

# The Weekly PALMA POST

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VOLUME I  
NUMBER 19

PALMA DE MALLORCA  
NOVEMBER 27—DECEMBER 3, 1933

THE COPY  
25 CTS

## Socialists Face Second Defeat In Elections

### ON THE ISLAND

Thanksgiving night was celebrated at the Trocadero by a number of members of the American and British colonies.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ian Armstrong, Mrs. Pamela Prizer, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson C. Ranney, Mr. Harry Firbanks, Mrs. Fulton Leser and Major Charles Goetz.

Others who visited the cabaret were Don Arnaldo Garau, Baron Basedow and Mr. Bruno Basciera.

Mrs. Colby Rodner was hostess at a Thanksgiving Day dinner at her home.

Mrs. Leonard Liebling and her daughter, Miss Viva Liebling, had as Thanksgiving dinner guests Mr. and Mrs. Nelson C. Ranney.

A Thanksgiving Day reception that had no connection with the American national feast was a large tea and cocktail party given to the resident British subjects by Mrs. Gault of 1, Calle Versailles.

Between 60 and 70 people attended this reception, which was one of the largest all-British affairs ever held on the Island.

Among the guests were noted Captain and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. Harry Firbanks, Commander and Mrs. H. B. Worsley, the British vice consul, Commander Alan Hillgarth and the Honorable Mrs. Hillgarth; Miss Lovegrove and Mr. Coxhead of Pau, Mr. King of Bordeaux, the Misses Baldwin, Lady Mercer, Colonel Moore of the Indian army, Colonel and Mrs. Bernard and Miss Elliott.

Also, Mr. H. H. Richards, Mr. James Conchle, the Reverend John de B. Forbes, Mrs. G. A. Forrest, Mr. E. W. Leake and Mrs. Shaw.

Besides tea and cocktails, the guests enjoyed sandwiches, bridge and dancing.

The day of the reception, besides being an important American holiday, happened to be St. Andrew's Day, a Scotch festival.

Mrs. Ramsbottom and Miss Pamela Midgley have left the Island for England after a short stay here.

The Bellver Bridge Club is again in full swing following the return of the Baroness von Neuheim-Rodeck from Lisbon. The Baroness is proprietress of the Hotel Bellver, headquarters of the club.

Mrs. Griffiths and the Misses O'Reilly have come to Palma from Andraitx, where they passed the early fall. They have an old Mallorcan palace and plan to remain in Palma for the winter.

Captain Clement Flower has recovered from a serious heart attack that nearly cost him his life. Captain Flower was stricken while boarding his boat and had a narrow escape from drowning.

Although now in better health, the Captain, with Mrs. Flower, has decided to spend the winter at the Hotel Grand instead of in the rather cramped quarters of his boat, as he had planned.

Captain and Mrs. Flower own the Cardiff cutter, Jané, in which they sailed down from England without the assistance of a profes-

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### NEW ALCUDIA LINKS OPENING PUT OFF TILL DECEMBER 15

**General Strike Played Part In  
Delaying Inauguration That  
Had Been Slated Originally  
For December 1.**

The inauguration of the Alcudia golf course, which had been planned for December 1, had to be postponed, due in large part to the impossibility of securing labor during the general strike.

Work is again progressing at normal, however, and the inauguration now is expected to take place on December 15.

Originally, it had not been hoped that more than nine greens would be completed in time for the opening, but it appears that at least 13 holes will be ready when the links is christened and that the other five will be in playing condition shortly thereafter.

The links has been in process of construction under the supervision of a well-known golf course architect who has a number of popular courses in France to his credit, including the one in Lyons.

Besides the golf course, tennis courts will be provided and the directors of the Alcudia project

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### Doctors Peñaranda To Open Office In Terreno

For the benefit of suburban residents, the Spanish doctors, Don Virgilio and Don Vicente Peñaranda, will soon open a consulting room in Terreno.

At present the Doctors Peñaranda are looking for suitable quarters.

It is planned to have an English and French speaking attendant in charge of the consulting room, in order to take care of foreign clients who call or telephone.

The Doctors Peñaranda are proprietors of the Clinica Peñaranda on the Carretera de Sóller, which is patronized by a large

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### Mallorca Returns To Polling Places; Two Cortes Seats Vacant

When Mallorca voted for the second time in two weeks Sunday, the balloting was for the election of only two deputies.

In the November 19 election, five of the necessary seven deputies from the province of the Balearic Islands were voted in by wide majorities, leaving only two seats to be contested in the run-off.

Here, as elsewhere in Spain, the Right Wing gains in the first election were large, and whatever the count of today's votes reveals, the result cannot greatly effect the political line-up.

One Socialist deputy, Señor Jaume who has represented the Island before, scored enough votes in the first voting to entitle him to a second chance in the run-off, but while he had a considerable following and many Mallorcans were expected to vote for him without regard to party politics, the Center and Right groups faced the polls confident that his place would fall to one of their number.

The Radical Party was particularly confident that its candidates, Señores Curia and Canet, would be voted into office.

Due to the central position of the Radical Party and the possibility that ex-Premier and Radical

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### RIGHT WING GROUP EXPECTS TO SECURE RUN-OFF VICTORY

**Alejandro Lerroux May Get  
Another Opportunity To Be  
Government Head As Result  
Of Conservative Caution.**

MADRID, Sunday—Count of the votes cast in the run-off elections today will reveal a second defeat for the Socialist Party, Right Wing leaders believe.

Although the Right Coalition expects to increase gains recorded in the elections of two weeks ago, it is almost a certainty that no attempt will be made to form a Conservative cabinet at this time.

There were not enough contested seats at stake in today's election greatly to change the line-up or offer a gamble that the Coalition will so increase its power that it will seek to form a government.

Under the circumstances, Alejandro Lerroux seems to have as good a chance of forming a cabinet as anybody. Gil Robles, Catholic leader, has declared that his party will be behind a Radical government under Lerroux because of the inadvisability of attempting to form a Right Wing cabinet at this time.

Should Señor Lerroux succeed in becoming premier again—it would be for the second time

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### AN EDITORIAL

Purely in the interest of fairness and without any desire to boost the Trocadero, The Palma Post wishes to state that there is no truth whatsoever in recent charges, published in a Barcelona paper circulated on the Island, that the managers of Palma's largest night club recently exacted gala prices from their guests on the strength of the size of one party.

According to the published account, the evening in question would have been particularly dull, had not a large party from Terreno decided to wind up the evening at the Trocadero. That party, the account alleged, was sufficient to turn the evening into a gala affair, with prices raised accordingly.

The most charitable thing that can be said about the editor of the offending paper is that he is guilty of gross misstatement of fact and is unwilling to make a correction in the same space and the same type

(Continued on page 4)

# Daphne Merrick's Page For Women

## Cook Greens Quickly To Keep Them From Losing Their Flavor

Some best ways of cooking vegetables for children, and an egg dish:

### To Cook Spinach

Spinach is cooked without any water; just rinse the pan. The spinach must be first well washed in several waters, or it will be gritty. Let the cold water tap run over it, and leave it in salt and water for a little while. Put in a good sized stewpan, pressing it down, down, and sprinkle with a little salt. Put on the lid and shake it about to prevent burning; it will quickly cook. Sieve it, and, when wanted, warm it up in a small saucepan, with a pinch of salt and a little butter. Lettuces can be cooked in the same way.

### To Bake Vegetables

Place in covered vessel with half a cupful of water; cook for an hour. This extracts the juices if you wish to use them.

### Steamed Vegetables

Greens, sprouts, cabbage, lettuce, and cauliflower can be steamed in a perforated steamer. Cook them as quickly as ever you can; it is when greens etc. are slowly cooked that they get brown and have such a nasty strong flavor. Brussels sprouts especially are nasty when slowly cooked and brown.

When steaming cabbage, as the heart takes so long to cook cut it up and spread it over the steamer; cook from 20 to 30 minutes.

If a cauliflower is a small one, cut off most of the green and steam it with the white part downwards, as you want that to be soft. Sprinkle a little salt over and serve either plain or with a little white sauce poured over it. If the cauliflower is rather large it would be better to cut it in half and place the cut halves against the perforated steamer, it would do through more quickly that way.

## WINDOW SHOPPING IN PALMA

We were intrigued, in walking up the Calle Conquistador, to notice a new window full of what looked like the latest and most attractive fashions in headgear (ladies' of course). No one, I should imagine, would waste a second glance on a man's hatshop. An attractive hat for the modern male still seems to lurk in the limbo of uninvited things! Well the ladies anyhow are full of ideas. Antelope is the latest, beautifully soft and supple in black and various soft shades. These models are mostly worked in different ways then twisted deftly into an attractive shape and left trimmingsless. Though occasionally you may find one with a deerstalker tilt and a tiny quill at the

back or something of the sort.

The fashionable caps with a large ventilation hole in the top seem to us to be one of those freaks in head-gear over which it is better to draw a veil and hurry on. We did not hurry far however as the shoe shop next door claimed our attention.

Shoes are mixed, that is to say if you have a crocodile toe be sure and have a glacé back and heel, or a patent toe and the other half in suede. Matrorell, Conquistador 6 will initiate you into all these mysteries. For the evening crepe de chine in the colour of your frock, or again only half colour and the other half gold or silver lamé. Or you may have a black shoe with a coloured heel.

