



## That Thing Called Gossip

**I**n any small community, such as a country village, there is always a good deal of gossip. Most of it is good natured enough, because, quite naturally, when people live far from great centres, where really important events take place, they talk about their neighbours for want of any other topic.

But regard what happens in a foreign land, particularly in a Mediterranean resort. You get a little knot of people, speaking the same language, surrounded by a much larger population who are to them, foreigners. Obviously everybody in this small community of exiles, knows nearly everybody else. Most of them have nothing whatever to do, and subsist on small unearned incomes. The weather is thirst-provoking. A bar is a natural meeting place, and so it all begins.

The classic example of how gossip spreads is to be found in Mr. Compton Mackenzie's book about the island of Capri, «Vestal Fires.» A passage describes a gentleman walking onto the piazza with one trouser button undone. He is seen by a lady, a noted scandalmonger, and incidentally not a particularly good friend of his. Ten minutes later, she is in a cafe, telling an acquaintance. «Did you see X. just now? Walked onto the piazza with his trousers completely unbuttoned!» A little later, she is telling another friend that Mr. X. came onto the Piazza, and proceeded to take off his trousers; by sunset, it is all over the island that Mr. X. walked onto the square stark naked!

### How it Grows

We have observed, everybody must have observed, gossip spreading, taking on a little more with each fresh teller of the story, in exactly the same way, if not in quite such exaggerated fashion.

You are sitting in a bar, perhaps, and near you are quite a devoted married couple whom you know slightly. The lady remarks to her spouse: «Oh, shut up, Bobby, if you talk like that I'm going home.» After they have gone, you remark, quite innocently, «Helen did snap poor Bobby's head off just now, didn't she?» Next day, Helen comes up to you and says. «How dare you say that I was going to leave Bobby?» You protest your innocence, to no avail. You have probably lost a friend. Later somebody else tells you that Helen and Bobby are getting a divorce, and that Bobby has gone off with that red-haired girl. Later still, you hear that Helen and the red haired girl had a frightful row in Bungo's, and

Helen slapped her face, and Bobby tried to separate them was and now in jail.

From which you might be pardoned for assuming that Helen and Bobby were extremely unpleasant people to know, whereas they are probably charming, and very fond of each other.

A gentleman gets arrested on a completely unsubstantiated charge. He must have been drunk, say his friends. Later, it's all over the place that he is an habitual drunkard, and his wife is terribly unhappy.

Of course, after a bit it works both ways. You cease to believe anything that is told you. So that when someone tells you that Y. is seriously ill and dying, you reply «What nonsense! He's probably got a Mallorquin tummy.» And then he does die, and you find you have lost a friend because someone cried «wolf!»

### The Greatest of These...

The great lesson we have to learn is that of tolerance. Tolerance, most delightful of virtues, that so few of us ever succeed in mastering. What a delightful world it would be if we were all tolerant; how different would be history!

Here are a few rules, having learnt and practised which, you will certainly be more tolerant than before:

All Jews are not necessarily dirty.

There must be one or two quite nice Nazis.

If a gentleman goes out with a lady not his wife, he is not guilty of an adulterous passion for her. Maybe their style of dancing goes well together, or they enjoy arguments on the habits of the lesser Koodoo.

That if the police search your house for cigarettes, it was not obviously that odious little Miss Z. who gave you away to them.

That if two young men share rooms together, they are not ipso facto favourite spring flowers.

And that finally, as long as they behave decently in public, other peoples' private lives are no concern of yours.

If one believed all the gossip one hears, all one's friends and acquaintances would be quite impossible people. A lot of gossip is harmless enough, but a good deal of it is gratuitously cruel. Human beings, are not such bad people after all. They have their troubles and their faults like the rest of God's creatures. And never was there a truer proverb than «Give a dog a bad name and hang him».

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

The result of the plebiscite in Germany, as to whether or not the two offices of Chancellor and President of the Reich should be concentrated in Hitler's hands, has resulted, as expected, in a very large affirmative vote.

What is interesting, is the increased strength of the opposition. Over ten per cent of the German people voted against the Nazi leader, and in Berlin and some other towns the adverse vote was no less than twenty-five per cent.

So it looks as though Germany is not by any means unanimous in its subservience to the Swastika banner, and that some voters have the courage to refuse to be metaphorically clubbed into voting for the Fuhrer.

Meanwhile, the Austrian has probably more absolute power concentrated in his hands than any man since Napoleon. One wonders how he will use it. One also wonders whether this man, this ecstatic with «delusions de grandeur», is not a catspaw in the hands of Goebbels and Goering, and even, perhaps, of Von Blomberg.

### Death of Famous Judge

The death occurred, last week-end, of Lord Justice Sir Thomas Edward Scrutton, one of the leading figures on the English Bench. Scrutton, after a successful career at the Bar, became a judge in 1910. He was notable for having tried and sentenced to death Smith, of the notorious «Brides in the Bath» case. Later he was concerned in a rather undignified quarrel with Mr. Justice McCardie, over the latter's judgement in the «Helen of Troy» case. His most recent *cause celebre* was that in which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Ltd, failed in their appeal against the verdict in favour of Princess Youssouff.

The late judge had immense knowledge of law and was undoubtedly a strong man, but he was not always popular on the bench owing to his brusque manner.

### The Ashes

The lamentable result of the final Test Match is stale news by now. Considering that Larwood and Voce, England's best fast bowlers, and Jardine, her most successful captain of recent years, were not allowed to play, that Ames was injured while batting splendidly, and that Bowes had to go to hospital for a small operation, Australia can be congratulated on her victory over what was virtually England's second team.

Why the Australians consider fast bowling on the leg side unfair, passes our comprehension. Perhaps they will consent to allow leg theory bowling if a soft ball is used which has to bounce three times, as Mr. Tom Webster amusingly suggests. The absence of three of England's best players and the sinister machinations of the politicians would seem to have killed Test Cricket, and it is doubtful if any cricketer who is also a sportsman will care about another Australian tour.

### The Egypt's Gold

Nearly all the gold lost soon after the War in the P. & O. liner *Egypt* has been recovered by the dauntless Italian crew of the *Artiglio*. The *Egypt* lies in sixty-six fathoms under the stormy seas off Cape Ushant. Salvage work was begun in 1929, and nearly all the crew of the first *Artiglio* were lost as the result of an explosion. But a new crew went on with the difficult and dangerous work, and now nearly a million pound's worth of bullion has been recovered.

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### Italo-Austrian Conferences

As a result of the conference at Florence between Herr Schuschnigg and Signor Mussolini, it seems unlikely that at the moment Italy will encourage any Austrian hopes of a Hapsburg restoration. It is clear however, that the Italian Government regards the maintenance of Austrian independence as of paramount importance, not only to Italy but to the rest of Europe. Although there is no definite military understanding between the two countries, Italy will under no circumstances tolerate any Nazi attempts to coerce her neighbour.

