— The Spanish News —

• Majorca Sun

25 Céntimos

6

5th Year, No. 18, March 28, 1936

Published every Saturday

A Pre-War Preamble

HE compatriot who, a few weeks ago, contributed to this page an article entitled «Virtue Miscarried» has been attacked as a destructionist. «Leave us our little prejudices and illusions,» cries the critic. «The world is a hard place nowadays and we can so easily get lost. What we want is a lead...»

In reply to the attack comes another article in which more destruction goes on. The world is shown up not only as «hard» but as vulgar and wicked. The writer cites our tasty Jacobean pubs., the persuasivness of our brave Blackshirt Boys with knuckledusters and the popular peepshow held at an American lethal chamber as evidence of a general decadence in taste and morality.

Well, well! What goings-on. Some of us had our doubts, anyway, about which direction we were heading for. But how about the «lead,» the light, the silken thread to lead us through the present morass of wickedness and vulgarity to that better land which lies (presumably) somewhere on the other side? There isn't any time to lose. The nations are sitting round like hungry tigers, teeth well sharpened; and what we now call «post-war» will be known in the future as «pre-war.» Oh, tiger, tiger, shining bright! You will come out of that affray a sorry beast whether you lose or win. Those proud, distinguishing stripes known as «national characteristics»-the Freedom (time, gentlemen, please!) of England, the worldly com-monsense of France, the sinister industriousness of (Aryian) Germany, the schoolboy enthusiasm of Italy, the pep of America, the what-have-you of Japan -some of these stripes will be scarcely recognizable beneath the gore. Even the last little world-war changed the expression on the faces of the most European nations. England still wears its indomitable smirk, which will look less attractive when all its teeth are knocked out.

Cleansing Combat

War has a certain cleansing effect. Who knows but that much of the present-day vulgarity and folly, the graft and the coloured shirts will be wiped away? But much will also perish which the world can ill afford to lose: beauty of men's making, relics of past civilizations more fragile than steel and concrete. Time, not T.N.T., makes the most picturesques ruins. The countryside, too, will get knocked about a bit, and of course there will be misery, anxiety and discomfort even for those who escape with their lives and limbs. And what will be achieved? Certain re-adjustments in the balance of power and property, so that, in effect, we shall be able to pick peas on our neighbour's allotment, or he on ours. It doesn't seem worth all that bother. Better to throw all the allotments open, remove the notice-boards and let pick who will. We are all thieves at heart, and what is

free cannot be stolen. But when the time comes, of course, we shall talk quite differently. We shall get inflamed, hysterical, fanatical and shall reach down from their shelf the set of primitive virtues which we pretended we had sold and shall throw away our lives and encourage our sons to throw away their lives with devout enthusiasm.

When it is all over (everything has an end) what is left of us will begin to settle down to the post-second-war conditions as we did to the first. Belts tightened, we shall shift from house to hovel (*vice versa* for the businesslike) and bravely do those jobs hitherto relegated to the lower orders of humanity. Soon an anti-war propaganda of unheard of proportions will make its appearance.... and so on, world without end.

Eat and Be Merry

In the light of that future, what point is there in constructing a laborious present? Why not forget the silken thread and wallow in our morass, which is really rather comfortable if you hold your nose and don't think? Let us eat, drink and be merry. Let us work for fun and filthy lucre and not for ideals and achievements which will not survive us. Away with grandmotherly advice from the pulpit. Let the Sunday Press know that its business is to entertain, not to chastise its readers. Enough advice has been poured out since 1918 by clerics, playwrights and popular philosophers to prevent every poor sheep in the world from straying. There is a creed and a set of golden rules for every taste, nowadays, without having to give thought to the matter oneself. Messrs. Wells, Shaw and Russell provide reachme-down philosophies of science and commonsense, and Mr. Beverley Nicholls instructs you how to find God in Nash's Magazine.

Most of us, anyhow, get through our lives fairly creditably, without lofty thought, our own or anyone else's. Given a small income, a good constitution and decent weather, the average person is reasonably happy without his giving more than a glance at Fundamental Things. Only those unfortunates lacking in these desiderata need abstract thought to make them face their lack without grumbling. «Man lives not by bread alone,» but made tolerable by butter, jam or something tasty it forms the diet of the majority of us, although it is not generally admitted. A sense of humour is recommended as a digestive. It prevents moral dyspepsia (conscience), neurosis and smugness.

Humour and International Spirit

We English are proud of our humour, as we should be. Certain other races are blessed with a sense of humour, but none like ours. Ours is naïve, broad and kindly, and even when it is smutty it is smutty in a nicer way than other sorts of humour. And, best of all, it is imperishable. In face of disasters too awful to contemplate, we cheer ourselves and others by pleasant little jokes. The cur-ious mixture of flippancy and portentiousness among Anglo-Saxons is one of their most endearing qualities. And, tol-erant as we are, we cannot tolerate a people without a sense of humour. We fear and despise a nation which cannot see something funny in an excessive patriotic zeal. That is why there may be hope for us. We like to feel that patriot-ism, like true love, is given, not de-manded. British patriotism, in the main, is a pretty romantic thing. In time of peace it rarely gets beyond a respectful affection for the Royal Family and the London policeman. It is blended with a feeling of complaceucy at the might of our Empire and the decent solidity of our character. But wait till the bugle blows and watch this easy emotion be-come splendid and brazen. And it is inevitable so long as patriotism is en-couraged and an international spirit is but a phrase.

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U.S. Floods

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

On Tuesday, while millions lined for miles the banks of the River Clyde, the great new Cunard White-Star liner, Queen Mary, made her first trip. It was a short trip, only twenty-four miles, but a momentous one, nevertheless. For the first time she was under way under her own power.

The building of this great ship has meant much to Britain. She has been a symbol of returning hope and prosperity. Laid down in 1931, work on her was stopped by the depression and through the blackest months of this time no progress was made. When work was again started the news was flashed to the world and proved to be Britain's

notice to all that prosperity was ahead. The *Queen Mary* is not a luxury ship, though the luxury is there for those who must have it. She is designed to suit every class and was not built with the idea that she was to be the biggest, fastest ship in the world, but the slowest and smallest possible to form one half of a weekly transatlantic service. That her designers have succeeded there is little doubt.

