once I started to write to you of kodaks and snapshots. I fairly let myself go and felt satisfied I had filled a real mansized column. What was my horror to find later that I had been cut off in full flight. Potted on the wing so to speak! At least two thirds of my effusion was not there. Probably handed over to help light the kitchen fire. Of course there are precedents. We have heard of a bank note used to light a cigaret and champagne as bathwater. In spite of all that photography remains a sore subject. However, «If at first you don't—» and so on. Also «Nothing ventured—» etc. and a few more of that ilk. If it was the curtailing propensities of the typesetter which we had to blame lets trust he's outwitted this time by placing the subject at the beginning instead of at the end of the column. Unless of course it shares the fate of one of our colleagues sketches the other week and gets turned upside down.

You were told that day in what may be described for lack of contrary evidence, as telling phrases, of the many attractive subjects to tempt the wily snapshotter in the highways and byways of Mallorca. A group of fisherman chanting as they mend their nets (unfortunately the chant doesn't come out in the photograph). The patient friend of man to wit the horse, doing his daily round his common task, turning the water wheel and so on and so forth. The whole led up to a dramatic climax with the recommendation to have your snapshots developed and printed at «Vila», Plaza Santa Eulalia 2, who do remarkably

### Train Service

If you want to spend rather longer in Soller than you would on the bus trip you can catch a train which leaves Palma at 9a.m. In that case you can catch a tram from the town to the Puerto and if you take your lunch with you there is a café by the sea which is quite pleased to let you to eat it there if you order a drink.

The Puerto of Soller did not impress us very much. There is a certain aridity about the surroundings. Partly due perhaps to a quarry on the hill across the bay. The town and Puerto are popular both with visitors and foreign residents. There is a train back to Palma at 6.15 p.m.

Cost of the bus trip is 11 ptas. Lunch in the hotel Costa Brava is 7.70 ptas. The train fare to Soller is 2.80 ptas. each way second class.

(Another excursion will be described in the next weekly issue).

good work in this direction. As one might put it pithily, with energy and despatch. So now you have it.

### Of Bacchantes

Turning casually the pages of the Palma Post the eye lights upon the words Vins D'Or—Golden wine. Makes one think of ladies with grapefestooned locks who pour forth with magnificent abandon their contents from wide mouthed golets. After the fashion of some painters of the Renaissance period. But do let us be serious Ladies with grape festooned locks and bacchanalian revels, at least of such a picturesque type, are of the past. Vins D'Or is very much of the present and may be bought at any one of the numerous wine stores in Palma. It is a very excellent mark.

### Of Flowere

At Casa Germaine, Calle 14 Abril 26 Terreno, you may purchase there flowering plants, dainty little palms and ferns at moderate prices. It is a delight to see a flower shop or so in Terreno these days in contrast to the complete absence of any such thing in the past. You can now «Say it with flowers».

## Sugar Your Hair If It Won't Stay Put-- And Believe It Or Not

Do you use curlers? If so moisten the hair first with water in which a lump of sugar has been dissolved. This keeps the hair longer in curl and it does not make it sticky as you might think it would.

\*\*\*

To make the teeth sparkle. After cleaning them and before applying lip stick rub the teeth with a piece of lemon. This will remove tobacco stain.

\*\*\*

Here is a recipe for a good liquid powder:

Water 750.

Zn. O. pumice 110.

Alcohol 95 per cent 65.

You can order the coloring to suit your taste. The above will make you look pearly.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST bring results

## In Which Our Daphne Condescends Slightly To American Tastes

Here is a salad especially for our American readers. In England we are not so keen on the mixed type of salad. You will need: Two good lettuces, one orange, one lemon, two good eating apples, one large tomato several sticks of the white part of celery.

Wash the lettuce and hang it in a muslin bag to drain until needed. Wash the celery and cut it into lengths about two inches long, then cut it in strips the full length of the two inches and put in cold water; when it is needed it is in rings. Peel all the fruit with a silver knife and slice it finely. Rub inside the salad bowl with freshly cut onion. Shred the lettuce and pile it in a bowl with all the fruit and celery. Serve with mayonnaise. This is how to make the mayonnaise if you don't want the bottled variety:

Half a tin of condensed milk, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, one and a half tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little pepper. Mix the dry ingredients with half a cup of good vinegar; then add the condensed milk. If it is too thick add a little more vinegar or a little cold water.

### A Savory

Here is a savory. It is a little fiddling to prepare but well worth the trouble:

Boil two eggs for 10 minutes and put them in a basin of cold water for at least an hour. Shell and cut each one in two, lengthways, with a sharp knife. The knife will cut better if you dip it in hot water first. Remove the yolks and place in a basin with

## Speaking Of Hats, Anne's, Terreno, Is Bringing A Consignment Of Headgear From Paris Shortly

Every day in every way more and more rakishness is decreed for next seasons headgear. Also it must be a rakishness on masculine lines. Velvet and feathers yes, but a velvet cap has a soupcon of the jockey style or the feathered brimmed affair a dash of the high wayman. Crowns are high and don't forget to wear these creations at an angle of 45 degrees. Antelope is much in favour. It is very becoming and has an air of distinction.

We saw some attractive models on the lines described at Anne's Calle 14 Abril, 35, Terreno. You will

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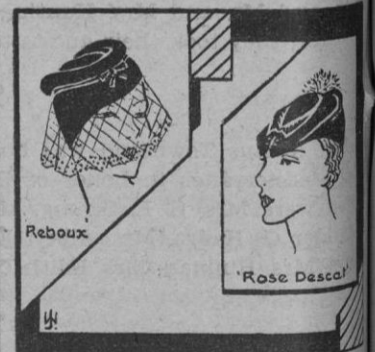
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one oz. of butter and a little salt and pepper. Work the butter and egg yolks to a cream. Now add two teaspoonfuls of anchovy sauce, two teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce and two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped olives. Mix the roughly together. Cut a small piece off the bottom of each of the empty whites to enable them to stand firmly on oblong slices of bread and butter cut not too thin. Carefully place the savory mixture into the whites. Stone four olives and fill the inside with a little of the mixture and place on top of each savory egg standing upright. If the olive is peeled carefully near to the stone it can be rolled so as to look like a whole olive. I have given you the quantities for four people.



see two of them depicted here. you see you can sport a short if you feel like it.

Anne is getting a further consignment of hats from Paris in the month.

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**PALMA POST**

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Thomas P. Leaman Jr.  
R. B. Leaman

**A Repetition**

This editorial had best be passed over by those who have been on the Island all summer. Nothing contained in it has not appeared in this column before; nevertheless, we feel the matter is of sufficient importance to newcomers to bear repetition.

New arrivals, and their numbers are beginning to increase as the pages of the calendar are torn off and the vacationist is given reason to believe the dog days are behind him, land on the Island without being properly warned of the Mallorcan attitude towards modern, abbreviated attire, particularly that of women.

What passes for the neatest garment on the Riviera passes here for a one way ticket to the police station. Many a tourist has had the unpleasant experience of a ride in the Black Maria (usually a taxi here) quite unnecessarily, simply because she has not been forewarned.

For the benefit of those who are not in the know, the following garments are not considered in good taste in Palma:

Shorts; the wearing of these is sufficient to bring the woman visitor into the arms of the law the minute she is confronted by a policeman.

Pajamas; these are frowned on but seldom get the wearer in jail unless of the «suntan» variety.

Beach dresses; the same applies to these garments—they are tolerated but not admired.

As for the men who appear on the streets in shorts and sun-helmets, the police as a rule let them alone. The Mallorcans look upon the wearers of these outfits as nuts, but there is no law applicable to them. If they want to make asses of themselves in the eyes of their hosts, it's no skin off any noses but their own.

The suburb of Terreno, although it comes under the laws of Palma, is as a rule considered in the hands of the foreign devil and he or she is let alone.

**THE NIGHT WATCH**

Being a resident of Mallorca, we suppose we ought to know more about the Island than somebody back in the United States. Nevertheless, we had to turn to the *New Yorker* to learn that telephone communication between this peaceful capital and New York can be made for about \$35.

The knowledge has whetted our desire to converse with some of the boys back home. But 35 iron men is a lot of money these days, and if we called everyone we hanker to speak to we would be indebted to the telephone company for a long time to come—too damn long if we depended on our remuneration as a columnist to pay off our obligation.

Still, it's pleasant to think about. If we had one call at our disposal, whom would we ring up? More than likely we would call the number of a certain speakeasy in the East Forties, where our one-time cronies still hang out, so we have been told.

We would make the connection about 1 a. m., New York time, when the gang would be present but most of them would be too far gone to remember the next morning what an idiot we had been.

Particularly, we would hold conversation with a certain professor, who invariably holds forth in the East Side chapel until closing time in spite of a college president's fond assumption that he burns the midnight oil in his study.

