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PALMA DE MALLORCA
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25 CTS.
THE COPY

ON THE ISLAND

Don Juan Klein—recovered from the illness that kept him from his mother-in-law's party a week ago—and Señora de Klein were guests Thursday night at a cocktail party at their home in Son Rapiña. Their guests were those who attended the earlier reception, which is reported in full on page six.

Señor Klein's new place in Son Rapiña is most attractive, according to those who attended the cocktail party—as it well ought to be after the delays and disappointments caused by the rash promises of the builders. The Kleins also have a place in Alcanada, the development on the other side of the Island, near Alcudia.

TO CALA RATJADA:—

Miss Hippi Seckel and Mrs. Lindemann returned last week to Cala Ratjada after a visit of several days in Palma.

Rumors sifting in from the Cala tell of an elaborate party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Olivier Regnault on Saturday night. A considerable contingent of Palma-ites made the long trek across the Island in order to enjoy the hospitality of Cala Ratjada's most lavish hosts.

SEAMAN'S BENEFIT:—

The benefit for the Seaman's Mission was held at the Salon Bell on Thursday afternoon. Judging from the number of people who attended, the Mission must have gained a considerable income from the sale of tickets.

Amateur dramatics were enjoyed by the audience. Also offered for the ticket-holders' entertainment were renditions by the Trio de Mallorca, Palma's well-known purveyors of music.

Opportunity must be taken to remark on the work of Mr. «Pat» Battullo, whose eagle eye saw that no member of the foreign colony failed to contribute his share—by taking a ticket—to the success of the benefit.

HORSE EXPERT:—

Captain J. L. K. Cockburn, who is paying a lengthy visit to Mallorca, is an expert breeder of horses and has devoted a great deal of time to the introduction of the Arab strain into the English line of thoroughbreds.

An article by Captain Cockburn appears in a recent issue of «The Horse», the quarterly published by the Institute of the Horse. The author has from time to time contributed articles on his favorite subject to the Daily Mail and other journals. He is a member of the Arab Horse Society, as well as the Institute of the Horse.

Mrs. Cockburn is at present on the Island with her husband, but will be forced to return to England in April.

CECIL ALDIN:—

Thumbing the pages of «The Horse»—kindly lent by Captain Cockburn—the writer came upon a review of a book written and illustrated by the late Cecil Aldin, who was well known in Palma before his untimely death. Apparently, if the reviewer reflects public opinion, it will be a long time before another artist and writer ousts Mr. Aldin from his place in the public esteem—at least, so far as the large field of horse, dog and English countryside are concerned.

TO POLLENSA:—

Mrs. Clara Steichen returned to her home in Puerto Pollensa last week after one of her rare visits to Palma.

Mrs. Steichen enjoys the unique distinction of being the wife of the world's most famous photographer, Edward Steichen; the friend of Alfred Stieglitz, the first photographer to turn camera-work into an art; the friend of the late sculptor, Rodin, who was the godfather of her daughter; the brother-in-law of the poet, Carl Sandberg; and the mother of Rodina, the concert singer. What a heritage for the daughter!

(Continued on page 6)

MALLORCA VOTES FOR RIGHT

LEFTS FAIL TO GAIN SEAT

SEVEN DEPUTIES

Mallorca, with the other two islands that compose the province of the Balearics, failed to follow the suit of the mainland, which swung to the Left in the elections held a week ago. The Balearics went strongly Right.

Of the seven deputies from this province, every one elected is a man sponsored by the Right combination that called itself the «Anti-Revolutionary Bloq.» The deputies are: Don Juan March Servera, Don Juan Pujol Martínez, Don Jaime Suau Pons, Don Cesar Puget Riquer, Don Bartolomé Fons Jofre de Villegas, Don Pedro Matutes Noguera and Don Tomás de Salort Olives.

The victory came as a severe shock to the local Left groups, for while they had hardly dared to hope for complete success in this conservative capital, they had certainly expected to make a better showing than turned out to be case. Their side's victory on the Peninsula may salve their feelings to a certain extent, but the fact remains that they have not bettered their position, even at a time when when conditions were probably as favourable as they ever will be.

(Continued on page 8)

AN EXPLANATION

It is regretted that this issue of The Palma Post contains no news of later date than that which came to hand at an early hour Saturday morning.

The lack of more recent news—particularly on the «Latest World News» page—is due to the fact that all proofs had to be read by the authorities and approval to print them granted before the paper could go to press; and the editors were informed that an interpreter to read the proofs to the censors could not be provided later than Saturday morning.

It is not known now long the present conditions will exist, but if circumstances are unchanged next week, it is hoped that arrangements for a later reading of the proofs can be made. In the present case, the indulgence of the readers is asked.

AFTERMATH

STATE OF ALARM PROCLAIMED

Spain's election day, which would have been remarkable for its orderliness in any country, had an aftermath of disturbances in certain provinces, of which the Balearics was one.

In Mallorca, a crowd collected on Wednesday night in the Plaza Cort and refused to be dispersed by the police. Officers in charge of enforcing the law did their best to break up the gathering without use of force, but eventually found that light measures were not to be successful and resorted to more drastic steps.

In the melée that followed, a man was shot in the arm and chest and another received a wound in the arm. Reports that a man had been killed proved utterly false. Also disproved was an early rumor that a woman had been wounded.

A horse ridden by one of the officers was shot and killed, and the source of this shooting has not been made public, although there are several unofficial versions, none of which seems authentic.

One of the officers, a lieutenant

(Continued on page 8)

LEFT WING GAINS GREAT VICTORY

MANUEL AZAÑA'S NEW CABINET

ORDERLY VOTING

Although the tremendous task of counting the votes cast in the elections last Sunday is even now not finished, only twenty-four hours were needed to show that the parties of the Left Wing had scored a tremendous victory.

Indeed, so great was the lead established by the Left over the unfortunate Right combine that by Wednesday Don Manuel Azaña could be charged with the responsibility of forming a new government, which he did with a despatch that indicated he had confidently been carrying a cabinet in his pocket.

The new government is composed as follows:

Premier, Señor Azaña.
State, Sr. Barcia.
Finance, Don Gabriel Franco.
Home, Don Amós Salvador.
War, General Masquelet.
Marine, Sr. Giralt.
Public Works, Sr. Casares Quiroga.

(Continued on page 8)

CARNIVAL COMES TO AN END

Carnival, the annual pre-Lenten festivities that mean so much to the Spanish youngsters and even sometimes tempt their elders into dressing up in costume to the consternation of their friends, ends Sunday with a fancy dress parade on the Borne in which practically all of the Mallorquin children and not a few of the foreign hopefuls, from those in their teens down to babies in arms, will take part.

The parade is quite informal and no invitation is needed in order to take part. Indeed, the first parade, which took place last Thursday under the frowning muzzle of a machinegun set up before the telephone company's building, contained a number of English children whose parents hurriedly stitched them into costume when they learned what was taking place.