Naval Treaty Signed

Wednesday saw the signing of the Naval Treaty in London. The signers this time were Great Britain, France and the United States. As a whole the press of the world is in accord in praising the terms of the treaty, though the failure of Italy and Japan is regretted. The Treaty has put a top limit of 35,000 tons for ships of the line, cruisers at 17,000 and submarines 2,000. Calibre of the big guns is limited as well, with provision made for allowing larger guns should any power outside the treaty mount them.

Englishman Attacked in Madrid

While walking to his home in Madrid one night last week, Mr. Burgess, Managing Editor of the Madrid Mail, was set upon and beaten severely upon the head. He now lies in the British-American Hospital in a serious condition. The publication of articles alleged to be Fascist in tendency is said to have been the cause of the attempt.

Defense Bill

The United States Senate has passed the Defense Bill which includes an appropriation of over half a billion dollars for defense measures. This figure is a peace time high. The funds will be used to increase the standing army to 165,000 men and for work on coastal fortifications.

Story

One of the best stories in the April issue of the American Magazine, Esquire, is called «The Mind of a Martyr,» which has as its plot the mystery surrounding the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles last year. The story is written by one of Spain's extranjeros, Mr. J.W. Wallace, who is a permanent resident of Malaga, and a popular member of the foreign colony there.

League Appoints Spaniard

Señor Salvador Madariaga was one of the two gentlemen appointed by the Committee of Thirteen, of the League of Nations, to negotiate with Italy and Abyssinia in an effort to bring peace. The other member of the committee of two is Joseph Avenol, Secretary Gene-ral of the League. Sr. Madariaga has long been known as one of Spain's most able diplomats.

Brazil in State of War

Due to the action of the Insurrectionist Party, Brazil has been declared to be in a State of War. This is to apply throughout the country and will be in force for ninety days. Capital punishment has been re-established.

Venizelos' Funeral

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The funeral of the Greek patriot Venizelos, who died last week in Paris, will take place on Monday in Crete, his birthplace, and for the liberty of which he fought.

The eastern part of the United States is slowly emerging from the most disastrous floods in two centuries. The rivers piled with ice are starting to subside from the abnormally high levels reached and thousands are at work repairing the damage done. Some outbreaks of disease have been reported, and the Red Cross is busy extending relief. The West is still in the grip of winter, one of the worst blizzards of the year occurring this week in Chicago.



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The Kreisler concert on Tuesday night was one of the big draws of the season, and the large audience was not disappointed. Question, does Kreisler try to play down to his hearers? Hasn't he such a reputation now that he could elevate public taste considerably? Seen having a resopón with the maestro after the concert was Mr. Walter Walters..... Expected in Barcelona shortly is Lord Rennell of Rodd, who has been lecturing in Madrid on Homer and Ithaca, subjects he dealt with recently before the Royal Society New arrivals from America, all bent on Spanish travel, are Mrs. and Miss Gretchen Schwinn, of Hollywood; also Messrs. Carlos Navarro, Robert Barstow; and Dick Morgan, the novelist whose sporting books have been such a success in the States Leaving for the States next week is Mr. John Bigham, aboard the «Europa.» Mr. Walter Muir Whitehill also left last week for Boston, on the American Export. He has been staying in Valencia for some time, where his mother has been seriously ill Travelling round Spain from Barcelona are Mrs. Nelson and Miss Huff, of New York, and Miss MacClulich and Mrs. Bridges Adams, of Dublin and Dorking respectively... Expected from Madrid, for Easter, is Mr. Charles T. Darling. Also Mr. Robertson Deans, from London. Mr. Deans will be broadcasting a series of Catalan songs from England shortly On the sick list is Mr. Piet Meyer, who is seriously ill..... Over from Mallorca, prior to making a trip on the mainland, Mrs. Edris Backstrand arrived here on Thursday and left immediately for Palamós to stay a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Hempson.... Rather badly injured in a motor accident last week, Mr. Pablo Llorens, prominent Rotarian, is progressing well... Hosts at a small luncheon on Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mahuzies. Other entertaining included a luncheon given to the foreign Consuls in Barcelona by the Foreign Journalists Association. Mr. Lawrence Fernsworth made an interesting speech ... The Hon. Ladislaw and Mrs. Pringle have returned to Barcelona from Gandia, which they find delightful, and are staying *chez* Miss Bailey in the Calle Muntaner, where Mrs. Curwen Thomas, from Alicante, is also expected this this week-end. Mrs. Cheshire and daughter Ann, together with Miss Hawes, leit on Thurday for England and Málaga respectively, by boat. Mr. Cheshire is Lever Brothers' representative in Barcelona..... Mr. Maurice Miller's birthday sherry-party was crowded out on Wednesday. Many charming *Catalanas*, including Sta. Fifina Pascual, Rosita Torrents, Carmen de Camin, were Present, also Don Francisco de Carreras and many other well-known Barcelona people.....

Gourmets, and Americans homesick for their «ain countree,» will find a gastronomical home in Plaza Macia, 14 (Plaza Real, formerly). Mr. Perkins, the moving spirit, provides everything, from Oyster Loves and Corn Beef Hash to Corn on the Cob and New England and Southern delicacies. There is a night service, too, and one may order by phone for delivery at home..... The All-In wrestling at *Gran Price* is proving more popular than ever. Mr. Slcot was watching Rex Gable do his rubber and steel act the other night. Carver Doone, the Canadian giant, was also on the programme and fought clean for a change. He still has to meet his Jan Ridd..... The Last Troubador, Don Rafael de la Fuente, who has been staying at Tossa, past through Barcelona last week *en route* for Altea.

IN MEMORIAM

Fred. H. Robinson, father of Mrs. Lynn W. Franklin, died at his home, Fall Hill, Fredericksburg, Virginia, on March eighteenth, of pneumonia. Born in 1863 at Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, the son of Cannon Hugh Robinson of York Cathedral, he emigrated as a young man to America with Lord Ogilvie, became naturalized and lived there until his death. Gifted with an unusually fine character, he was beloved in his community. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. F.H. Robinson, one son and his daughter, Mrs. Franklin.

Letter Box

To: The Editor.