At risk of shelling out extra charges, we would remind the sedate pedagogue of the day, only a little over a year ago, that he swept down on a surprised Juan-les-Pins for no other purpose than to look up his old pupil, who was destined to become that able journalist «The Watchman.»

At risk of standing the pedagogical hair on end we would remind the learned professor of the night we informed him he couldn't sleep on the main stem of Juan-les-Pins. And we would remind him of his learned answer: «The Hell I can't! Get me a blanket!»

\* \* \*

If by any chance the *do re mi* held out, or if by some miracle we were chatting away at the expense of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, we would speak to the genial Matt Winkel, grandest of all bar proprietors.

(Note that we avoid calling Matt a «Speakeasy owner», although that is what he undoubtedly is. Matt was in the business long before Bishop Cannon and other of his ilk interrupted their stock market operations long enough to put their blight on the Land of the Free. It is not his fault he is in an outlawed pursuit and we refuse to consider him anything but a legitimate American business man.

We would like to hear old Matt say, «The B's have been asking for you.» We would like to learn whether Matt finally bought the 16-cylinder Cadillac to replace his old eight of the same make, or whether he succumbed to the sale talk of his good customer who represented a competing manufacturer.

We would like to get Matt's first hand story of his visit to the «Old Country» a year ago, and we would like to tell him a few things for not hopping from Ireland down to Mallorca to see an old charter member of the «Plastered B—s» and the «Charred Keks.» And we would like to remind him of what he threatened to do to us a few years gone when we told him De Valera ought to be shot, and we wonder what he would say now if we said the same thing all over again.

\* \* \*

While we're spending money (on paper) at a reckless rate, we like to think of what we would say to Paddy MacFarlane, the night barman, if we had him on the wire. We don't remember whether we left New York Lord only knows how long ago owing him five dollars, or whether we still had a credit for a fin in Paddy's safe. Which ever way it was, it's all right with us if Paddy isn't worrying.

The day barkeep, blond, Norwegian Tommy Elotsen wouldn't be on deck, but it would be worth another call just to tell him that the old days, when he used to come around in the morning to open up and find us sitting on the stoop with a lean and thirsty look, are gone forever.

\* \* \*

And we would like to call a bunch of the boys to the phone just to hear their voices. Dirty Dan Hogan's Irish brogue and Cowboy Downing's Wyoming drawl. (We won't soon forget the night the Cowpuncher tossed his ten-gallon hat on to the stage in the middle of the «New Yorkers» review, and later couldn't retrieve it from Jimmy (Schnozzola) Durante, who kept it for a souvenir.) And Barry Williams' smooth Princeton English. And Ambeh Holland's near-ganster drawl, picked up while a customers' man on Wall Street. And the bass boom of Laddie Kenyon who popped in on Palma for a few weeks last spring. And the sea-lion roar of Old Murtagh, who was a first-rate newspaper man until he fell by the wayside and succumbed to the ill-gotten gains of press-agenting.

\* \* \*

Oh, there are a lot of things we could say if we had the lucre. Thirty-five dollars' worth and them some. The devil of it is, 35 cartwheels is a lot of dough to go spending just to hear the voices of a few people (a very limited few) who make New York bearable.

Still, there is always something to be thankful for. As dollar go down, more can be bought for the good old pesetas. Perhaps, some day, it will be cheaper to phone New York than it now is to get Puerto Pollensa on the wire.

*The Watchman*

**Terreno Flag - Draped On Annual Festival In Honor Of Its Patron**

The suburb of Terreno was flag-draped last week in honor of its patron, the Virgin de la Salud.

Although the fiestas prematurely got underway early in the week, the formal activities did not commence until Thursday, when there were religious services in the parish church.

Thursday night, in the plaza where the church stands, there was the usual *baile*, or outdoor entertainment in which the young bloods and girls of the district participated.

Friday morning there were churches officiated in by Señor Jaime Espasas and Señor José Font y Arbós.

The fiesta was accompanied by the arrival in Terreno of a large number of street musicians and hurdy-gurdy grinders.

Terreno, before the coming of the tramways, was an incorporated village in its own right and, as such, entitled to its own patron.

Annexation of the village by Palma, with its affairs coming under the jurisdiction of the mayor of that city, failed to dampen the inhabitants' enthusiasm for their annual fiesta however, and the event still is celebrated as elaborately as are those of remote towns far from the affairs of the capital.

A similar situation exists in San Alegre, where a short time ago an elaborate fiesta took place, in spite of the fact that the section

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has become so closely united with Palma that few persons, even Mallorcans, know where the boundary lines of the former hamlet were.

The San Alegre-ites outdid the larger populace of Terreno, for they trimmed their streets with real bunting, whereas the other suburb was content to liven up the thoroughfares with strips of colored paper.

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## MALLORCANS FIND NEW CHAMPION IN CHICAGO PUBLISHER

(Continued from page 1)

cy appears to have been a success.

Your subscribers would find a second article timely I am sure and I would be glad to submit such an article if you will advise of editorial requirements or limitations. For compensation I would be content in the satisfaction that a second accurate article might correct false impressions created in Spain and Mallorca and in this country. A law abiding American citizen in Mallorca intent on finding the good things will discover this Island to be a veritable treasure house

Maurice Leigh

### JUANET

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## «Lansbury's Lido» Provides Busy Londoners With Place To Swim In Heart Of Biggest City

By ERIC LEWIS

George Lansbury, Member of Parliament in the British power shop, may have his niche in history as one time leader of the Socialist or Labor party in England. On the other hand, his name may go down to posterity as the amiable old gentleman who, round about 1929 defied that mythical personage, Mrs. Grundy, and came out strongly in favor of both sexes enjoying the amenities of bathing in the Serpentine, Hyde Park, London, England.

Not only that, being in power as one of His Majesty's ministers at that time, Mr. Lansbury backed his opinion by immediate and decisive action. It almost tempts one to paraphrase an early chapter in Genesis; «And Lansbury said, 'Let there be mixed bathing open to all sexes in Hyde Park, and there was mixed bathing in Hyde Park.'»

Dismal Jimmys, Hard Hearted Hannahs and all the mouldy crew who are always against simple enjoyment of any kind, wrote to their pet paper, fumed and fussed in the usual way of interfering busybodies. «What is the world coming to—Do they want to reproduce the shameless scenes happening on the French Riviera?» and so on. ad nauseum.

That had no effect on our Mr. Lansbury. In an incredibly short time all arrangements were made and during the late spring of 1929 the new bathing station was open to the public.

At first there was a certain amount of doubt about the outcome. Would the privilege be spoiled by a lot of petty-fogging regulations beloved by persons wielding authority, lineal descendants of that hateful character, Mr. Bumble?

Before long all doubts were laid and the new arrangement was a huge success. It enjoyed an excellent press, especially when a publicity genius from Fleet Street dubbed the new venture, «Lansbury's Lido.»

That slogan seemed to capture the imagination of all London and duly impressed summer visiting hordes in the dog days of

July and August. Members of the black coat brigade of both sexes counted the hours until they were free from typewriter or other office work slavery, rushed to the haven of healthy exercise in the centre of Hyde Park, and enjoyed themselves to the full, mingling with more fortunate country cousins up for a brief holiday in town.

Of course, before this new regime, bathing has been allowed in the Serpentine for many years and there is even a set of hardy individuals who bathe every day of the year as a sort of holy rite. If necessary they break the ice in order to indulge in what the normal person might term «penance.»

Not only that but secluded from the male bathing station, a select station for «ladies only» has been allowed. This privilege, however, was spoiled in the past by innumerable early Victorian regulations, beloved of grandmotherly legislation.

## «HACKENKREUX» IN PUERTO POLLENSA LEADS TO UPROAR

(Continued from page 1)

The German countered by saying that, as a German he could fly it if he chose to do so.

Everything pointed to a rough time around the placid waters of Puerto Pollensa. Then the authorities stepped in and settled the matter once and for all, without hurting anybody's feelings.

The boat it seemed, was not in German registry, and therefore was not entitled to fly the German flag, even though under charter to a German.

Politely, and with no anti-German gestures, the authorities informed the Hitlerite yachting enthusiast that, if he wanted to sport a flag, it would have to be Spanish.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST brings results.

## THE PAST WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 1)

Others at the verbena were Mr. and Mrs. Ian Armstrong, Mrs. Claire Van Scoy and Miss Van Scoy and Miss Ann Berman.

The first prize for the most attractive pajama outfit went to Mrs. Nelson Ranney, whose husband received a great hand when he walked across the dance floor to claim her reward.

### Arrivals And Departures

Among those leaving Palma Friday on the Henderson liner Chindwin were Miss R. J. Map-herson, Miss M. M. Couper, Miss Margaret C. Ralston, Miss F. Overry, Miss W. Collier, Mrs. E. M. Knoules, Miss D. B. Foster, Mr. G. de G. Warren, Rev. F. Stone, Mrs. Stone Mrs. Laurita T. Sloan, Miss Laurita C Sloan, Miss S. A. Holland, Mrs. John Duff, Miss Cynthia Duff, Master John Duff, Mr. E. Haig, Mr. T. Haig, Miss E. D. Haig, and Master H. Haig.