The entire family of Captain Harold Dare, with the exception of Cynthia, the youngest, helped to swell the tide of costumed children who, on Thursday, raced through the streets of Palma. The Sunday parade will include at le-

ast two or three representatives of the foreign colony.

With the last day of Carnival, the lid will be clamped down on Mallorquin festivities, to remain there until they are resumed during Easter, when an entirely different sort of parade will be witnessed.

Easter will be the adult's day—one of the few in which entire families of the Spanish «upper classes» turn out in force. Although less widely publicized than Carnival, Easter is, as a rule, a more picturesque fiesta, due, perhaps, to the very fact that it is spontaneous and lacks advance ballyhoo to take the snap out of its eventual arrival.

Carnival this year was, of course, held down to a secondary position because it coincided with the elections, and the concessionaires who set up their booths and peddled their wares—for the most part, edibles of one sort another—did not enjoy their usual week of comparative affluence.

ENTERTAINMENT

Cinemas

TEATRO LIRICO, Plaza Libertad. Till Wednesday, *Bonny Scotland*, with Laurel and Hardy. (in Spanish.) Thursday, *No More Ladies*, with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery (in Spanish.)

CINE BORN, Paseo del Borne. Sunday (last day) *Welcome Stranger*, with Jack Holt and Mona Barrie (in English.) Monday, *Young and Beautiful*. Thursday, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

SALON RIALTO, Calle de San Felo. *The Woman in Red* (in Spanish.) With Barbara Stanwick. Also, *Noche de Carnaval* (in German.) Thursday, *Mazurka* (in German.)

CINE MODERNO. Sunday (last day) *Circus Clown*, with Joe E. Brown (in English.) Also, *The Secret Bride*, with Barbara Stanwick (in Spanish.) Monday, *Music-al Cocktail*, with Bing Crosby (in Spanish.) Thursday, *Border Town*, with Paul Muni (in Spanish.)

TEATRO PRINCIPAL. *The Secret of a Life*, with Brigitte Helm and Jean Murat. Wednesday, *The New Adventures of Tarzan*.

TEATRO BALEAR. *The Last Millionaire*, by René Clair. *Don Quixote el Amargao*, with Luisa Esteso (in Spanish.)

CINE PROTECTORA. Till Tuesday, *Thirteen Women*, with Irene Dunne. Also, Wheeler and Woolsey comedy, (in English.) Wednesday, *The King of Kings*, sound effects.

Cabarets & Dancing Places
Tito's, Plaza Gomila, Terreno.
Florida Dance Hall, Calle Vallorl.
Los Pinos, Calle 14 de Abril, Terreno. Closed.
Jardin Bellver, Calle 14 de Abril, Terreno. Closed.
Trocadero, Rambla.
Lido, Calle Brondo.
Macarena, Calle Teatro Balear.

Bars & Restaurants
Lena's, Avda. Antonio Maura.
Joe's Bar, Calle 14 de Abril, Terreno.
Picadilly Bar, Calle Bellver and Calle 14 de Abril, Terreno.
Triana, Calle Yeseros.
Oriente, Paseo Borne.
Parisién, Plaza Libertad.

Dog Racing
Every Sunday, at the track behind the Instituto, top of the Rambla.

Horse Racing
Every Sunday, at the track on the Carretera de Estallenchs.

Basque Pelota
Every night except Monday, starting at 9:45 p.m. and Saturday and Sunday at 4:45 p.m. at the Frontón Balear, Calle Hornabeque.

THE POT FALLS - by T. Philip Johnson

A play in one Act, dedicated to the shades of the Theatre Guild, the Sutton-Vane Players, Hamish Cochrane and that Dutch impresario whose name the Author happily forgets.

The scene is the whitewashed livingroom of one of those uncomfortable casitas that the Mallorquin landlords have successfully imposed on the invading foreign devil. In one corner there is a rusty stove and, if Fire Department regulations permit, a poorly-made fire gives off occasional clouds of smoke. A shabby sofa, an old but comfortable armchair and a few wooden chairs and small tables line the walls.

The cast is composed of Major Rudderhead, his wife, Cora Rudderhead; their eighteen-year-old daughter, Flora, and their sons, Roger and Archibald, age fifteen and twelve respectively.

As the curtain rises, Major Rudderhead is discovered in the armchair, reading a dogeared copy of *The Times*. Mrs. Rudderhead is sitting in a wooden chair with a basket of socks and stockings in her lap and a darning kit in her hands. Flora is lolling on the sofa turning the pages of a magazine.

The Major. The peseta's gone up against the pound again. How long's the British Empire going to stand for the impertinence of the smaller powers? Haw!

He gives a violent upward twist to his military mustache, a habit he has when annoyed. Mrs. Rudderhead draws a silk stocking from her basket.

Mrs. R. Flora these stockings are brand new. Where'd you get them? And this one's got a ladder already.

Flora (without looking.) Charged 'em at Bonet's yesterday. Had to have a new pair for Mrs. Ansonpence's «at home.» Got the ladder off one of her rickety old chairs.

The Major. Charged them! With the pound dropping every day! Haw!

Mrs. R. Oh, dear, I just don't know how I'm going to make both ends meet. The landlord's getting almost impudent and they've been downright impolite at the stores lately. Then there's the Honorary Secretary of the Club dunning me for your father's dues. I must say I thought Colonel Ansonpence came very close to being discourteous in his last letter.

The Major. «Colonel» my hat! A colonel in the Territorials perhaps. Don't you take any stock in that old windbag, my dear. Why they ever named him Honorary Secretary is beyond me.

Mrs. R. Why, you voted for him, didn't you?

The Major. Oh, well, one can't afford to be different, you know.

But I have a right to hold my private opinions. Now, about those stockings...

Flora rises quickly and leaves the stage to the right. A door is heard slamming shut.

The Major. Cora, you'll have to do something about that girl. I won't be treated disrespectfully by my children. Haw!

Mrs. R. (sighing.) It's very difficult. The child really did need a new pair of stockings. And anybody might get a ladder on Mrs. Ansonpence's chairs.

The Major (acidly.) You always ally yourself with the children against me.

He twists his mustache angrily and thumbs over the pages of *The Times* rapidly.

Mrs. R. Well, I guess a pair of stockings won't add much to what we owe. And the Club would pick this time to ask for a donation for the charity bazaar. I couldn't promise less than fifty pesetas very well, could I?

The Major. How much did old Ansonpence give?

Mrs. R. He promised to donate a hundred.

The Major. «Promised», eh? Well, couldn't you «promise» as much?

Mrs. R. But we'd have to pay some time, dear.

The Major. Not if we waited for the Honorary Secretary to pay first. I tell you, Cora, you should have subscribed a hundred. After all, I have a certain position to keep up. It's expected of me, you know.

Mrs. R. (with another sigh.) All right. I'll tell the Colonel we've decided to double our donation the next time I see him.

The Major (hastily.) Oh, I don't

think I'd do that. There's no use crying over spilt milk, after all, Mrs. R. Just as you say, dear. Only make up your mind.