## Mrs. Olmos, Recovered From Recent Illness, Resumes Her Dancing Classes At Junior Club

Mrs. Olmos, who was forced to discontinue her dancing classes on account of illness, has now resumed them. Let me remind you that they are held every Monday and Friday 9:30 p.m. at Calle 14 de Abril (premises of the Junior Club) and that you may learn at these classes all the modern ballroom dances.

Very soon we expect to hear that Mrs. Olmos is teaching her little flock the Charleston-Blues. The Charleston-Blues, by the way, is the very latest dance out, so new that it has hardly found a footing in the ballrooms yet but is,

### Creamed Egg

Break a new laid egg into a small basin and add a dessertspoonful of milk, beat together well, with a pinch of salt. Then beat in a tablespoonful of cream. Set the basin over a saucepan of boiling water and heat gently, beating it with a fork until it thickens but do not let it get hard. It will take quite 15 minutes, perhaps a little more.

## Children's Club In Terreno Now Has Full School Course

The foreign Colony knows by now all about the children's club, directed by Mrs. Bowden, at Calle 14 Abril, Terreno. What perhaps is less well-known is that a full course of educational instruction for the young is now available on these premises.

The afternoons are still devoted to recreation but every morning from 9 a. m. to 12.30 p. m. classes are held in all subjects.

The great advantage of this enterprising movement is that children who are here for their health or whose parents, for any reason, do not wish them to attend school, may take certain classes only and get the advantage of special tuition in any subject. Or, if desired, they may pay a monthly fee and attend all the classes daily.

L. G. Dobbs B. A. who teaches mathematics, science, French and other subjects will coach students of any age for English exams.

His occasional classes in chemistry and carpentry were already very popular with the children before he started his regular program. Mr. Dobbs has the rare power of making work appear as enthralling to his pupils as play.

Other teachers are Mrs. Lynn, an indefatigable helper at the club who give lessons in history, Señorita Riera, who teaches Spanish, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowden who teach public speaking and singing, respectively.

Mrs. Bowden is possessed of wide experience in handling children both from the educational and psychological standpoints.

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## New And Old Authors Contribute To «Story» Number For December

A nice balance of new and old writers is presented the readers of «Story» in the December issue of the magazine. By «old writers», it is meant simply that the authors have been before the public eye for a long time, not that their work is not modern.

Sherwood Anderson is the contributor of a short story entitled «I Get So I Can't Go On». Mary Heaton Vorse is represented by «Rendezvous». Eugene Jolas—an «old writer» to all who have followed his work on the continent—offers «Emigrant into Night.»

Regular readers of «Story» will recognize in Leane Zugsmith a comparatively new writer who was «discovered» by the editors of «Story» about a year ago. Her «Home Is Where You Hang Your Childhood» appears in the December issue of the magazine.

William March, contributor of «The Pattern Gulls Weave», is another writer who owes much to «Story» for giving space to his early manuscripts.

Other contributors are Dorothy McCleary, Daniel Fuchs, Isaac Bein, E. P. O'Donnell and Russell MacCallum.

The December number shows that the editors of «Story» are far from through with the ambitious program of expansion launched immediately after transferring their publication from these shores to America.

When, a short time ago, Editors Whit Burnett and Martha Foley announced that, henceforth, 12 instead of six issues would be printed every year, it seemed that the limit of the magazine's expansion must have been reached.

Now, with the last issue, the editors make it clear that they are enlarging the volume of each issue. «Story» for December contains 11 short stories. During the

## Work Of Beautifying Waterfront Of Palma Once More Proceeding According To Plans

The work of beautifying the waterfront of Palma is again being carried on according to schedule after a period during which only a handful of workers were employed on the project.

Where, a year ago, great stretches of raw, dusty earth marred the impression of the arrival, today crushed rock has been laid and the laborers engaged on the work are now preparing to tamp it down and cover it over with a layer of paving.

Near the two yacht clubs, earth embankments have been replaced with stone, thereby ending the clouds of dust that used to rise over the harbor, as well as stopping the embankment from caving into the water during or after heavy rainfalls.

The Paseo de Sagrera has been extended almost as far as called for in the architect's plans, and at the Terreno end, where there still is an unpaved stretch, work

men rapidly are finishing the double tracked avenue, with the foot promenade between the vehicle rights of way.

When all of the work is finished, it will be possible to walk from the lighthouse, at the end of the harbor breakwater, to the bridge over the gorge at the end of the Paseo de Sagrera without once leaving clean, paved walks.

The cleaning-up program will not only result in a greatly improved promenade, but will prove a boon for visiting yachtsmen, who have been made miserable by great clouds of dust blowing over their newly polished brass and their highly scrubbed decks.

Directly in front of the two yacht clubs, where the smaller pleasure boats are tied up, the dust storms have always been at their worst, but these spots, too, are being improved, each club having recently commenced paving the land before it.

## George Copeland To Give Concert At Principal Monday, December 11, To Aid Capella Classica

George Copeland, the American pianist, will offer a concert at the Teatro Principal on Monday, December 11, at 9:30 p. m.

The musician has announced that the concert will be for the benefit of the Capella Classica, the Mallorcan choir trained by Father Juan Thomás which is now preparing for its annual Christmas recitals.

Mr. Copeland has long been an enthusiastic follower of the work months it was printed here, the average number of stories per issue was about seven.

The contents of «Story» will be reviewed in the next issue of The Weekly Palma Post.

of Father Thomás and his choir, and has before donated his services for the benefit of the choral organization.

Shortly after his concert the pianist will leave Mallorca for a tour of Europe that will take in Barcelona, Paris and London. Later, he will embark for America where he is engaged to give a long concert tour.

The Christmas program of the Capella Classica is an event that should not be missed by music lovers. Besides Mr. Copeland, other well-known musicians have praised the organization as one of the finest of its sort in existence.

## Wine Buyer Believes Spain Best Prepared To Profit By Repeal

The Chicago «Tribune», Paris edition, quotes a statement by a well-known American wine merchant that Spain is best prepared to profit by the repeal of prohibition in the United States.

After obtaining an interview with the American wine buyer, the «Tribune» published the following article:

«Spain is the country that seems best to have understood the vast possibilities opened up in America by the final repeal of prohibition, said Willy Gunzburger, vice president of the May International Corporation, in an interview with *The Tribune* at the Hotel Ambassador yesterday.

«On arriving in Paris late in September, Gunzburger visited the Burgundy wine district, then went on to London to meet D. W. May, his associate, who before engaging in the organization of a vast wine and liquor distribution agency was well known in radio merchandizing circles in New York. On their return to Paris, Gunzburger and May were met by the Spanish Commercial Attaché here, with a representative of the Spanish wine-growers' association, and escorted through the vineyards of Spain, where they were able to arrange for a number of important vintages to be distributed in America.

«May then sailed for New York and Gunzburger toured the wine districts of Germany, Austria and Hungary.»



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## ON THE ISLAND

(Continued from page 1)

sional crew.

Mr. Earl Chandler Taylor, formerly of the United States Embassy in Paris, has decided to prolong his visit to Mallorca indefinitely and has taken an apartment in Calle Gomila.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence have returned from a motor trip through Spain. They were gone three weeks and covered the principal points of interest on the peninsula.

Jeanne Wilkins seven year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilkins, is recovering rapidly from infantile paralysis. It is now believed that recovery will be complete and that no operation will be necessary.

Miss Faith Lumley is expected to return from England by the end of January.

Miss Lumley accompanied Miss Florence Marshall to England after the latter was badly injured in a fall.

Don Jaime Enseñat, one of the directors of the Alcudia golf course project, returned to Palma from Barcelona last week.

Mr. Kendall Park is in Palma from Barcelona. Mr. Park is the head of the Spanish Trading Company, of which his son is Palma manager.

Mr. Leslie Mundy plans to leave for Paris in about 10 days. He has been a resident of Palma for several months.

Mrs. George Dubost has rejoined her husband after a trip to the French Riviera. Mr. and Mrs. Dubost made the voyage some time ago, but the former had to return early because of his business, the Trocadero.

### M. Falla, Mallorca's Foremost Musician, Coming For Concert

Don Manuel Falla, considered by many music lovers Mallorca's foremost musician, will return to the Island to be on hand for the pre-Christmas concerts of the Capella Clásica.

Señor Falla at present is in Barcelona, where he gave a recital at the Liceo Saturday.

The noted Mallorcan musician hopes to be able to return in time for the concert to be given on Monday, December 11, by the American pianist, George Copeland.

Mr. Copeland's concert is dedicated to the Capella Clásica and its director, Father Juan Tomás.

The Cappella concerts will start shortly and there will be several to make up the annual Christmas season music festivals for which Father Tomás and his choir have become noted.

### Temperamental Jaime, Post's Prima Donna, Again To Sell Paper

Young Jaime, for many months the Prima Donna of The Palma Post, is soon to return to his old job of selling the papers on the street.

Young Jaime threw up his job and stalked out of the office some months ago when his artistic temperament got the better of him, but he has since learned the error of his ways and readers of The Post who have been asking for him will soon be paying him their 25 centimos daily.