Others were Dr. A. Vernon

Steen, Mrs. Steen Miss E. G. Oswald, Miss M. E. M. Oswald, Mrs. W. F. Knill and son, Mrs. Mason, Miss Mason, Miss Dorothy G. Burr, Mr. W. T. Watson, Rev. E. G. Scale, Mrs. Scale, Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Roger, Mrs. Webster, Miss B. Webster, Mr. T. M. Webster, Mr. R. Stanway, Mr. H. H. Thompson, Mrs. M. S. Holden and Miss A. H. Holden.

Those booked to go only as far as Gibraltar were Mrs. Hyde Hill, Miss W. A. Millward, Mr. and Mrs. P. Russo, Miss Laries, and Mrs. E. M. Wilson-Smith.

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

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# INDEFINITE HUNTRESS--By Robert McAlmon

Continued from last week. Reproduction prohibited.

## IV.

Red went across the street to get Dion and talk to his sister, if it was a sister. Red was shy. She might wonder why he was horn-ing-in, or if he was being an evil influence on her kid brother. Red was restless. He needed a trip to Minneapolis, to cut loose for a couple of weeks.

Red saw that the girl with Dion was large, firm-bodied, and stal-wart in a way unlike any of the Granger girls. She was handsome though «You don't recognize me, Mr. Neill.» Lily Root said. «We're both better dressed than the last time we met, that's the truth.»

Red didn't show his surprise. He had always thought Lily a big, healthy, strong-bodied, farm girl, with keen eyes and startling hair, but now she looked somebody, and had a poised manner. A faint scent came to Red's nostrils, and it was not cheap perfume. That swell cousin of hers had probably taught her a few things. Still Red appraised Lily as a big girl who would go well in a leg show where they want big women who can show much white flesh and yellow hair. He heard her laugh, and its timbre left a voluptuous taint in his ear. There was a quick flashing light, of gold gleaming tawnily, in the blue of her eyes when she glanced at him. A forbidding antagonism he had sensed in her once was not now present. It pleased Red to think that Dion had perhaps put her less on her guard, which meant that the boy liked him well enough to praise him. «Dion told me you were in town,» he said.

«Yes, I can't stand the farm after a few months in the East. If dad can't give me money to stay in town I'll have to go to work. Maybe I can start a dress-making business, if there are enough women in town to buy fashionable clothes.»

«With your style you won't have any trouble getting on,» Red was complimentary. Lily was striking him as femininely alluring and poised, rather than as a mere husky country dame. Maybe he had never taken a good look at her before. As she talked the situation became social, and Red found himself wanting to impress her with conversation rather than just kidding her along. He had a feeling that he spent so much time joshing waitresses and tough Janes in

town that he had forgotten how to talk straight to a woman with class.

«I'll manage. It's probably that I'm changing, but my father seems to be a tight-wad and I have two sisters and a small brother who have to be brought up. I'll have to manage on my own. If I'd known earlier I'd have educated myself more, but I don't want to be a stenographer or a schoolteacher either,» Lily talked, somehow consulting Red, or assuming that he would understand her situation and offer advice. Red surmised that she had heard he'd made money off real estate, and had decided she might make a go at him. The idea of marrying a large woman like Lily struck Red as funny. He had always liked them slender and graceful, and Lily was six foot tall, broad shouldered, and while handsomely proportioned, her size made one think she could walk through stone buildings, and she had a way of progressing as though she meant to get where she was going.

Boys were playing baseball in the street, and one of the throws caught Dion full in the face so that he toppled over. Red saw, and thought the boy was unconscious. Dion was dazed when Red helped him to his feet. «Are you hurt much?» Red asked. «don't rub your eye. We'll have the doctor see to that right away. He's going to be sick.» Red held Dion anxiously, patting his shoulder and feeling enraged at the boys who were playing flycatch.

«It will be all right in a few minutes,» Dion said, pushing away from Red, preoccupied with the pain in his eye. «It got me straight over the eye, but it wasn't coming fast. I've been soaked in the eye harder than that, but it drove the ball in. I feel woozy and sick in my stomach. I'm going home. No duck dinner for me.»

Lily watched with concern. Red's gentleness towards Dion struck her, and affected her strangely. She had decided not to act antagonistic towards him, but still she believed him without gentleness in his nature. There was some luminously tender quality in his treatment of Dion. Lily felt resentful. «I'll walk home with you, Dion,» she said, «because you might feel sick and want somebody to hold you up.»

«That's all right,» Red said gruffly. «I'll take him home in the car. We don't want anything wrong with his eye though. Come on, Dion. We'll have the druggist

take a look at it and if it's inflamed, we'll see the doctor.» Red had his arm about Dion's shoulder, and pulled the boy around, to lead him towards the pharmacists. Lily was in his path. She hesitated, and took Dion's other arm.

«Yes, you're right,» she told Red «We'd better see that his eye isn't in danger.»

Red sensed that Lily was challenging him. He felt a desire to be rude and tell her that Dion was his friend to look after. She needn't think he meant harm to the boy. Lily's calm however cowed him. Let her take Dion home. At the drugstore Mr. Schwarz made light of the blow on Dion's eye.

«It'll be all right in a half hour. The ball wasn't coming fast enough to blacken your eye, sonny.»

«I know, but I'm going home. Don't bother,» Dion said, petulantly. He didn't like being fussed over, and his eye felt as though it had sand in it. He broke away from Red and Lily now and went down the street. As the druggist had washed his eye and he looked healthy coloured they let him go on alone. When he had left Lily looked strangely at Red. «You aren't as tough as I thought you were. I never thought you'd feel hurt for anybody else's hurt. Maybe I act harder than I am too.» There was a wistful warmth of appeal in Lily's voice at her last admission. She laughed, nervous because of having been personal. Red felt a fondly human impulse towards her.

«Too,» he said, and laughed uneasily. «Yes, you and me both. I'm not hard. I'm not so gentle, but I don't like seeing a nice kid's eye put out, I don't care who the kid is.»

«Oh I know,» Lily said quickly. «I saw. You wouldn't be so bothered by every kid who got hit in the eye. I have nearly kidnaped Dion myself, twice. There he is, and suddenly he looks so beautiful it kills a person. I never thought you would be able to appreciate that kind of look on a person's face.»

Red looked confused, as well as surprised. «What do you mean?» he said gruffly.

«Let it go,» Lily's voice chortled a tender mocking lilt. «Anyway I like you a little now; not the way you are acting, but how I see you really are. Maybe I placed too much importance on what people said about you.»

«What do they say?» Red asked sullenly.

«Things about your attitude to-

wards women, and Dion says his mother thinks you may give him bad ideas. I told Dion if his mother thought he wouldn't learn things from farm boys and other people in town, she had another think coming. What town people think they can get by with in the country riles me.»

«You don't like this burg any better than I do,» Red said.

«No, but I get lonely in the city and don't know what to do with myself. I don't want to stay on the farm because I've come to feel restless, and get cross with the others. I guess this town is where I'll stay.»

«I'm going to Minneapolis on the midnight train. Why not come along?» Red said, with a drummer-like gallantry of implication. He saw Lily flush resentfully. «I didn't insinuate anything,» he defended.

«No, you were honest enough. You said it outright.»

«I didn't suggest anything.»

«Don't be foolish. What right would I have to go with you if I didn't understand it the way you know you meant it.»

«Well you told me Dion's family thought I wasn't fit to know,» Red hedged, uneasy now. He didn't understand Lily. She kept changing before him. There she stood, seeming a healthy, knowing farm girl, very physical, and at moments he got the feeling he had to be more careful what he said to her than he had with the Granger girls. She wouldn't kid or joke about herself. Just now there was a stark, raw, quality of blunt and very young honesty in her attitude towards his suggestion.

In her remark upon his tenderness towards Dion there had been a teasingly sympathetic woman of the world's understanding. Then Red felt that she out-thought him, and understood more than did he. He knew he was not of a subtle or delicate sort.

«I said they might be mistaken. Maybe I was wrong, but let that drop. I don't accept your invitation, thank you, however you meant it. I have a man's way of looking at things, and if I went I'd wapt my own money, and I can't afford a trip to the city just now, if I wanted to go with you. We would probably want to do different things there so we wouldn't be company for each other anyway.»

Red laughed. «You're some girl, Miss Root. You have a different line than any other skirt I ever talked to. I say, you eat Dion's

duck dinner with me, and we'll go for an auto ride afterwards. I won't act fresh.»

Lily became somewhat defiant. «I'm no weak woman. Certainly I'll eat with you, and we might talk sense. If you talk to me and treat me as though I don't think as much of myself as you do of yourself, I can leave, I suppose.»