The Major. (twisting mustache.) What do you mean, «Make up my mind»? It's always made up—it was my ability to make up my mind that almost got me the D. S. O., or anyway the M. C., at Spion Kop, and again at Vimy.

Mrs. R. I know, I know, (Under her breath.) Some people are born with their minds made up. Only most of them get to be generals.

A clattering of feet and unintelligible shouting are heard from offstage. Archibald enters from the left and trips, falling flat. His elder brother, Roger, rushes in and falls over him. The Major slams his paper on to the floor and rises from his chair, tugging the end of his mustache up to his eye. Flora enters from the right to see what the noise is about and stands regarding the scene curiously.

Roger (breathlessly as he rises.) Father, the «pot's»...

The Major. Stop! How often must I tell you not to come smashing into the house like a train of motor lorries?

Roger. But father, the «pot's» broken!

Flora. They've gone and busted something, Father.

Mrs. R. Oh, dear, what will the landlord say?

The Major. Haw! So you've broken something, have you? Well, out with it! Out with it!

Archibald. We haven't broken anything. It's the «pot.»

Roger. Broken wide open! It's only worth sixpence now.

The Major. Shouldn't be worth ha'penny if it's broken. What pot

and what were you doing with it? Roger. The Algaroumian pot, Father! The «pot» is the money of Algaroumia and King Zogolis has just gone off silver and on to copper or sheep or something. Anyway the pot's already dropped from two shillings to sixpence. I just read it in *El Dia*—Bleer's English page, you know.

The Major. Cora, pencil and paper quick! Roger, run across to the Ansonpence's and ask if you can use their phone. Call Cook and find out how much it costs to get to Aga—Algawhatchacalla.

Mrs. R. brings pencil and paper from a table. Roger rushes offstage followed by Archibald. The Major sits in his chair with the pile of paper supported on *The Times*.

The Major. Now, how much money do we owe? Hurry, I want to find out how much we've got. Wonderful thing, credit. Makes it possible to raise funds in an emergency.

Mrs. R. Well, there's a thousand pesetas due the landlord. The dues, with bar bill and the mortgage I promised the fund, come to about five hundred. About a thousand the stores, I should say. Another thousand at the local pubs. At very least, thirty-five hundred pesetas.

The Major. Thirty-five hundred? With any luck, that ought to do it. Why doesn't that boy come back?

Roger and Archibald rush on to the stage.

Roger. Six hundred pesetas and Archibald goes half-broke. There's a cargo boat leaving the eastern Mediterranean tomorrow and it stops at Algaroumia.

The Major. We can make a Roger, Archibald! Bring in your trunk and the suitcases. Cora, start packing!

All but the Major rush off to the right, The boys quickly returning with a tremendous trunk of ancient vintage. Mrs. R. and Flora follow with armloads of clothing. Flora (singing.) Oh, it ain't to rain no more no more! It ain't goin' to rain no more!

Roger and Archibald (leaving the stage, singing.) Now how the hell can the olds folks tell it ain't goin' to rain no more!

Two suitcases are thrown in the wings and the boys returning carrying three more. The Major, meanwhile, is fishing under the couch. He throws out three whisky bottles before emerging triumphant with a full one. He kisses it reverently in a suit which Flora is packing. Mrs. R. Packing the trunk. Mother and daughter make several trips to the stage, returning each time with clothes. The family's small trunk is shut and locked and the suitcases are stacked on top. Five join hands and do a round-the-rosie around the trunk as the curtain starts to fall.

All (singing.) Happy day here again!

Curtain
All (behind curtain.) Happy day here again!

MODERNO
Now Playing Till Wednesday 26th
The Circus Clown (in English)
with JOE E. BROWN also
Secret Bride (in Spanish)
with BARBARA STANWYCK

RIALTO
Till Wednesday 26th (in English)
The Woman in Red
with BARBARA STANWYCK.
From Thursday 27th (in German)
Mazurka
with WILLI FORST & POLA NEGRÍ

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TEATRO LIRICO
PRESENTS on the 27th of February
NO MORE LADIES
(in Spanish)
with Joan CRAWFORD and Robert MONTGOMERY
A Metro Goldwyn Mayer Film

WARNER BROS presents
Shakespeare's
Midsummer Night's Dream
produced by
Max Reinhardt
with music by **Mendelssohn**
Ballets by **Nijinska**
Premiere - Feb. 27 - 6:30 p.m.
CINE BORN - Under new Management.

TEATRO PRINCIPAL
PRESENTS on Wednesday 26th of February from 5:30 p.m.
The New Adventures of Tarzan
Filmed in the Jungles of Guatemala by the
Ashton Dearholt Expedition.
Now Playing - **El Secreto de una Vida** with Brigitte
Helm and Jean Murat.

MANUEL PUJOL'S EXHIBITION AT COSTA GALLERIES

During the past week the paintings and woodcuts of Manuel Pujol, the Mallorquin artist of Valldemosa, have been on exhibition at the Costa Galleries. The show will remain open until February 28.

Although Señor Pujol is best known for his woodcuts, he has chosen to make his oil paintings the focal point of his present exhibition and for that reason has gone so far as to omit the titles of the engravings from his catalog—an omission that will be a disappointment to the admirers of his work in the wooden medium.

The artist is not unaccustomed to expressing himself in paint, but the current exposition is the first in which his oil paintings have been shown. If they differ slightly by comparison to his woodcuts, it is because he has achieved considerable renown as an engraver, while his pictures in oils remain to a certain extent experimental—particularly those in which he has striven for light and color at the expense of line and detail.

More than one visitor to the Costa Galleries will be surprised and decidedly pleased to see the Mallorquin landscape rendered as it is, and not as the designers of tourist agency posters would have it. Señor Pujol apparently stakes

his reputation on the theory that there is no need to gild the lily, and to wash the sunshine or enliven the half-book of Genesis. Certain highly commercialized artists, take note.

The writer was keenly interested in Señor Pujol's explanation of his attempt to render light and color as he sees it at the time of painting. That light, shadow and color can so impress the artist that he is blind to details such as doors, windows and other impediments, seems—to this layman, at least—to be perfectly natural; and it is just as natural that Señor Pujol should wish to convey his impression to his public. After all, even the untutored in art can understand a good deal more of the painter's aims than many artists believe—and the photographic academician who thinks they can't is fooling himself just so much as the ultra-modern who thinks he can get away with anything provided it is utterly unintelligible to anybody, including himself.

Number nineteen on the catalog «Vista de Valldemosa»—is one of the paintings in which Señor Pujol has succeeded particularly well in his effort to catch color and light. In fact, he has succeeded so well, that the omission of detail, instead of being irritating

—as easily might have been the case—passes completely unnoticed until attention is called to it.

Earth that looks like earth and green vegetation that looks like growing grass and vegetables compose «C'an Pep Bou», one of the most interesting paintings in the exhibition. The terraced gardens are well handled, for Señor Pujol has not forgotten that the earth with which the terraces have to be covered is frequently hauled from afar and that a bright red patch can often be found above and beneath cultivated slices of brown or olive drab.

