

THE NEXT WAR

AR... all the world trembles at the dread word. Anxious eyes are turned towards the storm centres - the Far East, Central Europe. Austria and France have had a taste of what is virtually civil war. In Madrid, precautionary measures are being taken against possible civil strife.

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Somebody must want war. The armament ma-nufacturers, the international financiers — all those who do not have to risk their lives. For the rest of the world, war means woe, wounds and widows. Yet for the young, who have never experienced the reality of war, it has its appeal. The shrill of bugles, tramp of feet and the sombre roll of drums. The gay companionship, the escape from the daily drudgery.

In the Land of the Rising Sun

Far away on the edge of the Pacific, Japan has established the phantom empire of Manchuko. Japanese soldiers are within its borders, Japanese agents are constantly thrusting westward. Japan is a highly civilized country, with an always in-creasing population, needing an outlet, a place in the sum the sun.

Opposite the Japanese stands the grim Russian bear. Russia with its vast, rich, scarcely developed Asiatic empire. Russia to a large extent isolated from the rest of the world, but with a burning faith in the principles of Communism.

Russia, suspected by the capitalist world, fears for the rich grazing lands of Siberia. Russia fears the little yellow men, with their burning patriotism, their contempt for death. Russia remembers the war of 1905. The next war is going to be ruthless, with no quarter expected nor given. Tokio, with its paper houses, lies open, an easy target for the grim eagles of the air.

Europe Hopes and Fears

Nearer home, distracted Europe knows not where to turn for a little rest, a little relief from constant terror of war. The fields of France are scarcely healed from the dread scars of twenty years are years ago, and yet people openly talk of the like-lihood of another war, and that in the immediate future. None of the present governments in Europe can be described as gentle, all claim a desire for peace at all costs, but underneath one feels that there is an old scores an there is an urge, an urge to even old scores. an urge that is as old as the world — WAR.

The Balkan States — and it used to be a jour-

nalistic axiom that there would be trouble in the Balkans when the snows melted — make pacts of non-agression and solidarity. The Little Entente shivers when the chief ministers of Austria and Hungary confer with Signor Mussolini in Rome. France cries endlessly for guarantees of security, and persistently throws a monkey wrench into any scheme of disarmament, while England, ever op-timistic and generous, lies open to attack by sea and air.

There are more armed men in Europe than in 1914. All the great powers have immense air squadrons, able to be reinforced in a day by numbers of converted commercial aeroplanes, which could destroy any European capital in a few hours.

And the next war will not be gentlemanly. It is quite probable that there will be no formal declaration of war, no polite handing of passport to ambassadors. A sudden swarm of aeroplanes, like angry hornets, will darken the sky, and in an incredibly short space of time, great cities will lie in ashes.

The Way to Dusty Death

Another war-Europe again an abattoir. The cornfields churned to miles of gashed mud, where nothing lives but rats and creeping men. And day long, night long, the sound of the guns, rising and falling like the sea beating against a sullen coast; the flare of explosions that quench the stars. Young

men torn, young men blinded, young men dead. And old men mouthing hate, mewling their false war-cries; «Victory,» they say, «or death!» But there is but one cry in war, the brazen mo-notone of Death, Death, Death.... There will be no glory, no victory, no flashing bayonet charges, only Death, foul Death, reeking from the gas-shells, raining from the sky: fair cities blotted out, paople raining from the sky; fair cities blotted out, people all terrored, crouching in cellars; while the green gas cloud eddies, rises, choking the brave, turning the lungs to blood and water. Death, Death, Death... We, who fought in 1914, are old men. We have

no hope except perhaps for a peaceful old age or a mercifully quick death in the next war, for which we shall be just young enough. There's nothing left for us to believe in. Nor God nor devil, nor women nor gilt-edged securities, nor even loving kindness. Hardly a man who was a fighting soldier in those days is doing great things. We are too tired. We are without hope. Yet we would not change our memories and our dreams. Once we heard the burles of England, and for a space, the meanest bugles of England, and for a space, the meanest of us were men.

MARCH 18, 1934

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

The Situation in Spain has eased somewhat during the last few days, in spite of the dastardly act of sacrilege on the tomb of Francesc Macia, the late president of Cataluña. The people of Madrid, however have been laying in large supplies of food against the threat of civil war, and several of the banks have installed armoured counters behind which the clerks can take refuge in case of attack. The street car companies have taken out insurance policies against damage done by incendiarism or bombs.

The strike of the operatives of the newspaper A.B.C. continues, and only two newspapers are appearing in the capital. Elsewhere in Spain the situation remains normal, and there have been remarkably few offences against public order. The police continue to collect arms and dynamite.

In spite of the firm attitude of the government, it is difficult to see how a republic can be permanent in a country which has such a large illiterate population.

Slum Clearance in England

Sir Hilton Young, British Minister of Health, issued on Tuesday night a white paper dealing with the Government's plans for slum clearance. Projects are in hand for the demolition of over 250,000 houses, and the rehousing of more than 1,100,000 people. The work is to be spread over five years, and the capital cost of providing the new houses is estimated at 115,000,000 pounds.