### The Chalet Sues

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison proprietors of the beautiful Hotel Chalet went to court yesterday in a suit against their landlord, Sr. D. Sanitago Alemany in an effort to recover money lost through lack of business due to the building operations of Sr. Alemany. The Chalet, stands on the hill above Calamayor Beach, in the midst of a fine pine grove. It was reached by a winding drive up through the trees. Two months ago without notice their drive was blocked off and another new and rougher one blasted out of the rock for them. On the site of the old drive a house is being put up. The Morrisons in their case claim that the blasting by dynamite killed chickens and pigeons, that it has killed their business and that the new house will definitely hurt their enterprise. They are suing for 25,000 pesetas and costs and are represented by Sr. D. Antonio Alemany and Sr. D. Luis Ramallo.

### Cloudy, Followed by Clearing

The low area that has been hovering over Terreno for the past month shows signs of lifting, to be followed by clear skies and high pressure. The weather man says definitely by Thursday we will be out of it. Among those who were present at Joe's opening next Thursday were: Mr. Harry Clarke, Mr. Leo Burgess, Commodore Mather, Mr. Harry Firbanks, Mahatma Peter Owen, and the entire staff of the MAJORCA SUN (both of them).

### When You're Travelling

THE MAJORCA SUN and SPANISH TIMES, besides being on sale at principal kiosks in Barcelona and Mallorca, is obtainable at the following:

Madrid—Kiosks in the Calle Alcalá.

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

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

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A Visitor writes: « My wife and I landed from the *Llandoverly Castle* early last week, and dutifully proceeded to the *aduana* to await our baggage. So as to have no fuss, I had packed any dutiable items in one case, and, not being able to speak Spanish, when my turn came, I opened it and produced a box of cigars purchased in Gibraltar. I had taken care to dispose of half-a-dozen or so of the fifty.

The *caribinero* waved the box back into my bag and then, may be « Por Larranaga » was connected with some delightful half hour of the past, he fished it out again and tiptoed with it along the *barrera* to some connoisseur who really did know.

Back he came and proceeded to count. Then he gathered up the remains of the first row of cigars and to our astonished gaze scooped up the whole of the next row and deftly deposited them under the counter. I got the box back with the legal twenty five in it. Certainly, actions speak louder than words.

What, I wondered afterwards, might have happened to the bottle of Benedictine, that, wrapped in tissue paper, nestled next to the cigars? Would summary justice have been done, would he have thrown back his head and gurgled it down to a more permissible half pint? As it was he gave the bottle an indefinite pinch, and then flourishingly chalked the bag and the rest of our luggage.»

### Doubloons and Pieces of Eight

According to the Chicago Tribune of Paris an ambitious scheme is under way to make the Bay of Vigo give up its treasure which has lain there undisturbed for over two hundred years. The gold was being brought back from the Spanish Main in galleons for Philip V. The ships were pursued by the English and rather than allow themselves to be captured the captains ordered their ships sunk in Vigo Bay. The engineer hopes to salvage this treasure by means of large caissons, big enough to surround completely a whole galleon. The water will then be forced out by compressed air and the workmen enter by means of long tubes rising above the surface of the water.

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### High Pressure

Those with a smattering of Spanish have probably translated for themselves the signs which have been in evidence everywhere lately, *Damos dinero por algo que no tiene ningun valor*, we give money for something that has no value. It sounds as though there must be some hitch in it, but when one sees the heap of old irons for which the Gas and Electric Co. is paying one peseta ninety-five, well, you'll see that the Mallorquins have taken them at their word.

Some of the irons should be in the British Museum, others surely were brought over with Jaime. One that the writer noticed was made of hammered iron so old that the handle had completely rusted off. With one of these wrecks and a few pesetas more the housewife finds herself with a new electric iron and there if any is the hitch.

The entire sales force of the company has been turned loose in this campaign, and, backed by extensive advertising and displays in their four showrooms an amazing amount of irons have been sold, with the affair less than half run. A plane dropped 2,000 circulars in the city one day during the week with prizes in some, every prize has been redeemed, so eagerly was this shower awaited. It must be fun to run a campaign such as this where the people are not surfeited with high power salesmen and when, in this year of the depression such an effort brings such satisfactory results.

### Mallorcana

From our esteemed contemporary The Palma Post, Sunday August 19th: (1) «Cricket Bulletin. England 382 for one wicket. Bradman not out 192, etc.» (2) «Death of Sanchez Mejias. The bulls... were from the same ranch as the one which had killed his famous brother-in-law Joselito in the same ring at Manzanares.»

We can forgive you not knowing that Bradman, alas, is playing for Australia, not England, but oh, Mr. Leaman, you call yourself an *aficionado* and you don't know that Joselito was killed at Talavera de la Reina!

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# For the America's Cup

By Cornelius Van Ness

Ever since 1851, when the yacht *America* defeated a whole fleet of English boats, a trend in the direction of equal terms has been as obvious and inevitable as the law of diminishing returns and converging lines. When British yachtsmen had sufficiently recovered in 1870 to send over the challenger *Cambria*, the same conditions prevailed, and she had to race no less than twenty-three American yachts. However, it became apparent that one boat against a fleet was not quite sportsmanlike, although no voice has ever been raised in defense of the solitary fox, chased by a pack of hounds and a troop of horsemen. At any rate, this practice of Horatius at the Bridge was given up. Instead it was decided by the New York Yacht Club that the challenger should race against only one yacht, but the right was reserved to use any one of four boats in any race, only designating which one it would be on the morning of the race.

In 1876 a challenge was received from the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and a request was made that only one defender be raced. The New York Club agreed to these terms which have never been changed. And so it has gone right up to the present moment, modifications and revisions of the original terms, always moving towards greater concessions for the challenger. Each move is, in fact, a handicap in favor of the challenger so that the contests will become even enough to create the interest a real sporting event requires.

## Towards Equality

It was thought that the rules which governed construction and racing in 1930 would bring about complete equality. The greatest step forward proved to be the elimination of time allowances. In other words the first boat to cross the line was the winner. The spectators applauded this move heartily. Think of a horse race where the onlookers would have to sit down with a pencil, paper and slide rule to figure out which horse had won. But *Shamrock* was soundly beaten by a very smart ship with an altogether brilliant afterguard. Starling Burgess, first to win the Collier aviation trophy for flying off the water, son of the designer of earlier America's Cup defenders, and a master at the drafting board or on deck, was someone to be reckoned with. His carefully worked out rigging devices brought out the cry of «mechanical ship», and once again the rules had to be changed. Now all boats must have

5500 pound masts, complete cabin fittings, etc., etc.

From the designer's point of view these limitations are unfortunate because they allow so little in the way of creative design. Burgess had very small leeway when planning the *Enterprise*, but he managed to work out a rig that had just the necessary edge of superiority to win. This time it looks as if the restrictions had tied his hands so much that *Rainbow* is nothing more than a new *Enterprise* built to the changed rule. In fact, it would appear that the Vanderbilt-Burgess combination has lost something of its magic touch. There is just a little something lacking there, which may even cost them the opportunity to defend the cup.