The re-engagement of Young Jaime is being undertaken by the business department of The Palma Post strictly against the advice of counsel and contrary to every principle of business management. Jaime's plea that he always made good money working for The Post fell upon deaf ears, inasmuch as he failed to explain why, under those circumstances,

### RIGHT WING GROUP EXPECTS TO SECURE RUN-OFF VICTORY

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within a few months—he will have at least the toleration of the powerful Agrarian Party, according to Leader Martínez de Velasco.

Although only two Conservative party heads have shunted the responsibility of assuming control aside, it is hardly likely that other parties will rush in where they feared to tread.

If Señor Lerroux gets the call, it is unlikely that he will find his office tenable for long, inasmuch as both Gil Robles and Martínez de Velasco have confined their promises of support to «toleration» or «passive cooperation.» Gil Robles made it clear that no member of his party would enter the cabinet except in an emergency.

Premier Martínez Barrios already is preparing to hand over the reins to his successor and hopes to be out of office within a week.

As parliament now stands, without counting the unknown results of today's elections, the parties of the Right have 167 seats; Center parties, with which are counted the Radicals, 125; the Left Wing, including the once mighty Socialist Party, only secured 60 seats. Twenty-six seats have not been declared and 95 are definitely unfilled.

From this it will be seen that a swing back to the Socialists in the run-off elections is next to impossible. The tremendous swing from Left to Right came as an unpleasant surprise to the Socialists, who have already alleged that the election count was framed.

Socialist demands that the November 19 elections be declared null and void have received scant attention from the government, even though one member, then Minister of Justice Botella Asensi, did advocate nullification of the elections and the reconvention of the dissolved congress.

he did not prove a sound investment to his employers. However, Jaime has his public, and his public wants him back. He starts to work Monday.

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### Mallorca Returns To Polling Places; Two Cortes Seats Vacant

(Continued from page 1)

Leader Alejandro Lerroux will be the next head of the Spanish government, it is not improbable that the 50 provincial civil governors, including Governor Juan Manent of the Balearic Islands, will be asked not to resign their posts.

Even an eventual swing to an out-and-out Right cabinet would not necessarily mean a change of provincial governors, because of the nearness of the Radical Party to the Right and Center Coalition that knocked out the Socialist Party in the general elections.

Mallorca, finally through with her general elections and run-off, now faces another election, this one within the town council, to choose a mayor to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Don José Tomás Rentería.

The town council expects to attend to this matter in regular session on Wednesday, but the result of its vote can only be temporary, as municipal elections probably will be held next January.

Originally, the elections were scheduled for December 3, but they were postponed lest they conflict with the more important general elections.

Don José Tomás Rentería has been in ill health for some time, but tried to stick out his term of office. When the elections were postponed, he decided to resign immediately, but stayed in office an extra two weeks, first when it became apparent that a strike was imminent, and later when the strike actually was declared.

Don Docmael López Palop is considered a possible winner of the mayoralty when the town council meets to cast its vote. At present, Señor López Palop is acting in capacity of mayor by virtue of his position of chief aide Señor Rentería's tenure of office, during Señor Rentería's tenure of office.

### NEW ALCUDIA LINKS OPENING PUT OFF TILL DECEMBER 15

(Continued from page 1)

are making arrangements to have international matches played there.

For the benefit of those who take their sports seriously, there will be a large hotel near the course, but adequate bus service will make it easy for more distant residents to reach the links and courts.

The hotel will have 80 rooms, all with baths, and several apartments of two or more rooms.

The hotel is being located to take full advantage of the natural beaches of Alcudia, where the bathing is as good as anywhere on the Island.

When complete, the hotel, which will be known as the «Hotel Playa-Golf», will be open all the year round, as will the golf course and tennis courts.

### Doctors Peñaranda To Open Office In Terreno

(Continued from page 1)

number of English speaking residents of the Island and is known as one of the most modern and comfortable clinics in Spain.

The clinic was widely publicized in the press last spring when an officer from a French cruiser whose life had been dispaired after he was stricken with an illness on shipboard, was saved through the skill of the doctors.

As reward for that service, it is reported, the French government has decided to present a decoration to the doctor who operated on the naval officer. As the doctor is the holder of a commission in the Spanish army, the Spanish ministry of war would have to give its consent before he would be allowed to receive a foreign decoration.

## AN EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 1)

as that of the original. A small paragraph is all he has seen fit to devote towards retracting his charges.

The editor of The Palma Post has seen all the checks handed to customers at the Trocadero on the night in question, as well as the daily chart of gross income and the cash register record. Every item was triple checked on the three records. In the course of the evening, no drink was served at a higher price than three pesetas. Every drink served was billed to the host at the regular table price. (Bar prices are slightly under those charged at the tables.)

The Palma Post sees fit to publish this editorial both in fairness to the managers of the Trocadero and in fairness to their clients. There are not so many places of entertainment in Mallorca that the residents can afford to be shooed away from one of them under false pretenses.

# ARTIST AT HOME - - By William Faulkner

(Conclusion)

«Anne keeps on saying you are not well.» Roger says. «Do you have any idea of anything that's wrong with you?»

«I don't know,» the poet says. Roger sucks at the pipe. He seems to be having a little trouble making it burn right. Maybe that's why he slams the pipe down on the desk, or maybe he is human like a poet. Anyway, he slams the pipe down on the desk so that the tobacco pops out burning among the papers. And there they are: the bald husband with next week's flour and meat actually in sight, and the home-wrecker that needs a haircut, in one of these light blue jackets that ladies used to wear with lace boudoir caps when they would be sick and eat in bed. «What in hell do you mean.»

Roger says, «coming in my house and eating my food and bothering Anne with your damned...» But that was all. But even that was pretty good for a writer, an artist; maybe that's all that should be expected from them. Or maybe it was because the poet wasn't even listening to him. «He's not even here,» Roger says to himself; like he had told the poet he used to write poetry himself, and so he knew them. «He's up there at Anne's door now, kneeling outside her door.» And outside that door was as close to Anne as Roger got too, for some time. But that was later, and he and the poet are now in the office, with him trying to make the poet shut his yap and go up to bed, and the poet refusing.

«I cannot lie under your roof,» the poet says. «May I see Anne?» «You can see her in the morning. Any time. All day, if you want to. Don't talk drivel.»

«May I speak to Anne?» the poet says, like he might have been speaking to a one-syllable feeb.

So Roger goes up and tells Anne and comes back and sits behind the typewriter again and then Anne comes down and Roger hears her and the poet goes out the front door. After a while Anne comes back alone. «He's gone,» she says.

«Is he?» Roger says, like he is not listening. Then he jumps up. «Gone? He can't—this late. Call him back.»

«He won't come back,» Anne says. «Let him alone.» She goes on up stairs. When Roger went up a little later, the door was locked. Now get this. This is it. He came back down to the office and put some paper into the typewriter and began to write. He didn't go very fast at first, but by daylight he was sounding like forty hens in a sheet-iron corn-crib, and the written sheets on the desk were piling up...

He didn't see or hear of the poet for two days. But the poet was still in town. Amos Crain saw him and came and told Roger. It seems that Amos happened to

come to the house for something, because that was the only way anybody could have got to Roger to tell him anything for two days and nights. «I heard that typewriter before I crossed the creek,» Amos says. «I see that blue dressing-sacque at the hotel yesterday,» he says.

That night, while Roger was at work, Anne came down the stairs. She looked in the office door. «I'm going to meet him,» she said.

«Will you tell him to come back?» Roger said. «Will you tell him I sent the message?»

«No,» Anne said. And the last thing she heard when she went out and when she came back an hour later and went upstairs and locked her door (Roger was sleeping on the sleeping-porch now, on an army cot) was the typewriter.

## ERRATUM

The first part of this short story appeared in the last number of *The Weekly Post* under the erroneous title of «Art at Home». The above title is correct.

And so life went on in its old, pleasant, happy way. They saw one another often, sometimes twice a day after Anne quit coming down to breakfast. Only, a day or so after that, she missed the sound of the typewriter; maybe she missed being kept awake by it. «Have you finished it?» she said. «The story.»

«Oh. No. No, it's not finished yet. Just resting for a day or so.» Bull market in typewriting, you might say.

It stayed bullish for several days. He had got into the habit of going to bed early, of being in his cot on the sleeping-porch when Anne came back into the house. One night she came out onto the sleeping-porch, where he was reading in bed. «I'm not going back again,» she said. «I'm afraid to.»

«Afraid of what? Aren't two children enough for you? Three, counting me.»

«I don't know.» It was a reading lamp and her face was in the shadow. «I don't know.» He turned the light, to shine it on her face, but before it got to her face she turned, running. He got there just in time to have the door banged in his face. «Blind! Blind!» she said beyond the door. «Go away! Go away!»

He went away, but he couldn't get to sleep. So after a while he took the metal shade off the reading lamp and jimmied the window into the room where the children slept. The door from here

into Anne's room wasn't locked. Anne was asleep. The moon was getting down then, and he could see her face. He hadn't made any noise, but she waked anyway, looking up at him, not moving. «He's had nothing, nothing. The only thing he remembers of his mother is the taste of sherbet on Sunday afternoon. He says my mouth tastes like that. He says my mouth is his mother.» She began to cry. She didn't move, face-up on the pillow, her arms under the sheet, crying. Roger sat on the edge of the bed and touched her and she flopped over then, with her face down against his knee, crying.

