

PALMA POST

PALMA POST

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Except Monday

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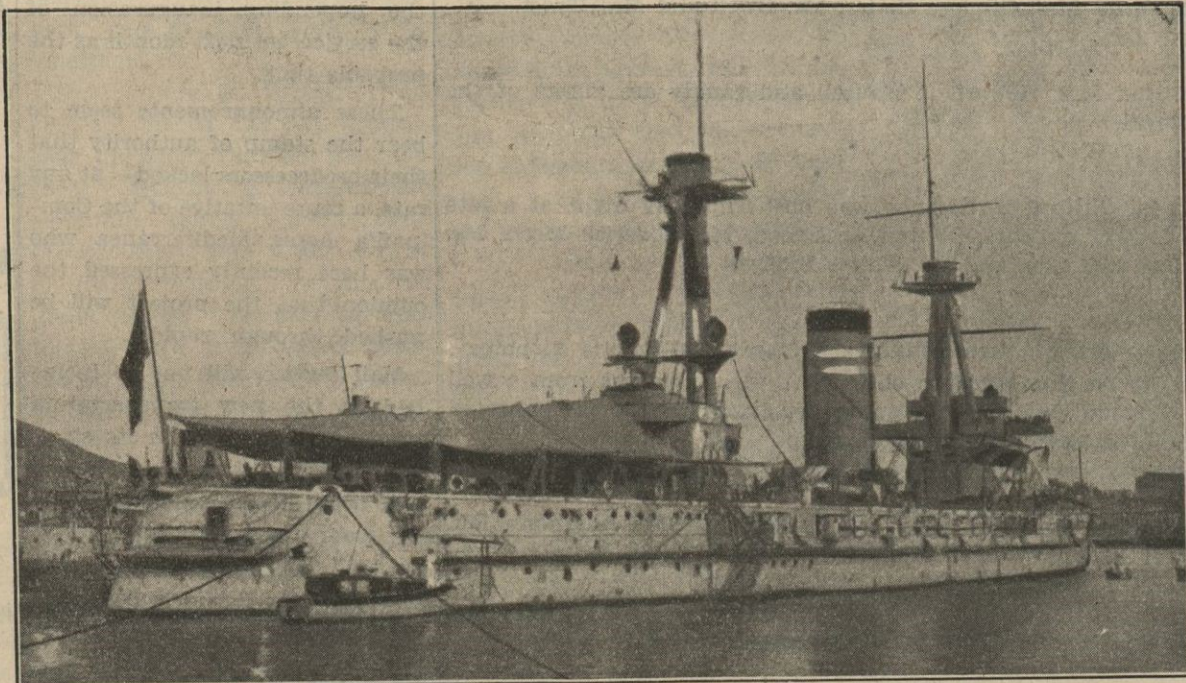
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25 CTS



Winter Sports in Spain

Unknown to many residents of the Spanish lowlands, winter sports can be enjoyed early in the mountainous districts of the interior of the Peninsula.

The above picture was not snapped last winter and saved for pre-season publication.



Cruiser That Bore Ibáñez To Valencia

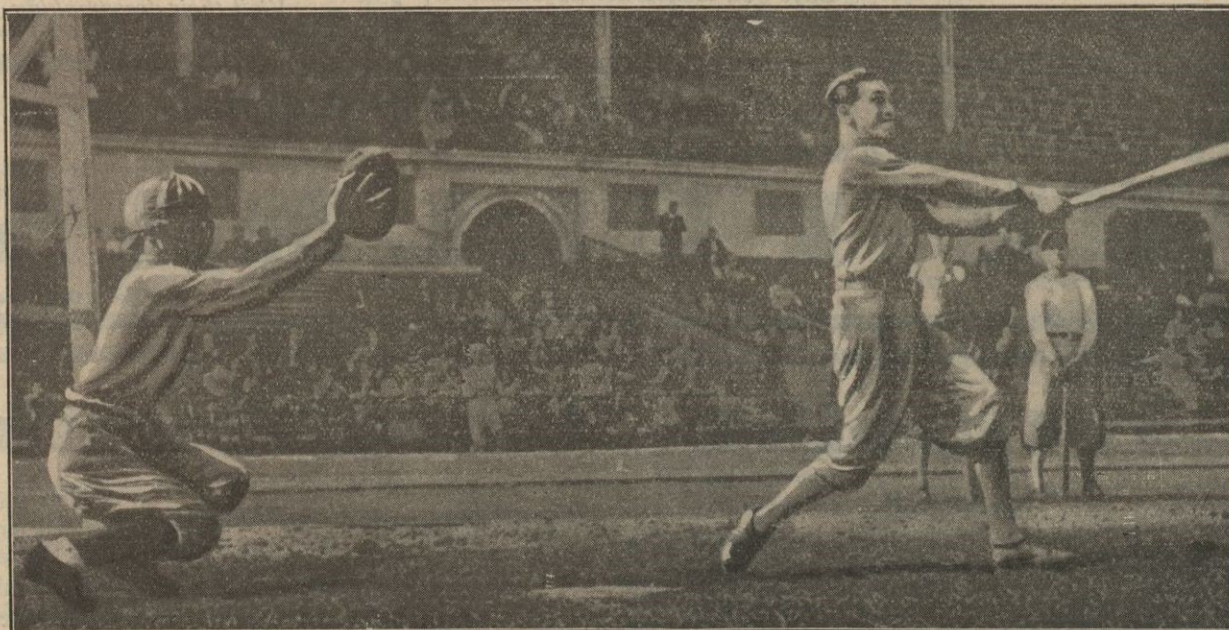
The Spanish cruiser above bore Blasco Ibáñez, from Menton to the south of the body of the great Spanish Valencia, for burial. France. Dying in exile, Blasco Ibáñez



Scandal Rocks Tribunal

What the Spanish press described as a «formidable scandal» rocked the Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees when Señor Pradera attempted to assume membership before his votes had been counted. Eventually, his right to sit was proved. He is shown above, to the right.

With Señor Pradera is Vocal Suplente Del Moral.



Baseball Takes Hold In Catalonia

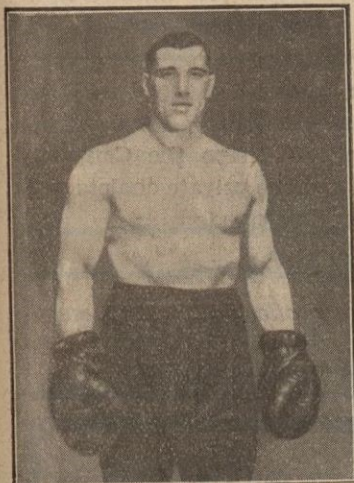
The American national sport has been picked up by the Catalans, always quick to seize upon any new field of activity. Several expert teams exist in Barcelona and other important cities of the Catalonian region, and the seasonal championship always is hotly contested for.



Hunting Season Starts

The fall hunting season is now open in Spain. The Mallorcans are ardent hunters and a few members of the foreign colony occasionally are invited to participate in their hunts.

As shown, the rabbit is popular game, contributing both to the sport and the dinner table.



Dashes Spanish Hope

Spain's hopes of bringing the heavyweight boxing championship home were dashed when Primo Carnera outpointed Paulino Uzcudun in Rome last week.

In spite of the Ambling Alp's determined efforts to knock out the Woodchopper, both men were on their feet when the final gong sounded.

The Daily PALMA POST—The only English language daily newspaper Spain. Published dail except Monday.

The Daily PALMA POST brings to the reader all of the local news and the highlights of the news of the world.

Werner Schulz, Back In Palma, Addresses Linguists At Meeting

Werner Schulz, the German lecturer, linguist and journalist who last spring and winter was so often guest speaker at the meetings of the International Language Club, addressed the members of the organizations when they gathered last Tuesday afternoon for their first meeting of this season.

Herr Schulz, who only recently returned from a trip to the continent, expressed his pleasure to speak again before the club and thanked its manager, Miss Elsa Kusterko, for the work she has done in the short space of one year.

During the season now underway, the lecturer said, there will be talks on Spanish and foreign literature, art, history and music.

«Provident», American Sailing Yacht, Arrives In Palma From Britain

Friday afternoon the sailing yacht Provident, owned by the American amateur yachtsman Lagarde and manned by himself and a crew of five, arrived in Palma harbor from Southampton, England.

Provident is a former Brixham fishing ketch, converted into a yacht by her owner, who flies the American flag. The yacht has been brightened up and touched off with a bit of polished brass, but in her essential details she remains the Brixham fisherman, even to her heavy sails, painted red.

The yacht, which is without motor, was brought here against head winds but no difficult weather was encountered. Prior to arriving she had put into Gibraltar and Ibiza.

Mr. Lagarde and his party plan to remain in Palma about a week, but the American yachtsman said he is tied down to no schedule.