This will be one of the most splendid and ne-cessary works ever undertaken by a British Government.

Three Powers in Rome

A Three Power parley is now being held in Rome between Signor Mussolini, Herr Dollfus, and General Gombos of Hungary. It is expected that trade pacts will be signed between the three coun-tries concerned, but it is denied that Italy intends to establish a political bloc in opposition to the countries of the little Entente. We hope that this will

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Calle 14 de Abril, 35 Tel. 1772

Fashions

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directly stimulate a rapprochement between Italy and France.

Lotteries Legal in U.S.?

The possibility of a legal lottery in the United States comes as a shock to Americans abroad. There are probably few United States' citizens who have not bro-

House and Estate Agent.

Rail and Steamer Bookings.

Luxury cars. Taxi prices. Garage in front of Victoria Hotel.

ken the law against lotteries in one way or another. The simple Thanksgiving and Christmas raffles in a turkey or what have you, that are run by mam church societies are theoretically illegal. The lotter which is run weekly in the «Black Belt» of Harlen on the last three numbers of the clearing house statement involves hundreds of thousands of dollars and has proved the most difficult for the government to suppress. And now comes word that play may be made legal. Fiorello La Guardia, New York fiery new mayor insists that he will conduct a lotter twice a year to aid the unemployed. The take of such a scheme would be tremendous and millions of dollars would come from the pockets of New York's tax payers quite painlessly. If Mayor La Guardia can put this across, he will succeed where others before him have failed. A lottery has been the dream of many since early American days



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The Fund Grows

A Concert — A Fast Horse

The Fund for the Aid of Distressed Americans was augmented during the week by the sum of 271 pesetas. On Thursday Mrs. George Bowden arranged a concert at the Mallorca Junior Club, which is reviewed on page 14. After deducting all expenses this entertainment netted 164 pesetas for the Fund. In addition to making all arrangements for the concert and taking part in it herself, Mrs. Bowden is contributing the sum of 86 pesetas, thus bringing the amount from her efforts and generosity up to 250 pesetas. On behalf of all those connected with this movement we wish to thank her sincerely for her work.

The other 21 pesetas comes as a result of the canny judgement of that worthy Yorkshireman Mr. Harry Firbanks. Upon leaving for the race track Sunday he made a vow that 10 per cent of his winnings (if any) were to go to the American Fund. Those that are mathematically inclined can figure out if «Banksy» knows his horses or not. The present state of the Fund is as follows:

Previously acknowledged	875.00	pts.
From Benefit Concert	164.00	*
Mrs. George Moore Bowden	86.00	>>
Mr. Harry Firbanks (Man o' Wa	r?) 21.00	>>
Total	1146.00	>>

No Spy

News comes to us that the English boy arrested in the Barcelona Spy scandal is an ex-Palma resident, Havelock Clark, one of the twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Clark who lived for several years in Terreno. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are now living on their yacht somewhere off the French coast. Havelock Clark is still in prison in Barcelona although believed to be entirely innocent. The British Ambassador is taking steps to secure his release.

Exchange of the Week

(Madrid bourse quotations furnished by the Crédito Balear).

Pounds Dollars Francs	Opening 37.45 7.39 48.45	High 37.60 7.39 48.45	Low 37.45 7.39 48.45	Closing 37.55 7.39 48.45
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day, shops in the afternoon.

Villa Harris Restaurant _{Tangier}

Open from 10.0 a.m.

Magnificent Park. Salt water Swimming pool.

Distinction. Comfort. Elegance.

American Bar. Dancing. Perfect Service.

Two Cabaret Shows Nightly. 6.30 and 11. p.m.

Service of de luxe motor cars from

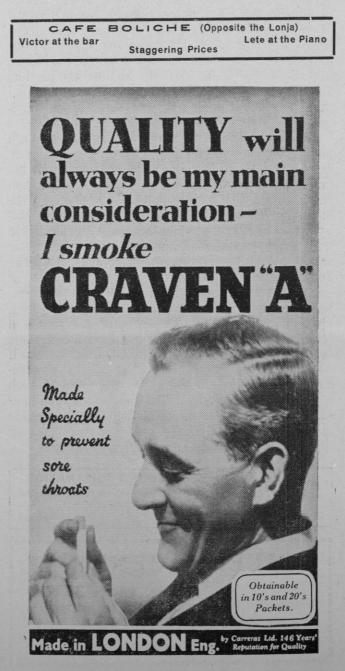
La Tannerie and Place de France

Contraband

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A short time ago the Cia. Arrendataria de Tabacos in Palma received a telegram warning them that the fishing vessel *San Bartolomé*, flying the British flag, had left Algiers bound for Mallorca, bearing a cargo of contraband tobacco. The Company notified their scouts along the coast and on the night of March 8-9, or rather in the small hours, a small patrol boat surprised the *San Bartolomé* coming out of the bay of Torrente de Pareys, near Soller. The smaller craft boldly shot across the bows of the other and endeavoured to impede her progress; whereupon the *San Bartolomé* opened fire. The scout boat, manned only by three men, could not offer much resistance to the crew of 8 or 9 on the fishing vessel so they turned and made for the shore, shouting defiance and threatening retribution swift and sure if the others did not relinquish their illegal booty. The *San Barlolomé*, however, headed for the open sea and escaped.

headed for the open sea and escaped. Last Sunday the Tobacco Co. received a further telegram to the effect that the *San Bartolomé* had put in at the island of Cabrera. Bad weather prevented them from sending their men over until Tuesday. They arrived four hours too late! The bird had flown and the *San Bartolomé*, Spanish built, Spanish owned and Spanish manned, although flying the British flag, is still at large with many others of her class.