## «Yankee» and her Skipper

Of the three American yachts, *Rainbow*, *Yankee*, and *Weetamoe*, there is no doubt but what *Yankee* looks the most dangerous as a contender for the right to meet *Endeavour*. It will be remembered that in the trial races of 1930 she made the fastest time around the course ever recorded for a cup yacht. She did not do so well in light airs at that time, nor was she as consistent a performer as *Enterprise*. Now with a sharper bow and lighter keel she has shown her heels to *Rainbow* several times in soft breezes. Also one must consider her skipper, Charles Francis Adams. He is sixty-eight years of age but he is as smart as ever, and he has the experience in racing yachts that no one else on this side of the Atlantic can match. So far *Weetamoe* has done very poorly, and unless she picks up very materially she has not a ghost of a chance. The elimination races are pretty much enjoyed by everybody, but when it comes time to decide which boat will be chosen defender the picture changes. The judges become gray, have nightmares, and pick at the coverlet. Finally the decision is solemnly handed down, and there is a great show of sportsmanlike congratulations with overtones of deep grumbings by the unlucky crews.

There has always been a good deal of rivalry between Boston and New York, with some very unhappy incidents, notably in the case of Thomas W. Lawson's *Independence* at the time of the 1901 trials. Boston yachtsmen have had little opportunity in the past to sail their boats against the challengers. When the *Yankee* was eliminated in 1930 more than the usual mutterings were heard on account of the remarkable speed this yacht had shown. She looks like a pretty sure winner this time, but if she

(Continued on Back Page)



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# What to Do and Where to Go in Barcelona

## Theatres

- PRINCIPAL PALACE—*Las Inviolables*. A musical revue in which females and their limbs play a very important and even interesting part.
- NOVEDADES—*Fu-Manchu*. A Magician from the mysterious east who leaves the audience wondering.
- COMICO — *Las Vampiresas*. A musical revue that lives up to its title which means «gold diggers.» Alady, the great comedian, plays his usual part.
- BARCELONA — *Eine Einzige Nacht (Una Sola noche)* A Viennese operette by Stoltz produced by a mixed company in German and Spanish.
- POLIORAMA—*The Great Sanz*. A first rate Ventriloquist worth going to see. His numerous mechanical dolls do almost everything except spit.
- OLYMPIA. *Don Gil de Alcala*. Musical play. Luis Calvo's company is a good example of Spanish art.

## Cinemas

- COLISEUM — *The Solitary Man (El Solitario)* and *Brother Devil (Fra Diavolo)* with Laurel and Hardy. Both in English. Tomorrow: *Terror on Board (Terror a bordo)* in English.
- METROPOL — *Testamento Original* and *Anuncios por palabra*. Both in German. Tomorrow: *Tres Caballeros de Frac*, in French.
- URQUINAONA—Closed.
- FANTASIO—Closed.
- CAPITOL — *Call her Savage (Sangre Roja)* in English. Tomorrow: *Gold diggers of 1934 (Vampiresas 1934)* and *Ha entrado un fotografo*. Both in English. Friday: *Chinatown (Barrio Chino)* in English and *Viaje de ida*, in Spanish.
- PATHE PALACE — Tomorrow: *Secrets of the French Police (Secretos de la policia de Paris)* in English and *Doble Sacrificio*, in Spanish. Friday: *Anuncios por palabra* in German and *La chica del surtidor*, in German.
- EXCELSIOR—Same programme as Pathé Palace.
- MIRIA—Tomorrow: *Tomorrow at seven (A las 7 en punto)* and *No other woman (Fiel a una mujer)*. Both in English. Friday: *Dans les Rues (Suburbios)* in French, and *Centinela del Amor*, in German.
- PUBLI CINEMA — News reels and short culture films. Programme lasts one hour.
- PARIS—Closed.

## Amusements

- Bullfight—This afternoon at the Monumental, Calle Cortes, at 4.45. 8 fierce bulls will be killed by four young bullfighters. Luciano Contreras, Felix Fresnillo, Varelito II and El Indio. The last named two are very daring Mexicans and worth watching. Prices are lower than usual.
- Greyhound Racing—At the following tracks. Canodrom Park, (Las Corts) Trams 7 and 15 and E bus. Racing on Thursday and Saturday nights at 10.15 and Sunday afternoon at 4. Guinardó Park (Horta) Bus from C. Pelayo. This track is at present closed. Polo Jockey Club, (end of Diagonal) will reopen after a prolonged closing on Tuesday night at 10.15 Meetings will later take place on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons. Special buses run to and from the courses for all night meetings. Betting allowed.
- Ball Game (Pelota Vasca) — Fronton Novedades (Calle Caspe) and Principal Palace (Rambla Sta. Monica.) Games at 10.15. at night and 4 p.m. An interesting game similar to our fives but played with a bat or a curved basket and typical of the Basque country. Betting is allowed on the games and it is well worth while making a visit and having a little flutter.
- Maricel Park—An Amusement Park situated behind the Exhibition grounds on Monjuich. Complete with Scenic Railway and all the fun of the fair, this is an ideal place to spend a warm evening. Special nights on Thursdays with fireworks.
- Music Halls—These are mainly situated in the Paralelo and are generally daring in character. The better class are the Stambul, Bombay, Ba-ta-clan, Hollywood. Some good Spanish dancing can generally be seen there and also at the Excelsior in the Ramblas. It is wiser not to tell mummy you're going.
- Restaurants—A good meal can be had in town at the Flora, facing the British Consulate. English is spoken. A more expensive and luxurious one at the Restaurant Suizo in the Ramblas or at the Hostal del Sol off Paseo de Gracia. The Taberna Vasca, next door the Ritz, is a typical place too. In warm weather a meal can be had in cool surroundings at the the Miramar, near Maricel Park, or at the Font de Lleo Pedralbes.
- Horse Racing—Every Sunday afternoon at Casa Antunez. First race at 4.15. Trotting and horseback racing. Betting allowed.

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## About Barcelona

Barcelona continues to be as empty and free from excitement as in previous weeks, while the exodus appears to have lost none of its force. Mr. M. Glidewell, the popular President of the American Lunch club, left for a month's business trip in France and Italy. Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore have started a fortnight's trip round Spain in their car.

\*\*\*

Miss Elizabeth Deeble returned at the beginning of the week from a tour of Spain's beauty spots and left on Wednesday for France. She has recovered from her wounds suffered in an encounter with a cat that insisted on voicing its grievances at unheard of hours.

\*\*\*

We learn with pleasure of the recovery of Mrs. Jordain and Jean Cross from their recent illnesses. Susie Bigham is also very much better since the grafting of skin on the injured portions of her body. Her brother-in-law Mr. Homer C. Gullette has already had skin removed from him on her behalf on three occasions.