Dear Sir,

Two items in the current issue of your interesting paper move me, the one to comment, the other to retort. The first is that while Gingers Rogers may be the first feminine admiral in the U. S. Navy, Spain long ago placed the name of Isabel de Barreto that high on her roll of honour, for good and sufficient reason.

The retort (courteous, I hope!) is to Mr. Mickle's insistence on the use of mañana by the Catalan peasants. One can only wish that Mr. Mickle were as skilled in geography as in poetry. The Catalans are as definitely not given to the use of any word, in either their own or the Castillian tongue, which signifies procrastination, as is his critic, Mrs. Curwen Thomas, not a resident in «the home country of the knight of La Mancha». La Mancha has no more seacoast than had Bohemia, Mr. Mickle. We must account for such matters under the excuse of «poet's license,» no doubt, but the hard-working Catalan really has something to be said on his side, too.

Truly yours,

Iberophile

To: The Editor. Sir,

Really, Mr. Mickle does seem to be

getting into a muddle about Spain! He tells me that I live in the home country of the knight of La Mancha. How long has Alicante been the Mancha? Then again he suggests that it is nice to think that at least the Catalans still suck sweetness out of doing nothing. One might as well accuse the Welsh miners of being hopeless day-dreamers, or lotus eaters. Might I suggest that Mr. Mickle indulge in a few short conversations with Mariano? I am sure he would discover quite a lot about Spain from that fat worthy who probably knows more than he tells. Then we should be delighted by more of Mr. Mickle's jolly rhymes which would have the added charm of being geographically correct, and ac-ceptable even to the Prisoner of Zenda. Stoically yours,

Helen Curwen Thomas.

(Alicante)

To: The Editor.

Sir, I was very glad to see that you had at last raised the question of the bad press afforded to Spain by the English papers. As the English are a people with a considerable reputation for fair play, even outside England, I have for some time regretted that the desire to retain this reputation should not apparently extend to the great majority of British press correspondents in Spain.

In view of the fact that the reports were commonly admitted by all the English and Americans I have met to be picturesque rather than accurate, I was the more surprised to read the stately rebuke which appeared in your last issue above the signature of Mr. Lawrence Fernsworth.

While profoundly impressed with his command of the language (including two words with which I was not previously acquainted), I feel that possibly he has confined his reading to his own paper, which is, of course, universally respected for its impartiality.

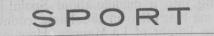
In the course of exercising my dog in Hyde Park not very long ago, I was accidentally present at a Jewish-Fascist «scrap» which struck me as being extremely deplorable. Following upon this I was pleased to observe that the Spanish press did not report an outbreak of wild fighting and general massacre in Central London, accompanied by such headlines as «Will the Government resign?» or «Will Martial Law follow Rioting?» If any mention was made, it was to state that some extremists had made fools of themselves in Hyde Park. Therefore I agree with you, Mr. Editor, that it would be more in accordance with British tradition if a similar regard for the prosaic truth were more often to be found in the English press when mentioning affairs in Spain, a country in which we live as welcome guests.

Your faithfully,

(signed) Stephen Salter Provenza 265, Barcelona.



M.C.D. 2022



TENNIS

Barcelona Lawn Tennís Club v. Racíng Club de France

The beautiful courts of the Barcelona Lawn Tennis Club in the Calle Ganduxer, Bonanova, were again the scene of some very interesting matches, on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd last, when they had as guests the *Racing Club de France*. Six singles and three doubles were played. The French team was composed of J. Brugnon, C. Bousous and Robertson, the American, who in partnership with these two *musqueteers* has done very well on the French Riviera lately. The Spanish team included Maier, Blanc, Sindreu, Suque, P.Castella and L.Carles. The latter two deserved to be selected owing to their recent victories over some of the old contingent in the Championships of Cataluña held early this year. The beautiful courts of the Barcelona Lawn held early this year.

Some very good matches were seen on the first two days. Maier and Sindreu, that form-idable pair which in 1931 won the Butler Trophy against a strong entry, played Brugnon and Robertson on the first day. The Franco-American pair soon took the offensive and won the first two sets failed each but the Spaniarde who pair soon took the offensive and won the first two sets fairly easily, but the Spaniards, who play at their best when in arrears, soon showed them that they could not get away with it so easily, and Maier, with his strong service and good smashes, ably suported by Sindreu, won the next two sets, to draw level, and won the fifth set fairly easily, at 6/2.

The two singles on the Friday, Blanc v. Brugnon, Bousous v. P. Castella, the Champ-ion of Cataluña, would do against Bousous, the «first string» of France. In the first game Blanc was in very fine form and delighted the crowd by beating his opponent in two sets, and in the second match, although beaten by Bousous, the young Champion managed to take a set from him. him.

On the Saturday another great doubles match was seen, Maier & Carles v. Bousous & Robertson.

Thanks to the wonderful coaching of Mr. Henning, the tennis «pro.» Maier has developed a terrific service which few can beat, and this he brought in very effectively, and in partner-ship with Carles, who was playing a magnificent game, managed to win in three sets 6-4, 7-5, 6-3.

The final matches B. Robertson v. Castella, and the doubles Maier-Blanc v. Bousous-Brug-non scheduled for Sunday, 22nd, had to be postponed owing to rain and were played off on Wednesday.

TENNIS RESULTS

Robertson beat Castella, 6-1, 6-3. Brugnon and Bousous beat Maier and Blanch 10-8, 4-6, 6-1, 5-7, 9-7.