ON THE ISLAND

Mrs. Brookfield Van Rennselaer, one of the most popular members of the foreign colony in Terreno, left Sunday for Florence with her two sons Masters Charles and Phillip.

Captain Jean A. A. Sedillo, state senator from the State of New Mexico, and his wife have arrived in Palma and are staying at Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. Constance Lowery was host for dinner Thursday night to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Richards Mrs. Gilmore Hadra, Mr. Owen and Mrs. Twist.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. Hausell and family are guests of the Hotel Royal.

Colonel Clifford B. Harmon was host Thursday night at a late dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Lockwood, Mr. Roderick Mead, Mr. Rutherford Fullerton and Mr. Walter Blodgett.

It was reported in error that Mrs. Brassey Gottlieb is stopping temporarily on the Island to obtain her winter clothes from a well known Terreno shop before joining her husband who is connected with the civil service at Khartoum, Egypt.

Mr. Robert Orr who has been residing at Hotel Alhambra left Friday for Pollensa.

Mrs. Constance Lowery celebrated her birthday on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marios Redondo Valencia are guests of Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Richards of Bonanova are moving into their new home next to Son Semola on Wednesday.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

The following arrived from New York Friday on the Exochorda:

Miss Bertha Anderson, Miss Mildred Copperman, Miss Rebecca Field, Mrs. Katherine Gage, Dr. Holland Hansell, Mrs. Emily Hansell, Miss Eva Hansell Mr. Helbert Turner.

Captain Jean Sedillo and Mrs. Sedillo disembarked from Gibraltar.

Leaving on the Exochorda for Marseilles were Mrs. Edith B. Bulson Mr. S. Elms Mrs. W. H. Soley, Miss Elizabeth Soley, Miss Rose Moss and Miss Margaret Ahearn.

Mr. Otto Walter Rappolt, Mrs. Cunningham and Miss F. Cunnin-

gham left Thursday aboard the Chindwin for Marseilles.

The following arrived on the same ship:

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Buck, Colonel and Mrs. W. F. Cheesewright, Miss G. Grandon, Miss A. E. Grandon, Revered J. de B. Forbes, Captain J. R. Green, Mrs. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert, Mr. F. Mather, Miss M. Mather, Miss M. Myers, Miss T. O'Reilly, Miss C. O'Reilly, Mrs. L. de Segui, Reverend A. Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, Rev. J. de Forbes, Cap-selló Serra.

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

Palma Welcomes News Of Coming Of Plane Service

Mallorca, used to disappointments in the matter of the long promised air line to the mainland, finally seems on the verge of being connected with Barcelona by an aerial link.

The latest announcements of the impending inauguration of the service put next month as the probable time.

These announcements seem to bear the stamp of authority that their predecessors lacked—at any rate, a representative of the Compañía Aerea Mediterránea who was here recently expressed the opinion that the project will be pushed through rapidly.

Mail service will not be included in the new transportation program, at least from its start. The carrying of mail is allowed only when a concession is obtained from the government.

Canyamel Exhibition At Costa Galleries Extended Until 31st

The archeological exhibition arranged by the Canyamel Beach Hotel Company is being continued at the Costa Galleries. The last day of the exposition will be Tuesday, October 31.

The showing includes some interesting iron relics and a group of skulls, all discovered during excavations on the land at Canyamel. There are three skulls, certified by the Mallorcan archeologist, Señor Amoros, to be at least 2,400 years old. Two of them, however, are believed to be centuries older.

Also on exhibition are plans and wash drawings by Heinz Moritz of the buildings now being erected at Canyamel. Mr. Moritz is a

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WINTER SPORTS IN FRANCE NOT THE EXPENSIVE HOBBY AMERICANS THINK

PARIS.—Americans of moderate means who have for years steered clear of winter sports because of the general belief that they are a rich man's pastime may be surprised to learn that there are numerous resorts where the modest purse does not prevent the enjoyment of ski-ing, bob-sledding and skating.

Of course, there are lavish resorts quite beyond the reach of the depression-conscious American who is trying to economize, but there still seem to be enough more fortunate souls to keep these mountain paradises fairly well filled.

Those who want classy entertainment can always go to Chamonix. There, in addition to a bobsleigh run, an Olympic ski-jump, a fine skating rink and skijoring, customers will find a casino, extremely fine hotels and all the attractions of a high-grade fashionable winter resort.

Those who prefer to leave the fashions behind and just do winter sports have dozens of other places to choose from. One of the best of them for skiing is Megève, which is separated from the other side of St. Gervais-les-Bains. It is possible to take long and interesting trips on skis from this center which is one of the preferred sites for French winter-sports enthusiasts.

Another fine spot is Tignes in the Graian Alps, or better still, the Lake of Tignes 2,000 meters high, in the hills above the town, where there is a fine chalet-hotel. There is skating on the lake and hardy mountaineers can take their skis over the Col du Palet, the Col de la Leisse and several other passes or else mount to the gorgeous glacier skiing grounds of the Grand Motte, down which you can slide, without excessive danger, for a gentle drop of 1,000 meters over a distance

of many kilometers.

In the Dauphiny Alps, not far from Grenoble, is the pleasant resort of Villard de Lans. This place is well arranged for skiers of moderate energy. It has two jumps, a bob run and several tracks for ordinary sleds. There is also a skating rink. Huez is another fine skiing center in Dauphiny, where high-altitude work can be done under good conditions.

Then there is Briçon, the highest placed city in France, near the Mont Genevre pass. All about Briçon is magnificent mountain skiing territory. The French Army uses it for one of its main training grounds for Alpine troops. The 1924 Olympic team trained at the Mont Genevre ski jump, which has a run of 65 meters and a gradient of 26 percent.

Many people will be attracted to the winter resorts of the Maritime Alps a short motor trip from the Riviera. You can go swimming in the Mediterranean and skiing in the Alps the same day. Peira Cava, above Nice, is an extremely attractive place. One cannot count on much snow here, however, unless the winter is fairly severe, and the arrangements for skiing are better suited to beginners than experts.

At Beuil, north of Nice, where Frank J. Gould has the Hotel du Mont Mounier, the arrangements are more complicated. More fashionable go there than to Peira Cava, and there is a fine skating rink.

In the Jura winter sports can be practised at lower altitudes than in the Alps. One of the best equipped resorts of this region is Morez-du-Jura, not far from Lake Léman, which has been organized by a very efficient local association and has proved most successful.

Midi Visitor Must Not Miss Turreted Old City, Toulouse

TOULOUSE—Whoever would know the Midi as a whole, not merely the Midi of the Riviera, must visit Toulouse, this ancient capital of the Celts, Romans and Visigoths, for it is from Toulouse that trips to the Pyrenees and lower Pyrenees should start.

Nor is that all, for Toulouse—turreted Toulouse it was called in the Middle Ages—is full of attractions in itself. Its old churches, including that fine expression of Roman art that is St. Sernin; its old hotels, its fine homes and museums, where one may see a fine cloister of the Augustine monks, all call to the tourist who wishes to steep himself in the delights of history and modern times.

In addition to such attractions, the tourist finds a lively city, where the art of living is carried to a high degree. Toulouse is a gastronomic center and, being situated along the upper reaches of the Garonne, whose waters wash the rich wine fields of the Bordelais, it is also a center of wine drinking.

With this city as a center, trips into the Perigord, the Barque country, the Narbonnais, over toward Carcassonne, into the lower and higher Pyrenees naturally suggest themselves to the tourist.

There are in addition to the railroads, extensive services of autobuses, modern and comfortable, to conduct the tourist into the vital, history-steeped country. And Toulouse too is a center of aviation, for it is here that the Aéropostale planes start on their way to South America by way of Africa.

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BOATLOADS DISEMBARK ON RIVIERA AS RESORTS DIG IN FOR WINTER SEASON

NICE—Now that the Riviera resorts are digging in for the winter and preparing for the annual influx of sun-chasers, the steamship lines are re-routing their vessels to take in the principal ports of the the Cote D'Azur.

Besides the important shipping center of Marseilles, which is conveniently located for travelers to the Riviera, there are numerous other harbors along the coast that are available for ocean-going steamers.

Principal of these are Monte Carlo, Villefranche and Cannes, all of which are visited at intervals the year round and which are regular ports of call during «the season.»

The Italian companies, now amalgamated under a single flag were among the first to realize the convenience of these ports and began sending in ships of the Consulich, Italian and Lloyd Sabaudo lines.

Cruises boats belonging to the French Line White Star, Cunard and North German Lloyd followed in the wake of the Italians, and now anchor frequently in the harbors of Cannes, Nice (Villefranche) and Monte Carlo.

Among the liners recently to put into Carnes was the Italian liner, Rex, holder of the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic and the most luxurious vessel ever constructed.