At dinner Lily was on her guard for a time, but mischief came into her. She found she wasn't at all distrustful of Red. Instead she felt surer of herself than he did of himself. «Why would you want me to go to the city with you?» she asked. «That was an idea which would have worried you if I'd accepted, isn't it? You have girls there, I know. You grew up in the city didn't you? We don't know a thing about each other, so we don't get at each other when we talk, do we?»

Red mumbled and wanted to draw within himself because Lily manipulated the situation rather than he. «There's not much to know about me. I was a bum newspaper man, and a hobo after I got back from the war. Another fellow put me wise to the fact that I could buy this restaurant cheap, and when I saw Neva Granger I had ideas about settling down, and this town looked as good as anywhere else. She's not so goodlooking now, with two kids, but I fell hard then. I guess she was meant to be just refined. Anyway, when she heard about my being drunk a few times she was through with me, and I pulled what she thought was a crooked deal getting hold of a couple of farms. One man had consumption and had to get away quick; and the other fellow was bankrupt. I hadn't much money, but managed to borrow and buy the farms, at different times, but she decided I was no good. It wasn't any good my telling her that I sent that T. B. guy money every month, and have for five years. She wouldn't believe it and I guess she was right to marry that rosy checked nice boy she has.»

(To be continued next week)

## PEQUEÑOS ANUNCIOS

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THE PALMA POST PRESS  
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## Aix-Les-Bains Again Host To S. Baldwin, English Ex-Premier

AIX-LES-BAINS -- Aix-les-Bains and the Hotel Bernascon are again hosts to British Statesman and Ex-Premier Stanley Baldwin, who seldom lets a season slip by without visiting this pleasant resort by the shores of Lake Bourget.

The hotel Bernascon a few days ago was the scene of a great gala which, after several contests for most beautiful most elegant, most chic and even most modest gowns, wound up with a dancing competition which was won by Miss Valerie Baker and her partner.

The International Federation of Dancing awarded medals to runners-up in the competition, among whom were Miss Claire Jackson, the only American except Miss Baker to finish in the money.

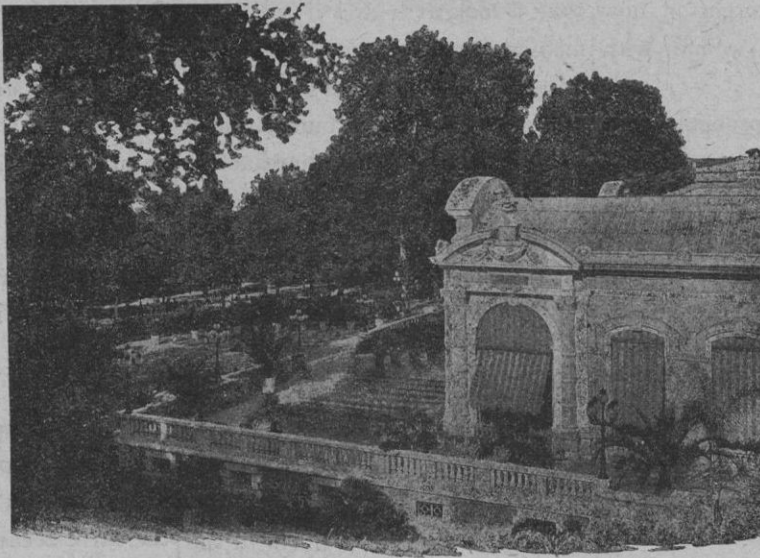
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## Vichy, Whose Waters Have Fixed Up The Livers Of Some Of America's Most Famous, Not To Say Most Bloated, Millionaires



VICHY—Besides being one of the most popular French resorts for young people who have nothing whatsoever the matter with them, Vichy, has the distinction of restoring to order some of the most distinguished livers of England and the United States.

Vichy's famous water is recognized the world over as beneficial for liver and kidney troubles and is even reported to have curative powers over cirrhosis, the alcoholic's particular nightmare.

Vichy is the chosen haunt of countless bloated wives of bloated American millionaires who come to the spa seeking a relief from obesity that cures but does not kill.

Not all of the resort is devoted

to the ailments of persons who might be enjoying health had they started out differently, however, for there are plenty of places designed for the benefit of the fit.

Also, there is Vichy's casino, where well and ailing alike turn up to try their luck with fate. The casino is also the scene of many of the dances that are given during the season.

The hotels, of which are many in the first class category, too, give dances and a number of big galas take places during the season.

Vichy of course like practically every French resort worthy of the name, has an excellent golf course, which is always well-filled during the season.

This year the managers of the course have taken up golf instruction in a big way and are able to offer duffers the very best teaching obtainable.

English and Scotch professionals have been engaged to cull the slice, cut or just plain inability to hit the blooming pill from the bag of faults carried around by the touring tyro or the adept who has allowed himself to get out of practice.

## Hobo II, Weather Bird, Join Regatta In Cannes

CANNES—Among the yachts entered in the recent regatta here were the Marseilles-built sky-blue cutter of Mrs Sybil Walter and the black, two-masted schooner Weatherbird of Mr. Murphy, who designed his yacht himself.

Both these yachts are under the American flag and they were the most conspicuous boats under the registry of the United States that took part in the regatta.

Also conspicuous in the regatta was the Hotsy-Totsy, formerly an American Gold Cup racer, now the property of Claude Graham-White, the air pioneer.

## Brettonnes Hope To Have The «Willies» In October Of 1934

SAINT-BRIEUC, Brittany—Brittany literally is going to have the «Willies» in October, 1934.

In connection with the celebrations in honor of Saint Guillaume, or William, which will take place next year, all the Williams of the world have been invited to turn up as the guests of the city.

William (the saint, that is) once saved Brittany from famine, for which he was canonized. On every anniversary of his death the province honors him in some fashion but next year being the seventh centennial of the passing of the patron there will be ceremonies of greater than usual proportions.

The pope is expected to send a legate to represent him and, while the polite Brettonnes would never dream of suggesting it, they will take it as a great honor if he sends in his stead a bishop named William, Guillaume, Guillemo or Wilhelm.

In the name of Brittany's saint, who is also patron saint of this city, the cathedral here will be thrown open here on October 3 for a grand pardon, and it is understood that the pardons for Williams will be even grander than those for persons of less exalted names.

Saint William, in his life time, devoted a great portion of his allotted span providing food for the hungry, but it was during a severe famine, when he obtained control of the province's food supply and rationed it out little by little that he really stepped out and saved the Brettonnes from starvation.

William was canonized by Pope Innocent IV in 1247, only a short time after his death.

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# Corrida De La Prensa Set For September 17

## ADDICTS OF ARENA WAIT APPEARANCE OF PALMA TALENT

Joaquín Caldentey «Quinito» And Jaimito Pericás, Both Of Mallorca. To Kill Two Bulls Each.

### ONE CASTILLIAN TORERO

Juanito Jimenez Will Put To Sword Remaining Novillos In Annual Spectacle.

Mallorcan aficionados are awaiting impatiently for the Novillada de la Prensa in which two of their countrymen will take part next Sunday, September 17.

The local novilleros who will appear in the annual bullfight for the benefit of the press of the Balearics are Joaquín Caldentey «Quinito» and Jaimito Pericás. Each will put two bulls to the sword.

Two more bulls will be killed by the Castilian novillero Juanito Jiménez, who is entitled to write after his name those magic words, «With a following in Madrid.»

Bulls for the occasion will be purchased from the Ganadería Samuel Hermanos, Dehesa Alarcón, de Albacete. As is customary, they will arrive a few days before the spectacle and all true aficionados will go to the Coliseo Balear to look at them comment upon them and argue the merits or demerits of each.

The Mallorcan followers of the bullfights hope to see one of their native sons perform in a manner to indicate that the Island is soon to have a top-notch matador.

Both the Palma novilleros are very young and the chances that either will be content to remain in the novillero class for very long are extremely remote.

At present there is no Mallorcan matador de toros who can be considered of first importance.

Most of the hopes of the aficionados seem to be pinned on Pericás, a kid of 17 who has courage to burn, as well as a considerable practical knowledge of his art.

The illustration in columns four and five of this page shows him almost leaning on the bull, and stuff of that sort is what warms the hearts of the corrida spectators.

Pericás usually kills well and his followers hope to see him at his best at the novillada of next



PERICAS IN A PASE NATURAL.

Jaimito Pericás, Mallorcan novillero, performing the *pase natural* with the cape.



PERICAS IN A VERONICA

Jaimito performing the *veronica*. One of the most essential and common passes, the *veronica* is also one of the most difficult to do properly.

### Sunday

He is the son of a famous clown torero who still appears in the bull-rings of Mallorca and the Peninsula.