Number sixteen—«C'as Cavallet»—shows a farmhouse behind a grove of almond trees in blossom. Although why this should be the case is a mystery, the artist is one of the few who have discovered that almond blossoms come in several different colors and that the combined shades create a soft glow rather than a brilliant splash.

Coming as he does from Valldemosa, it is not surprising that most of Señor Pujol's pictures have Valldemosa scenes for their subjects. Besides his «Vista de Valldemosa», there are a painting of the Cartuja, a picture of the old public washing house, and numerous other scenes which will be more or less familiar to the visitor who knows his hisland.

Except for the fact that the current exposition is primarily concerned with the paintings, the wood engravings are deserving of more mention than they have so far received. Most followers of the local art exhibitions are already familiar with the artist's woodcuts, but those shown now have not, so far as the writer is aware, been displayed in Mallorca before.

A gnarled old olive tree holds the central position on the wall devoted to the woodcuts. For some reason, perhaps explainable by an artist, the olive tree lends itself to black and white—and Señor Pujol has made the most of his subject matter.

Other subjects chosen for the engravings are an old watchtower, a peasant house beneath a cliff and the art of the bullfight. In the last named, the engraver has not attempted to show an actual scene—indeed, there are two bulls and two matadores de toros. The picture is to be taken as two impressions of phases of the art.

It may be of interest to other artists to learn that the present financial depression has not apparently extended to the market for woodcuts. At the time of the writer's visit to the gallery, a large number had been claimed by more serious callers.

SPANISH BOXERS NEARING TOP

VILLAR WINS

ORTEGA PRESSES «CHAMPION»

Each year sees Spain moving up on the ladder of professional boxing. Not so long ago, Ignacio Ara was the only Spaniard of importance in the sport. Today no less than three are clamoring for championship fights, and there is one claimant to a championship.

Last Monday, the comparatively unknown Ortega gave Vincent Angelmann the battle of his life, and only the judges, decision, in the opinion of competent sports writers, saved the International Boxing Union's champion from the setback of defeat. No title was at stake.

Angelmann, although his claim to the championship is laughable and unrecognized in England and the United States—both of which countries have their own «world champions»—is a first-rate fighter and the shakiness of his pretensions lies in the fact that he has never met the American titleholder who was recognized by the I. B. U. until that august body thought it would be a good thing for the box office if there were a few crowns held on this side of the Atlantic. Obviously, the I. B. U. exceeded its authority, for any champion has the right to refuse to fight outside his own country.

Pancho Villar, the fine young heavyweight who was once a torero, fought on the same card with Ortega and defeated Hatron, who abandoned in the seventh. Pancho suffered a serious setback some time ago by being pushed ahead too fast. But he is young and may still wear the European crown, although it is exceedingly doubtful if he will ever snatch away the world title—with Clayface Joe Louis standing between him and Champion Jim Braddock.

Sangchili, the Valencian battler, is recognized, and justly so, as bantam champ. Sangchili is a comparative youngster, and there seems to be no reason why he should not wear his laurels for a long time to come.

In the middleweight category, there is still Ara, one of the few men who went the limit with Marcel Thil when the champion was in his prime. It is not impossible that Ara could beat Thil on points if matched with him today.

Unfortunately for Ara, a new contender for the championship has hove over the horizon in the shape of Lou Brouillard, who recently fought Thil to a standstill but was deprived of the title by one of the worst decisions that has ever been handed down in Paris. Sooner or later, Brouillard must be recognized as champion by virtue of this victory—for such it was—in second place.

PELOTA CLUB LOCAL PLAYERS ORGANIZE

Pelota, the Basque game that has been drawing Mallorquins and foreigners alike to the Frontón Balear ever since the opening of that stadium, has appealed to the local young bloods to such an extent that the Club Frontón Balear has been formed.

For many months now a number of athletic Mallorquins have been repairing to the frontón for instruction in the sport—or perhaps it is an art—of pursuing the elusive pill. With the assistance of the professionals, some have now become so proficient that they are already being referred to as «the aces of the future.»

Last Monday night the aficionados got together and officially launched their club with a dinner at the Restaurant Oriente at which no less than eighteen were present—a remarkable showing when it is considered that pelota is not only comparatively new to the Island, but is also one of the most difficult games to learn and, with the possible exception of ice hockey, is certainly the fastest.

The members of the new club have from the start been encouraged and instructed by the professional player, Loyola, and they thought it fitting that their dinner should be in his honor, while also serving to announce the inauguration of the association.

For the assistance he has rendered them, the pelota aficionados presented Loyola with a handsome gold medal.

The events sponsored by the club should be well worth watching, although no schedule has as yet been made public. Team play (partidos) either between standing teams or sides drawn for each occasion, would probably prove popular, as would individual championship tournaments in quinielas.

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GROAN'ND-GRUNTERS COMING TO PALMA

CHAMPS AND NEAR-CHAMPS PROMISED

ALL-IN STYLE

All-in wrestling—that spectacular so-called sport in which anything goes and referees are more frequently hurt than the contestants—is coming to Palma, according to the Spanish daily, El Dia.

The sport, says the local journal, has had such a tremendous success in Barcelona that Palma impresarios, unnamed in the press notice, have determined to try it out on their own public.

All of the best talent on the continent will be brought here to provide a Roman holiday for the sporting fraternity, if promises made by the anonymous and mysterious promoters mean anything. Just when the first contingent of groan-and-grunters will arrive is not announced, however.

Palma does not yet know whether or not to take the threatened invasion seriously. Certainly, past performances on the part of the sports magnates have educated the public into taking their announcements with enough salt to make Lot a new wife. On the other hand, they have some good programs recorded on their record books—for instance, the Miller-Cruz fight, the series of knock-down-and-drag-out melées between Gori and Mompo, and the Aramendieta scrap, all of which would have been hailed with delight in London or Paris.

On the blotted side of the copy-book, there stands out the fiasco that arose when a local newspaper sponsored a fight between an Australian, who modestly described himself as Clever Al, and an unknown. Suffice it to say of that gala occasion that the Antipodean has ever since been nicknamed in local sporting circles the «Nose-Diving Kangaroo.»

If there were any occasion to rub it in, a number of other frosts might be recalled for the benefit of the forgetful; but, as the promoters have since wiped the slate clean, they will be given the benefit of the doubt and it will be assumed that only honest-injun mankillers will be imported for the forthcoming exhibitions of the bone-bending and toe-tweaking profession.

At the disposal of the promoters, in case they don't know it, there are at the moment no less than two ex-world champion heavyweight wrestlers in Europe, in addition to the Lord knows how many contenders.

Camisería LONDON Men's and Women's Accessories and Novelties
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LATEST WORLD NEWS IN BRIEF

Madrid
The new government of Don Manuel Azafia has named Don Isidoro Llarde Lausín civil governor of the province of the Balearic Islands. General Goded has been appointed military governor of the same province.