They talked until about daylight. «I don't know what to do. Adultery wouldn't get me—anybody—into that place where he lives. Lives? He's never lived. He's—» She was breathing quiet, her face turned down, but still against his knee—him stroking her shoulder. «Would you take me back?»

«I don't know.» He stroked her shoulder. «Yes. Yes. I'd take you back.»

And so the typewriting market picked up gain. It took a spurt that night, as soon as Anne got herself cried off to sleep, and the market held steady for three or four days, without closing at night, even after Pinkie told him how the telephone was out of fix and he found where the wires were cut and knows where he can find the scissors that did it when he wants to. He doesn't go to the village at all, even when he had a free ride. He would spend half a morning sitting by the road, waiting for somebody to pass that would bring him back a package of tobacco or sugar or something. «If I went to the village, he might have left town,» he said.

On the fifth day, Amos Crain brought him his mail. That was the day the rain came up. There was a letter for Anne. «He evidently doesn't want my advice on this,» he said to himself. «Maybe he has already sold it.» He gave the letter to Anne. She read it, once.

«Will you read it?» she said. «I wouldn't care to,» he said.

But the typing market is still steady, so that when the rain came up this afternoon, he had to turn on the light. The rain was so hard on the house that he could watch his fingers (he used two or three of them) hitting the keys without hearing a sound. Pinkie didn't come, so after a while he quit and fixed a tray and took it up and left it on a chair outside Anne's door. He didn't stop to eat, himself.

It was dark when she came down the first time. It was still

raining. He saw her cross the door, going fast, a raincoat and a rubber hat. He caught her as she opened the front door, with the rain blowing in. «Where are you going?» he said.

She tried to jerk her arm loose. «Let me alone.»

«You can't go out in this. What is it?»

«Let me alone. Please.» She jerked her arm, pulling at the door which he was holding.

«You can't. What is it? I'll do it. What is it?»

But she just looked at him, jerking at her arm and at the door knob. «I must go to the village. Please, Roger.»

«You can't do that. At night, and in all this rain.»

«Please. Please.» He held her. «Please. Please.» But he held her, and she let the door go and went back up stairs. And he went back to the typewriter, to this market still going great guns.

He is still at it midnight. This time Anne has on a bathrobe. She stands in the door, holding to the door. Her hair is down. «Roger,» she says. «Roger.»

He goes to her, fast for a fat man; maybe he thinks she is sick. «What? What is it?»

She goes to the front door and opens it; the rain comes in again. «There,» she says. «Out there.»

«What?»

«He is, Blair.»

He draws her back. He makes her go to the office, then he puts on his raincoat and takes the umbrella and goes out. «Blair!» he calls. «John!» Then the shade on the office window goes up, where Anne has raised it and carried the desk lamp to the window and turned the light out-doors, and then he sees Blair, standing in the rain, without any hat, with his blue coat like it was put on him by a paper-hanger, with his face lifted toward Anne's window.

And here we are again: the bald husband, the rural plute, and this dashing blade, this home-wrecking poet. Both gentlemen, being artists: the one that doesn't want the other to get wet; the other whose conscience won't let him wreck the house from inside. Here we are, with Roger trying to hold one of these green silk, female umbrellas over himself and the poet too, jerking at the poet's arm.

«You damned fool! Come in the house!»

«No.» His arm gives a little as Roger jerks at it, but the poet himself doesn't move.

«Do you want to drown? Come on, man!»

«No.»

Roger jerks at the poet's arm, like jerking at the arm of a wet saw-dust doll. Then he begins to yell at the house: «Anne! Anne! «Did she say for me to come in?» the poet says.

«I—Yes. Yes. Come in the house. Are you mad?»

«You're lying,» the poet says. «Let me alone.»

«What are you trying to do?» Roger says. «You can't stand here like this.»

«Yes I can. You go on in. You'll take cold.»

Roger runs back to the house; they have an argument first, because Roger wants the poet to keep the umbrella and the poet won't do it. So Roger runs back to the house. Anne is at the door. «The fool,» Roger says. «I can't—»

«Come in!» Anne calls. «John! Please!» But the poet has stepped out of the light and vanished. «John!» Anne calls. Then she began to laugh, staring at Roger from between her hair, brushing at her hair with her hands. «He—he looked so f—funny. He l—looked so—» Then she was not laughing and Roger had to hold her up. He carried her upstairs and put her to bed and sat with her until she could stop crying. Then he went back to the office. The lamp was still at the window, and when he moved it the light went across the lawn and he saw Blair again.

(Continued on page 9)

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Established 1933

Subscriptions: 1 pts. monthly; 10 pts. yearly. Delivered to your home or hotel without extra charge. Write circulation manager; Kathleen Scott.

Business Offices: Calle San Felice, 4. Telephone. 1076

Editorial Offices: Calle Lonjeta 11, Telephone 1365.

Barcelona Representative: Don Emilio M. Cano de Castro, Riera de San Miguel 11-1.º-2.º

Barcelona Office: Plaza del Buensuceso 5. Tel. 15668.

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**Bucking Up The Dollar**

With the dollar in an extremely unsettled condition, it is an encouraging sign that certain sound banking institutions, commerce chambers and individual economists are crying for President Roosevelt to call a halt and adopt a stable money policy.

Whatever might be the effects of a prolonged period of fluctuating currency in America, they would be disastrous for the Americans living abroad.

Some of us may be unselfish enough to see farther than our own comfort and back Roosevelt to the hilt if his plans seem likely to end the depression. None of us cares to do so if our own personal discomfort is only going to anticipate a nationwide disaster back home.

However one may admire the courage of President Roosevelt—and this paper has always found his courage admirable, even inspiring—it is hard not to feel that he has gone too far in keeping his plans to himself and letting the dollar fall prey to the fears of investing institutions and the cunning of speculating individuals.

Here in Mallorca, it would be a relief to see the dollar back on the gold standard, but the possibility of such a course being pursued is remote. Only a small percentage of the president's critics feel he erred in abandoning the old basis; many, however, feel that some sort of standard should be adopted and that the willy nilly drifting of the currency unit should cease.

It is not so much the drop that has occurred that alarms the American living aboard—and far-sighted Americans at home—as it is the feeling of uncertainty. Let the dollar remain where it is, or even drop a bit lower, but give us some idea of what is going to happen in the next few months. And that, by the way, is about all the sincere critics of Mr. Roosevelt are asking.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST bring results.

**THE NIGHT WATCH**

Years ago, when we were on the threshold of our callow youth and the barber didn't shave us, he just rubbed 'em in, we patronized on old fashioned barber shop in the sedate town of Norwalk, Connecticut.

Perhaps we liked that particular shop because it made us feel sort of mature to wait our turn along with the mayor, a couple of aldermen and old Charlie Dimond, who we still think was about the grandest gentleman of the old school who ever lived. As we say, we were young and callow and no doubt sitting alongside of the village big shots set us all of a twitter.

But there was something more than that to bring us back to the same old shop whenever our hair concealed our collar or our incipient beard began to draw a smudge across our chin. The place was old fashioned, possibly even a shade unsanitary. Wood paneling lined the walls where, in another, more modern «tonorial parlor» cold white tiles would be placed.

Deep leather chairs and benches were placed around the room, and the waiting customer did not mind if two or three earlier risers were ahead of him.

Around the walls were countless shaving mugs, the property of old timers who vied with each other in owning the flossiest monogrammed cup. To this day, we remember the gorgeous affair that belonged to Charlie Dimond. We wonder what has become of it.

Having reminisced a bit, without having attained to the three-score years that make reminiscences permissible, we will now divulge the inspiration of our memory-raking.

In Palma, not far from the city hall, we have found a barber shop that is a dead ringer for the one back in dear old Norwalk. Our discovery may not be important, but it means a lot to us and, we suspect, to any one else who knows his Tonsorial Parlors.

Here, again, we have the paneled walls and deep, leather upholstered benches. Here again we seek our monthly hair cut or our twice-weekly shave without caring a silver-plated hang whether or not half a dozen or so clients are there ahead of us.

True, the rows of monogrammed mugs are absent, but one can't have everything, and the private cup business seems to have been a strictly American practice—alas, one that is dying out rapidly, if it is not already as defunct as the dodo, the ancient mariner and the mustache cup.

Nevertheless, in its essentials our barber shop is the old New England trimming-and-scraping emporium of our youth. We struggle through the *Almudaina* instead of chuckling over the «Office Cat» column of the Norwalk «Hour», and when we reach for a weekly magazine we get *Mundo Gráfico* instead of last June's issue of «Life», but those differences are superficial. We sink into the leather cushions to wait until the finishing touches have been put to the chin of our mayor, and to all intents and purposes we are 3000 miles away.

Even the conversation in the white-doored shop in the shadow of the city hall could be lifted and translated from the place where we used to ask, with a certain amount of embarrassment, for a haircut and a shave. In Norwalk, the conversation quickly turns to politics; in Palma it never leaves that delightful subject. In Norwalk, the great fear is the growing strength of the Communists; in Palma the menace of the *sindicalistas* supplies the devil in the clothes locker.

We have never been one of those hardened souls who object to conversation in the barber's chair. To our innocent mind, it is as much the barber's business to make conversation as it is to snip hair and scrape chins. Fie for the barber whose conversational attainments are limited to such remarks as, «It's growing a little thin on top, sir», or, «Shampoo, sir. A little oil, perhaps?»