Joaquín Caldentey «Quinito», the other Mallorcan novillero engaged for the spectacle, also enjoys a large following on the Island and is not without his staunch supporters who say he is better than his colleague.

«Quinito» possesses considerable skill with cape and muleta, and is also good on the kill.

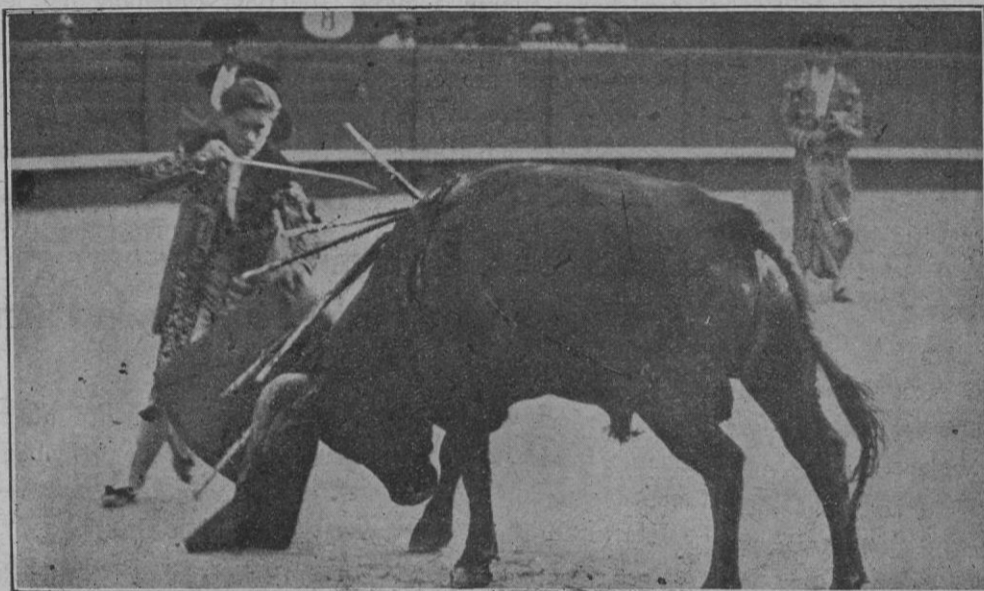
As the picture of «Quinito» killing, in columns four and five, shows, he is not afraid to «go in» with the *estoque* although he might be pardoned if he resented having his picture taken with a difficult bull that well might have forced him to slip around its horns.

Both Mallorcan lads («Quinito» is but 21, four years older than Pericás) are certain to put on their best display of art, knowing as they do that their work will be judged by a more than usually large proportion of representatives of the press.

Further incentive will be given them by the presence in the ring of a rival torero from Madrid, where bullfighters are born, not made. Both they and their followers will be bitterly disappointed if they are outshone by the distinguished visitor from the Peninsula.

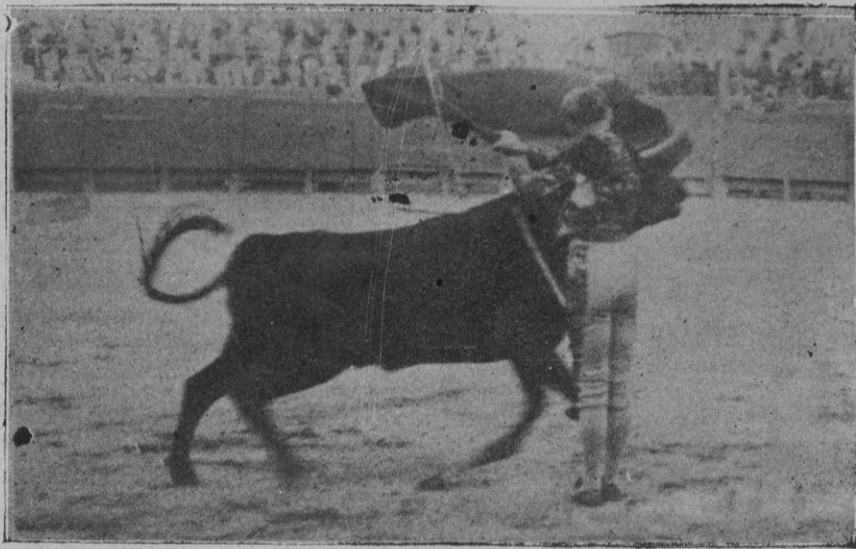
As for the visitor, Juanito Jiménez, not much is known of him here except that he claims to have a large and enthusiastic following in the capital, where the aficionados only turn out for bullfights that are bullfights and have no time to waste on pretenders who can't deliver the goods in the ring.

Jiménez was selected as the third man in the ring only a few days ago, and the promoters tur-



«QUINITO» KILLING

Joaquín Caldentey «Quinito» about to go in with the *estoque*. «Quinito's» bull is obviously full of fight and dangerous in spite of the punishment he has received



«QUINITO» IN A PASE DE PECHO

«Quinito in a *pase de pecho*. Like the *veronica* the *pase de pecho* is essential and difficult. The finished torero must be able to perform it with grace.

ned down the offers of several managers of toreros before making their selection.

It is probable that the novillada for the press will be the season's final bullfight of importance, although it is possible that there will be a night event of two and the enthusiasts have not yet abandoned hope that the proprietors of the Coliseo and the local corrida promoters will relent and present one, bank-up, full-fledged corrida de toros before shutting the doors of the arena to the

genus bull. Last year the fans remember, the season had about come to a close when the promoters took pity on their clients and obtained Nicanor Villalta, Manuel Giménez «Chicuelo» and Gil Tovar for a final, honest-to-god smash that filled the arena from the barrera seats to the roof.

In case there are no more bullfights here, however, there remain several weeks of the season at Barcelona, and many lovers of the art will undoubtedly make

week-endtrips to the Catalonian capital until the promoters there, too, decide to call it a day.

In Madrid, of course, the season will be prolonged much longer and there will even be novilladas held there during the winter months when the weather permits.

However, even the most die-hard aficionados balk at making the long trip to the capital to see a bullfight that may, regardless of the renown of the participants, turn into a dismal performance.

## Pins Bar Presents Another Successful Gala Entertainment

The Pins Bar, on the terrace below the Hotel Los Pinos in Terrero, staged another successful gala last Thursday night.

The verbena was advertised as a pajama competition, and all the ladies who chose to do so were permitted to enter the contest.

Prizes were awarded to the wearers of the three most attractive outfits.

The new dancing team of Henry Bray and Dolly scored a big success, the former being particularly applauded for his skill at performing the difficult tango, to which he added many steps worked out by himself.

The Bray and Dolly team has been seen before by Palma residents who were here when the couple appeared at the Café Born last winter but is entirely new to more recent arrivals.

The new Argentine orchestra, which plays most of the tango numbers, also earned a large amount of applause.

One ardent dancer was heard to say that this orchestra is far and away the best that has been heard in Palma.

Certainly there was little doubt of the musicians' leadership in their chosen field—the dances that either have originated or been built up and improved in the Argentine Republic.

Also playing was the popular Cuban Rivera jazz orchestra that has been with the Pins Bar ever since its opening.

The Cubans go in for music entirely different from that of their Argentine rivals concentrating on rhumbas and fast fox-trots.

The change from one to the other of the two groups of players provided a pleasant relief for those guests who, however much they may like one form of musical entertainment, appreciate variety.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST bring results.

## A LETTER FROM HOME

The N. R. A. (National Recovery Act) is still the front page leader and editorial matter, for all the newsgatherers.

Hugh S. Johnson appointed by the President as Administrator for the N. R. A. with full powers, has had his hands full the past weeks trying to arrange agreeable codes for the Coal, Automobile and Steel Industries.

There is a general feeling that the N. R. A. must be successful or there will be a terrific upset to the wonderful momentum that the new deal has given business in general.

Many business concerns have signed their respective codes but instead of increasing their staffs, they have simply reduced the working hours of their present employees and are closed for a few hours a day.

Second in importance in the

way of news is the fact that Missouri joined the side of the wets and the score now stands 24 to 0 with the dries on the short end of the stick.

This far surpasses the expectations of the most ardent wet and it seems assured that by New Year Repeal will be put over.

Not alone has the government put its foot down with much firmness on kidnapers but several states have passed laws which allow for the most severe penalty.

This latest of rackets had become an overnight menace to the entire country and with a nation-wide feeling running so strongly to have immediate action, kidnaping has lost its hold and people of means may stroll their Main Streets with a sense of security.

Brooks Cowing

## French Flag Predominates On Foreign Yachts Arriving Within Past Few Days At Palma Mole

The French flag predominates among those flown by foreign yachts tying up at the mole in Palma within the past few days.

Most recent to enter the harbor was Mounette, a husky, clipper-bowed schooner flying the burgee of the Yacht Club of France. Mounette hails from Oran, in French Morocco.

Another arrival is Briseis, a fifty-fifty cruiser that is, half sail yacht and half motorboat.