W. W. P.





London Letter

The coming to London of the League of Nations involved more than merely the problem of Germany's invasion of Germany. Not least among the minor problems was that concerned with extraterritorialty, which everybody had overlooked until a London policeman stolidly tried to tell a visiting journalist how things are done in England. The journalist, normally a mild-mannered person, took the thing up with diplomatic firmness, and thereafter newspaper men, previously harrassed in their attempts to find out what was going on amid the inadequacies of St.James's Palace, were left much to their own devices. The burning of carpets with cigarette butts was, however, frowned upon, with no extra-territorial trimmings. There never

Rda. S. Pedro, 41 PALACE HOTEL Barcelona

RUGBY: With the exception of a couple of games which the Barbarians will play in Wales, the season is over, and, before we ring down the curtain, let us say a few words about the various international games. Here is the final liet: list:

INTE	RNA	TION	AL 7	ABLE	E P	oints
	Ρ.	W.	L.	D.	For	Agst.
WALES .	3	2	0	1	16	3
	3	2	1	0	16	10
ENGLAND	3	1	1	1	12	14
	3	0	3	0	15	32

England won the Calcutta Cup by 9 points to 8, after a terrific struggle in a thrilling game in which Scotland gave a good account of herself. There have been few outstanding players, and no reputations have been made or lost. Ireland has once more produced a fine back, but failed to find attacking backs, with the result that defensive tactics have been prominent. Wales heads the list, and her victory over Ireland squashed the latter's hopes of the Triple Crown. Scotland has the wooden spoon for her porridge. A revival there is long overdue. Altogether an England won the Calcutta Cup by 9 points to A revival there is long overdue. Altogether an interesting season, but too many free kicks and too much defensive work.

BULL FIGHTING: The weather has been ghastly, and the cinemas have been full for the last two days. We are promised Ortega, El Sol-dado and Armillita for tomorrow. If the bulls are dado and Arminita for tomorrow, in the ought to be a great crowd at the Monumental. The programme for Easter has not yet been issued, but I hear we are to have a new «phenomenon.» Olé—!

«All Rounder»

GOLF: San Cugat

Play for the «Madrid Cup» was delayed last

Play for the «Madrid Cup» was delayed last Sunday, owing to the rain, but in the afternoon the following matches were played. Mr. C. L. Jones beat Mr. Gwynne in the sec-ond round, thus qualifying for the semi-final. In the other semi-final Mr. Batllo beat Mr. Wihl by 2 and 1. The finals will be played off to-morrow.



was a meeting of the League like it, and you may ponder upon the studied absence from the halls of the great Stanley Baldwin. Anthony Eden was supported (if that is the word) throughout by Ramsay MacDonald, and the upshot of it is that it seems we are no longer to flirt with Germany, but to stay close to La Belle France («Auprès de ma blonde....»).

The volume of sympathy with Germany in the present juncture is something strong and tangible, nevertheless. The Daily Express recently conducted a survey of opinion, asking whether we should concentrate on being friends with France or Germany. The result was heavily in favour of Germany. This swing in public sentiment has been reflected in most of the newspapers of the last few days, even the left-wing Daily Herald making friendly overtures to Germany and bickering with French aspirations. Winston Churchill should not be told about this, though.

Some interesting things have been happening in the theatre lately. First of all there is the new Napoleon play, «St.Helena,» an R.C.Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis combination. It was first presented at the Old Vic, and showed every promise of being soon forgotten as a nice little flop. Then Winston Churchill saw it and wrote to the Times about it, after which everybody discovered it as a magnificent piece of work. Today it is at Daly's Theatre, and doing nicely

Then there is «Wisdom Teeth,» by Noel Streatfeild, at the Savoy, coming from the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, which represents the first venture of that repertory theatre's invigorator into the West End. Two of the new plays due this week are by actors - «Love from a Stranger,» at the New Theatre, of which Frank Vosper is part-author; and «The Last of the Ladies,» at the Apollo, by William Freshman, a young actor. I feel sure this proves something.

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The Simple Life

Behind and ahead of us are grey bare hills mottled by liveoaks. The road runs by a stream where among the poplars a few women are washing. Away across the river a flock of goats is crawling towards the water's edge. A boy riding a mule jumps off at sight of our car and his animal rears and staggers. Then in an elbow-crook of the river appears the village, its tiled roofs made redder by the sloping sun. We stop and a troop of children accompany us to the priest's house. One of three black-kerchiefed, tight-waisted old women sitting on low chairs beside the door goes to fetch the priest.

He comes, an ageing man with a brown, worn face bristled over with a three days' beard, and a tattered, greenish cassock, and he leads us to the church we have come to visit. It is capped by a Renaissance belfry and there is a Baroque altarpiece inside, but for the rest it is severe with the dignified beauty of its eight centuries. The priest looks on eagerly while we take photo-graphs inside and out.

Afterwards, Don Mateo having invited us to drink a glass of wine, we pass inside the broad doorway of his house to a vestibule and up some stone steps to a tiled hall with chairs in rows against the walls. When Don Mateo has seated us around a table in the end room his sister brings us grapes and biscuits and some sweet red wine in little glasses. She is the woman to whom we spoke outside and she is old and lame, but very alert. Though she does not speak she keeps watching our faces and listening to our halting talk so as to discuss it all with her brother when we have gone. It is cool in here, and a little stuffy. A coloured lithograph of Saint Anthony of Padua and a child surveys us from the white-washed walls. At one end of the room a pair of sheets curtain off the alcove for the priest's bed, and to left and right stand his two bookcases with theological works dating from his seminary days. In another corner beside a vase of paper flowers a homemade wireless set is strewn over a small table. The window looks away from the village, over the stubbled grain-fields to those perpetual hills from which, as twilight deepens, comes now and again the tinkle of goat bells, now and again the long- drawn wailing song of a man on a mule riding homeward.

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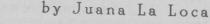
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Barcelona

ADVENTURE

GRIME

BARCELONA



«It is a long way you have come,» says the priest. «To think that while you have been travelling over the world I have stayed here in this village for thirty-two years.»

«Were you born here?»

«Oh no, I am a native of Saint John of the Valley, on the further side of those hills. My brother is the tavern-keeper there. He has twelve children. One of them is studying for the priesthood at Burgos. I only came here when I left the seminary.»

«And you have never been away from here?»

«Oh, sometimes I go as far as Burgos. Once I had a chance to take a parish in Lerma. But, do you know,» here he leans forward and lowers his voice, «the cities are not like the country. In the cities there are many wicked and perverse men-and even Protestants. And, besides, I thought perhaps at Lerma I could not have such a garden as I have here, with my hens and bees and rabbits, and the stream close by making the ground rich for the pear-trees so I stayed.»

«And is there much devotion in your parish?»