\*\*\*

Mr. S. N. C. Slood and his wife arrived back from their vacation on the Red Star liner Belgenland. Mr. Slood will act as manager of MacAndrews in the absence of Mr. Marks, who is away on holiday.

\*\*\*

Barcelona was visited by Mr. Philip Raine who left after a brief stay for Majorca. Mr. Raine is an American official and has just arrived from the war zone in Paraguay. Let's hope no Bolivian reads this for, after all, the Chaco war zone is really Bolivian. isn't it?

\*\*\*

Returning from summer holidays appears to present the problem of where we are going to live for the coming year. Staying in the same place just isn't done for some people; others find it a good opportunity for launching out in housekeeping on their own. We learn that Mrs. Garcia will probably move into a flat shortly accompanied by that charming Italian lady friend of hers. Mr. and Mrs. A.C. H. Back, who arrived in Barcelona a month ago from Vigo and who have been staying at the Villa Isabel in Bonanova, will also move into a nest of their own at Calle Berná, 27, San Gervasio, in the course of a few days. The Villa Isabel continues to be favoured by the patronage of foreign residents here chiefly on account of its quiet situation.

\*\*\*

Die-hards will be pleased to learn that the Conservative Party headquarters has arranged a cruise of its partisans to the Mediterranean aboard the

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\*\*\*

Charlie Davison, just returned from his camping exploits at Pollensa, set out last night to walk to Tarragona in 24 hours. A local syndicate stands to win 7 pesetas if the said sportsman fails to do the time. We are personally interested to the extent of 6 reales. On Charlie's last attempt he got as far Sitges when something delayed him..... there was a full moon on that occasion which, added to the usual Sitges' «charms», led to his undoing.

\*\*\*

News has been received of the impending marriages of two of the younger members of the British Colony. The first banns have been read in Church for the wedding in September of Mr. Donald Atkinson and his bride to be Miss Liza Spoerri. Mr. Atkinson is employed at the Royal Bank of Canada. Notice has also been given the Consul General of the coming marriage of Mr. Rex Fulford and Miss Elizabeth Fox. Although he has only been in Barcelona a short time, Mr. Fulford has gained considerable popularity, especially among the Catholic section of the foreign residents.

\*\*\*

An exciting billiard match between the skipper and the mate of the Calderon was witnessed at the Seaman's Institute a few days ago. The mate won, and the skipper said.... Now what was it he said?

\*\*\*

There is a rumour afoot that King George intends spending the winter at Sitges. This rumour seems to get about every year and is based this time on the presence at the Terramar Hotel of one of the King's doctors. Little importance should be given to this talk, which is generally the work of fertile imaginations.

\*\*\*

It is always sad to record the permanent departure of a resident but this has been the order of the day lately. Mrs. Bigham and her two sons will leave Barcelona at the beginning of September for England, where her husband has already gone. Bargain hunters should look in on Mrs. Bigham who is selling up.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Henderson Rider left for Paris at the end of last week. She intends staying there several days before going over to England, where she will be joined later by her husband.

\*\*\*

A dinner club will be formed during the course of next week at which it is hoped to secure the attendance of several prominent foreign residents. Baron de Malchamovis will address the diners on the subject of his conception of the after life. We learn that the grub will be good at least.

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TENNENT'S STOUT

# WE CAMP OUT

by The Rogue

For months I had been doing mental arithmetical calculations of the amount of money I should have at my disposal for the vac. The time arrived a fortnight ago when I considered that having laboured well, my thoughts might turn to lighter matters, such as a laze by the sea, or a holiday in the cool shade of a pine forest etc. etc.

All would have gone well if it hadn't been for our friend Charlie suggesting a real Englishman's holiday.. a fortnight under canvas. Now I don't mind sleeping under canvas, in fact I don't care much what I sleep under, but I do mind what I sleep on, and having slept these many years in a comfortable bed, the prospect of the cold, hard, uninviting ground did not thrill me.

Health, hardiness and ha'pence were in turn invoked to convince me of the fine time I should be missing by following my own bent and staying at the Hotel Miramar, instead of dwelling gipsy like under a flimsy conical awning. But ha'pence eventually convinced me.. not exactly convinced, but overpowered me... and bedecked in the fashion dear to the hearts of boy scouts and German tourists, I made my way rather shamefacedly down to the Majorca boat. It was out of the question to travel first in my fancy dress, and as second and third were full, I started my camping on the deck of the rolling *Ciudad de Barcelona*, surrounded by ropes, and other passengers as unfortunate as myself. To fit my unhappy body into a space one metre long and a foot wide between a hefty unshaven snorer and a number of enormous boxes, was only one of the problems that had to be solved before sleep could be induced to take possession of me.

## On the Deck

An elbow dug into my ribs and a louder snore than usual bursting against my eardrum, caused me to awaken at some unearthly hour in the morning and feel the sensation of having no legs at all, so numbed were they. Cautiously I stretched my hand down to the lower regions and grasped what I believed to be my leg, but what in reality was my neighbour's, and began to rub. The snorer promptly awoke and, giving me a suspicious look and a mumble fell asleep again.

No sooner had my eyes closed when a «moo» from the box beside startled me, and what followed need not here be explained. Let it suffice that I found myself better quarters on the hatch in the open and spent the rest of the night nodding off, jerking up, and generally cursing myself and everyone concerned for dragging me out under the stars on this ill conceived jaunt.

Palma reached, I crawled from the boat to the nearest pub, and, surrounded by a group of admiring youths, proceeded to throw back some half a dozen quick ones.

A little better in mind and somewhat easier in body, I set off to catch the train to Pollensa, followed at a short distance by my newly found court of Palmesian urchins.

At Pollensa I was to be met and accompanied to

the port, where camp was already pitched... pitched is the word, it looked as if it might fall at any moment. This was to be my home for a fortnight... here would I sleep. Well, the worst had been gone through, so there must be no turning back.

A little water? why, certainly! just get hold of that dirty looking tin can, walk a mile up a hill, and there.. why, everything was so simple.

## «Sleep no more»

Now I feel I must admit in all fairness to my companions that they were very kind to me about sleeping accomodation. I should sleep in the middle where the bag had been more fully stuffed with pine needles. It had always seemed a little strange to me that those toothpick like sticks should be called pine needles. I realised after lying 10 minutes on them, following a very sooty meal of ashed beans and smoked meat, that no name was ever more aptly applied. The nearest I shall ever get to being a Fakir was on that epithet night.. sword swallowing and fire treading is child's play compared with sleeping.. or more exactly waking on a bag of really needley pine needles in Puerto Pollensa .. or anywhere for that matter.

Why camping blankets must necessarily be of the variety that leave uncovered either legs or shoulders, I have not been able to discover. But after a short struggle with the length then the breadth, I gave up the unequal battle and decided to chance cold feet.

No wind before or since has blown stronger than it did that first night and after bringing my feet up almost to my chin I was able to snatch a few short hours rest.