The Rex enjoys a great popularity because it stops in the principal ports of the three chief powers of the Mediterranean—France, Spain and Italy, and therefore is convenient for the traveler who is in a hurry and at the same time wants to take in as many countries as possible.

Bringing a large group of distinguished visitors for the Riviera, the Cosulich liner Rex reached Cannes today from New York by the southern Atlantic

route. New Yorkers crossing on the liner include Yves L. Barbey, Mrs. L. G. Bash, Mrs. William M. Beard, Mrs. John Van S. Bloodgood and daughter, Dr. Ruth M. Brunswick and daughter, Mrs. Serena Burs-tan, Mrs. Fanny Chorba, Lucille Cochran, O. J. Crew, Dows Dunham, S. Di Giorgio Mrs. Yolán Ginsberg, Baroness Amaury de la Grange, Mrs. James V. Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Harris, Mrs. C. W. Hayden and two daughters, Bernard G. Heyn, Alexander Hirs-bein, Mrs. Margaret K. King, Morris Kraus, Mrs. Frank Laing, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Laurence, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Lehman, Hugo Lehrfelt and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Levay.

Also from New York are coming Eugene Losinger and two daughters, Guy E. Mognaz Fred G. Noltty, Mrs. D. Patterson, Edmund Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sleyes, Major Aristeo Simoni, Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith, W. E. Stewart, Ulf Styren, Mrs. K. Latta Wade, Giovanni Della Cioppa and Mrs. An-toinette Della Casa.

From other cities are coming Mrs. Lois Adams, Mrs. Elisabetta Castruccio the Reverend John Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Silverthorne and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Stearns, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Momonti and family of Santa Barbara Cal., Mr. and Mrs. Karl Brehme of Beverly Hills, Cal. Mrs. M. Cessieux of Boston, the Reverend Angelo R. Cioffi, of Brooklyn, Amelia H. Cozzens of Rochester, N. Y., Charlotte Driscoll of Minneapolis and Aileen Hawley of Cleveland.

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Daphne Merrick's Page For Women

Three Easy Sweets: Custard, A Compote And Nutmeg Pudding

Here are a few sweets. First of all this is how to make a perfect custard:

- 1 pint of milk.
- 2 large eggs or 3 small ones.
- 1 teaspoon of honey.
- A little nutmeg to sprinkle on top.

Slightly heat the milk and dissolve the honey in it. Whisk the eggs with a beater for five minutes. Then pour on to them the warm milk and beat again for a few moments. Then place it in a shallow dish in a *very cool oven* and let it set. On no account must it boil or bubble or it will be spoiled. The result will be a choice creamy pudding, very digestible.

Fruit Compote

- 4 ozs. dried apricots.
- 6 ozs. dried pears
- 4 ozs. currants.
- 1 teaspoonful « Agar Agar » (ground).

Soak all the fruits together. Cover with water overnight. Next day add Agar Agar and simmer all together until fruit is soft and swollen. Place in a dish and when

WINDOW SHOPPING IN PALMA

Did we once remark that grey is the color for the coming season? Well from all accounts grey has now slipped to the place of second favorite and a deep wine red of burgundy holds first place.

You can get an attractive model in this color at Madeleine et Odette. You lace yourself into it at the neck with laces in red wool and a tassel on the end, the same idea is repeated round the pockets. The whole thing, fashionable shade, laces, eyelet holes and all complete only costs 125 pesetas.

Madeleine et Odette have quite a collection of frocks at this reasonable price all in pure wool

cold sprinkle ground nuts thickly on top. No sugar is needed when pears are mixed with apricots, if the proportion of pears is larger than the apricots, but do not over-cook apricots. Long cooking brings out the acid in the fruit.

Nutmeg Pudding

- 2 ozs. Post Toasties or Force.
- 4 ozs. wholemeal flour.
- 6 ozs. currants.

and a whole range of colors. It is well to go and investigate before they have all been snapped up.

Croissants

If you have ever lived long in France you are almost sure to be overtaken from time to time with the longing for a croissant. Not the tough unpalatable variety which is palmed off upon you in most small cafés and railway stations. These are not worthy of the name but the light crisp one which are so delicious. You can now buy just this kind of croissants in Palma at C'An Valens, Pelaires 26. As well as these they sell delicious chicken pies in this shop and cakes of various kinds.

- 1 whole grated nutmeg (small).
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar.
- 3 ozs. nut fat.
- A little milk.

Estallench Excursion Takes Rider Through Beautiful Countryside

The scenery all along the route to Estallench is superb. Great hills rise up steeply from the roadway. Not the rather arid heights of some parts of the island. These hills are thickly covered to the top with young pine trees, their bright green blends into the duller tones of olives on the lower slopes. Now and again you get an impression of vivid blue sea as the road winds upwards and finally a wonderful vista of sea and rugged coast line as you approach the end of your journey.

The charm of exploring the little towns and ports all around Mallorca is that each possesses quite a special individuality of its own. Not one seems at all like its neighbor

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Mallorca Publisher Accomplishes Difficult Task Of Printing Paper In Four Languages

With the publication October of «Cosmopolis», a Mallorcan publisher accomplished the difficult task of printing a newspaper in four languages.

The new journal, which is a weekly of eight pages, contains text in English, Spanish, French and German. Every story printed is carried in translation in all our tongues.

The editors have taken pains to keep the four versions of every story at a given length, thus preventing confusion and allowing each article to conclude side-by-side with its translations.

The front page of the first issue is devoted to a plea for better and fairer journalism in the handling of news concerning Mallorca.

In the interior are the usual clipping lists and guides to places of interest on the Island, both complete. If the lists and guides are to be made permanent features of the paper, however, they may draw criticism for filling too much space, to the exclusion of news.

By an odd coincidence, the editors chose for their lead story an article on the French press not unlike that which appeared in The Weekly Palma Post, issued the following day.

The «Cosmopolis» article mentioned an attack on Mallorca

that appeared in an unnamed French weekly and then showed that the assault not only had not been appreciated by the Mallorcans, but had incensed the French residents as well.

«Cosmopolis» described the French detractors as patriots fearful for the future of the French resorts.

The Weekly Palma Post mentioned an article that appeared some time ago in the French weekly, *Marianne*. The Post, however, failed to see the French journal as an enemy of Mallorca so much as a humorous weekly that had allowed its desire to «get a laugh» to run away with it.

«Cosmopolis», after pointing out the «bad press» that had been received, failed to say that within the past few weeks there has been an about face in the nation to the north.

As the Post showed by printed words and a page of illustrations, the French weekly *Vu* recently printed an illustrated article on the Balearic islands to which any newspaper published here, had the review been printed in its pages, might point with pride.

The «Cosmopolis» editors missed this important fact, but their oversight is understandable due to their being engaged in the difficult work of editing a new paper.

Arts And History Section Of Ateneo Hears «Dia» Chief

Last Wednesday, at 7 p. m., the arts and history section of the Ateneo de Mallorca heard Don Nicolás Brondo Roten on «Beethoven and his work.»

The lecturer, besides being an active member of the Ateneo, is director of the Mallorcan daily newspaper, *El Dia*.

Although Señor Brondo's lecture was given in the Spanish language, the president of the arts and history section and the presidents of the other divisions of the Ateneo favored a number of members of the foreign colony with invitations in the belief that a number of them are learning Spanish and already possess a sufficient command of the tongue to follow the speaker.

The lecturer, Señor Brondo, is recognized as an authority not only on the music of the great German composer, but on his life and the hardships he suffered because of deafness and poverty.

The arts and history group is only one of many sections of the Ateneo de Mallorca that holds regular lectures. All of them are invitation affairs, but the interested foreigner as a rule is invited as soon as his interest becomes known.

Occasionally, moving pictures are shown with lectures, parti-

Vicente Blasco Ibañez Almost Lived To See Fall Of Monarchy That Sent Him Into Exile

VALENCIA. Saturday — Vicente Blasco Ibañez, the great Valencian novelist whose body is due to arrive on from France on a Spanish cruiser today, died in exile, but he lived long enough to see the throne shaking beneath the monarch who drove him from his beloved Spain.

The body of the writer and Republican will be buried here tomorrow with the highest honors the government can accord. His widow who shared his exile with him, arrived aboard the Ciudad de Barcelona, having come from her home in Menton by way of the Catalonian Capital.

Blasco Ibañez, had he lived but a few months longer would have seen the overthrow of the old government he detested and the ignominious departure of the king whose dethroning he had sought in the days when the more mention of dissatisfaction with the monarchy was dangerous.

The novelist's fellow-detractors of the old régime, for the most part, were more fortunate than he in that they lived to see the Second Republic rise out of the chaos left in the wake of the de-
cularly if they are on difficult subjects that are better explained with illustrations to clarify the running comment.

parting Don Alfonso and were received as pioneer Republicans in the nation whose fallen government had imprisoned or exiled them.