He sighs. «These are bad times, very bad times. The people will not come to church as they used to do. And when there is a christening or a funeral they do not always pay. But you should see the *Fiesta Mayor!*» and his face brightens. «The young men dance before the image of the saint as it is carried in procession, and there is pipe-playing in the church. People come from villages fifteen kilometres away. There have been as many as three hundred in the church then. Will you not come to the Fiesta Mayor next year?»

We say we should like to, if we are able, but it is growing dark, and we must be leaving now. He is disappointed.

«If you could have stayed I should have liked you to have listened to my wireless. Yes, I made it myself. I can hear Madrid. And last year I heard the Pope's encyclical.»

We make our farewells, with dif-ficulty prevailing up on him to keep «for



another day» the remains of a packet of cigarettes, and two duros for saying masses.

Some months later, a letter comes from Don Mateo who, he says, has said the masses we ordered, and has received a Christmas card from us, for which he is very grateful.

«I have also received the magnificent photographs of the church, which were so beautiful I sent them to the newspaper, but they have not published them yet. I don't know why. The Government has been restoring the roof of the church. The workmen were strangers from another village, and one day, when I was away shooting partridges with the notary, they stole fifteen of my hens, the robbers! If you should come to Bur-gos and would like to come out to lunch with us, my sister has killed a pig and you could have some of our own chorizo.

How to address the envelope has proved a puzzle. We sent him a conventional Christmas message with our name and address printed below it. Not knowing quite where to begin, Don Mateo has painstakingly directed his letter to:

«Señor Don Christmas Greetings.»

NOTICE

Contributions to all sections of this paper will be welcomed by the Editors. To be considered for publication these should reach us before six o'clock on Tuesday evening of each week.

ENFERMERÍA EVANGÉLICA Camelias, 21. TEL. 79014 BARCELONA



Qualified English, German, and pnahis S Nurses are in residence.

Further particulars can be obtained from Mr. C.H. Webb (Hon. Treasurer), Paseo de Colon, 24. The Matron of the Hospital or the Editors of THE SPANISH NEWS & MAJORCA SUN.



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BIOGRAPHY

TRAVEL

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THE SPANISH NEWS AND MAJORCA SUN

March 28, 1936



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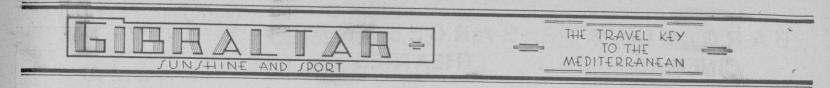
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SOCIAL NEWS

Sr. Don Federico Garcia Sanchiz the well-known lecturer accompanied by Sra. de Garcia Sanchiz arrived at Gibraltar from Madrid.

Don Federico embarked for New York on board the Italian liner *Neptunia* en route for Montevideo where he will give a series of lectures.

Sr. Don Ridardo de Jaspe, the Vice General Secretary of the Patronato Nacional de Turismo (Official Spanish Travel Bureau) of Madrid, arrived at Gibraltar on Tuesday from Seville.

Sr. Jaspe assures that it has been definitely decided that the Holy Week Celebrations and Processions will take place in Andalucia in accordance with the usual custom.

His Lordship the Bishop of Cadiz has arrived at Gibraltar.

The Gibraltar Society has organized excursions to the Moorish Castle, the Galleries and St. Michael's Cave on March 25th, April 1st and April 8th respectively. Non members (British Subjects) may join these excursions on payment of 1/—per head.

Colonel Luis de Martin-Pinillos, the Military Commandant of Algeciras and district paid a farewell call on His Excellency the Governor of Gibraltar.

Colonel Martin-Pinillos also called on Rear Admiral J. M. Pipon. Colonel Martin-Pinillos has been Mi-

Colonel Martin-Pinillos has been Military Commandant of Algeciras for nearly five years. He is now leaving for Madrid to where he has been transferred.



Gibraltar and the Fleet

One of the most interesting sights to be enjoyed in Gibraltar is that of the British Fleet in the harbour. Even the most dogmatic pacifist cannot but feel admiration for the impression of might and efficiency conveyed to the mind by the colossal battleships of the combined fleets.

As the City is built on the slope of the western side of Rock the daily movements of the smaller craft can be watched from almost every window facing the harbours, and visitors can, from the balconies or terraces of their hotels, follow the manoeuvres of the destroyer flotillas as they enter or leave harbour, in impeachable formation, in their ordinary exercises.

During the stay of the fleet every section of the community finds a considerable increase in its activities. Sports Clubs arrange competitions between the local and the Naval teams. Social Clubs organize dances and parties in honour of the welcome visitors and the shops and cafés are filled to the doors with hundreds of sailors bargaining over a silk Spanish shawl or enjoying the latest story over a pint of good English beer.



SPORTS NEWS

The hounds of the Royal Calpe Hunt met on Saturday, March 21st at Los Barrios.

The Staff and Departments and the «B» Company of the K.O.Y.L.I. had two easy victories over their opponents. the 27th (H) Battery, Royal Artillery and the R.A.S.C., in two Cup matches played at North Front, winning by 7 to 1 and 6 to 0 respectively, in the Inter-Company Hockey Cup Competition.

The Artillery had an easy win by 6 goals to nil over their rivals Staff and Department, in the Governor's Cup Match (Association football) played at North Front.

The Gibraltar Jockey Club had their second day Navy Meeting on Saturday, March, 21st at the North Front Race Course.

The Point to Point races of the Royal Calpe Hunt were held on March 27th.

Fatal Accident on Destroyer

A fatal accident occurred on board H.M.S. *Westcott*, a destroyer of the 21st Flotilla Home Fleet, during excercises off Gibraltar. A charge exploded on the deck of the destroyer, causing the death of a naval rating and injuries to an officer and seven other ratings.

The destroyer called into Gibraltar, and the injured men were taken to the Military Hospital, where they were detained for treatment.

The Naval rating who **was** killed was Able Seaman Alfred Blackmore, aged 25, and the injured officer is Gunner R. A. Reid.



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VISADO POR LA CENSURA

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- ASTORIA—Diamond Jim, with Edward Arnold. Also Straight from the Heart, with Mary Astor and Roger Pryor. Universal programme.
- CAPITOL-The Raven (Edgar Allen Poe) with Boris Karloff. Universal.
- CATALUÑA—*Currito de la Cruz*, Spanish talkie.
- COLISEUM-Escape Me Never, with Elizabeth Bergner. Associated Artists.