Day broke to find both my companions well supplied with bed clothes while I languished in utter absence of defence from the inclemency of the weather. This would have been supportable had they not accused me on rising of greedily taking up all the room in the tent and most of the cover. Injury can be borne, but insult added to injury was too much for my overstrained feelings.

Cocks were already crowing and houses were clearly visible, looking comfortable and inviting on the sea shore, when I stole, like the classical Arab from my tent and glided stealthily towards what was for me civilization.

To conclude, I enjoyed that camping holiday. The chef at the Hotel Miramar knows his job... and the beds...oh, what beds!

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# Madrid Report

The New Slogan  
Wine, Soap and Flivvers

Nationalism takes nations down funny side-paths. Who would have thought that the day was near when motor-cars would roar along with the juice of the grape trickling around the carburettors and when olive oil would become the general medium for cleaning dirty faces? Shades of fine old Burgundy and salad dressing!

Yet two Decrees to this effect have appeared lately in the Madrid Gazette. The wine business, it seems, is not flourishing. There is too much wine and too few thirsty throats, or at least too few thirsty throats with the wherewithal to purchase the cup that cheers. People thought that when the U. S.A. went wet then all Spain's troubles would be settled. But there are a lot of wine-growing countries these days. Even Australia makes a Sherry which the Australians claim to be perfectly good and which probably is, although we have never tasted it and have in any case a complete contempt for goods which need a false label in order to sell them. So Spain only managed to dump very little wine, relatively speaking, on the other side of the pond.

La Belle France, meanwhile, has slowed her purchases of the luscious red grape juice which she usually imports, to mix with her own wines and give them good red-blooded body and she now takes a good deal from her daughter across the Mediterranean, Algeria. Even Spaniards themselves have taken to heaving quite a lot of beer down their thirsty throats and the beer production has jumped from 8,000,000 gallons to 18,000,000 gallons in ten years.

So the Petroleum Monopoly Company has been ordered to purchase low-grade alcohol made from wine residues and to use this in the preparation of a national fuel. Those who know all about it say that the national fuel sold will cost the State about 60,000,000 Pesetas (8,000,000) annually, so that the help to the grape-growers will be quite expensive. Naturally the flippant souls don't care much about what the cost will be to the State but they do like to make jokes about what the fumes from the new fuel may do to pedestrians.

The other Decree by which the end, at a not too distant period, of the manufacture in Spain of any soap which is not made from olive oil is announced, is likewise to cause quite a lot of upset. It seems that despite the craze for vitamins, which should mean more salads, the demand for olive oil is going down at the moment while Spain's production in the last thirty years has gone up by one third. So the bright economists have planned that instead of Spain importing some 6,000,000 worth of oils and fats for soap-making as is done at present, Spain should make all her soap of olive oil. Presumably, other soaps will be kept out or will have a higher duty put on them. Here again, the cost will be much greater and so probably a decrea-

se in the soap used in Spain will be one of the results, to say nothing of unemployment created in the Congo.

Probably soon someone will have the bright idea of growing oranges in big glass factories in the North just to go one better. And just to think that the poor simps of sixty years ago used to believe that universal education would settle all the world's troubles.

While we are deeply involved in this deep exposition of modern economics it might not be entirely irrelevant to refer to the new fashion in Spain for small cars. Up to about twelve months ago no self respecting Spaniard would look at a small car. And now they just won't look at the big cars. English cars have achieved a great vogue and Singer, Morris, Austin, Standard and such-like small cars have now won a good foothold. The American big cars have gone down for the count before the invaders, but the baby Ford keeps the Stars and Stripes flying high and that flag, flying under the Hitlerian Swastika, as represented by the snappy little Opel which is manufactured in Germany by General Motors, is making itself heard and no mistake. The manufacturers of this little car have certainly caught the Spanish eye by the smart lines they have given it.

It's a funny thing how Spanish fashions jump. We were talking the other day to a traveller who was very upset and shocked to be told bluntly that the car he was selling could have no possible acceptance on the Spanish market because it looked «so old-fashioned». As a good Englishman he was rather surprised that in a land which his fellow-countrymen are apt to look on as somewhat «backward», a car popular in England should be regarded as dowdy and out-of-date in appearance. Well it's the old story of the jump from the candle to the electric lamp, missing the oil lamp stage. We tried to explain it and don't think we succeeded.

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# Information, Shipping and Mail Connections

## Regular Passenger Lines From Palma

**Henderson Line:** Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.

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

Sept. 8—BHAMO, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.

Sept. 14—PEGU, from Liverpool and Gibraltar for Marseilles and the East.

Sept. 20—AMARAPOORA, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.

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

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

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

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

Sept. 12—LLANDAFF CASTLE, from London, Gibraltar and Tangier for Marseilles and East Africa.

Sept. 20—DUNLUCE CASTLE, from East Africa and Marseilles for Gibraltar Tangier and London.

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

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

Sept. 7—EXCALIBUR, from Genoa and Marseilles for Malaga, Boston and New York.

Sept. 14—EXCAMBION, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean.

Sept. 21—EXETER, from Genoa and Marseilles, for Malaga, Boston and New York.

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

Oct. 15—USSUKUMA, from Genoa and Marseilles for Southampton and Hamburg.

Sept. 15—USAMBARA from Hamburg and Southampton for Genoa and East Africa.

## Cruise Liners:

Aug. 27—HOMERIC, arrives 10 a.m. from Tangier, leaves 8.0 p.m. for Naples.

Aug. 31—ESPERANCE BAY, arrives 6 a.m. from Gibraltar leaves 6 p.m. for Algiers.

Aug. 25—MELITA, arrives 8. a.m. from Cadiz leaves 7 p.m. Ceuta.

## Mail Connections for U.S.A.

Sunday Aug. 26th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 1.30 p.m. for the ILE DE FRANCE, Havre, and the MAJESTIC, Cherbourg, both due in New York Sept. 4 th.

Wednesday Sept 1st. Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8 p.m. for the AQUITANIA, Cherbourg, due in New York Sept. 7th.

Saturday Aug. 29th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8. p.m. for the BREMEN, Cherbourg, due in New York Sept. 9th.

## Island and Mainland Services

Palma-Barcelona: Every day save Sunday. Lv. 9 p.m. Ar. next day 7 a.m.

Palma-Menorca: Lv. Tuesday 7 p.m. Ar. Ciudadela next day 7 a.m. Lv. Thursday 8 p.m. Ar. Mahon next day 7 a.m.

Return from Ciudadela Monday 7 p.m. and Mahon Friday 8 p.m.

Palma-Ibiza, Lv. Wednesday and Friday noon. Ar. 6 p.m. same day. Return Friday 8 a.m. and Sunday midnight.

Barcelona-Ibiza: Lv. Monday 6. p.m. Ar. Tuesday 4.30 a.m. Return Tuesday, 5 p.m. Ar. Wednesday 5 a.m.

Palma-Cabrera: Lv. Tuesday and Friday 7 a.m., return same day 2 p.m.