Among the first to return after the proclamation of the republic was Miguel de Unamuno, who had been living in France after his sensational escape from a prison on one of the tiny islands between the Balearics and Alicante.

Also received with honors after the fall of the monarchy was Comandante Ramón Franco, first flier of the South Atlantic and ardent Republican who was forced to flee Spain because of his outspoken opinions of the rule of Don Alfonso. His elder brother is military governor of the Balearic Islands.

Great as were the honors heaped upon these early builders of the Second Republic, however, they will be excelled here tomorrow when Vicente Blasco Ibañez finally is laid to rest in his native city.

Although the Valencian writer was best known in the English-speaking world for the novels «Blood and Sand» and «The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse», he achieved his fame in Spain for less widely read works dealing with the political affairs of his own country.



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R. B. Leaman

Fears That Seem Groundless

Fear recently expressed in the daily newspaper *El Sol* that the military value of the Balearic Island may attract the attention of foreign power seems based upon the nervousness of a nationalistic editorial writer.

The writer is of the opinion that acquisition of waterfront property by foreign capitalists is dangerous business that paves the way for a landing party of visiting marines.

The opinion does not stand on a very secure foundation, for it is well-known that the purchasing of land does not entitle the owner to turn his newly acquired property over to the enemy for the building of a naval base. The country that attempted to secure a foothold on foreign soil in such manner would be as guilty of an overt act as would be another that landed an armed force on Spanish territory and raised the flag, say, of Liberia.

Considerable land bordering the seafloor already is owned by British capital, and it is reported that French and American capital is represented as well. If all Spaniards are as skittish as *El Sol's* alarmist, it will not be long before the English, French or American residents will be afraid to dig a cellar for fear of being accused of constructing a gun base.

That the Balearics are strategically located and that several countries with heavy interests along the Mediterranean would like to have the right to establish a naval base here may be accepted as fact. That any one of these, however, would dare to acquire such a base except by consent of the Spanish government is next to unthinkable.

Before a European power attempts any such usurpation of another nation's territory, it may safely be said that every Japanese chicken coop in California will shelter a machine gun and that every Mexican *hacienda* north of the Rio Grande will house a Big Bertha.

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THE NIGHT WATCH

A Play In One Act

By THE WATCHMAN

Scene: An American bar in Terreno.

Time: The Present.

The Cast:

A Patagonian millionaire, hereafter referred to as «P. M.»

An itinerant artist, hereafter called «Dauber.»

A nondescript individual with a moon-face, hereafter called «Moon.»

The P. M.—Back where I come from, they don't drink beer, they use it to rub horses down with. You can't get drunk on beer.

Dauber—Where do you come from? I come from France, and that's a mighty good country, too.

The P. M.—I'm from Patagonia. Best country in the world. Good old Gataponia.

Dauber—I've heard of Patagonia. Full of Niggers. All full of Niggers.

The P. M.—No Niggers, I tell you. We don't have Niggers, we have penguins. More penguins than you ever saw in your life.

Moon—Let's you and me have a little drink. (Falls asleep.)

Dauber—Who told you I ever saw a penguin? Well, what you got besides penguins?

The P. M.—Hmm. More penguins. I tell you, there's no people like the Patagonians. Warm blooded, they are.

Dauber—I dare say. Personally, I like the French. The English are nice too, and I understand the Portuguese and the Greeks are all right in their way, but the only brilliant people are—

The P. M.—The Patagonians. Listen, what's your name?

Dauber—I'm the foremost water-color artist in Sweden, but I tell you I like France. That's god's country.

The P. M.—And he can have it. Listen, I can't call you Mr. Foremost Water-Color Artist in Sweden, can I? Listen, I'm going to call you Bill Bill, let's you and me have a little drink.

Dauber—Let's go over to the bar, where we won't wake up your friend. As I was saying, Patagonia and Sweden are all right, but France is the place for a man.

The P. M.—Well, if you're so fond of the French, let's hear you sing «Madelon.»

Moon (waking up and addressing chair vacated by the P. M.)—Let's me and you have a little drink. (Goes back to sleep.)

Dauber—SWEET ADELIN!!!

The P. M.—You're breaking my heart. The fellow that wrote «Madelon» got decorated.

Dauber—You aint heard not hing yet. YOU'RE THE FLOWAH UV MAH HAHT, SWEET ADELIN!

The P. M.—Listen Bill, let's you and me have a little drink, then we'll both sing that old French song about Augustine.

Dauber—That aint French, that's Dutch. You know, there's only one thing dumber than a dumb Dutchman and that's a—

The P. M.—A. Patagoni—I mean penguin.

Dauber—Now I've got to start all over again. What's dumber than a dumb Dutchman? Well, I'll tell you. A smart Swede.

The P. M.—Aint you a Swede? Didn't you just say you're a Swede? Well, why run down the Swedes?

Dauber—I didn't say I was a Swede, I said I was the best artist in Sweden, and that's different. A penguin may be the dumbest thing in Patagonia, but he doesn't have to be as dumb as a Patagonian, does he? Yes he does, too. What I mean is, just because a penguin's the dumbest thing in Patagonia, that doesn't make him a Patagonian. Or does it?

Moon (waking up and addressing chair)—I thought you and me was going to have a little drink? (Goes back to sleep.)

The P. M.—Say, listen, you aint running down Patagonia, are you? Because I want you to know there aint no country that can hold a candle to Patagonia. When a Patagonian's dumb, he's dumber than a smart Swede, and when he isn't dumb he's—

Dauber—As brilliant as a dumb Dutchman.

The P. M.—That's right, Bill. You know, what I like about you is, you're so understanding.

Moon (waking and addressing chair)—There's one thing I like about you Patagonians, and that is that you never say «No» unless somebody asks you if you've had enough. Let's you and me have a little drink. (Goes to sleep again.)

Dauber—Listen, Pat, let's you and me have a little drink.

The P. M.—No, me and you will have a little drink. Listen, Bill I want you to do me a big favor. Let's hear you sing «Madelon» again.

Dauber—SWEET ADELIN! YOU'RE THE FLOWAH OF MAH HAHT, SWEET ADELIN!

The P. M.—Stop, Bill, I can't stand it. The French are wonderful. PATAGONIA, HERE I COME, RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM!

CURTAIN

IN ONE EAR

Pity the Jewish president of the Thrift Society who caught his young son starting an all-day sucker at four in the afternoon.

Then, there was the escape-artist who could wriggle from a straight jacket while hanging by both feet. But when he built an out-house, his friends had to tear it down to get him out.

Colonel Harmon is responsible for the one about the Negro who gave his boss two dollars to buy him a license to marry Mary Smith. The boss made a slight mistake and took out the license in the name of his employe and Mary Jones.

«Nevah yo' mind. Boss», said the darky on being informed that it would cost two dollars more to rectify the error, «I'll marry Mary Jones. They aint two dollah's difference in those two gals.»

«Mandy», said Mrs. Smith to her colored laundress, «your little daughter is almost white.»

«Ah cain't understand it, Missus Smith», said Mandy. «Her daddy am a coluhed gentleman, all right. They's never been no immortality in mah family.»

NEWLYWED—I feel strangely upset. You, know, my dear, I'm beginning to wonder if there was anything wrong with that sponge cake.»

MRS. NEWLYWED—I don't think so, Angel, unless they sold me the wrong kind of a sponge.

The absent-minded professor who locked his wife out of the house and went to bed with the cat has nothing on his absorbed colleague who put his shirt to bed and went to sleep on the back of the chair.

THE JUDGE—Now Mrs. O'Reilly, tell me how the trouble started.

MRS. O'REILLY—It was like this, Your Washup. I went over to Mrs. Casey's house, and she was a-sittin' in the kitchen a-crackin' somethin' an' throwin' the shells in the scuttle.

«An' what are them», says I, friendly like.

«Pecans», says she.

«An' what might they be?» I asks.

«Nerts», says she.

«An' nerts to you», says I, and then the fight began.

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**Floyd Dell, Journalist,
Editor And Novelist,
Pens Autobiography**

I had not thought much about Floyd Dell during the last ten years. At the time of the war, I remembered him in Greenwich Village as the youthful author of *Moon Calf*, a best seller of its time and possibly Dell's first novel-- certainly the first to attract attention outside his own group.

To us interested in the theatre he was particularly noticed because he had been in a sense sponsored by George Cram Cook, that magnificent personality which was to do more to giving America a theatre than anyone else. But even then «Gig» Cook, and the Provincetown Theatre had gone beyond the essential nativity of Floyd Dell, and left him behind, rather a «hick» to most of us. This was rather unusual, for the young hopeful usually outdistances his tutors.