FANTASIO-Monday. Noche de Carnaval, with Gustav Frohlich. In German.

- FEMINA-Monday. *The Night is Young*. Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye, Metro-Goldwyn.
- MARYLAND-Una Carmen Rubia, with Marta Eggerth. Ufilms.
- POLIORAMA-Good second showings, continuous programme, stalls one peseta.
- PRINCIPAL PALACE-Torbellino de Almas, and La Ultima Cita, with Crespo. Columbia.

TIVOLI- Modern Times, with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. Associated Artists.

URQUIANONA-Volga Boatmen, with Pierre Blanchard.

ACTUALIDADES—Newsreels, documentals. PUBLI - Newsreels, launching of «Queen Mary.» SAVOY— » » » »

LATE NEWS GRAND NATIONAL 1. Reynoldstown.

- 2. Ego.
- 3. Bachelors Prince.

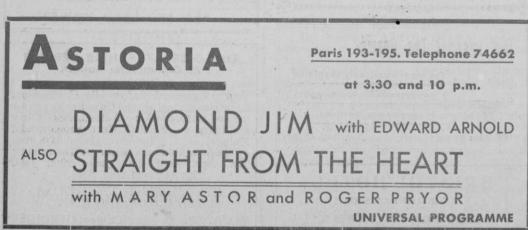
Dr. SCHOLL'S Foot Comfort Service Just Opened. Rda. S. Pedro 6. Pral. BARCELONA.—Phone 25154 VICTOR FRANK, Qualified Chiropodist, London Diploma. Massage, Radiant Heat. All appliances fitted. Foot Test and Consultation Free.

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MALLORCA,					ELONA
	(corner	Paseo	Gracia	a)	

BARCELONA Classified Announcements

(One Peseta a Line)

THE BEST PLACE to stay comfortably in Barcelona, in beautiful Villa, garden: Paseo Bonanova 32, Barcelona.





- NOVEDADES-Lola Cabello, flamenco singer. First rate.
- COMICO-Good stock company in revues for sophisticates.
- APOLO-Good Brazilian revue company in Carioca.
- BARCELONA.-Ernesto Vilches company, in repertory. Good.

"DIAMOND JIM"

with Edward Arnold and Jean Arthur

An Hispano-American Film

James Buchanan Brady, destined to be known as «Diamond Jim,» was born on the Bowery in New York City in 1856, the child of a saloon-keeper and his wife. At the age, of eleven, young Brady, large for his age worked as a bellboy in the regal St. James Hotel. But at the age of twenty-four Brady discovered his real talent lay in railroading, and he started as baggage master. Eventually, he became a salesman for railroad equipment, getting his first job from A.E. Moore on the strength of a rented silk hat, cutaway coat, striped trousers and diamonds from a pawnbroker. His slogan, «To make money, you've gotta look like money,» remained with him until his dying day.

Brady made good in a big way and was able to indulge his passion for diamonds and precious stones. At the height of his career he owned thirty different sets of jewelry, one for each day in the month, and gave away diamonds to all his friends. He entered into the manufacture of steel equipment instead, of wooden, for trains, and went into partnership with Sampson Fox. Brady made millions as his factory grew. At this stage, he met a beautiful Southern girl, Emma Parry, with whom he became infatuated; but he was definitetly turned down, and he left her, thinking himself broken hearted.

In a demonstration of a new steel car at the World's Fair, Brady had an accident in a collision. In hospital he was cured of his injuries, but was told that he could never again eat of the fine foods which he had always consumed in quantities. His stomach had been six times its normal size.



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OF PERSONAL INTEREST PALMA

Colonel Harmon spent one day this week on a trip to Cala Ratjada looking for a house for the summer months. He has evidently decided that Mallorca has something to offer which Barcelona and the Costa Brava has not.

Miss Margaret Findlay, who has been a visitor on the Island for the past three months, left last Saturday for England. Summer should see her here again, as she has resolved to return in July or August.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marvil had rather an unfortunate first week out at C'an Punxa, Pollensa, which they recently leased from Mrs. Margaret Heard. They were no sooner in the house than the gardener became ill and a prompt operation proved necessary. His misfortune was followed almost at once by that of the maid the Marvils took out with them, who also became sick. They are now both better.

Mr. Charles Salisbury is busy adding a studio to his house in Genova. The Salisbury's have done wonders with the house already, and it is one of the most charming of old places to be found here.

There was practically no one at home last Monday evening. The foreign colony moved in a body to the Teatro Balear to see the «grunt and groan» boys do their stuff. This was the first wrestling to be seen in Palma, and the evening proved an exciting one. The Brierleys were there and Mrs. Martha Fell, Mrs. Phyllis Harvey, Mr. Leo Burgess and many others.

Joe's at cocktail time on Wednesday resembled a first night with standingroom only. Two tables of high class bridge were under way, with the other tables and the bar filled.

Baron Grainger, of the Foam, is much better, after his recent bout of bronchitis, and is up and about once more helping Major and Mrs. Lee entertain their many visitors. The Foam is surely the most hospitable spot on the Island, and its owners' friends are legion.

Madeleine ef Rina

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Telephone 2070

Miss Isabel Kemp and Mrs. Pauline Leser returned to the Island early in the week. They have gone to Formentor to open Miss Kemp's beautiful home there.

The vaudeville show in aid of the English Church, which is to take place at 5 o'clock today, Saturday, at the Salon Bellver (opposite Short's Tea Rooms) sounds as if it will attract a full house. There are to be several short turns, and a one-act comedy, «The Bath-Room Door.» There are many Englishspeaking people resident here who occasionally miss the good old London vaudeville, and if this local performance comes up to expectations, as it shouldmore than one member of the company having had experience other than amateur-it will be a welcome innovation on the Island.

Major Green has leased a house in Calle Salas, Palma. The Major, who recently retired from service in Nyassaland, is a sculptor and painter.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorr Newton have left the Ritz in Barcelona, and returned to Palma. Their dogs and a servant had already landed, and their home in the country was ready for their occupancy.

The Union-Castle liner, *Llandovery Castle*, brought forty-four new visitors to Mallorca on Thursday.