Paris
France will have a general election next March, or early in April, in the opinion of political observers here. The parliamentary legislative term will end March 13, and it is planned to commence electoral campaigns immediately. Followers of the situation incline to the belief that the campaigns will be reduced to the shortest time possible in order to prevent disturbance on the part of the wilder and woollier political bodies.

Paris
There are indications here that the government will not face a vote of confidence when the proposed treaty with Soviet Russia is put up for ratification next week. Failure to gain a vote of confidence could only be caused by one thing: reactionary tendencies on the part of the so-called liberal members of the Left Wing. There seem to be signs that the Left Wingers are not so ready to welcome the allegiance with the Commissars as are some of their more conservative colleagues.

Rome
While Italy continues to rush war materials to the front, it is learned with surprise here that the Pope has taken the initiative in a new move for peace. It is understood that he has asked a Central European state—reputed to be Czechoslovakia—to try to arbitrate the dispute between Italy

and Abyssinia, and that the request has been granted on condition that Mussolini make known the minimum terms he will accept.

Barcelona
Final counting of the votes cast a week ago reveals that Don Francisco Cambó, Catalonia's wealthiest man and one of Barcelona's chief benefactors—he has brought many masterpieces to the city's art galleries—has been defeated at the polls.

Señor Cambó's opponent, Señor Valls Taberner, defeated him by a majority of no more than 121 votes.

Madrid
Continued rains are playing havoc in Madrid and the provinces. From Sevilla comes word that the Guadalquivir is rising at an alarming rate and that the vessel Concha has been damaged against the mole.

New York
In spite of the Supreme Court's decision in the T. V. A. case, which upheld the New Deal and dealt a blow to public utilities, the shares of the power companies have held fairly firm in Wall Street since the day the decision was announced, when they fell sharply.

Tokio
Reports brought to the capital yesterday show that Osaka was the principal sufferer in the earthquake that shook Nippon Thursday. Many houses collapsed and a large number of casualties resulted from falling debris.

Madrid
The proposed amnesty for political offenders has been approved unanimously by the *diputación de*

Cortes.

Barcelona
Don Manuel and José Companys, brothers of the imprisoned Don Luis Companys, former president of the Catalonian *Generalitat*, left by automobile today for Puerto Santa María, where their brother is confined, to welcome him upon his release.

Señor Companys has served fifteen months of a thirty year sentence imposed upon him for his part in the revolt of October, 1934, when he played a leading role in the attempt to set up an independent Catalan government.

Also sentenced with Señor Companys was the president of the Catalan deputies, Señor Casanovas, who escaped over the French frontier. It is probable that he will be among the exiles who will be pardoned and permitted to return to Spain.

Madrid
The Cuban aviator Menendez, who a few days ago completed, in North Africa, a solo flight across



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Songs by Captain and Mrs. Milnes
The Guitarist Sr. Daniel Arnau
will give a selection of his Spanish and Hawaiian repertoire
Tea will be served at 4 p.m.

the Atlantic, arrived here Friday and was received at a reception in his honor by the sub-secretary of state, Señor Alguinada.

Señor Menendez's plane was named the «Cuatro Vientos» after the plane in which the Spanish fliers, Barbarán and Collár made their spectacular flight to Cuba two years ago, only to lose their lives in an attempt to cross the gulf to Mexico City.

New York
Jock McAvoy, the British mid-

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THE ELECTIONS

The results of the elections held a week ago call for little comment beyond extending congratulations to the victorious Left Wing parties, who this time seem conclusively to have proved that the Republic wishes the Church to keep out of politics and to withdraw to those Sunday morning activities for the maintenance of which the devout deposit their pesetas and centimos in the collection trays. That the nation has chosen to take its niche in the anti-dictator group should, eventually, bring to the poorer classes certain advantages that they could never hope to obtain under ultra-conservative government; had the Right parties won, the closing battle in the ancient war between Church and the modern State would remain to be fought.

As for the elections themselves, there is a great deal to be said. All who were in Spain at the time of the last elections, in November, 1933, are bound to be impressed by the orderliness with which the voting last week took place. The rowdysim which marred the balloting two year ago was almost entirely absent. Indeed, anyone who has witnessed an election in the United States—now nearing its one hundred and sixtieth anniversary as a Republic—must admit that the Americans have a great deal to learn from the five-year-old Spanish Republic.

Also deserving of mention is the speed with which votes cast in the more important (i. e. the most populous) centres were counted. Exactly twenty-four hours after the last ballot was cast, a sufficient count had been taken to leave no doubt as to which faction was the victor. When it is remembered that the final count is not known even now, it will be realized at what terrific pressure the authorities in charge of the vote-captulation had to work.

The elections were a most creditable performance, both as they concerned officialdom and as they concerned the electorate. There is little likelihood that they will be criticised by any but the most hot-headed and illtempered of the losers. And these— for some there will be— will have neither the numbers nor the influence to be taken seriously.

TURNING THE PAGES

by *Bibliófilo*

POET'S PUB by Eric Linklater. Penguin Books, The Bodley Head. 1.50 ptas.

Mr. Linklater is one of the few writers, in this reviewer's opinion, who can tack the word *finis* to the last page of a long, serious dissertation, and immediately turn to the writing of a light, humorous novel which, when finished, will enjoy a success equal to that of its more earnest predecessor. Not that other authors haven't tried to be versatile—they have, worse luck.

«Poet's Pub» is the story of Saturday Keith, a young poet whose works have received satisfactory, if brief criticisms in the literary press, but whose financial reward from these efforts has been negligible. Somewhat disgusted with his income, if not with his work, he gladly accepts the opportunity to manage «The Pelican», an historical public house that has been bought by Lady Mercy Cotton. And there the author might have left him, a young publican with a hobby of writing verse, had he not decided to complicate his book with what the publishers call «love interest.»

So much for the story, except to say that the girl's father is a likeable old soul—a University don—who temporarily puts the brakes on young love by confessing to be two things—a snob who does not want his daughter to marry a publican; and a materialist who is equally shy of able but impecunious poets. And it must be added that the book has a light and amusing thread of mystery-thriller in it.

Although «Poet's Pub» as a story has about everything the publisher can ask for, it is not in plot that Eric Linklater shoots his sharpest arrow—he is far more interested in his characterization and, if anything, more successful.

Saturday Keith, the poet; Professor Benbow and Lady Cotton probably were not difficult for the author to create—indeed, they should have been right up his alley; but Holly, the barman; the American international crook, the girl reporter—those characters are the products of the writer's imagination, and only with considerable skill could they be made to live, as they certainly do.

Throughout «Poet's Pub» there is a genial mixture of accurate, but not bitter satire, and a nostalgic yearning for the good old days when smart conversation at the dinner table was a lesser amenity than a good appetite coupled with an appreciation of good food.

THE WOOLCOTT READER: by paths in the Realms of Gold, Edited by Alexander Woolcott. The

Viking Press.