Briseis, which came here from the French Riviera, sports a handy ketch rig and obviously, from the short sail area, relies on her motor to get her places when the wind is not strong.

Another French yacht, name indistinguishable is a stout, clipper-bowed cutter. She is, perhaps, the best sea boat of the lot, judging from what can be seen of her without inspecting the yacht on the ways.

There are still a few British flags discernible in the harbor, but most of them are flown by

yachts that are anchored here more or less permanently.

Among these is Strever, which has been tied up ever since the owner, Dr. Brailey, had her brought down from the Riviera over a year ago.

## Post Office Hours

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Parcel Post.—May be called for from noon to 1 u. m. daily except Sunday, and mailed from 9 to 11

## Old Legend Lies Behind Publishers' Choice Of Odd Name Of «Maculi», Felanitx Weekly Paper

When Don Mateo Nicolau and Don Gabriel Obrador decided to launch a weekly newspaper in Felanitx (there are three in that city) they wanted a name for their journal that would be somewhat different from the stereotype titles to which the news-reading public is accustomed.

It remained for Don Bartolomé Obrador, director of the then un-named weekly, to hit upon an idea.

On the mountain of San Salvador, near Felanitx, is a large stone which, according to legend, a giant once removed from his shoe, as an ordinary mortal would remove a pebble. And the stone is called «The Giant's Pebble» or, in Mallorquin, *Maculi del Gegant*.

So the weekly was named *Maculi*, or «Pebble», and a big pebble it has remained in the shoe of the person whose interests are not the interests of Felanitx, third city of importance in Mallorca.

Don Bartolomé Obrador, the director, once studied to be a priest and is gifted with the deep learning the Jesuits are able to instill in their pupils.

Both partners in the paper, Don Gabriel Obrador and Don Mateo Nicolau, also write for their columns, the former largely on politics and the latter for the most part on general news of the city.

*Maculi*, although its existence is hotly contested by its two rival papers, holds its end up and more often on the attacking side when city politics are in the news than on the receiving end.

The paper is a handsome printed eight-page periodical of the small, or half-tabloid size. Like many similar newspapers of the Island which exist quite unknown to the foreign colony, its style is excellent and many daily journalists practicing in metropolis far larger than Felanitx could take a lesson in the profession from the writers.

## Startling Increase In Number Of French Visitors To Mallorca Revealed By Fomento Del Turismo

A startling increase in the number of French visitors to the Island is revealed by the latest tourist statistics to be published by the Fomento del Turismo.

For the first time, the number of Spanish visitors is exceeded by the number of arriving tourists of one race and the nation to set the record is France.

No less than 2,926 Frenchmen passed through Mallorca last August, according to the Fomento, compared to 2,674 Spaniards.

The English, as usual, were to the fore with a total of 1,335, while

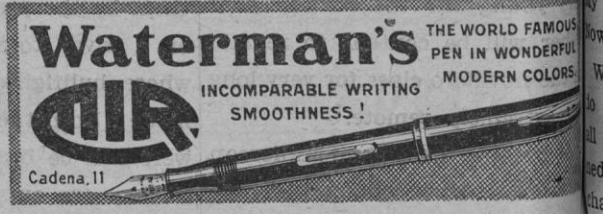
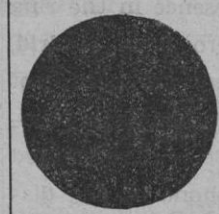
there were 1,208 German visitors.

The Americans had a bad month, only 662 being checked by the Fomento officers.

The Italians have shown a sudden interest in the Island, 168 of Il Duce's subjects visiting Mallorca.

Other nationalities well represented on the list of newcomers were Switzerland, with 130, and Czechoslovakia with 107.

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



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## THINKING IT OVER

By DICK HARTER

The latest Cuban revolution led by a mere sergeant intruded all of those who have served enlisted men in the United States or any other army. Many officers who have never risen above the rank of private harbor the love for the pesky sergeants, who were always making them do unpleasant jobs, but when it comes to a matter of class, there is a bond of sympathy that binds those not blessed with commissions against their superiors.

It is almost never, however that a sergeant, is lucky enough to engineer a revolution. Most sergeants feel themselves too exalted to have much idea of ever going beyond that stage. That rank is ideal one for the man of more or less limited mentality. He is equipped with sufficient authority to enable him to secure obedience to his orders. His superiors find it to their interests to address him with considerable respect. They seldom show conclusiveness of the presence of individuals below his rank unless it is for disciplinary reasons.

In other words a sergeant, if he is not too ambitious, may look upon himself as a rather magnificent figure.

As we think of Sergeant Fulgenio Batista, leader of the new Cuban revolution, we picture him in the position that every enlisted man has longed to enjoy. When he started his coup it is reported that he had several lieutenants as his aids.

Think of it! a sergeant giving orders to a lieutenant—possibly a second «looney» at that! It reads like a story book. What buck private has not stayed awake night after night imagining such joy.

The sergeants biggest moment must have come when he ordered the commanding officer of Camp Columbia placed in durance. It is not impossible that he had suffered the same indignity at the hands of his victim. It reminds one of the post-war song, «I've got the man who used to be my Captain Working For Me Now.»

What does this Batista person do now. He sets out to weed out all officers who were commissioned by the deposed President Machado, the chief victim of the last revolution.

Then the hero makes a grand gesture. Like Shakespeare's immortal words from Portia's speech in «The Merchant Of Venice» he must have said to himself and probably to as many others who came within the sound of his voice, «The quality of mercy is not strained.» He makes his dismissal order effective only on the commissioned personnel known to be ardent supporters of the hated Machado. We should like to wonder that he saw to it that those officers against whom he harbored personal grudges were made to appear in the latter category.

## Connor O'Brien, Globe-Girdling Yachtsman, To Cruise Aegean Aboard Square-Rigger, Saoirse

Connor O'Brien, Irish yachtsman who, with Mrs. O'Brien, has a round-the-world trip in the little square-rigged ketch, Saoirse, to his credit, is now planning a new cruise to the Greek islands of the Aegean Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien and their yacht are at present in Ibiza where they have been taking things easy for over a year. Soon, however, they hope to weigh anchor on another cruise which, if not as ambitious as their circumnavigation of the world, will nevertheless take them to one of the most interesting cruising grounds in Old World waters.

The yachting couple originally had intended to leave during the latter part of August, and had they been able to do so they would have had with them Gelston Hardy, himself a sailor with several tough Mediterranean cruises in a small felucca to his credit.

It proved impossible to get away according to schedule, however, and now Mr. Hardy finds that he cannot go on the trip.

According to Mr. Hardy, Mr. O'Brien is willing to take along a congenial yachtsman who is willing to cover his own expenses and has some knowledge of sailing.

Mr. Hardy has also volunteered, until Mr. O'Brien arrives in this port from Ibiza, to supply any information the prospective participant in the cruise may need. He

can be found any morning aboard his boat, Pascasia, off the Club de Regattas.

However experienced a yachtsman goes on the trip, he will have something to learn and a lot to unlearn, for Saoirse is not rigged in the conventional, fore-and-aft manner.

Her jigger is fore-and-aft, loose footed and sheeted to a hair-pin boomkin on which there is a wide traveler. Her mainmast, however, sports a large squaresail and square topsail in place of the usual boom and gaff mainsail. Between the jigger mast and the mainmast a large staysail is set.

Mr. O'Brien is a prolific writer of the sea and has had published in American and English yachting periodicals numerous articles on cruises he has undertaken in Saoirse.

His great trip around the world was the subject of a long serial that ran for months in «Yachting», cream of the American magazines dealing exclusively with the sport.

Mrs. O'Brien daughter of Sir John Claussen, R. A., is an artist of note and has completed many canvases during her long stay in the Balearic Islands.

The writer and his wife hope to leave on their journey within the next few days, but the start of the trip from Ibiza will be interrupted with a brief stopover here.

## German Artist Starts Mallorca Art School, Opens London Show

Arthur Segal, German artist whose work recently has attracted considerable favorable comment in the Mallorcan daily press, has inaugurated a new art academy in Palma.

Mr. Segal already has a large enrollment of pupils, largely from his native country and France. He also has had several Czechoslovakian art students apply for admission in his school and expects to have inquiries from Americans and British as well.

The work of the artist is well known, not only in Mallorca, but in his native country, in America and in England.

The art review «Studio», as long ago as 1930 recognized the ability of Mr. Segal and devoted much space to a commentary on his works, upon which the author of the article heaped the most favorable criticism.

In spite of the work involved in launching the art instruction courses, the painter has found time to arrange an exhibition of his canvases in London.

The showing there opened re-

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cently and is reported to have attracted the favorable opinion of the press, whose art critics have already visited the exposition and reported upon it.