That was not the case with Dell. He still seemed to have about him an air of school boy pseudo-philosophy; one felt that he still might talk about William Cowper Brann and Robert Green Ingersoll. I think the rest of us had outgrown that late Victorian hang-over. May be he too had, but his poetry, charming indeed, was still very young.

Now that he is some eighteen years or so older, he has published his autobiographical story, *Homecoming* (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3.) in which he describes the process of growing up, or getting old, however you look upon it. It is the story of his escape from freedom and instability to the stability of family and responsibility. No longer the vagabond Don Juan, the socialist, and the atheist, he has developed into the conventional man of letters who thoroughly merits the high place in contemporary literature which he holds.

The typical romantic, youthful poet, he is thrown by the necessity of earning a living, into the side alleys of newspaper work, to emerge as a creative journalist. He became assistant to Francis Hackett on the *Evening Post*, and eventually assumed his duties when Hackett left. He has been on the editorial staff of *The Masses* and the *Liberator*. And now as a well known novelist his story of the last generation, and of his own life, which according to the blurb «is not Floyd Dell's autobiography, but your own» makes this perhaps the most interesting of the new books published in America this month.

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A Charming Critic

The most delightful book that I have read for a very long time is E. E. Kellett's *Literary Quotation And Allusion* (Heffer, Cambridge, 3s. 6d.) The rather unfortunate title led me to think that this was going to be some sort of compendium of so-called 'useful' quotations. But happily it was not.

It is an informal discussion of the use and abuse of allusion to the work of previous writers, and the purpose for which this is done. It is not a text book, nor a handbook; it is rather the recollections of a learned scholar on the subject of quotation by eminent writers. Perhaps I can give a clearer idea by quoting Mr. Kellett.

«If I open *Sartor Resartus*, and light on the sentence, 'Thus Custom doth make dotards of us all', my mind is at once carried away to another place, and a little series of memories is started for me. The sentence has quite a different atmosphere, and quite a different force, from what it would have had if I had not known the original of which it is a kind of parody. And Carlyle means it to have this effect. If he had said 'Custom makes us all fools,' the substance of his remark would have been exactly the same; but it would have been comparatively empty.»

Now this is the type of allusion which is pleasant; but it is necessary that the reader have the same background as the author, or the quotation falls flat. A lovely example of such an allusion falling flat is this:

When the youthful mathematician, Ramanujan, died, a friend of the author of the book said, «Had he lived, we should have known something.» Now I am sure than not half a dozen readers get the wit and cleverness of that remark--for to appreciate its beautiful aptness it is necessary to recall that those were the very words used by Isaac Newton in speaking of the equally untimely death of Roger Cotes, a young and gifted mathematician. In this book many examples are given of clever and even of fine writing which has now become obsolete simply because the contemporary reader does not have the background of the older author. This is especially true of writers like Macaulay, who made constant reference to the Bible in his essays for the *Edinburgh Review*. None of us now has that Biblical background, and so we miss much of the significance of his writing.

It is necessary to take into consideration the reader's knowledge. Now it is fair to suppose the reader a cultured man; it is fair

to refer to the classics. But is it mentioned by the author more fair for E. E. Cummings to write: charming.

SUNSET.

Stinging
gold swarms
upon the spires
silver
chants the litanies the
great bells are ringing with rose
the lewd fat bells
and a tall
wind is dragging
the sea
with
dream

—S.

Consider that poem. I can hear many of my readers say, «Well, that's damn good. You simply can't appreciate good modern verse». But as Mr. Kellett points out, from information contributed by Laura Riding and Robert Graves, in order to appreciate that bit of Mr. Cummings' verse properly it is necessary to catch at once that it is based on Rémy de Gourmont's *Litanies de la Rose* and that its thirty-one words recall the dominant Japanese verse-form.

Mr. Kellett has the most amazing knowledge of literature. Although he missed that one, he catches many you and I could never get. He even finds, this time with the help of Verrall (I might say here that the author never tries to impress us with his knowledge and that he is always willing to tell where he got his information) that even Longinus was capable of musing a fast one! Longinus says that Plato is ridiculed for speaking in a certain fashion about gold and silver wealth. It is not until Verrall that it was seen that Longinus did not know that Plato was quoting from a play.

Most interesting is his tracing adaptations; Pope made frequent use of other writer's ideas, which he usually polished into epigrammatic form making them truly his own; as in *The Essay on Man*:

«The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.»

This he condensed from the *Nosce Teipsum* of Sir John Davies:

«Much like a subtle spider which doth sit

In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide:

If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,

She feels it instantly on every side.»

This study of the sources causes one to enjoy literature more, and no one can pick up this little book without deriving not only genuine enjoyment, but also the information and insight that will make other writings not

On Modern Letters

I believe myself to be very sympathetic toward so called «modern» writing. But much of the most modern of modern work I find not modern at all—but with a long tradition behind it. I have no objection to a writer following an obsolete tradition, but I do get annoyed when that reshaped archaic writing is looked upon as original and new. Kellett's comments on the Gongorism of the above quoted poem of Cummings gives me an opportunity here to speak of that and of what I would call the Cento in Ezra Pound's style.

As to Gongorism; enough to say that Luis de Gongora was born in Cordova in 1562, and has at times enjoyed the reputation of being the prince of Spanish lyric poets; at other times he has suffered from censure, depending on the prevailing literary mode. For some reason he decided to affect an obscure style, possibly to attract attention. His style is pedantic, obscure, artificial, and extravagant and «did much to corrupt the purity of the Spanish language and to vulgarize the taste of the people»—and of course became all the rage. A typical verse of his follows; David Hannay made the translation.

«Pyramus they were and Thisbe,

Those who in verse made polished

The Licentiate Naso,

Maybe snub, maybe beak,

To leave the sweet white Lamentably dark

Of that which, tomb of silk,

Was of the two feather-heads Mulberry which gave them

shelter,

And was condemned at once,

If by the Tigris not in root

By the lovers in fruit.»

In order better to grasp the meaning of this poem it is useful to know that «made» in line 2, goes with «to leave» in line 5, and is the verb of the subject «Naso». The arrangement is arbitrary and the reader is given no clue. I am given to understand that the above verse of Gongora's means that the mulberry was not rooted up by the Tigris, but was stained by the blood of Pyramus and Thisbe. My readers will at once see that the whole technique of this verse is similar to much of Cummings, T. S. Eliot, and other obscurantists.

The cento is a patchwork composition, every word of which is taken from some author, usually classical. A Virgilian cento must contain only quotations from Virgil, and so forth. It is nothing but a game, like a crossword puzzle. There are, or were, certain ru-

**Mary Butts' Reputation
Not Helped By
Old Work «New**

I am pleased to see that Mary Butts is getting better known. When I first knew her, she was rather mysterious and wrote in a style so cryptic that even her best friend could not struggle through it. Within the last year or two two startling things happened: the magnificent *Death of Felicity Taverner* for which I can find one adjective stupid as it is—gorgeous. I have just looked up the dictionary to find a better word than gorgeous when applied to literary style and I find the word *dazzling* given as its equivalent. Very well. Dazzling, or gorgeous. Either is satisfactory. This splendid thing was followed by *The Macedonian* which had a big popular success (for a book by such a recherché writer). This was a classical study of the life of Alexander The Great—and although Miss Butts is beautifully equipped to write about classical times I did not care much for the book.

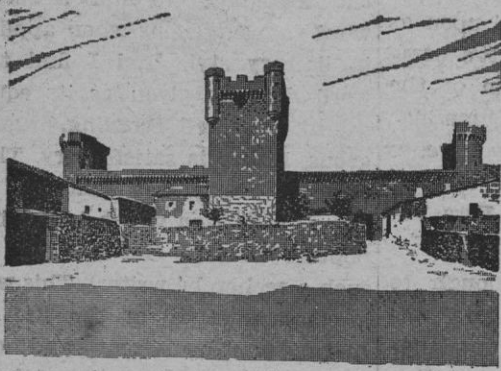
But now Miss Butts is back again—and with nothing other than that very book she wrote some half dozen years ago when I first met her; *Ashe Of Rings* which the publishers, Wishart, have the nerve to describe as HER NEW NOVEL. Well, really. If you were to read this after the *Death of Felicity Taverner* and *The Macedonian* you would wonder what happened to her style. *This Ashe Of Rings* is much too difficult for anyone but a student of contemporary literature; good as it may be,—or may not be—for that is not to be said off-hand, this requires long and patient study—and it is some six years since I was unable to read the book, so I cannot speak with authority, nor can anyone else—for a purely subjective work like this can be judged only by its meaning to *Mary Butts*. This is not to be read as a new book by one of the most significant writers in England. It certainly does not help Miss Butts' reputation to have this almost youthful essay labeled HER NEW BOOK.

les, Ausonius said his was «de inconnexis centinum, de diversis unum, de seriis ludicrum, de alieno nostrum» but I think them a damn bore. I mention the subject simply to point out that the piling up of quotations in any language-- as in the work of the moderns mentioned above, has nothing novel about it.