It is our particular sorrow that our Spanish—and our Mallorquin—is too sketchy to permit an adequate powwow with our barber. But at that, never let it be said that he doesn't try. He does, and as he has a carrying voice, we know just when to break in with a laugh—when the waiting clients smirk, and we catch their reflection in the mirror, we must burst out laughing. For the customers in the sidelines to laugh out loud at a joke cracked for our own especial benefit would, of course, be highly impolite, but a smirk is permissible.

Poor as our Spanish is, however, we have never been as badly fixed as was a poor devil of an English tourist who so long ago sauntered in for a shave. Incidentally, in our shop, which is unpatronized by the foreign colony, the appearance of an Englishman or an American creates about the sensation that would arise back in Norwalk if a Spanish *torero* walked in, costume and all.

Our English cousin wanted a shave and nothing else; he was having considerable difficulty making himself understood. Finally, having exhausted the sign language, he pointed to his two-day growth of beard and shouted «El wiskerinos!»

A little Spanish is a handy thing and, as everybody knows, blood is thicker than water, so we saved the day for him. Running our fo-refinger across our throat from ear to ear, we said, «Wissst!»

He got what he wanted. A shave, that is—they didn't cut his throat.

The Watchman

**IN ONE EAR**

I'd like to bite a great big nick  
[out of

The gabby lout that «gets a kick  
[out of...]

What joy, what bliss sublime to  
[kill

The ass who always «gets a  
[thrill...]

It would delight me very much  
To slay the lad who «gets in  
[touch...]

O wad some kindly power abs-  
[tract us

From human fiends that would  
[«contact» us.

Why don't we have strict laws  
[and fines

Against the phrase, «Along these  
[lines?]

I find I can not share the views.  
Of gillies ready to «enthuse.»

And small we vote for any mutt.  
That says he is «a candidut?»—

T. A. G. in *The Carolian* (Colum-  
bus, O.)

**RISKA—KISS**

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the Sacred Heart Church on Tuesday of last week, when George Kiss and Miss Josephine Riska were united in marriage.—*Palmerton (Pa.) Press.*

Dora had just returned from Sunday-school, where she had been for the first time.

«What did my little daughter learn this morning?» asked her father.

«That I am a child of Satan,» was the beaming reply.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Five Pairs of Prison Uniform Trousers Found in Abandoned Automobile; Nine Are Still at Large.—*Butte (Mont.) paper.*

Adolph P— is suffering from an injury to his left eye. Mrs. P—'s sister of Ellendale is a guest in their home.—*Wahpeton (N. D.) paper.*

At this time Spadavecchia returned to the glacier camp, having avoided starvation by kidding

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a porcupine with his ice ax.—*Newark (N. J.) paper.*

The elderly gentleman's wife was entering a railway carriage and he neglected to assist her. «You are not so gallant, John, as when I was a gal,» she exclaimed, in gentle rebuke.

«No» was his ready response. «and you are not so buoyant as when I was a boy.»—*Sarnia Observer.*

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FRIDAY, 15th December, 1933

# TALKING OF BOOKS -- By Howard N. Rubien

Book reviewing differs from literary criticism as a science because it is fortuitous. Chance plays a great part in the choice of the books to be read and discussed by the reviewer. In literary criticism, qua criticism, the great works of literature known to all critics are discussed. In book reviewing a certain few of the current publications are examined.

What determines what books are to be read? There are several factors. First of all, the reviewer examines each week a very valuable trade weekly little known to the public. This, called *The Bookseller* (I am speaking of English books; for the French reviewer there is a corresponding paper called *Biblio*) contains the complete list of every book published in England—technical or otherwise. This week there are about five hundred books listed; this is about the usual number. The reviewer looks down the list, marking those books which he thinks will be of interest. In this way he does at least read the name and author and publisher of every book published.

How does he decide what books to read? Several factors determine the choice. First of all it is assumed that he knows the name and type of work brought out by the different publishers. When he sees, as I do now, that Mr. Monkhouse has published a book called *Moscow 1911-1933* he quickly passes on muttering something impolite under his breath. For the reviewer has already heard quite enough from Mr. Monkhouse when he was on trial in Moscow—and if Mr. Monkhouse had anything of interest to say about Moscow he could have said it then. Further along the list he sees that a Mr. O'Sullivan has broken out with a book called *Miner's Nystagmus* published by Wright of Bristol. The reviewer never heard of the author but he knows that the publisher is a producer of me-

## Book Reviewing And Literary Criticism-- Trials And Tribulations Of A Book Reviewer-- The Best Book Since The War The Reviewer Gives You Mr. Eugene O'Neill

dical and scientific books, so although the name had splendid possibilities for a P. G. Wodehouse or a Beachcomber, the reviewer knows that the name is not a joke but the legitimate title of a scientific work, and therefore not of interest for a review in a lay paper.

He next comes upon an entry T. R. Parsons. *Fundamentals of Biochemistry in Relation to Human Physiology*, published by Heffer—and this gives him an opportunity to relate an anecdote—for which he has a weakness as all literary guys have. The anecdote is this: I once wrote to Mr. Heffer, the publisher of this book, asking for a copy of *How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?* which was a book on Shakespearean criticism which he had published. Instead of receiving the book I received a delightful but paternal (and how was Mr. Heffer to know that nothing gives me a bigger pain in the neck than unsolicited advice?) letter telling me that he didn't "think the folks who read *The Palma Post* would care about an abstruse and highly specialized work on literary criticism, but if I had asked for Mr. E.E. Kellett's book, *Literary Allusion*, I could have that instead". From which I gather that some of you readers have not been paying sufficient attention to my articles while Mr. Heffer's secret agents have been watching you. Well, the title of Mr. Parson's book on Biochemistry interests me—especially as Biochemistry (like golf) is really my game. Consequently I would have not merely marked that book but would have sent for it; but as Mr. Heffer thinks you people haven't brains enough to read a book review on a book about Shakespearean criticism—it seems that Mr. Heffer certainly will not think you capable of hearing about this book—and it is to keep you from being slandered by its publisher that I refrain from asking him for a copy. This explains how another factor enters into book reviewing—the factor of difficulty in obtaining the book.

Since I am on the subject of the difficulty sometimes encountered in getting a book, I might mention the case of Ted Pratt's book *Spring From Downward*. It was natural that I should wish to review this book for many reasons; let us say that one of them was simply that as Mr. Pratt was well-known in Mallorca any review of his work should have made interesting reading in this paper. Apparently Mr. Pratt thought so too, for he wrote me telling me that Selwyn & Blount had published his book and that he had written them to tell them to send me a copy when they received from me my address. I wrote them and received a note simply saying that "review copies had all been issued". Now what sense does that make? Certainly a review of Ted Pratt's book in a Mallorcan newspaper was worth more publicity than a review any other place and yet his publisher hasn't the courtesy to send me a copy. That is the reason that no review of a book which should have been reviewed here has appeared.

Next on the list I see that The Cambridge University Press has brought out Bryant's book on *Samuel Pepys*. Now that looks like the sort of book for me, because its author is interesting, the subject of interest to my readers—of whose mentality I hold a higher opinion than Mr. Heffer does—and because I think that I shall enjoy reading as well as writing about it. I shall send for it—and it shall be reviewed next week, I hope.

### Critic And Book Reviewer

These few comments should make it clear that several things act to determine what books are read and reviewed, and why there can be no agreement between book reviewers as to what they shall read—much less what they shall think the important book of its time. I have been prompted to write about this because of the otherwise incredible lack of agreement between book reviewers as to what was or is the best literary work since the war. The Sunday Times has asked a number of the foremost book reviewers for their opinion of this, and the replies show no correlation. Now had these same men been asked their opinion about any given book, or group of books, or period of literature, which they were all familiar with, I am sure that within the limits of personal idiosyncrasy their opinions would agree. In short, there is such a thing as criticism per se; it has an objective validity. There do exist canons; some things are good, and some things are bad. And a well trained critic knows one from the

other. The existence of the eccentric prose of Gertrude Stein and writers for old *Transition* or the new *Transition* notwithstanding

### Best Book Since The War

This now brings me to the opinion of the most eminent men, whose daily job is the writing on books, concerning the best book since the war. Had they all examined the same books there would have been considerable agreement about the books, but as they looked at different books, for the reasons above stated, among others, they have chosen widely different works.

J. C. (Sir John to you) Squire reasonably dodges the question by pointing out that many great writers like Conrad and Hardy wrote since the war and it does not need the advice of an expert to recall these authors. Nor, he continues, is it necessary for him to mention those writers still alive like P. G. Wodehouse, Dr. Cronin, Helen Waddell, and J. B. Priestly whose work is well settled in its niche. He wants to give voice to praise for those writers whose work deserves more reclamation than it received. *His Monkey Wife* by John Collier, *Loona* by Norman Walker, *Lost Horizon* by James Hilton are his choice.

Mr. Philip Guedalla hasn't been having much fun reading post-war books; he says: "I can think of only one post-war author whose work has given me uniform pleasure, Mr. Ronald Fraser—the pure beauty of whose *Rose Anstey* has not been equalled in this generation."