Mr. Segal has taken a house in Calle Santa Rita, in the suburb of Terreno and has settled down for a stay of indefinite length in Mallorca, where he has already found both pupils for his academy and subjects for his own pursuit of art.

Speaking of grand gestures,

Batista is apparently an adept in that art. He has announced that when a permanent government is secured as a result of his coup d'etat that he will return to his old rank in the Cuban army. We have no intention of questioning his sincerity, but notwithstanding the statement has all of the glamour of the best that one of Robert Louis Stevenson's swashbuckling heroes could muster.

Batista may be an unscrupulous adventurer, a scoundrel and soldier of fortune. On the other hand he may be a true patriot with an honest desire to aid oppressed people.

Whatever may be, an all too drab world owes him its gratitude for treating it to a dash of much needed color. He should delight the hearts of all enlisted men past and present, even if they lacked either the courage or desire to play his role.

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## Maria De La Salud Gets School Through Villager's Generosity

The little village of Maria de la Salud is possessor of its own school, due to the generosity of a townsman, Doctor Antonio Monjo Buñola.

Doctor Buñola offered the institution to the village to hasten the arrival of a public school, necessarily slow because of the impossible school system inherited by the republic from the monarchy.

The laws of the republic allow for the building of a nation-wide chain of schools run without benefit of clergy. It is, however, a long, hard row to hoe to provide every town in Spain with its own school and will take years.

The new seat of learning was inaugurated on Sunday, September 10, in the presence of the mayor of Maria de la Salud, Don Jaime Bergas Femenia, who had been invited to officiate at the ceremonies.

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# READER'S INFORMATION SERVICE

## Places to Visit

**Ayuntamiento Palace** — In the winter this museum may be visited from 9 to 1 o'clock, and 3 to 4:30 P. M. every day, except holidays. In the summer it is open from 10 to 12 o'clock and from 4 to 6 P. M. The charge is 1 peseta—free on Sunday.

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

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

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

**Cloisters of San Antonio** — Every day at any time.

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

**Cloisters of San Francisco and the Church** — The beautiful cloisters and the sepulchre of Raimundo Lullio (Raimon Lull) may be visited every day, without charge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Mahón** Weekly service from Palma on Thursdays at 9 p. m. arrives Mahón 7 a. m.

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

### WEEKLY SERVICE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ALGERIA

(Cie. de Navigation Mixte)

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

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

### CRUISE BOATS — REGULAR CALLERS

**AMERICAN EXPORT LINES.**—Palma - Gibraltar - Boston - New York arrives and leaves Palma: September 23 S. S. EXOCHORDA. October 7 S. S. EXCALIBUR.

Palma-Marseilles-Naples-Alexandria-Jaffa-Haifa-Beirut arrives and leaves Palma: September 15 S. S. EXCALIBUR.

**HENDERSON LINE.**—Palma-Gibraltar-Liverpool or London arrives and leaves Palma: September 21 S. S. KEMMENDINE. October 6 S. S. «BHAMO.»

Palma-Marseilles-Post Said arrives and leaves Palma: September 15 S. S. «BURMA.»

**ORIENT LINE.**—Palma-Gibraltar Plymouth and London arrives and leaves Palma September 23, S. S. ORONSAY October 21 S. S. ORAMA.

Palma-Toulon-Naples-Port Said. arrives and leaves Palma: September 21, S. S. ORONTES. October 5, S. S. ORFORD.

**UNION CASTLE LINE.**—Palma-Gibraltar-London arrives and leaves Palma: October 6, S. S. DURHAM CASTLE November 2. S. S. LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE.

Palma-Marseilles-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: September 12 S. S. LLANDOVERY CASTLE Oct: 10 LLANDAFF CASTLE

**GERMAN AFRICAN LINES.**—Palma-Málaga-Lisbone-Southampton-Rotterdam - Hamburg arrives and leaves Palma: September 28 S. S. USAMBARA 26 October S. S. WATUSSI.

Palma-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: September 24 S. S. USSUKUMA.

### AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS

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

Tuesday: Pollensa, Formentor.

Wednesday: Caves of Drach and of Hams.

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

Friday: Pollensa, Formentor.

Saturday: Caves of Arta, Cala Ratjada.

Sunday: Valldemosa Deyá, Sóller.

### TRANSATLANTIC

Steamer	Leaves	Port of	For	Due	Company
Ile de France *	Sep. 15	Havre	New York	Sep. 19	French
Pres Monroe	Sep. 15	Marseilles	N. Y.	Sep. 26	Dollar
Aquitania *	Sep. 14	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Sep. 20	Cunard
Washington	Sep. 14	Havre	N. Y.	Sep. 21	U. S. Lines
Laurentic *	Sep. 15	Liverpool	Quebec.	Sep. 24	White Star
Deutschland *	Sep. 15	Cherbourg	New York	Sep. 22	Ham. Amer.
De Grasse *	Sep. 16	Havre	N. Y.	Sep. 24	French
Statendam	Sep. 16	Boulogne	N. Y.	Sep. 23	Hol. Amer.
City of Havre *	Sep. 17	Havre	Baltimore	Sep. 26	Balt. Mail

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

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# Text Of Defense Of March Case Against Post

Gentlemen of the Bench:

I ask the acquittal of my client and my distinguished opponent prepared the way to obtain his acquittal.

I have not the easy words and facility of improvisation of my friend, but it happens that my reasons and my points do not require this facility.

It has been proved that speeches without preparation are worthless, while in many cases, when memory fails, study and preparation do not fail. That is why I am confident nothing is missing in my defense: because before me I have the necessary means.

I am certain I am about to reduce to powder the accusation of my worthy colleague.

Don Juan March in his statement here on the secretary's table says that, because of his private affairs with ladies the origin of which it is no use mentioning, and because of the influence of alcohol, he had a fracas in Puerto Pollensa with several foreigners residing there.

The affair took place on October 28 last, and we find that Don Juan March spontaneously admits, without being asked, that in the Puerto Pollensa on October 28 he had an altercation in public and in a pitiful state.

His admission that all concerned were drunk gives an idea of the tremendous proportions of a scandal whose actors belonged to different social positions, nationalities and languages.

It is curious, the manner whereby Señor March formulates his charge. He begins by admitting that all concerned were drunk, not excepting himself. It is easy to see that Señor March, cautious man, covers himself before it commences to rain.

He could have limited himself to saying that he had an altercation in Puerto Pollensa with some foreign residents; but he wants it known indirectly that the trouble was on account of affairs of the heart. He can be pleased. We know it now. My client stated that the article, origin of the charge, was published with a view to giving information and without any intention of offending Señor March.

The facts are these:

A scandal and a journalist who reported the scandal—something that we see every day. Surely today Señor March is sorry to have started the action. When he started it, it was to make public in the mountains and the valleys and in Puerto Pollensa that he had a quarrel over an affair of the heart.

There are people who are proud of such affairs, and who have them to get publicity and notoriety. Many young men of these days would not do the things they do if those things had to remain

**When Don Juan March Liutaud, Mallorcan man about town, brought suit against The Palma Post for publishing articles dealing with certain of his activities, Don Fernando Pou Moreno was engaged to represent the defendant.**

**Señor Pou's brilliant defense, which dynamited the charges of Señor March, is published below in the belief that the conclusion of the bitterly fought court battle, in which neither side asked or gave quarter after the defendant refused to give any satisfaction in the shape of a retraction, is of general interest.**

secret. Such people have always existed and always will.

There is in Palma a gentleman, still living, who in the days of his youth, without being especially fond of wine, women and cards and being an innocuous sort of an individual, was found every morning walking the streets or sitting on doorsteps, and when asked by his friends, «What are you doing?», he used to say, «I want to be a man of the world», and when the sun was up he went home. That happens when boys want to be taken for men.

I have already mentioned at the beginning that I ask, naturally, for the acquittal of the accused. Señor March was the author, or at least one of the principals, of the scandal. He can't harm my client because of what he says and admits in the wording of his charge.

It is certain that in the article that originated this charge Señor March is not accused of only selling or giving away narcotics. He is accused of three crimes; the sale of cocaine, of having in his possession a substance that the law forbids one to have and of causing a public scandal.

Here are my points, Gentlemen of the Bench:

My client did not know Señor March when the scandal happened, and so there is no doubt that he published the articles with the sole intention of giving information and without intent to offend anyone.

My second point: My client did not see any of the scenes of his story, but he repeated what other people, on their own responsibility, had told him.

Third: In the evidence given, it has not been demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that Señor March committed the acts which were attributed to him, but nobody can say that at least there is not reason for doubt as to his innocence. Then, Señor March behaved in such a way that, from his own acts, one had to deduce that he had committed punishable offenses.

It must be admitted that, if joking and trying to amuse his friends, a young man comes out of a bar with a bottle in his hand and plays the drunkard, while his friends may not believe he is drunk, he must not be astonished if an indifferent spectator tells him the next morning that he was

under the influence of alcohol.