I do not mean to disparage modern verse, of course. I wish merely to take away some of the credit for novelty. And I am quite sure that the claim of originality and novelty is one made not by the poets, but by the Bloomsbury and Cagnes critics who pretend to «understand» the cryptic moderns.

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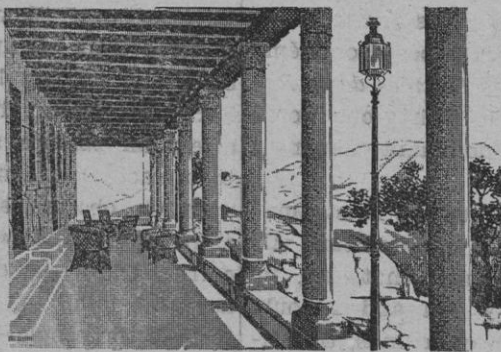
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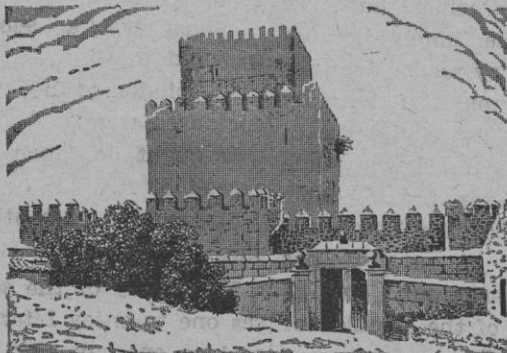
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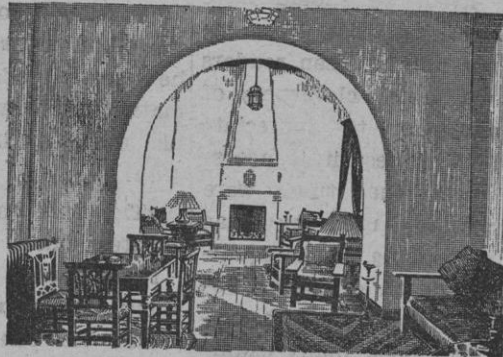
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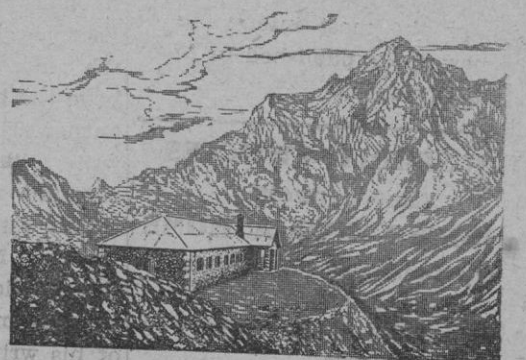
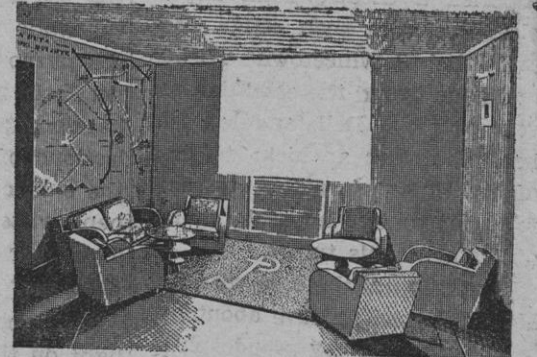
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THE LAUGHING FUNERAL - - By Robert McAlmon

and O'Brien was dead. At the stable they would miss his coming to sit, leaning his chair against the building while he ruminated, smoked, dozed, talked gossiped, told funny stories, and knew the life stories of every person in town. Once the town mayor, he wasn't comic for everybody. Some addressed him as Judge or as Mayor long after his sole occupations were doddering about his name and strolling to the firehouse. When Horace Darian went to his house and saw crepe on the place took on dignity and mystery in his mind as did the departed.

Once, at graduation exercises, Horace had sat watching. The Superintendent spoke an introductory and then the students marched up the aisle, slowly, each attempting to keep just three feet behind the one preceding. Some were consciously awkward, others in, in their new clothes, the dresses all in white dresses, which, home-made, were not too well made. After marching in awful solemnity up the aisle they looked at the Superintendent as he spoke, behind masses of carnations piled the edge of the platform. He was speaking to them, loud enough for the audience to hear. The young people were not finishing school. They were beginning life. He said *life* with reverent emphasis, as though it was a mystery to be revealed to them as it is already known to him and his parents. Watching lumpish Pete Hatland fidget, and others looking grotesquely intent, Horace had a desire to snicker coming up to him. The idea of some of those looking earnestly with exalted expressions into 'life' could but strike the comic sense. Lizzie Potts, as by name ridiculous, and so made as to stumble and knock into everybody and everything was ungainly form encountered. It was only when the class valedictorian, a girl as usually, began to deliver her address that Horace could contain his snickers no longer. Awkwardly sprawling in an attempt to be dramatic she thrust her arms grotesquely and snarled about 'living one's life.' The occasion and the condition were taut, unreal, lacking grandeur and sincere feeling, he felt. He held his nose, stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth and thought of trying to pass people seated in the row to escape down the aisle and out the building. Finally his laughter broke, and caught. Carrie giggled more readily, not shy, and Horace hadn't for the last year had a crush on Carrie. Now he was adoring Miss Ramsay, the orange-haired history teacher. Carrie was a rough and ready comic with whom he chummed and had to see her laughing made him know that she too thought things were amusingly funny. Choking sounds came from about the hall, when some of the older people cat-

ching the infectious desire to laugh.

Old man O'Brien was dead, and on Thursday morning his funeral would be held in the chapel which was rotund and inlaid inside with mosaics. It was a beautiful little chapel, that should purge a person entering it of all thoughts, for reverence is not a thought but an emotion.

The Rev. Davidson was to officiate. He was young, not three years out of college. His brow was high, white, still clear with youth, as were his eyes. His sermons were always lofty, as though written as poetry is presumed to be written, blinded by fervour. Because Dad O'Brien had been a Mason as well as town mayor, many people came to his funeral. People do not die or marry often in towns the size of Lansing, and have ceremonies such as ex-mayor O'Brien was to have. Others could not afford to miss his funeral. The chapel was so full of flowers that it looked as if there would scarcely be room for the chief mourners in the front row seats. There were calla lilies, white and red carnations, roses, and innumerable violets, not only because they are fitting at a funeral but because Dad liked violets. There were wreaths, baskets of flowers, and potted plants. The atmosphere was laden with fresh blossom and heavy with the mystic silences of death and the reverence which the little chapel imposed upon people. Horace had a seat because Mrs. O'Brien remembered that her husband had always favoured Horace among the town's small boys. He had whittled freakish boats, man figures, and said 'You'll hear from that boy later,' while assuring Horace that of course he was not to stay in Lansing and become another town loafer. Dad had wanted a son, but his wife had borne him instead six daughters.

Horace sat quietly, his wondering eyes turned towards the coffin which was submerged with flowers. He felt important for having a somewhat special seat when the chief mourners came in. They were Mrs. O'Brien, her four married daughters and their husbands, and the other two girls. All of them were in black, hats, veils, dresses newly bought. Mrs. Terwilliger, the oldest daughter, had a veil so long that it touched the floor, and so voluminous that it fell in misty folds along the sides of her face to bring her clear profile into sharp relief. Horace believed, with a sense of shame, that she knew this.

Both Rennie and Maggie O'Brien looked funny and self-conscious. Maggie was generally acting the clown, and Rennie was skinny and twitchily nervous, giggling constantly. They looked funnier than ever in their black clothes which did not fit. Queerly shaped black hats roosted

on their heads as though placed there in just such comedy as Maggie liked to act. The appalling thought struck Horace that he must snicker here, while the ceremony was going on. Maggie made him think of comedy, and Carrie was sitting two rows back of him.

Rev. Davidson arose as soon as the chief mourners were seated. The silence was complete. One could hear the breathing of people, particularly those who breathed heavily as did old Mrs. Ford. Rev. Davidson stood erect, grave-faced, for effect. Then his voice spoke, prophetically

'Think ye not that death is the end. It is but the regermination of the soul to be born into the everlasting.'

For another suspended moment there was complete silence as Rev. Davidson waited. Only the movement of feet could be heard 'Rise up, rise up,' Rev. Davidson spoke again.