Mr. Harold Nicholson is analytical. He finds the period one of destructive criticism, relativity, and doubt. Therefore the significant writers should be those whose work was in that field—not

the writers who carried on older traditions. From this aspect he chooses H. G. Wells as the most important writer of the period. Bertrand Russell's *What I Believe* and the popularizers of science and philosophy—James Jeans, Eddington, J. B. S. Haldane, J. W. N. Sullivan, and Julian Huxley, are the big shots—to which I agree—but break with him with a huge bang when he goes on to say "special reference to J. W. Dunne's *Experiment With Time*." Ho, Hum

Mr. Beverley Nichols always has ideas about everything—and for that reason I enjoy him—without being in sympathy with those ideas. This time he simply gushes over Walter Greenwood's *Love On The Dole* and cheers for John Cowper Powys's *In Defense Of Sensuality* which I have never read nor ever will, having been so violently poisoned by Powys's *Glastonbury Romance* that I shall never crack another book of his. I guess a couple of other people beside myself have not read Powys—for his champion here says, "Although many people I have met have not read it—etc—if a day were to dawn when Mr. Powys's philosophy should be proclaimed unheeded the outlook for us all would be black indeed". I do not know what that means, but it seems to mean something to Beverley Nichols.

Of all these writers I think Mr. Hugh Walpole has given us the best list of books of permanent worth.

First, *The Magic Mountain* by Thomas Mann, then *Sergeant Grisha* by Arnold Zweig, followed by Yeats's *The Tower*, *Passage To India* by E. M. Forster, *To The Lighthouse* by Virginia Woolf, the last work of Proust, and a couple of others. But, he adds, the trouble with these is that they are too obvious—but what matter.

Now do you not think it strange that not one of these Englishmen thought of the one single post-war man of letters that will live for all time? Gentlemen, I give you.

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL

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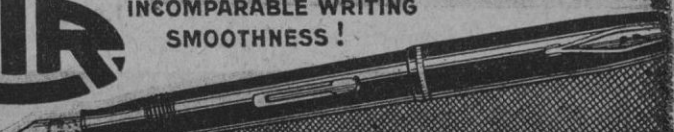
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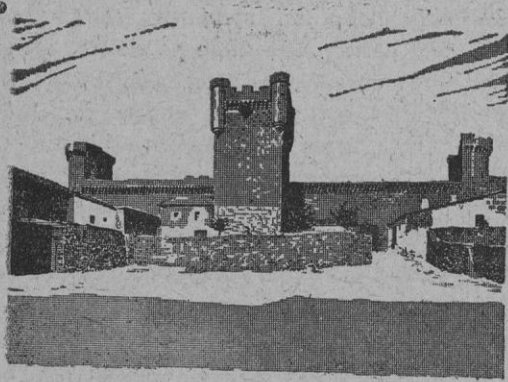
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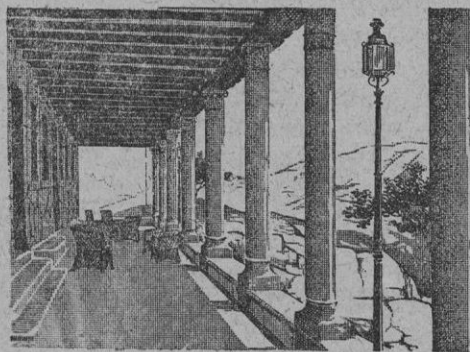
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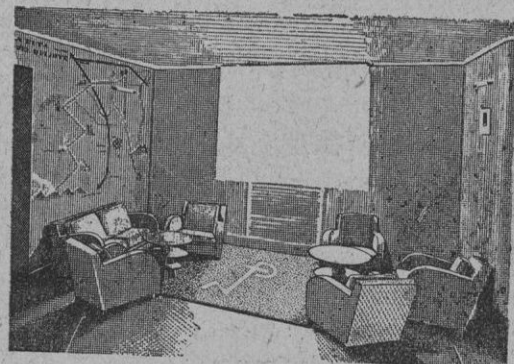
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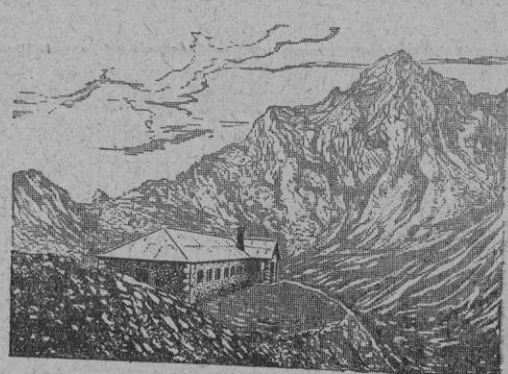
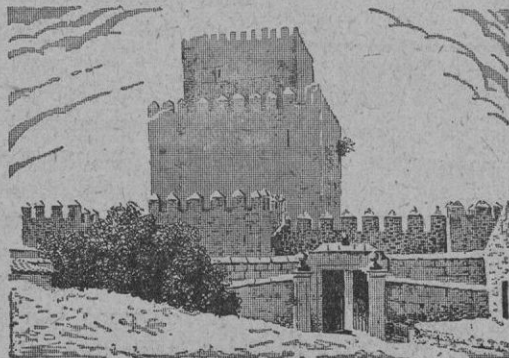


**ALBERGUE DE LA CARRETERA DE MANZANARES**—On the road to Madrid, Córdoba, Seville and Cádiz. One hundred and seventy-six kilometers from Madrid. Individual rooms 15 pesetas. Rooms for two 25 pesetas. Chauff-

eurs' rooms, 5 pesetas. Lunch or dinner, 8 pesetas; chauffeurs' meals, 5.50 pesetas. Garage, 5 pesetas.

**ALBERGUE DE LA CARRETERA DE BAILLEN**—Two hundred and ninety-seven miles from Madrid on the road to Cordoba, Seville and Cádiz. Single room, 15 pesetas. For two, 25 pesetas. Chauffeur, 5 pesetas. Lunch or dinner, 8 pesetas. Chauffeurs' Meals 5.50 pesetas. Garage, 5 pesetas.

**ALBERGUE DE LA CARRETERA DE LA ORDEN**—One hundred and twenty kilometers from Madrid, on the road to Albacetes, Murcia, and Cartagena. Single room, 15 pesetas. For two, 25 pesetas. Chauffeurs' rooms, 5 pesetas. Lunch or dinner, 8 pesetas. Chauffeurs' meals 5.50 pesetas. Garage, 5 pesetas.





## Watussi Disembarks 31 Passengers; More On Two Other Ships

Thirty-one passengers disembarked from the Watussi when the ship arrived here last week from Hamburg and Southampton.

The arrivals were: Elfriede Dreyscharff, Anna Steil, Marie Cauvin, John Read, Evelyn Read, Florence Pierce, Essers van Poekeren, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Crackanthorpe, Enid Lewis, James McClelland, David Stirling, Agnes Symes, Belle Preiss.

Also, Magdalena Vola de Pira, Waldemar Carlberg, Ludwig Bernstein, Agnes Isaacsohn, Juan Canellas, Jemina Broadwood, Gordon Glover, Honor Glover, Hilda Glover, Editha Foster, Edward Freer, Mr. and Mrs. George Goosey, Robert Matson and Mr. and Mrs. Johann Turk.

Leaving on the liner were: Walter Meili, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Pedley, Otto Hussman, E. J. Salter, Mrs. J. M. Salter, H. F. Beeton and Miss J. Neumann.

The following disembarked Friday from the Excalibur:

Adolph Schonberg, Mrs. George Dubost, Mr. and Mrs. Georges Bizzeau, Mrs. G. von Trotha and Miss Hedwin von Trotha.

The Excalibur took on Miss Megan Laird, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fawkes, Mrs. Martha T. Humphrey, Mrs. Grace H. Atwood and Mrs. Alexander Hadra with her two children, Jane and Nancy Hadra.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. C. Rubie and Mr. and Mrs. James T. Stewart left for London Friday on the Dunluce Castle.

Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Jenkins arrived from Marseilles on the same ship.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST bring results.

## Hot Water!

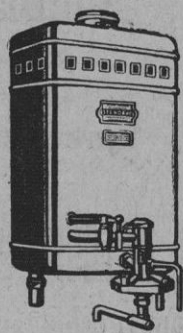
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# ARTIST AT HOME

(Continued from page 5)

He was sitting on the ground, with his back against a tree, his face raised in the rain toward Anne's window. Roger rushed out again, but when he got there, Blair was gone. Roger stood under the umbrella and called him for a while, but he never got any answer. Maybe he was going to try again to make the poet take the umbrella. So maybe he didn't know as much about poets as he thought he did. Or maybe he was thinking about Pope. Pope might have had an umbrella.

They never saw the poet again. This one, that is. Because this happened almost six months ago, and they still live there. But they never saw this one. Three days later, Anne gets the second letter, mailed from the village. It is a menu card from the Elite Cafe, or maybe they call it the Palace. It was already autographed by the flies that eat there, and the poet had written on the back of it. Anne left it on Roger's desk and went out, and then Roger read it.

It seems that this was the shot. The one that Roger had always claimed to be waiting for. Anyway, the magazines that don't have any pictures took the poem, stealing it from one another while the interest or whatever it was ate up the money that the poet never got for it. But that was all right, too, because by that time Blair was dead.