I mean to say, that if March's behavior in Puerto Pollensa was not bad, at least it gave occasion for thought that he is a roué.

In exposing my points, I never had the intention of making a brilliant speech. I have always aimed at making statements that nobody can contradict. On thousands of occasions in court, I have never been forced to aim at gallery effects I repeat myself to let my statements sink in, and if it is necessary. I repeat four or five times. I have never repented of repeating.

As I said in my first point, my client did not know Señor March, either by sight or by hearsay. My distinguished colleague was astonished that he did not know Señor March's name the day before the appearance of the first article, when it was already known in Pollensa. Not only days, but weeks before, was Señor March's name known in Puerto Pollensa, and it was known too that he was selling dope.

It is certain that my client wrote his article without intent to offend Señor March, as he did not know him. Offenses are always directed against people we know, not against those we do not know.

My distinguished colleague will doubtless admit that my client, when he wrote his article, had no intention of offending Señor March. He could not offend him or molest him because, I repeat, he did not know him.

As my client was not present when the acts took place, what is there astonishing in the fact that he collected all the available reports of what took place at the party in Puerto Pollensa in honor of the officers of the Dédalo?

That party took place in Scottie's Bar and a photograph was taken of the persons present. At this party, Señor March appeared and the scandal arose, that scandal being the cause of all that happened afterwards, and that is the scandal to which Señor March himself refers.

In the beginning, he says, that because of private questions of his affairs of heart, the origin of which it is no use mentioning, he had a quarrel with several foreign residents. The matter occurred on October 28 last, that is nearly a year ago.

The matter was taken up by my

client, editor of The Palma Post, a paper that has been published on the Island for some two years. On the morning of October 29, between 10 and 11, there came to the business office of The Palma Post at Calle Conquistador (the print shop is at Calle Lonjeta) Mr. Fritz Lyons and Miss Anet Pers, and there they found Mr. G. G. del Val and Mrs. Mary Munro and told them all details of what, on the following day, appeared in The Palma Post.

They say they came at the instigation of the Pollensa correspondent of The Palma Post, Mr. Theodore Pratt. This is not true. They came spontaneously. When they reported the facts, they did not want to give the name of Señor March, but they knew it and referred to him as a well-known Mallorcan who, not because of his affairs with women, but for offering dope, had given occasion for scandal.

Those two persons went to Victor's Bar, where they found Mrs. Toussaint, then my client's fiancée and today his wife, and there they repeated again the story that next morning appeared in The Palma Post, and it is absolutely certain that my client did not write anything from his own imagination.

He limited himself to writing exactly what he had been told. I must say, and I do it with pleasure, that Mrs. Mary Munro, who was at that time employed on the paper but long since ceased to be on the staff, is not on very friendly terms with my client and his wife, in spite of which fact she has come forward to make statements that show a strong sense of justice.

My client, to complete the information he had, went to Puerto Pollensa and to Scottie's Bar to make inquiries. That was where he learned the identity of Señor March because of the coincidence of the arrival of the local policeman at the bar while he was there.

The policeman asked if Señor March had been seen there, as he had orders to locate him and report to his superior, the mayor of Pollensa. So my client learned officially and publicly that Señor March was looked for by the representative of the police.

When March saw the article which appeared in The Palma Post, he says he went to the police

station in Palma, where he was told they did not know anything about the matter: but March knew that it was not the Palma police who wanted him, but the police at Puerto Pollensa. It is the local police to whom all the foreigners refer as the chief of police in Puerto Pollensa and his house is called the police station.

Only once in my client's articles did the word «sell» appear, and that was used in information supplied him by people of such integrity that he could not possibly doubt their word.

My dear colleague says that Señor March was not in such a bad situation that he had to resort to the sale of narcotics, but I say that he was not either so prosperous that he could afford to give away such expensive stuff.

It is not the poor people who peddle dope, but the Bright Young People of attractive appearance who are easily admitted to society, as it has been proved by the recent arrest of three young persons of good class in Madrid who were subsequently found guilty of peddling dope.

If it has not been proved that March sold dope, it has to be considered that not only selling, but giving or possessing it is against the law.

I say that if selling dope is a crime, it is a still greater crime to give it away because when it is sold it goes only to persons who want it and can afford it, but if given away it usually goes to those who never have tried it and never would do so if it were not handed to them. The gift of dope is the increasing of a vice and the making of innocent victims.

Señor Roca said in his testimony that when Mr. Pierre Morrison hit Señor March he said he did it not only because he was sure March had sold dope to his sister, but because he had enticed her to the use of it. March is not only accused of selling dope, but of keeping it and giving it, both crimes.

My colleague says he is astonished that the lady mentioned just now has not appeared to testify. That lady was here on a holiday and is now far away. For nothing in the world would she again be mixed up in the unpleasant affair.

It is far more astonishing that Señor March has not come to show his face. It was in everybody's mind that he was dealing in dope before the trouble. He offered it to Mrs. Roca (a witness for the defense) and he put it in her nose with his fingers. It has been proved, too, that he utilized it in Puerto Pollensa.

Dr. Trautner (another witness), who attended a girl who was half unconscious, says that the public opinion was that the dope used by her had been obtained from

(Continued on next page)

## Text Of Defense Of March Calumny Case Against Palma Post

(Continued from page 11)

March.

The local policeman says that his services were required by a crowd, the members of which accused March of dealing in dope. The school teacher of the Puerto has said the same. The owner of Scottie's Bar agrees. Fritz Lyons and Anet Pers have said that long before the famous party some of the clients of their bar threatened to leave if March were allowed to remain.

If Señor March was only joking when he admitted himself that the white stuff in his possession was cocaine or heroin, how can he be astonished if he is believed, having himself given ground for people to believe that he was dealing with dope—even if actually he was only playing with rice powder (as his attorney hinted might have been the case)?

My client does not need mercy and he does not ask for it, because it is clear to the court that what he wrote was in exercising his duty as a journalist. My client had the courage to accuse a man who was exploiting the foreign colony. This man (March) has dared to say that my client's intention was to make a profit in an obvious way. (Referring to a statement by counsel for March

## PUBLIC LETTER WRITER'S PROFESSION STILL HOLDS ON IN BARCELONA, WHERE IMMIGRANTS REPLACE ILLITERATES

By E. H. HOOKER

I have discovered that the profession of public letter-writer, which one mostly associates with Kipling's India, exists right now in this amazing city of Barcelona.

Spain no longer holds the unenviable position it did in the matter of illiteracy. In a few years, it is hoped, it will be impossible for any Spanish parent to answer the inquiry of the inspector as to why Juanito doesn't go to school, by saying: «Where's the school?».

But this happy state of things, as everyone but Pérez minor calls it, is not yet. And when it is, there will still be the people who got born too soon to enjoy its benefits. That, and the continual immigration from the country, where the

to the effect that his client had been approached for «an obvious purpose of which we will not talk as, admittedly, there is no proof.)

I say that statement is a calumny and an infamy, because if my client were not right he would not be sitting where he is. He prefers going to jail to printing a retraction in his paper.

My client publishes the only daily paper in English in Mallorca. There are only five on the continent. That will give you an

schoolmaster penetrates slowly, are the reasons why the letter-writer sets up his booth in the markets of Barcelona, generally just in the entrance.

You can picture him, of course. An old, tired-looking gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles and a stoop. The skull cap that covers the area left defenseless by his few remaining hairs looks as if he used it as a penwiper. His black coat shines in spite of despairing applications of ink, and his once «fancy» waistcoat still shows, by a less faded line, where a watch-chain crossed it in happier years. He uses a steel pen for ordinary routine work, but he keeps quills handy for special orders. With this he will produce

idea of the importance this publication has for Mallorca. The Palma Post is known the world wide, and that must be taken into consideration.

The sentence passed in this case has to show in foreign countries that here in Spain, in Mallorca, foreigners have the right to express their opinion and, if they are in the right, justice will be given them even against the natives, and even if these natives are as popular and influential as Señor Juan March.

marvels of complicated calligraphy, which will make you wonder if the invention of the printing press really dealt this ancient craft such a fatal blow as the history books say. You can see him, can't you? I thought so.

Sorry to contradict you, sir, but you can't unless it be with the eye of memory or imagination. The old gentleman you are thinking of is dead and his successor is not a bit like that.

To begin with, he is young, and he doesn't mean to stick to this job any longer than it takes him to find a better one. Then his hair is carefully brilliantined, and combed rigorously back. His suit is probably of the cheapest local weave, but its cut is what his tailor believes to be the latest thing from Saville Row. His «art silk» handkerchief hangs just the right number of centimeters out of the breast pocket, and if he uses spectacles, their rims are of the tortoise-shell which the English associate with an American accent, a camera, and Stratford-on-Avon.

Between jobs, he turns his shoulder to the keyboard of his typewriter and exchanges backchat with the girls.

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