As a rule, these columns contain only reviews of books that can be easily and inexpensively obtained on the Island. Occasionally—and this is one of the occasions—a book appears that seems to call for comment, even though it is unlikely that it will fall into the hands of many of the readers of The Palma Post. Such a book is «The Woolcott Reader.»

In this case, the exception is made because Mr. Woolcott has chosen to include in his anthology the more or less unknown works of wellknown authors. Thus, while it is improbable that «The Reader» will ever be on sale here, it is quite possible several of the selections included are even now reposing on upper shelves of the local lending libraries. Which, incidentally, makes Mr. Woolcott's task a thankless one so far as Palma is concerned. But, to the book.

With most of the editor's selections, the reader will have no cause to quarrel. This review is particularly thankful to him for including Saki's (H. H. Munro) «The Schartz-Metterklume Method», a story not usually found in the collected works of that author. Saki fans take note.

Then, there is Ian Maclarn's «A Doctor of the Old School», criticism of which can be plagiarized as follows from the editor's own foreword:

«I would grudgingly admit that a man might dismiss A Doctor of the Old School as indifferent stuff without thereby implanting in me an unshakable conviction that he

for them these days—and at the same time presents one of the most original plays that has ever been written. «A Handful of Dust», probably the only one of Evelyn Waugh's books that was not an immediate success, is another happy choice.

As hinted above, there are occasions when the reader may dispute the selections made by Mr. Woolcott. Notable among these is «The Trawnbeighs», from Charles Macomb Flandrau's «Viva Mexico!» Flandrau's «Viva Mexico!» is his best-known work and, although it may be out of print, is still easily obtainable. Also, it has enjoyed a wide public since it was written twenty-eight years ago. As «The Trawnbeighs» is an excerpt anyway, the editor would have been wiser to include a section of the same author's less wellknown «Diary of a Freshman.»

Again, the reader might complain of the inclusion of Anthony Hope's «Dolly Dialogues.» This work serves what appears to have been Mr. Woolcott's purpose—to show Anthony Hope as a writer who was by no means confined to the super-romantic sort of story that he produced in «The Prisoner of Zenda» and «Rupert of Hentzau.» But the same thing could have been done by reprinting «Aurea-taland», that remarkable book in which Hope relentlessly parodied not only his own romantic stories, but those of George Barr McCutcheon and all the other writers of the by-So-and-So-out-of-Anthony-Hope school as well.

«The Dolly Dialogues», however,



was also a secret practioner of lycanthropy and given, in the dark of the moon, to draining the hearts of babies for the chalice of the Black Mass. But I could say this of him. He is one I would avoid on shipboard and I would look for new quarters in another stret if ever he took the house next to mine. Occasions might arise when I would want to strangle him. At least we would not have enough in common to make good neighbors.»

Thornton Wilder's «The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden» is possibly one of the best choices, for its inclusion opens the pages of the book to the one-act play—and there are few enough mediums,

does show Hope as a keen observer of the customs of his times. If in sports it seems to fall flat, the reader need only pause and remember that remarks that would be commonplace today might have been daring, even risqué at the turn of the century. Considerable skill was needed to put over certain of the dialogues, particularly the one in which Dolly refuses to admit that her mother-in-law could ever have been a mother. Although the book is concerned with a different plane of society, it has a curious resemblance to Barry Pain's «Eliza Books.»

The contents of «The Woolcott Reader» include «Margaret Ogilvie», by J. M. Barrie; «The Dolly Dialo-

THE NIGHT WATCH

Readers of The Palma Post, who have been joyously unaffected by the weekly effusions under the above heading for lo, these many moons, may or may not have wondered what has happened to that once prolific scrivener, *the Watchman*—in other words, myself, I forget the cause of the retirement, but the untimely reappearance is due entirely to the sudden and unexpected hegira of that other pundit, *El Gancho*, who is on vacation. During my recent leisure I have been toying with the idea of becoming a writer of advertising «copy» and right now seems as good a time as any other to let the public in on some of my high-pressure selling slogans. To wit:

Pedicure par excellence. Have your corn shucked by Diannuel.

Chicken soup. First steal a good sized chicken. Have Madame Gorska or other experienced carpenter make pair of stilts for same and fill stilts to legs of chicken. Boil some water and allow chicken to walk through at a leisurely and dignified pace. Season water—which is now the soup—to suit and serve. Wait for chicken to lay. Sell eggs. Sell chicken.

N. B. The above recipe is a sample from Don Bernardo's Handy Cookbook and Paperweight. One thousand and one recipes—and the covers can be used for piecrusts! At all bookstores.

Sailings lessons. Learn the gentle art of navigation under the auspices of Commander Harry Green-Ascanby. Let yourself be lulled to sleep by the sound of the waves quietly gnawing holes in the ancient sides of the good ship Thyroid—the original sailing mallet. Payment in advance, although you may come back.

Those are jut a few examples, gentle reader—and their composition only occupied half my spare time, at that. My other idle hours were blissfully spent biting the buttons off the upholstery of my padded cell. They're no good that way—I must ask the keeper to let me try them with cream and sugar.

The Watchman

gues», by Anthony Hope; «The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden», by Thornton Wilder; «A Doctor of the Old School», by Ian MacClaren; «My Little Boy», by Carl Ewald; «Mary White», by William Allen White; «Mr. Fortune's Maggot», by Sylvia Townsend Warner; «The Children's Crusade», by Marcel Schwob; «The Schartz-Metterklume Method», by Saki; «The Trawnbeighs»; by Charles Macomb Flandrau; «Kamongo», by Homer W. Smith; «The Bar Sinister», by Richard Harding Davis; «The Whistlers' Room», by Paul Alverdes; «Cardinal Manning», by Lytton Strachey; «In the Green Mountain Country», by Clarence Day; «A Handful of Dust», by Evelyn Waugh, and comment, forward and envoy by the editor.

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ON THE ISLAND

By The Wayfarer

(Continued from page 1)

Ken Craven, journalist, got busy Friday when it was learned that a young Scottish visitor had fallen into the hands of the police for the second or third time and had finally succeed in arousing the ire of the law enforcers to such an extent that he had been clapped into jail.

After considerable racing around—aggravated by the fact that the Scot had been ejected from no less than three hotels and it was difficult to find out where he lived—Mr. Craven found that his quarry had been «sprung» from durance vile and was steaming for England, to the relief of the police and several kindhearted Spaniards, Germans and Englishmen who had endeavoured to guide him along the straight and narrow path.

OFF:—

Miss Ellen Aeschbach, the popular Swiss who stayed at the Chalfont House during her visit to the Island, left for Switzerland via Barcelona on Thursday night. Her friends turned out in force to wish her godspeed and extend a stirrup cup at Lena's before the boat sailed.

Miss Aeschbach promises to return in the fall with her mother. When that time comes, she says she will be able to settle here more or less permanently.

MAD:—

The Palma Post is mad at Colonel C. H. Gurney for a while. Reason: he delivered to the editor the most amusing bit of correspondence yet received—and appended the unwelcome words, «Not for publication.»