Amos Crain's wife told them how the poet had left town. And a week later Anne left too. She went up to Connecticut to spend the rest of the summer with her mother and father, where the children were. The last thing she heard when she left the house was the typewriter.

But it was two weeks after Anne

left before Roger finished it, wrote the last word. At first he wanted to put the poem in too, this poem on the menu card that wasn't about freedom, either, but he didn't. Conscience, maybe he called it, put over the old haymaker, and Roger took it standing like a little man, and sent off the poem for the magazines to jaw over, and tied up the papers he had written and sent them off too. And what was it he had been writing? Him, and Anne, and the poet. Word for word, between the waiting spells to find out what to write down next, with a few changes here and there, of course, because live people do not make good copy, the most interesting copy being gossip, since it mostly is not true.

So he bundled the pages up and sent them off and they sent him the money. It came just in time, because the winter was coming and he still owed a balance on Blair's hospital and funeral. So he paid that, and with the rest of the money he bought Anne a fur coat and himself and the children some winter underwear.

Blair died in September. Anne and the children were still away when he got the wire, three or four days late, since the next batch of them had not arrived yet. So here he is, sitting at his desk, in the empty house, with the typewriting all finished, holding the wire in his hand. «Shelley,» he says. «His whole life was a not very successful imitation of itself. Even to the amount of water it took.»

He didn't tell Anne about the poet until after the fur coat came.

«Did you see that he...» Anne said.

«Yes. He had a nice room, in the sun. A good nurse. The doctor didn't want him to have a special nurse at first. Damn butcher.»

Sometimes when a man thinks about them making poets and artists and such pay these taxes which they say indicates that a man is free, twenty-one, and capable of taking care of himself in this close competition, it seems like they are obtaining money under false pretences. Anyway, here's the rest of it, what they did next.

He reads the book, the story, to her, and her not saying anything until he had finished. «So that's what you were doing,» she said.

He doesn't look at her, either; he is busy evening the pages, getting them smooth again. «It's your fur coat,» he said.

«Oh,» she says. «Yes. My fur coat.»

So the fur coat comes. And what does she do then? She gave it away. Yes. Gave it to Mrs. Crain. Gave it to her, and her in the kitchen, churning, with her hair in her face, brushing her hair back with a wrist that looked like a lean ham. «Why, Miz Howes,» she says. «I caint. I reely caint.»

«You'll have to take it,» Anne says. «We—I got it under false pretences. I don't deserve it. You put bread into the ground and reap it; I don't. So I can't wear a coat like this.»

And they leave it there with Mrs. Crain and they go back home, walking. Only they stop in broad daylight, with Mrs. Crain watching them from the window, and go into a clinch on their own account. «I feel better,» Anne says.

«So do I,» Roger says. «Because Blair wasn't there to see Mrs. Crain's face when you gave her that coat. No freedom there, or equality either.»

But Annie is not listening. «Not to think,» she says, «that he... to dress me in the skins of little slain beasts... You put him in a book, but you didn't finish it. You didn't know about that coat, did you? God beat you, that time, Roger.»

«Ay,» Roger says. «God beats me lots of times. But there's one thing about it, Their children are bigger than ours, and even Mrs. Crain can't wear my underclothes. So that's all right.»

Sure. That was all right. Because it was Christmas soon, and then spring; and then summer, the long summer, the long days.

THE END

## Fomento Del Turismo Arranges Round-Trip S'Abeduya Excursion

On Sunday the Fomento del Turismo sponsored an excursion that took the participants to Son Brondo, S'Abeduya, Esporlas and back to Palma.

The trippers met at the offices of the Fomento at 9. a. m. and boarded an autobus for Son Brondo, whence they went on foot to S'Abeduya, So'n Ferrendell, Mirador dels Frares, La Granja and Esporlas, there the bus was waiting for them.

As usual, the excursionists had been instructed to bring picnic lunches, which they ate during a rest period on the hike from Son Brondo to Esporlas.

These tours are conducted every Sunday by the Fomento. To parti-

## De La Cierva Sees Autogyro Displacing Auto As Conveyance

MADRID— Early replacement of the automobile to a large extent by the autogyro was predicted by Juan de la Cierva, inventor of the autogyro, in a lecture at the Institute of Civil Engineers here.

He emphasized the fact that the autogyro needs little space to land and not much more to take off. «It is certain,» he added «that very soon it will take off just as it lands now. It is infinitely more useful than the airplane for short distances, and will soon be equivalent to the automobile.»

Cierva visualized the construction of homes with autogyro landing fields on the roof in the future, and cited the fact that the Philadelphia postoffice was built to permit autogyros to land on its roofs.

The Spanish inventor, who came here from England to vote in the recent election, illustrated his lecture with motion pictures. He traced the history of the autogyro from the first flight at Madrid 11 years ago, to the present. He asserted that only one death has resulted from an autogyro accident.

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icipate, it is necessary to sign up at the offices, Borne 34-40, on the preceding Saturday, not later than 12 noon.

# READER'S INFORMATION SERVICE

## Places to Visit

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## TELEGRAPH OFFICES

**Branch in Terreno** — 5 Calle Gomila, (near Mediterraneo Hotel.)

Office hours: 9 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. and 4 to 8:30 p. m. daily. 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sundays and fiestas.

**General office**—25 Calle San Fello, Palma. Open all day and all night.

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## EXCURSIONS AND SHIPPING MOVEMENTS

### REGULAR SERVICES to the CONTINENT and the ISLANDS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### WEEKLY SERVICE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ALGERIA

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

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

### CRUISE BOATS — REGULAR CALLERS

Palma-Gibraltar-Boston-New York arrives and leaves Palma: December 2 S. S. EXCALIBUR. December 16 S. S. EXETER.

Palma Marseilles-Naples-Alexandria-Jaffa-Haifa-Beirut arrives and leaves Palma: December 8 S. S. EXCAMBION. December 22 S. S. EXOCHORDA.

Palma-Gibraltar-Liverpool-or London arrives and leaves Palma: November 28 S. S. YOMA. December 13 S. S. PEGU.

Palma - Marseilles - Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: December 1 S. S. AMARAPOORA. December 15 S. S. SAGAING.

Palma-Gibraltar-Plymouth and London arrives and leaves Palma: December 2 S. S. OTRANTO. December 16 S. S. ORONTES.

Palma-Gibraltar-London arrives and leaves Palma: December 1 S. S. DUNLUCE CASTLE. January 12 S. S. DURHAM CASTLE

Palma-Marseilles-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: December 5 LLANDOVERY CASTLE. January 2 LLANDAFF CASTLE.

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

Palma-Genova-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: December 24 S. S. TANGANJIEKA. February 17 S. S. USAMBARA.

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

### AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS

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

Tuesday: Pollensa, Formentor.

Wednesday: Caves of Drach and of Hams.

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

Friday: Pollensa, Formentor.

Saturday: Caves of Arta, Cala Ratjada.

Sunday: Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller.

### TRANSATLANTIC

Steamer	Leaves	Port of	For	Due	Company
Washington*	Dec. 4	Havre	New York	Dec. 11	U. S. Lines
Pres. Hayes	Dec. 6	Marseilles	N. Y.	Dec. 19	Dollar
C. di Savoia*	Dec. 6	Villefranche	N. Y.	Dec. 15	Italia
Ile de France*	Dec. 6	Havre	N. Y.	Dec. 12	French
Berengaria*	Dec. 7	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Dec. 15	Cunard
Europa*	Dec. 8	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Dec. 15	N. G. Lloyd
Hamburg	Dec. 8	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Dec. 15	Ham. Amer.
Am. Farmer	Dec. 8	London	N. Y.	Dec. 18	Am. Mer.
Statendam	Dec. 9	Boulogne	N. Y.	Dec. 16	Hol. Amer.

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

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Cine Rialto

"LA MELODIA PROHIBIDA"  
(The Forbidden Melody)

Teatro Principal

Brigitte Helm

in

Star of Valencia "THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO"

Teatro Balear

The Joy Liner  
Revue

Cine Protectora

KEN MAYNARD

in

### Three Mallorcans Hold Art Exhibition In Costa Galleries

Three Mallorcan artists, Jaime Cerdá, Antonio Truyol and Ramón Nadal, opened an exhibition of their paintings at the Costa Galleries, Calle Conquistador, Friday.

The exposition will be open to the public until December 15.

Señor Cerdá is represented by 11 paintings, most of them done in Deyá and Deyá bay. Most of the pictures are landscapes, but the artist chose marine subjects for three of his works.

Number one on his list is a painting of the Alfabia Garden at Buñola, where he found subjects for two other landscapes.

Pollensa is the site of one of his paintings, entitled «Pines and Mountains.»

Señor Cerdá is a comparatively young artist, being in his middle-twenties.

Señor Truyol is a Mallorcan painter of about the same age as Señor Cerdá. He is represented in the exposition by no less than 15 paintings.

This artist's exhibit is extremely varied, ranging from paintings of large areas of countryside to one picture of a single olive tree. An old, abandoned mill is one of the most attractive subjects chosen by this artist.

Last of the artists on the galleries' list is Don Ramón Nadal, the youngest of the three. He is only 20 years old.

Señor Nadal is showing 11 paintings. Included in the exhibit are a portrait of a Mallorcan woman and a portrait sketch.

All three of the artists evidently agreed beforehand that the exposition should be an all-Mallorcan affair, for every one of the pictures has a Mallorcan subject.