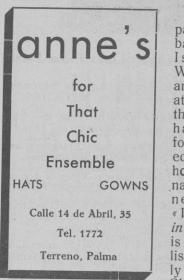
Comm. Niall Griffin will be leaving shortly for the Riviera where, we understand, he is considering the purchase of a large yacht.

Mr. W.D.L. Marshall, who returned from Ibiza on Monday, is leaving for England on the *Tanganjika* tomorrow, his holiday here having finished.

Christian	Are now meeting each Sunday at 11 o'clock Av. 14 Abril, 37
Scientists	El Terreno
You	ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

ENGLISH SCHOOL

Apply: Miss Flood, Calle Bonanova 72, Terreno, Palma de Mallorca. Healthy cen-tral location.



Lady Sheppard arrived back on the Island on Wednesday, and is staying at present at the Hotel Alhambra before proce-eding to her home in Fornalutx. Her new book, Her «Village Life in Majorca,» is to be published short-ly by Messrs. Skeffington, of London,

and promises to be extremely interesting.

The numerous clients of Emmanuel, Terreno's French coiffeur, were delighted to see his assistant, Miss Edith Lawrence, back on the job of giving expert manicures and beauty treatment. Miss Lawrence joined the somewhat lengthy sick list a few days ago, but is now completely recovered.



Where the Foreign Colony Meets ANYTHING AT ANYTIME Tel: 2285 (opposite Alhambra)

2, Plaza Gomila

Couture

Regular Passenger Lines From Palma

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

Mar. 31-AMARAPOORA, from the East and Marseilles, for Gibraltar and London. Apr. 10-CHINDWIN, from Liverpool and Gibraltar, for Marseilles and the East.

- Union Castle Line: Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida de Antonio Maura, 52. Tel 1417.
 - Apr. 1. LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE, from East Africa, Genoa and Marseilles for Gibraltar, Tangier and London.
 - Apr. 25-LLANDAFF CASTLE, from London, Tangier and Gibraltar, for Marseilles, Genoa and Port Said.

- American Export Lines: Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.
 - pr. 3 EXETER, from Genoa and Marseilles, for Malaga, Boston and New York. Apr. 3
 - Apr. 10-EXOCHORDA, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles, Genoa and Eastern Mediterranean.
- German African Line: Agents: Baquera, Kus-che y Martín, S.A. Plaza Libertad, 11, tel. 1322.
 - Mar. 29—TANGANJIKA, from Port Said and Genoa, for Southampton and Hamburg.
 - Apr. 15–USSUKUMA, from Hamburg and Southampton for Genoa, Port Said and around Africa.
- North German-Lloyd Line: Agents: Baque-ra, Kusche y Martín, S.A. Plaza Libertad, 11, tel. 1322.
 - Apr. 11-GNEISENAU, from Bremen and Southampton, for Barcelona, Genoa and the Far East.
- Apr. 22— SCHARNHORST, from the Far East for Southampton and Bremen.
- Orient Line: Agents: Gabriel Mulet and Sons,
 - Ltd. Avda. Antonio Maura, 64, tel. 1718. Apr. 4 ORONTES, from Australia, Naples and Toulon for Gibraltar and London.



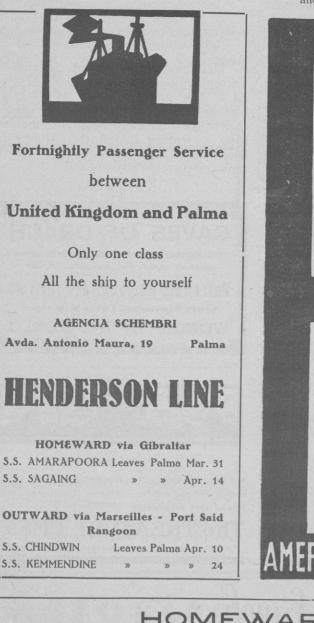
March 28, 1936

Mail Connections for U.S.A.

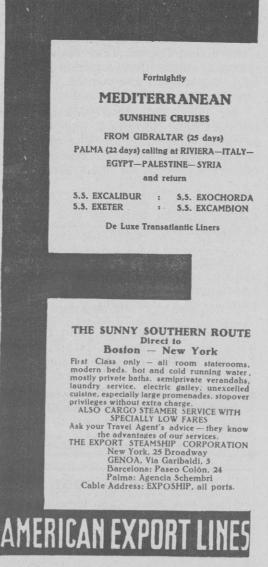
- Sunday, March 29th. Mail closes Palma Post Office 1:30 p.m. for the PARIS, Havre, due in New York April 8th.
- Wednesday, April 1st. Mail closes Palma Post Office 8:00 p.m. for the BREMEN, Cherbourg, due in New York April 9th.

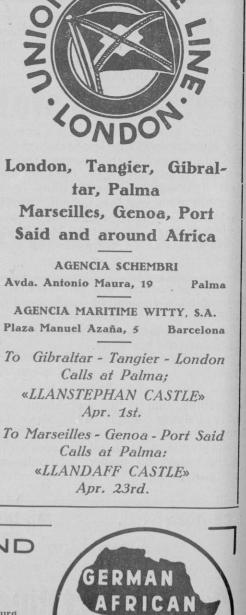
Apr. 30.—OTRANTO, from London and Gib-raltar for Toulon, Naples and Australia.

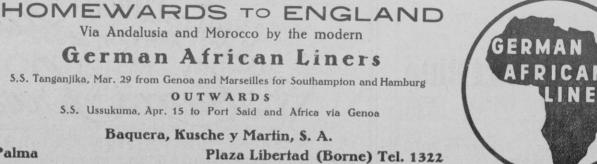
- Bibby Line: Agents: Gabriel Mulet and Sons Ltd. Avda. Antonio Maura 64, Tel 1718. Apr. 16–WORCESTERSHIRE, from Liver-pool and Gibraltar, for Marseilles, Colombo and Rangoon.
 - Apr. 18 DERBYSHIRE, from Rangoon Colombo and Marseilles for Gibraltar and Liverpool.