Horace was horrified because Maggie O'Brien stood up, and as Rev. Davidson continued, realized that he had not meant for them to get up. Scarlet in the face she re-seated herself. Everybody saw, and the other chief mourners looked uncomfortable.

In slow, profound, tones the minister's voice went on inevitably. 'Think not alone of the passing of that earthly thing, flesh. There is a power which overrides all, a power reaching down to the earth to pluck from the clay of flesh that spirit which is the flower, and the end of life. The solitary reaper has been among us this day to gather his harvest, but that harvest is not the end. It is rather the beginning of life. As in the spring the fields are planted with barley seeds, which take from the soil their sustenance, to be harvested in the fall multiplied seven times over, aye more man is planted into eternity to blossom refulgently in the spirit.'

Horace listened to the minister but the beginning reminded him of the commencement exercise at which he had laughed. The end is always the beginning. A flood of memory, always of ludicrous circumstances, poured into his mind. He remembered funny stories Dad had used to tell, each time with droll gestures, mimicking the person and evoking the unique circumstance of which he told. Dad had talked politics and discussed theological problems with the Rev. Davidson winking at Horace or grimacing through the tobacco cud in his mouth to show that he was teasing the young parson. Horace found it impossible to conceive of Dad's spirit as a flower plucked. Rev. Davidson had mentioned barley, and everybody in town knew that dad had been over fond of whiskey. Both the mention of 'barley' and of 'spirit' made Horace see things comically rather than seriously.

A sense of the grandiloquent absurdity of these obsequies was overcoming Horace. Dad had always chuckled at the Masons for their love of pomp. About however was awe, the tension of reverence before death. Horace wished to hide his face, not to weep, but to shut out from his sight and hearing what was going on. His eyes wandered to Maggie O'Brien. She sat with her mouth wide open gaping at Rev. Robinson. Her face looked foolish and she was always taking off people who look ridiculous. A snicker came up in Horace, a catch of breath between an impulse to cry for not being able to understand death and that. Dad was dead and a desire to laugh. A lady near frowned at him, but her severe expression struck him as funny. He recalled too how drolly Dad had talked about old Jake Miller's funeral.

'Why the old soak's preserved in whiskey for eternity. That's it, when a man dies, give him wings. I can't see old Jake fluttering lightly heavenwards with that bay window of his, but give him wings.'

Dad O'Brien's funeral was on now. Dad, who had never had respect for anything, who joked about all things sacred, jollied every parson in town, and made no pretense of having honour for the dead was to be buried and funeral services were being held for him. The affair was too unreal.

Bennie gasped to hold his breath, put his hand into his mouth, and choked at his throat. He tried to squirm past people on his way to the aisle. Mrs. Harper looked fiercely at him, always having thought him an impudent boy. At last he reached the aisle. Just as he reached the door an explosive sound broke from him, and he bolted out, but everybody had heard the giggle. A feeling of hysterical laughter was in the air, for Carrie Farmer was trying to repress her giggles too and didn't have control to get out of her seat and out of the chapel. From various places in the chapel came repressed chokes of laughter. Kate Love rose and went to the door; Bill Cook followed soon. Outside Horace was sitting on the sidewalk, doubled up with laughter so that tears streamed down his

face. Kate Love was laughing too, in tears of mortification that she could not stop herself on such an occasion. Bill Cook laughed and stopped to swear at Horace. 'You damn rattlebrained kid, I feel like walloping you. Stop giggling, for God's sake, stop giggling.' Bill's remark only served to start them all laughing anew.

By the time the services were over Horace, Bill, and Kate, had disappeared. The next day Mrs. Harper came up the Darrians' walk and Horace was sure she was coming to tell his mother about his having laughed at Dad O'Brien's funeral. He didn't like her, and neither did his mother. She spoke severely to Mrs. Darian, and as Horace was near, started to scold him. Mrs. Darian said with fair sharpness that what reprimands Horace needed she could attend to, but Mrs. Harper kept insisting upon Horace's disgraceful conduct. Horace, recalling that Mrs. Harper was not a friend of any of the O'Briens, and that her husband had once run for Mayor against Dad O'Brien, chanced his mother's anger and answered back. He was highly indignant at her because he had no grounds whatever upon which to defend his silliness.

'Why were you at Mr. O'Brien's funeral anyway? You always gossiped about him and said he was disgraceful. As long as people like you attend funerals for something to talk about you ought to be glad I laughed to give you a chance to spread more scandal. You were running short but I suppose you could invent gossip enough to go on. Anyway I told mother about it and don't have to listen to old dames like you scold me. You aren't a friend of mother's, and she disapproves of your butting in on other people as much as you disapprove of my laughing at the funeral.'

Saying this Bennie left the room. He had made a mistake however. His mother had not threshed him for laughing at the funeral, and he believed she wouldn't have threshed him for talking back to Mrs. Harper. It was, Mrs. Darian explained, his telling Mrs. Harper that she disliked her when the woman was a guest in their own home.

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Ascania	Nov. 4	Havre	Montreal	Nov. 13	Cunard
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Defense That Liberated "The Five Americans"

EXCLUSIVE IN The Weekly PALMA POST

D. Luis Ramallo Thomás, counsel for Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Lockwood, Roderick Mead, Walton Blodgett and Rutherford Fullerton during their trial on charges of assaulting a Guardia Civil, blasted the accusations of the prosecuting attorney, who had sought prison terms of six years and a day for all of the defendants.

The great plea that resulted in the acquittal of the Americans cannot be printed in its entirety because of its length, but the main points driven home by Señor Ramallo are published on this page.

according to him, the divergencies begin. We shall see.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood and Messrs. Fullerton and Mead do not know exactly how the incident began. The hotel watchman Miguel Llabrés gives an explanation. Mr. Blodgett tried to come in again, and as he was covered with mud and whitewash and had his hat on askew, the concierge Francisco Bou Martí tried to dissuade him, and then Blodgett gave him a violent push. Note that the concierge has not given evidence to confirm these important points.

The unexpected refusal of the concierge started an argument, but not a fight as the witnesses for the prosecution pretend. If my clients had attacked the concierge in the violent manner which he, the employes and directors of the hotel affirm, some vestige of that struggle would have remained. Another proof that there was no such violent aggression may be deduced from the fact that the guardia José Tugores, although he was at the door of the police station, which as you all know is a few paces from the spot, heard nothing, and had to be sent for.

There was simply an argument as to whether Mr. Blodgett should come in again, and it was attempted to put an end to this argument by the imprudent step of calling the Civil Guard. It is natural that foreigners should not know the importance of this armed force. The Spaniards who had recourse to it must necessarily have known the importance of the step they took.

Guard Called

However, the certain fact is that the Civil Guard was called, and while the witnesses are not even agreed as to who called, it is certain that the guardia José Tugores came first and that he went off to fetch the corporal because he could not make himself understood. Then the corporal came, and here comes a confusion which it is impossible to clear up.

According to some, he ordered the prisoners to put up their hands; according to others, he tried to make peace; one witness attributes to him the intention of searching them, and he himself tells us that he tried to interrogate one of the accused.

How did he give the orders? How

did he try to make peace? Whom did he try to question? In Spanish? In English? Problems which the evidence does not try to solve, nor does it solve them, except in one concrete point. Everything was done in Spanish, for not till later, not till after shooting, did the good sense of explaining himself to the foreigners by means of an interpreter occur to the corporal.

We come to the culminating moment of the act considered culpable. The witnesses affirm that the foreigners suddenly attacked the guards. I leave it to your judgment to admit this as true. It is impossible for us to think of a causeless attack for the sake of attacking, and since we do not find, and nobody has given, any credible explanation of this cause, we consider that all that happened was that orders were given in Spanish, that the accused did not carry them out because they did not understand them, and then it was attempted to make them do so by force. They defended themselves by a human instinct impossible to repress.

Another certain fact is that the spectacles of the accused Mr. Blodgett were broken in the affair. The accused affirm it, nobody denies it, and pieces of them were afterwards found on the floor.

Wound Unimportant

About this time occurred the injury of the guardia José Tugores Martí, a slight and unimportant wound which was healed in seven days. At this point it is necessary to clear up several facts, and among them, as the most important, the following: who produced the wound? With what instrument?

Nobody concretely accuses any one of the accused. The witnesses confine themselves to saying that the guardia was wounded, and he himself affirms that he does not know who wounded him. The prosecutor himself says textually: «The evidence does not discover who was the material author of the wound.» The prosecutor is not interested in the author, but in the joint and common action of the parties.

How was the wound produced? The prosecutor says textually on this point: «From the proceedings a possibility is deduced, which does not go so far as to be converted into a proved fact.» That

is to say, you are asked for a sentence, and a severe sentence, and you are told that the act which originates it is not proved, nor who committed it. In the face of this precious declaration no value can be attached to the hypothesis afterwards ventured, that probably it might have been with the frame or a thick lens of Mr. Blodgett's spectacles.