NO GALA:—

Because of unsettled conditions in town last Wednesday, the Tennis Club's carnival gala didn't gal. Planned for Wednesday evening

at the Grand Hotel, a sudden change of plans caused many people to find themselves wandering disconsolately and a little ridiculously through the streets in elaborate fancy dress.

FLAMENCO:—

Mrs. Betty Rucker's dinner party a week ago turned out to be a much more elaborate affair than a brief paragraph in The Palma Post indicated. In all, fourteen people were served a delightful buffet supper after cocktails.

The high spot of the evening was without doubt the imitation of a second-rate flamenco singer. Don Francisco Bosch was the performer, cane, hat, expectoration and all.

Mrs. Rucker's guests included her daughter, Señora Klein, Don Juan Capllonch and Señora, Mrs. Steichen, Don Enrique Recaséns and Señora, Don Francisco Bosch and Señora, Miss Turner-Copperman, Señora de Homar and Mr. Turner.

LEAVING:—

The Chalfont House lost a fixture with the departure of Professor Nichols on the Stuttgart. The professor has spent some months on the Island recuperating from breakdown brought on by over-work. He must now hie himself back to his flowers, his bugs and his deadly exterminators.

Also leaving on the Stuttgart was Mrs. Harrison, who is going to London with her young daughter, Jill.

The Stuttgart was booked to sail Friday, but her departure was delayed until Saturday because of the general bad weather that has been playing havoc in the eastern Mediterranean and on the Atlantic.

VISIT ENDS:—

Last Thursday Major and Mrs. Keith Horan took the Barcelona boat as the first step on their trek

back to London. During the last days of their stay here they were house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jacobsen.

Mrs. Horan is an actress who has had several successes both on stage and screen in England. She is also a pianist of ability.

Major Horan served most of his army career in India, but was in Mesopotamia during the war. While here he experimented in article writing and several sketches from his pen appeared in The Post.

The departing English couple will be greatly missed by the many friends they made here, as will their dog, Timmy whose presence at the Picadilly Bar has come to be taken as a matter of course.

JOURNALIST:—

Mr. A. P. W. Whyte, with Mrs. Whyte and Mrs. Trace, is revisting the Island after an absence of two years and has taken a house in Calle de Bonanova.

Four years ago, Mr. Whyte was editor of The Palma Post. More recently he has been on the staff of the Evening Standard in London. At present he is working on a book and writing special newspaper articles. He spent last summer in America and, as he admits his book will not be fiction, one hazards the guess that the American scene is once more to be depicted as seen through English eyes.

ARROZ:—

The Island's foremost gourmet, Don Bernardo of the Hotel Solarium, was host last Monday at a luncheon cooked by himself. As an *arroz* was the mainstay of the meal, it was fitting that the lunch should have been given at a small *fonda* at Porto Pi, rather than in the more modern diningroom of the Solarium.

Among Don Bernardo's guests were Don Jaime Bordoy, Don Arnaldo Garau and Captain Francis-

co Homs. The foreign colony was also represented.

BONE-TWEAKING:—

Mr. Edgar Stirling gave a lecture last week on bone manipulation, with Mr. Galbraith as his subject. The address was easily followed by the members of the Mallorca Society of Arts, as it was conducted by the question-and-answer method.

This Sunday Captain and Mrs. Milne will sing at the society headquarters. Daniel Arnau will sing Hawaiian songs, accompanying himself on the guitar.

RESTAURANT:—

Miss Alice Frank, a former Island resident, has opened a restaurant called the Café Tosca at Muntaner 326 in Barcelona. The new establishment is enjoying the patronage of the foreign colony, and is also proving popular with more transient diners.

HOUSE-HUNTING:—

The big Packard sports car that has been roaming the highways and byways of Terreno for over a week is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marvil, who are in the throes of house-hunting. For the time being they, with their young son and Great Dane pup, are living at the Hiller.

NOVELIST:—

Mr. Hal Wolf, the artist, has turned novelist and is already well into his book. He is not entirely a newcomer to the field of fiction, as he is the author of a number of short stories, one of which was published in «New Stories», the English quarterly that is considered by many to be foremost in the field of modern writing.

Mr. Wolf has not held an exhibition of his pictures here, but most of his friends have admired the few paintings he has in his quarters at the Sol y Sombra, Calle Bellver.

HOUSE-BUILDER:—

Miss Camila Sommers, who has been managing one of Cala Ratjada's bars for the past months, has given up that activity and is now engaged in the pleasant, if lengthy occupation of building a house. Cala Ratjada is the site. Miss Sommers expects to be joined shortly by her friend, Miss Ruth Wise.

RETURNING:—

Miss Erica Beric, one time fashion arbiter to Terreno's well-dressed women, is returning to Mallorca shortly. She has been traveling around Europe with stops in Paris, London and Berlin.

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Green and Mrs. Green, who have been spending the winter aboard their cutter yacht Thyra, now find that their boat needs a hauling out rather badly. Commander Green is undecided whether to have the operation performed here or whether to make the trip to Ibiza and go on the slip there. A sail in the bay will settle the question. If it is found that the cutter is not handicapped too seriously by seagrowth, an Ibiza boatyard will get the job.

Mrs. Green and young Thomas Henry will remain in Palma if they have found a suitable house by the time Thyra is ready for sea.

ILL:—

Mr. Kenneth Craven, proprietor of the Chalfont House in Terreno, was ill last week of attack of influenza. Mr. Craven has been over-active lately, having been serving as correspondent for a London newspaper and as special writer for a London magazine while, at the same time, managing his hotel, which has been well-filled during the entire winter season.

PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Lowenstein, who came to Palma a month ago to visit their daughter, Miss Eddie Lawrence, are still at the Hotel Victoria and are not likely to leave so long as Mallorca's weather remains as it is and the climate elsewhere continues to provide front-page news for the papers.

TO LONDON:—

Next month, if the weather to the north of us shows any signs of relenting, Mrs. Drieberg and her daughter, Miss Anita Drieberg, will sail for London, to be gone for an indefinite period.

DREAM

«Midsummer Night's Dream», the moving picture classic by Max Reinhardt out of William Shakespeare, will open at the Cine Borna Thursday. The music for this film is composed of selections from Mendelssohn, and the ballets are by Nijinska.

Señor Bordoy, who heads the new management of the Cine Borna, promises to present during the year a great many new and successful hits from Hollywood.

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SHIPPING INFORMATION

Palma-Marseilles-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma:
February 26, S.S. LLANGIBBY CASTLE. March 25, S.S. LLANDOVERY CASTLE.

Palma-Gibraltar-London arrives and leaves Palma:
March 5, S.S. DURHAM CASTLE.

Palma-Toulon-Naples-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma:
March 5, S.S. ORFORD.

Palma-Gibraltar-Plymouth-London arrives and leaves Palma:
March 21, S.S. OTRANTO.

Palma-Marseilles-Port Said-Port Sudan arrives and leaves Palma:
February 28, S.S. BURMA. March 13, S.S. YOMA. March 27, S.S. PEGU.