Palma









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BOOKS

«Death in the Clouds»

Agatha Christie (Albatross Crime Club)

Everyone who has completed a Poirot story looks forward to reading another one. And «Death in the Clouds» has all the ear-marks of a regular Poirot thriller.

In the confined space of a crosschannel airliner working the midday Paris-London service, a woman is found murdered. Our good friend, Hercule Poirot, who happened to be travelling on the same plane, could not get over the insult. Apparently poisoned by a native thorn shot from a blowpipe used by certain American tribes, it seemed utterly impossible that, before the very eyes of the other passengers and under the nose of our Hercule, one of the travellers could have used such a weapon unnoticed. True, some of the other pas-sengers produced and handled, during the course of the flight, several quite out-of-the-ordinary objects-inordinately long cigarette - holders, for instance (smoking is prohibited on most of the air-liners we are familiar with), flutes, Kurdish pipes, and so on; but everyone nevertheless seems amazed at the possibility of anyone producing and handling a slim little blowpipe, which could easily have been dropped quickly out of one the holes of the ventilator in a window, without being immediately spot-ted and stared out of countenance, or, shall we say, murderous intent.

And this is just the beginning of a case so peculiar that only the infallible Poirot had an inkling of what really happened.

«A fine Poirot story and perhaps the best, » writes the Book Guild. «The little Belgian is faced with his greatest problem.»

I have enjoyed the combination, before now, of a deep chair, a good cigarette and an Agatha Christie yarn, and hope to again. Certainly it will be a very astute reader who does not receive a complete surprise at the end of «Death in the Clouds»-but it seems to me it will be a fairly tenacious one who will ever reach that end.

Majorca Society of Arts

At the Majorca Society of Arts, on Sunday, March 22nd, our distinguished guest, Sri Purohit Swami, delivered a brief and instructive review of some aspects of Indian religious philosophy. The Swami opened his address with an impressive recitation of a prayer from the Sanscrit Upanishads—«the oldest and greatest classic the world has known»—which he repeated in simple and beautiful form in English:—

«Lead me from the unreal to the real; Lead me from the darkness to the light; Lead me from death to immortality.»

Referring to the early materialist thinkers who denied that aught remained of man, once the body was burned, the lecturer showed that this school was soon superseded by the Spiritists, who renounced all earthly interests to estab-lish communication with the spirits of those who had passed on. When these investigators discovered that some spirits passed out of their ken, they were able to prove that they had reached re-incarnation; hence arose this leading tenet of Hindu philosophy.

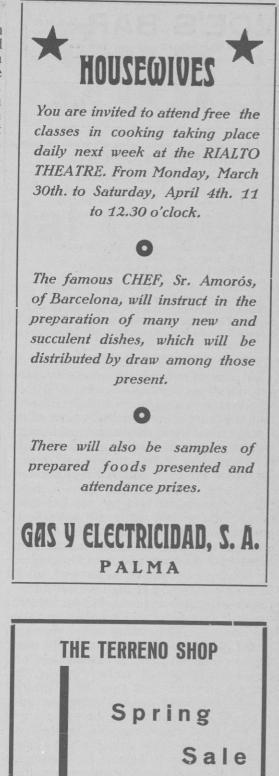
The watchwords «Whence» and «Whither» were at the root of Oriental speculative thought, and directed the mind towards the higher destiny of spiritual mankind.

The Swami appealed for more sym-pathetic study of the Indian mind, point-ing out that the Upanishads were known to the ancient Greeks, and among moderns were deeply studied by Shopenhaeur and others, at present his friend, Mr. W.B. Yeats, is working with him on a translation of these books into English.

To-morrow, Sunday, Señor Vidal Quadras will talk on «The Spanish Foreign Legion in Morocco.»

NEW REGULATIONS

There have been new regulations put into effect by the Post Office authorities which should be noted by all foreigners. From now on it is forbidden to send or receive through the mail any bank notes, either Spanish or foreign. All registered letters should be taken to the Post Office unsealed so that authorities may inspect same. Any registered letters arriving, or other letters in which it is suspected that bank notes are being received, will be opened and examined. Should notes be found, the receiver will be fined.



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Calle Palacio, 49

PALMA

Current Accounts

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The Happy Postman

Rain torrents streaming swordlike Mouldy earth takes young to breast Frog grows green swollen bloatiness – Bird swoops mightilly sunken heather bones and flesh to ashes one day.

Now bright plumage streaks Heaven Meat is rare and Gods rejoice Spring is come and what about it.

Spring is gone, alas-alack-odds bodikins Summer heat steaming bodies What fault that trees lie close to earth Each in his bed must lie while goldfish madly swirl in golden azure Alas-alack-odds bodikins Spring is gone and what about it.

In a loose moment the other day we got ourselves entangled with one of these modern magazines. It was our own fault, because a note on the cover said it was edited by moderns and published with the idea of furthering the art of modern poetry. It was modern, all right, for, while we are normally a bit slow on the uptake, there are still quite a few things that fail to get by us; but this thing made us feel as if we were just getting back home from the Civil War and that we had been doing a Rip Van Winkle for 20 years or so. We have become more or less used

We have become more or less used to modern painting, though we had some rather difficult moments doing so. It took us a long time before we could appreciate the beauties of a painting called «Spring in the Andes,» while all we could see was a cockeyed chair, a razor blade or two and a couple of wormy apples. It takes a little time, but after all is pretty simple compared to becoming an appreciative critic of modern verse.

We read this magazine through a couple of times, saw a doctor and came back and tried it again. No change. Either the verses were wrong or the doctor was, with the *médico* an odds-on favourite. Well, you can see how it had gotten us down, for we couldn't wait to try some for ourselves, and you would be surprised how easy it is.

Just sit back, close your eyes and write down whatever comes into your mind—and there you are. We only did a couple of verses because whenever we close our eyes we always fall asleep, and that isn't fair. This little number which we shyly print here we ran up between two little naps. We have modestly called it «Quite an Old Man on the Flying Trapeze, or Season It Well.» *R.M.G.*

MAISON EMMANUEL LADIES' HAIRDRESSER Previously With Emile of Paris Caters to the Requirements of the Foreign Colony Expert Hairdressing & Beauty Service Bonanova, 2 (Plaza Gomila. Opposite pharmacy) Tel. 2312 TERRENO