Palma - Marseilles: Lv. Wednesday 10 a.m. Ar. Thursday 9 a.m.

Palma-Algiers: Lv. Saturday 6 p.m. Ar. Sunday 6 a.m.

Palma-Valencia: Lv. Wednesday noon and Sunday 8 p.m. Ar. next day 7 a.m.

Palma-Alicante: Lv. Friday noon. Ar. Saturday 7 a.m.

Palma-Tarragona: Lv. Tuesday 7 p.m. Ar. Wednesday 7 a.m.

## Tramways

Trams run to Cas Catalá from the Hotel Alhambra every 26 minutes, first and last trams from Palma leaving at 5.57 a.m. and 10.12 p.m. respectively. To Genova, trams depart from Hotel Alhambra at 8.35, 9.40, 11.0, 12.10, 1.25, 3.00, 4.25, 5.40, 7.15, 8.55. From Genova to Palma trams depart at 9.00, 10.15, 11.35, 1.10, 3.40, 4.55, 6.35, 8.00, 9.25.

On Sundays and fiestas trams to Génova leave Palma every 40 minutes. 6.0, 6.40, 7.20, 8.00, etc. Last tram 8.40 p.m. Trams return to Palma immediately after arriving in Genova. To Cas Catalá every 13 minutes first and last trams as above.

## Electric Railway to Sóller

	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	NOON Daily	P.M. Daily	P.M. Weekdays	Sundays Fiestas
Lv. Palma	7.00	9.30	12.00	3.00	8.00	9.00
Arr. Sóller	8.00	10.30	1.00	4.00	9.00	10.00
	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	P.M. Daily	P.M. Daily	
Lv. Sóller	5.45	8.15	10.45	1.25	6.15	
Arr. Palma	6.35	9.15	11.45	2.25	7.15	

**Railway to Inca, Manacor and Artá.** Bus connection between Inca and Pollensa and its Port. Manacor for Caves of Drach and Hams, Artá for Caves and Cala Ratjada.

	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. Palma	7.05	8.00	8.25	1.45	2.35	2.45	6.15
Inca	8.21	8.45	9.39	3.00	3.20	3.51	7.00
Manacor		9.38			4.15		
Artá		10.23			5.05		
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
Lv. Artá		6.50					4.00
Manacor		7.42					5.15
Inca	7.48	8.43	11.30	12.49	5.00	6.19	
Palma	8.58	9.25	12.30	2.03	6.10	7.12	

Trains also run to Felanitx and Santaña.

Excursions are run daily in comfortable motor coaches from the Oasis Tourist Office in the Plaza Gomila Terreno, stopping at the Oasis Office in the Borne, as follows:

Monday, Caves of Drach and Hams. Also Valldemosa, Deyá Sóller.

Tuesday, Pollensa Formentor.

Wednesday, Caves of Drach and Hams.

Thursday, Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller. Also Bañalbufar, Estallenchs.

Friday, Pollensa Formentor.

Saturday, Caves of Artá, Cala Ratjada.

Sunday, Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller.

Price of return fare for every excursión except Artá, which is 13 ptas., 11 ptas.

There are also ordinary motor-bus services to most places on the island, most of which start from the Plaza Olivar, Calle San Miguel.

## Where to Go in Palma

The Cathedral Ayuntamiento Palace

The Lonja Bellver Castle

Cloisters of San Francisco Arab Baths

British Vice-Consulate, Calle Morey 24, Tel. 2,085.

Police Station Calle Unión. Tel. 1,945.

Crédito Balear, Calle de Palacio 67. Tel. 1,300.

Lawn Tennis Club, Son Alegre. Tel. 2,210.

Post Office, Calle Soledad. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 1

p.m. and from 4.30 p.m. to 8.30. Sundays and Fiestas 10 a.m. to 1.0 p.m.

Telegraph Office, Calle San Felio. Open day & night

Branch office in Terreno, Calle Gomila, 9 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and 4.0 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. Sundays and Fiestas 10.0 a.m. to 1.0 p.m.

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BORN — Closed.

RIALTO—DURO DE PELEAR with James Cagney. (in Spanish) and THE CRIME IN THE MUSEUM (in natural colors) Monday: SLAVES OF THE EARTH, and GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933.

MODERNO—TROPICAL MADNESS and LA FARANDULA TRAGICA with Adolph Menjou, (in Spanish.) Monday: THE BLONDE VENUS. with Marlene Dietrich, and the CAVALIER OF THE NIGHT (both in Spanish.)

LIRICO—DANCING LADY with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable (in English) and PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES with Laurel and Hardy. (in Spanish) Monday, RASPUTIN AND THE CZARINA.

BALEAR—AVIONES Y FIERAS and IN THE NAME OF THE LAW (both in Spanish.)

**Note**—It is extremely difficult to find out the cinema programmes even a few days ahead, and whether the films are in Spanish or English. However, unless otherwise specified, the films at the Principal and Moderno are usually in Spanish, while at the Lirico and Protectora English films are frequently shown.

**Bullfights:** This afternoon at the Palma bull ring charity novillada in aid of unemployed metal workers. Four young bulls for local fighters. Today at five P.M. at Felanitx four young bulls of Marcial Lalande for Quinito Caldentey and J. Chalmeta.

**CINE PROTECTORA**  
(3:30, 6:30, 9:30)  
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**Dancing:**

HOTEL BELLVER RE-OPENED.—Dancing in the garden every afternoon and evening.

**Concert:** Today at 6:30 P.M. in the gardens of So'n Bono (between Bonanova and Genova) by the Capella Classica.

**Verbena:** Typical Island verbena and the year's biggest, Today, Tomorrow, Tuesday. Buses from Plaza Cort and special train service.

**14 Kilometer Beach.** Car daily from Oasis at 10 A.M. returning 1.15. Two pesetas return. Restaurant service at the beach.

**Felanitx' Big Week**

The Island's biggest verbena known as the Verbena of San Augustin opens today in Felanitx. This is an annual affair for which the natives spend all the year preparing and it is looked forward to eagerly by natives and foreigners alike. It is held inside a permanent enclosure and is not only typical Mallorquin but very, very gay. There are bands for dancing, all the usual side-shows and Ferris wheels merry-go-rounds and everything of a kindred sort. Today as a curtain raiser there will be a novillada with two local toreros and some good bulls. Many Spaniards come from as far as Madrid to take in this verbena and it is one that no foreigner should miss if he can possibly make it. There will be buses running to Felanitx and return from Plaza Cort and the tickets will include general admission to the fiesta as well as the novillada.

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**AMERICAN EXPORT LINES**

## OF PERSONAL INTEREST

An interesting personality who has just left us is beautiful Madame Gisa Bergmann. Madame Bergmann was the first Viennese Society woman to earn her living on the concert platform, which she did with conspicuous success, touring all the big cities of Germany. Later, she returned to Vienna to take the leading part in the Operetta «Der Orlov» the film version of which was recently shown here. So valuable were the jewels that she wore during the run of the piece that she had three detectives on the stage for every performance.