Palma-Gibraltar-U. K. arrives and leaves Palma
March 4, S.S. KEMMENDINE (calls London). March 18, S.S. BHAMO. March 31, S.S. AMARAPOORA (calls London).

Palma-Barcelona-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma:
March 14, S.S. POTSDAM.

Palma-Southampton-Rotterdam-Bremen arrives and leaves Palma:
March 18, S.S. GNEISENAU.

Palma-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma:
March 14, S.S. USARAMO.

Palma-Ceuta-Lisbon-Southampton-Hamburg arrives and leaves Palma:
February 24, S.S. UBENA. March 30, S.S. TANGANJIKA.

Palma-Marseilles-Naples-Alexandria arrives and leaves Palma:
February 28, S.S. EXCALIBUR. March 11, S.S. EXETER.

Palma-Málaga-Boston-New York arrives and leaves Palma:
March 6, S.S. EXOCHORDA. March 20, S.S. EXCALIBUR.

TRANSATLANTIC

Steamer	Leaves	Port of	For	Due	Company
Berengaria *	Feb. 26	Cherbourg	New York	Mar. 3	Cun. White Star
Champlain	Feb. 26	Havre	N. Y.	Mar. 4	French Line
Bremen *	Feb. 26	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Mar. 2	North G. Lloyd
P. Monroe *	Feb. 26	Marseilles	N. Y.	Mar. 10	Dollar
Washington *	Feb. 27	Havre	N. Y.	Mar. 5	U. S. Lines
Bergensfjord	Feb. 27	Bergen	N. Y.	Mar. 6	Norwegian Am.
Volendam *	Feb. 28	Boulogne	N. Y.	Mar. 9	Holland Amer.
Am. Importer *	Feb. 28	Liverpool	N. Y.	Mar. 9	Amer. Merchant
Duc. of York	Feb. 28	Liverpool	St. John	Mar. 7	Canadian Pacific
Deutschland *	Feb. 28	Cherbourg	New York	Mar. 7	Hamburg-Amer.
Samaria *	Feb. 29	Liverpool	N. Y.	Mar. 8	Cun. White Star

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

LOCAL MAIL BOATS

PALMA-BARCELONA and BARCELONA-PALMA, daily except Sundays; dep. 9 p.m. from Palma and Barcelona, arr. 7:30 a.m.

MAHON-ALCUDIA-BARCELONA, Sundays; dep. 9 a.m. from Mahón, 9 p.m. from Alcudia.

BARCELONA-ALCUDIA-MAHON, Sundays; dep. 8 p.m. from Barcelona. Mondays; dep. 7 a.m. from Alcudia.

PALMA-VALENCIA, Sundays; dep. 8 p.m. VALENCIA-PALMA, Mondays; dep. 9 p.m.

PALMA-IBIZA-VALENCIA, Wednesdays; dep. noon from Palma, 10 p.m. from Ibiza.

VALENCIA-IBIZA-PALMA, Thursdays; dep. 9 p.m. from Valencia. Fridays; dep. 9 a.m. from Ibiza.

PALMA-IBIZA-ALICANTE, Fridays; dep. noon from Palma, 9 p.m. from Ibiza.

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(Continued from page 1)

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Sub-Secretary to the presidency of the governing council—that is, to the office of Sr. Azaña, Sr. Fernández Clérigo.

Election day passed off in a satisfactory orderly manner, with only sporadic disturbances led by hotheaded agitators who were easily handled by the police.

In Barcelona, at a late hour Sunday afternoon, the chief of police broadcast that only four arrests had been made and the day was passing quietly.

Madrid was the scene of some disorder, but it was quickly handled by the authorities, who had taken precautions sufficiently strong to deal with more serious trouble.

For the most part, such disorder as there was turned out to be little more than the goodnatured rowdyism of an enthusiastic populace bent on exercising its franchise as quickly as possible and making merry thereafter.

Such grave disorder as did occur, with very few exceptions, did not take place on election day at all, but happened three days later, long after the last vote was cast, but before the final results—or near enough final to end doubt—were known.

Señor Portela Valadares, the outgoing premier, turned over his responsibilities to his successor with a speed that may have set a record—a little more than forty-eight hours after the casting of the last vote.

AFTERMATH

(Continued from page 1)

of the Seguridad, was taken into the Ayuntamiento for his own protection and to quieten the crowd, whose wrath he had incurred.

Of the wounded men, the one with the chest wound as found at the Casa de Socorro to be in a serious condition. He was immediately transferred to the Clínica Peñaranda, where he now is thought to be at the beginning of the road to recovery.

On examining the injured man, Dr. Virgilio Peñaranda decided that a blood transfusion might save his life, whereupon his brother, Dr. Vicente Peñaranda, submitted his own blood for a test and, finding himself a suitable subject to serve as donor, gave the required blood.

Although the bullet scraped the heart of the injured man, his life is no longer dispaired of. The other casualty was patched up at the Casa de Socorro and his injuries pronounced slight.

On the mainland, there were a number of disturbances during the days that followed the voting, most of them in the various prisons.

The prison revolts seem to have been instigated by hardened criminals who seized the election as an excuse to rebel. They received scant support from bona fide political prisoners, many of whom lent valuable assistance in restoring order.

Some strikes were declared, notably in Zaragoza, but as these were based on the cry for amnesty—which is expected, anyway—they should be shortlived.

Meanwhile, the entire nation has been declared under a state of alarm as a precautionary measure. Certain provinces fell under martial law last week, but in most cases it was quickly lifted.

The state of alarm, as is always the case, carries with it a press censorship. The censorship, however, is aimed at the suppression of irresponsible journalism, rather than at the withholding of the truth.

MALLORCA VOTES FOR RIGHT

(Continued from page 1)

Even the existence of their recently established daily paper, *Antorxa*, failed to add the extra ounce of drive needed to place at least one deputy in parliament.

In spite of the complete route at the polls, the showing of the Left was by no means negligible, however. The fact that not one of their candidates recorded less than 5,300 votes proves that they must still be considered formidable opponents of the Right, whose candidates averaged about 8,500 votes apiece.

Only five candidates were named by the Left group. They were: Se-fiores Jaume, Carreras, Jofre, Amer and Gomila, and at least three of these have served as deputies in the past. All five polled approximately 25,000 votes, as compared to approximately 57,000 polled by the seven successful candidates.

Several of the elected deputies are well known to members of the foreign colony here and in Ibiza.

Don Jaime Suau Pons is a prominent business man of Palma.

Don Juan March Servera is a son of the Island's most important banker and business man, Señor March Senior was elected a deputy in the last elections.

Don Bartolomé Fons y Jofre de Villegas is one of the most zealous and tireless workers in Mallorquin political circles.

Don Pedro Matutes Noguera is a member of the large family that plays such an important part in the commercial life of Ibiza. He received 8,700 votes from his Ibizan constituents alone—the largest vote received from that island for any one deputy.



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