### Depression Fails To Still Hammers In Palma Shipyards, Where New Ship Rests On Ways

Whatever Spanish businesses may have suffered from the depression, the Mallorcan shipbuilding industry is not one of them.

The shipyard on the low point that juts into the harbor in front of the Lonja is doing a capacity business and workers are rushed to fill orders. At present, one large ship is nearing completion, and a dozen others are laid up for repairs ranging from complete reconstruction to overhauling.

The ship under construction will be rigged as a three-masted schooner and will be as large as any ever turned out during so-called times of prosperity, with one exception. The exception is a four-masted bark built here 10 years ago, to which old ship carpenters still point with pride when she occasionally comes to this port.

That ship, however, was not built along typical Mallorcan lines, and the building of her here was something of a whim on the part of the owners.

Most of the Mallorcan schooners are used in the inter-island trade, or on runs between Palma and nearby mainland ports, but the threemasted schooners are, for the most part, intended for the

orange trade and are used on the Palma to England run.

The ships are extremely seaworthy and, when not handicapped by too moderate a sail plan, are fast. The ship now on the ways will carry more than the usual amount of canvas, having been fitted with full-length topmasts instead of the snub variety found on most of the nearly bald-headed schooners hailing from Palma.

The most important and most difficult repair work being undertaken at the yard at present is the complete reconstruction of a large two-master. The entire planking was ripped from one side, in some places new frames were placed, and new planks laid. The old schooner, with her face lifted, is now in the water, almost ready for the sea.

Besides heavy, commercial work, the yards are also engaged in building a number of pleasure boats, among them a power cruiser nearing completion in the large shed.

Also, a great amount of small, but profit-making, repair work is being done on pleasure craft belonging to the members of the two Palma yacht clubs.

### Armless Woman Drives Car Through Streets Of Palma; Later Appears In Salon Mallorca Show

Palma was startled last Thursday to see a comely Spanish woman driving a car through the streets of Palma with her feet.

She proved to be «La Asturianita», booked for a performance at the Salón Mallorca, where she gave a demonstration of her ability to perform with her feet all the everyday tasks the normal woman does with her hands.

Parking her car on one of the main thoroughfares of the city the afternoon before her performance, «La Asturianita» immediately

drew a crowd of the curious. Not only did she manage her car with her feet as easily as any driver would do with her hands, but her toenails were as carefully manicured as the fingernails of another woman, and several of her toes bore rings.

«La Asturianita» has appeared in theaters throughout the Peninsula. She has been described as remarkable by physicians in that, unlike a number of other armless wonders, she was not crippled at birth, having lost both her arms in an accident at a comparatively advanced age.

### Cake Shop To Open Tearoom-Restaurant At 40 Calle Pelaires

The English-American Cake Shop, at 40 Calle Pelaires, will open on its own premises a tearoom-restaurant next Thursday.

The new tearoom is almost ready for occupancy, having recently been decorated by the Spanish artist, Don Carlos E. Castellanos, who has had considerable experience doing similar work on the mainland.

The Cake Shop, originally opened by the Misses Michaud, has been enlarging gradually ever since its inauguration. Miss Alice Michaud recently resigned from partnership in the business to pursue other activities, but her place was taken by Miss Faith Lumley and Miss Florence Marshall, who last year turned an old Mallorcan palace into an attractive restaurant that became well-known under the name of Marley's.

The Misses Lumley and Marshall are now in England, where the latter is recovering from a serious spinal injury. Miss Lumley expects to return to Palma towards the end of January.

The Cake Shop expanded from a small concern that catered entirely to the needs of the individual to a large business that, besides carrying out its original purpose, supplies a number of large restaurants with pastries and other baked foods too difficult to be attempted in the average restaurant kitchen...

The shop prepares jams and jellies, which are put up in sealed jars and will last indefinitely until wanted. The proprietors also manufacture peanut butter and an invention of their own, which they call almond butter.

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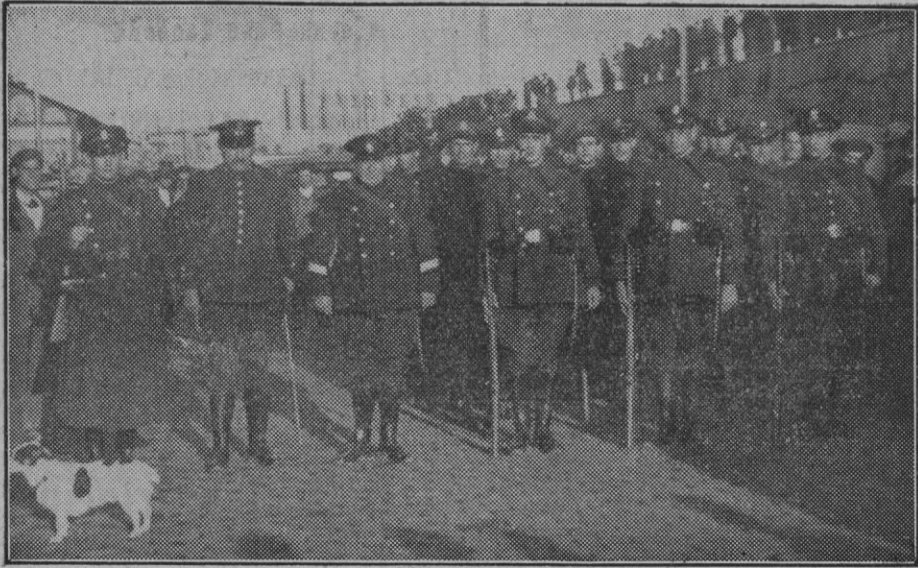
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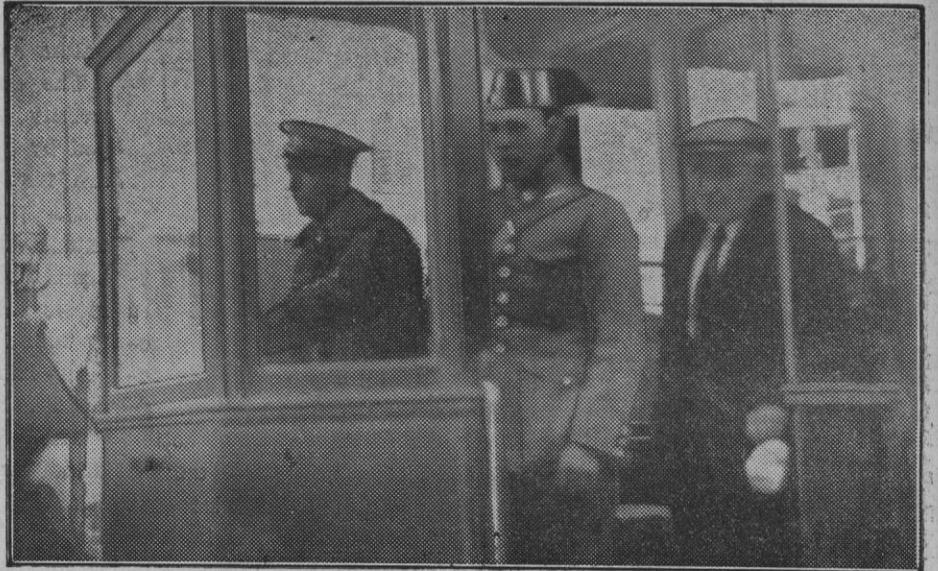
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# When Elections And Strike Tied Up Mallorca



Above, Guardias de Seguridad on the Mole, where striking stevedores made it impossible to unload incoming steamers of their heavy freight and baggage.

The Barcelona boat was forced to carry the same cargo back and forth for four consecutive trips. Smaller ships, with lighter cargoes, were able to unload on schedule with their own seamen acting as stevedores.



Above, a soldier, protected by a Civil Guard, at the controls of a Palma tramcar. The soldiers, hastily instructed in the work of the striking motormen, did an excellent job of maintaining transportation facilities.

No effort was made to replace the conductors, who also walked out on strike. For five days, residents of Palma and the suburbs rode the trams without paying.



Mallorcans lined up at a news kiosk to get latest papers from Madrid and Barcelona, where strikes did not prevent the work of the daily press going on as usual.

In Mallorca, the printers joined the general strike, making it impossible for any of the local newspapers to turn their presses. For five days, the Mallorcans had to depend on papers a day or two old in order to follow the political situation.



Voters lined up before a polling booth, prepared to cast the ballot that spelt defeat for the once almighty Left Wing political organizations.

Disturbances at the polling booths were reduced to minimum both by having adequate guards at each and by careful arrangement before the elections. There were sufficient booths to prevent overcrowding at any one point in the city.



The women of Spain, voting for the first time in general elections, turned out in larger numbers than the men. As shown above, the Catholic nuns were quick to take advantage of their new franchise.

The rout of the Left Wing is attributed in large part to the women voters, who rose against the policies of the old régime, which included various measures designed to clip the wings of the Church and suppress religious organizations.



Guardias de Seguridad patrolling the streets. The presence of large numbers of members of all the police organizations in the province served to dissuade hot-heads from acts of violence.

In spite of every precaution, however, one outbreak occurred when striking shoemakers demanded to see the civil governor. Before the mob could be quelled, one agitator let a bomb go off. The bomb injured no one but himself.