Madame Bergmann is one of the few people that actually own a church. The famous Karbacher in Munich is her property. In Kiel, she and her husband took an entire hotel, and there maintained at their own expense two hundred poor students, who were enabled to take a full university course owing to this generosity.

From here, she is going to San Sebastian, then to London, and so to New York where she has contracts to sing both in concerts and before the microphone at Radio City.

\*\*\*

A gay crowd has been in Palma during the week from Cala Ratjada. Six of them took ship for Barcelona Tuesday for a spot of the Continent.

\*\*\*

Señor Rentena gave a luncheon recently at the Paris Bar for Mrs. Seymour Burt of La Porassa. His other guests were Mrs. Doris Cameron, Miss Joy Petersen and Señor Martin. By the way, Otto, the waiter with the deft hand and the ready smile, is now at the Paris Bar. What with Johnnie behind the Bar, Otto serving, and Maurice superintending in the kitchen, and showing you the baby chickens nestling in the casserole, this popular place bids fair to become the gourmet's dream of paradise.

\*\*\*

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Krippendorf and their daughter Marybelle were guests for last week end at Son Vich the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dorr Newton. On Tuesday Mr. Krippendorf was host at cocktail time at the Fregate. He is one of the most ardent followers of Pelota and rarely misses a night's play in Barcelona where they now live. He is said to be

bad news for the bookmakers, as he almost invariably collects.

\*\*\*

Our waterside scout had the pleasure of being invited aboard *Santa Rosa*, one of the Italian submarines that have been here for a few days, by the commandant of the little flotilla, Commander Franco Padolecchia. Also invited were Madame Guturbey, Signor Bruno Baschiera, Signor Tito Cungi, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, and Mr. Churchward. The party was shown over the vessel, a thoroughly up-to-date under sea craft, carrying eight torpedo tubes as well as a quick-firing gun, and machine guns. She is capable of sixteen knots on the surface, and ten knots submerged. But everybody agreed that they were glad they were not submarine officers. Quarters below are terribly cramped, and the heat when the engines are running must be terrific. After inspecting the vessel, the guests were entertained to cocktails on deck by the very charming Italian officers.

There was a jolly dinner and evening afterwards at the Paris Bar. The submarine party was augmented by Mrs. Doris Cameron, Mrs. Ramminger and Major and Mrs. Hill. Afterwards, everyone moved on to Tito's.

The destroyer *Mirabello* arrived from Port Mahon on Thursday morning. All the Italian ships are going to Almeria, thence to Cagliari in Sardinia, and so to their home port, Naples.

\*\*\*

Signor Bruno Baschiera and Señora Guturbey of the yacht *Allave* leave for Madrid on Tuesday. They expect to be gone for a fortnight and in their absence Tito Cungi will be admiral of the yacht. We expect to see the brasswork spotless and to see Tito piped over the side with at least eight sideboys.

\*\*\*

Those interested in affairs maritime may be pleased to get straight the various yachts that have been in the bay recently and of which there have been some confusing reports in the local press. The large white American yacht which was in for a day and lay near the Victoria was the *Khina* out of New York for Cannes. Her owner Mr. J. Fuller Feeder of New York was aboard as was his son-in-law the Marques Bourg de Bozas.... The *Vagabundo* is a ten meter cutter belonging to Viscount Almocaden. At present she is at Formentor.... The *Foam* is an English schooner, not American, of thirty-nine tons, out of Glasgow, and belonging to Major Hill.

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There was a delightful party aboard Madame Guturbey's yacht on Thursday night. It started at cocktail time, and went on till after midnight. Supper was served to forty-four guests, and there was dancing on the upper deck under the almost full moon. Among those present were the Governor Sr. Manet, the Chief of Police, Sr. Romero, Sr. Fernando Torre, and Sr. Gual, representing Mallorquin Society. Viscount Almodaden, the famous polo-player and yachtsman, wrongly described in a contemporary as the Marques de Casa Domecq, Miss Amber Orr-Wilson, The Commanders of the Italian ships and their officers, Major Bailey and his bride, Mrs. Requardt and her three daughters, Mrs. McGoldrick, Mr. and Mrs. Croissant, Mr. Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, and Mr. Churchward.

\*\*\*

On Friday evening there was a very pleasant cocktail party on board the Italian destroyer *Mirabello*, a graceful farewell by the officers who have been such welcome visitors here.

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\*\*\*  
Another yacht to arrive in Palma harbour is *Caltha*, owned by Mr. de Lubizy Schmallner, who is going to Cannes, but returning here to take over a big place in the country. The yacht was the property of Count and Countess von Moltke, who are also coming here.

\*\*\*

The sister of Miss Haslip, the English authoress who is staying here, recently married Marquis Gómez Homen, after a courtship of only a few days. The bridegroom, although only thirty years old, is Civil Governor of Florence.

Among the passengers on the *Exochorda* when she stopped here on Friday were a baby elephant, and three leopards. They are from the East and bound for New York and a circus. The ship was in only about an hour and no passengers were allowed ashore to do the town.

\*\*\*

Mr. and Mrs. Crocker were hosts at a gay dinner party on Friday evening at the Taberna Vasca. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Camp, Miss Welch and Miss Smith who are oldtimers here on the Island and formerly lived in the house now occupied by Tito's Restaurant. Miss Emily Camp and her partner Miss Smith were also present.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Linderman has left the Sporting Hotel for the Solarium, as has Miss Copperman, the well known artist,

and her uncle.

\*\*\*

Major Bailey has taken Mrs. Lucinda Reichenbach's house at La Portassa, and will shortly be moving in, with his charming wife.

\*\*\*

The seems to be no end to the enjoyable parties at the Paris Bar. On Tuesday night, M. Marcel Fleurant, the famous cellist, and friend of Mr. Maurice played there the whole evening.

\*\*\*

A farewell party was held at Son Dureta for Mrs. Requardt's pretty blonde daughter Mrs. Flora Neal. There were present Miss Mary Ann and Miss «Dicky» Scoville her sisters, Mr. «Wally» Fury Francisco Salva, Tito Cungi and some English guests the names of whom our scribe failed to get. Afterwards the party adjourned to Tito's, where Signor Cungi was host.

## IBIZAN INTERLUDES

Mme. Sdenka Watterson who has been spending the summer near San Antonio, where she has occupied herself with the translation into Czech of William Faulkner's «Sanctuary» and William Seabrook's «Magic Island» will leave shortly for Paris. From there she expects to go on to Prague for the winter.

\*\*\*

At the moment in Ibiza are: Mme. Olga Sacharoff who will have an exhibition of her painting in the Galerias Layetana in Barcelona in October ..... Mrs. Davidson and her two daughters formerly of Cas Catala, Mallorca....Madame Müller mother of film star Renate Müller....Among those to leave recently was Mr. Donald Van den Bergh who was here for about three weeks and entertained so delightfully aboard his yacht.