This is no more than a supposition, and a daring one, for it is sufficient to examine the glass with which the injury is supposed to have been caused, to conclude that its blunt edges are not capable of causing an incised wound. On this point I appeal to the convincing test which I am prepared to allow to be performed on myself. As for the frame, nobody saw it in the hands of my clients, as the eyewitnesses and the guardias unanimously declare.

On the other hand we will allow ourselves to suggest a more probable way of causing the injury, deducing it from the evidence of the injured guardia. In handling his carbine the guardia injured himself.

The sight or any fine projection of the weapon produced the cut on his eyebrow. This explanation has no basis in proof? We consider it at least as well founded and far more probable than the previously refuted supposition of the prosecution.

In the accusation it is affirmed that the acts of violence continued after the wound. Corporal Ruiz says that when the shot sounded the attack ceased. Guardia Tugores corroborates this. Guardia Domingo Ruiz, José Fullana and Bartolomé Canovas say that when they arrived everything was quiet and the accused entered the car without resistance.

What had happened to produce so radical a change in the conduct imputed to my clients? Simply that the matter ended where it should have begun. They were addressed in due form and in a language which they understood, and they hastened to go where they were taken, undisturbed because they had done nothing wrong. For it is necessary to make quite clear that not until after the shot was one of the people there who spoke English asked to inform them what the corporal wanted of them.

Punch Or Slap

It is also stated that about that time Mrs. Lockwood and another of the accused who is not clearly identified tried to escape and that when the corporal stopped them the lady slapped his face. Others who also saw it are not telling the truth, or the corporal is not, because he says that he received a punch and they say it was a slap.

Someone may ask «What difference does it make if the fact is certain?» If it were certain

it would not matter, but this fundamental discrepancy between the witnesses induces us to believe that their evidence is mistaken and that what Mrs. Lockwood says is true. The corporal was going to catch hold of her, and to free herself she made a movement which may have touched his face, but was not the tremendous slap or punch which was imputed to her as given deliberately.

Before finishing with the participation of the accused in the facts, we must concern ourselves concretely with Mr. Fullerton. Mr. Rutherford Fullerton finds himself in a situation which would be comic if it were not that an adverse judgment might convert it into a tragic one.

Mr. Fullerton, who had invited the other accused on the night in question, took no part in anything. His only desire was to calm and clear up the confusion which was reigning. Mr. Fullerton went that night to the city lockup as a witness, according to the idea that my clients had of the procedure to be followed, but never as a prisoner. He went of his own free will, and yet he appears here not as a witness but as an accused.

In the face of the precise declarations in which the eyewitnesses categorically clear this prisoner, we do not doubt that you will agree with me in considering him excluded from all intervention.

Drunkenness Studied

Another question raised by the prosecutor is the drunkenness of the accused Edmund Walton Blodgett, which we are about to study. The prosecution, which ignored this circumstance in its provisional conclusions, now considers it as an attenuating circumstance. That is to say, they recognize the fact and differ from the defense with regard to its intensity and in that it was not fortuitous.

We, on the other hand, sustain that Mr. Blodgett, at the time the facts occurred, was in a state of transitory mental disturbance by complete and fortuitous intoxication, which article 8 no. 1 of the penal code recognizes as exempting from criminal responsibility.

Mr. Blodgett remained in the International Bar to wait for the tram, and there, by accident, without going in to drink, he took those whiskeys which put an end to his mental lucidity. He paid the tribute of the novice in the use of alcohol, for the prosecutor agrees that he was not a habitual drinker.

The thesis of the prosecution is that all are authors of the guardia's wound by direct participation. Listen to it carefully. All participated directly in the wound or rather, as it is not known who did it, all did it.

We know nothing more original. (Continued on page 12)

must confess to you that when I saw the written accusation I experienced a great disappointment. My provisional conclusions were modified a little, it is true, but a sentence was asked for; we had well founded hopes that the study of the case would have convinced the prosecution of a complete lack of culpable acts imputed to my clients.

It was not so, and for that reason our task must appear longer and heavier since we have to seek a double object; the refutation of the thesis of the prosecution and the strengthening of the definitive conclusions of the defense. The conclusions of the prosecution have been modified only on two points. One of them formal, caused by typographical errors which we were blamed for not having the good sense to ignore. Frankly when penalties which may amount to 20 years imprisonment are asked for a person, we consider that the least he has a right to be called by his name, however foreign the latter may

The modification of a legal name refers to one circumstance: drunkenness. Both sides accept it but with an essential difference. For the fiscal it is an attenuating circumstance; for us, if culpable acts are imputed, it exempts from responsibility. We will study this point in our conclusions.

We go on to the study of the process which the prosecution tells the antecedents, and let us agree with the prosecutor that on a night in June last my clients were in the place where the events took place. Remember, gentlemen, that Sunday June 5 was the day which a persistent rain prevented the bullfight after keeping it in the ring more than two hours. My clients left the bullring, and drank at Lena's Bar, and then their host, Mr. Fullerton, invited them home to the Hotel Mediterraneo, where he had lived since he arrived in Palma.

One of them did not go to the hotel. He was left behind on the way. This was Mr. Blodgett, who went into the Bar International in the Plaza de Gomila with the intention of waiting for the tram and going on to his house in San Agustín.

However this man changes his mind; stays in the bar drinking; forgets the tram and not very sure of his condition appears at the Mediterraneo in order that they may see him home. He reaches the hotel, enters without any difficulty the room where his friends are playing. He cannot stand, and falls on the table. Mrs. Lockwood, who was not playing at the time, accompanies him to the car which was in the garden of the hotel, with the intention that he shall stay there and wait for them.

Opinions Differ

So far the prosecutor says that we are all agreed. From this point,

IBIZA NOTES

Mr. Bernard Kellerman, husband of the lecturer and collector, Mrs. Lene Schneider Kellerman, is expected to arrive in Ibiza shortly.

Mrs. Kellerman is proprietress of a typical «Ibicenco» bar in the center of the old part of the city. The bar is the only one of its kind owned by a foreigner.

Dr. and Mrs. Brunner have established a conversation club. All are welcome and there is no fee.

Mr. S. Namey has opened a school of modern art in Ibiza. Eventually he hopes to have similar establishments in all the provincial cities of Spain.

Mr. Ernest Retze and Mrs. Eisman were victors in the men's and women's singles tournaments that came to a conclusion here recently. Mr. Retze and Mrs. Eisman then played each other, the former winning 6-8, 6-4, 6-3.

Mr. and Mrs. Kurzman have returned to the island and are building a house in Santa Eulalia. Until its completion they are staying at the Hotel Buenavista.

THE PLEA THAT FREED «THE FIVE AMERICANS»

(Continued from page 11)

According to this, if we have the fortune to beat a bull fight one day, and near us someone who cannot be identified throws something and kills a guardia we are all guilty of homicide by direct participation.

We maintain that the offense which is imputed to my clients is nonexistent. It is not proved that they attacked the armed forces of the state, that there was in them any malice, intention or concert, nor will to offend, and this element is indispensable for the existence of any penal offense.

We further maintain that there is no proof on essential points to impute the fact to a particular person. It is not proved who caused the wound, nor how, nor with what instrument.

Mr. Wallace Furie has returned to Ibiza after a stay of some length in Palma.

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But we wish to exhaust all the possibilities for since the existence of the wound is certain, alternatively and in case you consider that the lesion was produced by an agent external to the guardia Tugores, after considering the evidence we establish the subsidiary conclusion that it may have been produced involuntarily by Mr. Walton Blogett.

We are justified in this by the declaration written and signed by him, which says textually: «Any harm or attack was probably caused by me, as I was drunk and excited and did not know what I was doing. The others were brought into the affair only to assist me.»

If you decide conformably to this. I consider that there is the circumstance, which exempts from responsibility, of complete and fortuitous intoxication. In this case the indisputability of the exempting circumstance would lead you also to acquit.

If you believe in your conscience that my clients are deserving of the penalty which is asked, condemn them. If on the contrary your conscience, like mine, tells you that there was no wound caused by the accused; that they had no mind to attack anyone and much less the armed forces of the

state; that there was no criminal intention or desire to break the law; that everything had its origin in the confusion of the place and time, in the ignorance of the language and of the identity of the guardias on the part of my clients, and in the great imprudence of calling the Civil Guard on the part of other persons; acquit them, and in acquitting them leave your conscience tranquil and satisfied, realize an act of understanding, emancipate yourselves from the atmosphere which surrounds us, think that we have not come here from the place of the facts, but have first spent two months of preventive detention and as many again of constant moral anguish.

Gentlemen, I consider that I have done my duty asking you for an acquittal. Fulfill yours by granting it.

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