Miss Frances Cowles and Miss Erica Beric who have been visiting Frau Lena Schneider - Keiner leave on Wednesday for a motor trip along the southern coast of Spain and into Africa as far as Morocco.

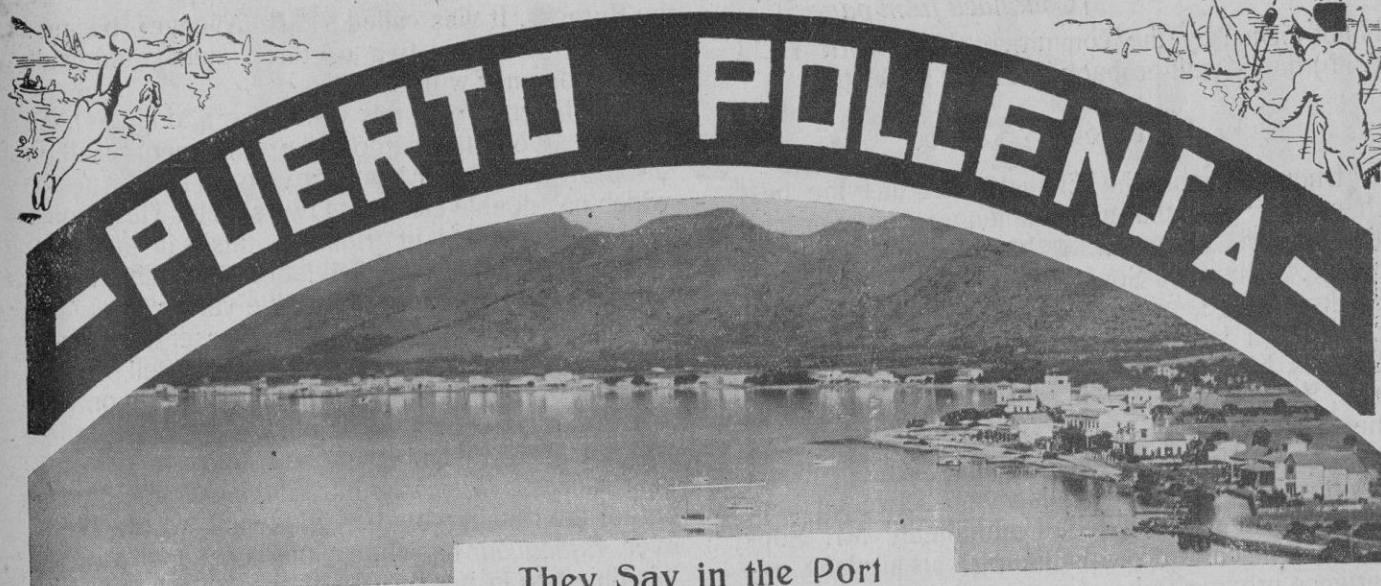
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Mr. Eric Tattersall of London and Surrey who each year spends some time near San Antonio, will leave in the Autumn for England. Plans are under way to produce some of his plays in London. While here he has been working on a new play and on a book of short stories.

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**They Say in the Port**

The Atmosphere is still charged with the Fiesta Fever that took the Port by the throat for three days last week and shook it into frenzied excitement. The waterfront from the Hotel Miramar to the Hotel del Puerto was dressed in colored lights, Japanese lanterns, festoons, a dance floor and band stand, not to mention the insistent peanut vendors and helado dispensers. Nearby cafes were crowded to more than capacity, and the music put everyone

in the best of humor - it was authentically good jazz with the maximum of rythm and minimum of noise - Astonishing!

Sunday the corrida brought out the blood-thirsty public who streamed by the hundreds in their bullfight best to witness a very exciting performance. One of the bulls didn't find the blood-thirsty public simpatico and did his best to jump the barrera and give them some firsthand information. Of

course he did'nt succeed, meeting his end in much the same way as usual. Another heart-stopping moment was the unpleasant proximity of bull to torero, in which everyone thought that the last moment had arrived for the brave young fighter. Fortunately only his clothes were ripped and he finished the bull with one kill while the spectators sang «Whose Afraid of the Big Bad Bull».

We had a lovely time Monday night watching the native dances that were executed in full costume with all the dignity and beauty of ancestral tradition. The children also performed, and one little girl as big as a minute, flung herself into the spirit with so much gusto that she became completely entangled in her long pigtail, full skirts and intricate steps-but nothing could dampen her ardor, she disentangled herself and went on gaily doing something completely unrelated to the other. She had an overwhelming success.

\*\*\*

Fritz is continuing the high spirits by giving a dance tonight at his bar, C'an Anet under the title of «A Night in Java» to which everyone is invited to appear in Javanese costume—that means a sunburn and a piece of straw.

\*\*\*

Señor D. Carlos Castellanos is opening his exhibition of paintings this afternoon.

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(Continued from page 5)

is not picked by the committee (New York Yacht Club) the lid will probably blow off in Boston.

#### «Endeavour's» Chance

Unquestionably the English boat has the best chance this year that any challenger has ever had, although this statement has been made many times before. A man like Sopwith who has put his money, his knowledge, and his experience into racing a yacht, is a long way ahead of such men as Sir Thomas Lipton who often never even sailed in a race. From design to organization Mr. Sopwith is the master, and he will sail his boat with an interest that no one else could possibly have. Mr. Nicholson has turned out a hull which is about as sweet a thing as one could hope to see. Undoubtedly Mr. Sopwith had much to do with the rig, his airplane experience proving to be of great advantage here. It looks right. The mast is of steel about the same diameter as that used on the Enterprise. The flexible boom which carried out the curve of the mainsail so well had to be discarded as it was too susceptible to breakage. *Endeavour* now carries a «Park Avenue» boom similar to the one designed

by Burgess. It was called «Park Avenue» because it was so wide that two or three men could walk up and down it with ease.

All the cup boats this year have a double head rig instead of the jib topsail arrangement used in the past. *Endeavour* has a novelty in her large jib which has double clews and two sheets. This should help a good deal in trimming this sail properly. Parachute spinnakers which look very bulbous and ungainly are being used by all the yachts.

Probably *Endeavour's* greatest asset is her ability to go to windward. It is a pretty well known fact that on this point of sailing, races are won and lost. American boats have always been designed with this in view and it has had much to do with their success. *Enterprise* put *Shamrock* completely out of the running by her windward work. However, *Endeavour* has shown marked superiority in this direction in her races with the other large class sloops in England. Her record in English waters has been most impressive, having beaten the fast *Velsheda* many times. She has the advantage of an early start, and will have a full month's sailing on the American course before the actual contest begins. This will help Mr. Sopwith tremendously.

Who is going to win? A good boat and a good skipper that is certain. It may be success and the end of a long struggle for England. She has cleaned up in all the big sporting events this year, and the Cup looks like a pretty uncertain piece of property.

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