The Best–Were the Bulls!

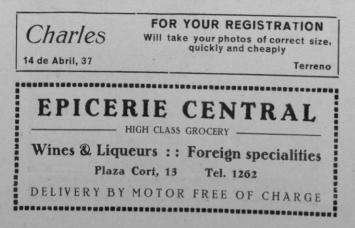
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Last Sunday's bullfight at Las Arenas was the first *corrida* of the season and Barcelona's aficionados turned out in force for the occasion. All six bulls supplied by Don Gabriel Gonzalez were magnificent specimens, strong, fierce and brave, but the matadors, Enrique Torres, Jaime Noain and Felix Rodriguez II did not do justice to them. As the local Spanish paper put it: «The best, were the bulls.»

The day was fine but windy, which made the work with the muleta a little uncertain. Torres' first bull was perhaps the most difficult of the afternoon but the matador did well with the cape and his second picador was the only one of the day to receive anything but violent hissing. Noain's award of one ear for his first was received with mixed feelings by the crowd. He had given a fine exhibition of both grace and courage with the muleta on one side of the arena, right up against the barrier, and it was noticeable that only those who had had the best view of those few and thrilling moments were in agreement with the President's decision.

Rodriguez II was a disappointment all through and his picadors did their best to ruin two perfectly good bulls. There was an exciting moment with his first when a banderillero was chased by the bull and reached the barrier only just in time. Torres made himself very unpopular with his second bull by an act of bravado which was not justified. He had earned unanimous applause and even music with some daring and beautiful veronicas, reboleras and an exquisite mariposa, he placed two pairs of banderillas himself and the crowd anticipated a satisfying display with the muleta. After dedicating his bull he strode to the centre of the ring and placed his hat in line with the president's box, thus indicating that his bull would be killed on that spot. This proved too difficult and an attempt at an estocada on the other side of the arena provoked such a protest from the crowd that the discomfited matador made a great effort to fulfil his bond. He failed miserably and a messy kill was received with derision by the critical spectators.





A Charming Visitor to Mallorca Miss Gertrude Lawrence

Stay a Little While with Us!

Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who is staying at the Villa Lusa, Formentor, is much enjoying her holiday. She was in Puerto Pollensa the other day, and we are all hoping to see her in Palma soon.



MARCH 18, 193

"MADAME"



Fashion Show

Thinking over the Spring collections, there seem to be fewer startling changes than one usually expects at this time of year.

Hats continue to be flattish crowned and worn at an angle over the right eye; large ones of the plain picturesque type will accompany the full ankle-length frocks.

In both day and evening gowns the tendency is towards high necks in front furnished with soft bows or

tie ends at the back of the neck. For night, there is the high neck, long sleeves and no back, the bodices being drawn over the bust from the neck to tie in a bustle effect at the back of the waist. Be sure you have a good back before indulging in this style.

The faintly Victorian effect around shoulders and neck still holds good. Metal stays are in favour for trimmings; one of the latest uses for them is in the gold tissue evening belts; they are finely pleated, and furnished with a large buckle of their own material, or in some cases by an elaborately jewelled clasp, very delightful on black dresses. Evening gowns are inclined to lift slightly in the front hem line, and tail off into a vague train at the back.

For day wear, the swagger thing to have is the threequarter length coat and tunic — not too becoming to the short figure. Skirts on the whole are a little longer; the waist line drops a little below normal in the modes shown by Lucien Lelong.

If you have a secret hankering after buttons, there's fun to be had with the new ones made of facetted mirror glass. They should be used in conjunction with plain ones. Light weight flannel shorts with shirts to match in all kinds of pastel shades are correct for beach wear; coloured linen pyjamas still adhere to the popular crossover backs for sunbathing. Sandals are gay and practical, but white ones will be rather more to the fore than they were last year.



For Foodful Thought

For beginnings, do try this — it's so good. You'll need a small tin or bottle of filleted anchovies; a lemon, an orange, some capers, Worcester Sauce or the Spanish equivalent which is called Salsa India, and is half the price, a few ripe tomatoes, or tinned ones can be used quite successfully, and a little Sherry.

Have ready as many medium sized wine or fruit glasses as you wish to serve.

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Peel the tomatoes, then slice them as thinly as possible, placing one slice in each glass. Put finely cut bits of lemon on top, add an anchovy or two, shake black pepper over it and cover with another slice of tomato. The next layer you can begin with pieces of orange and a sprinkling of capers or gherkin finely chopped. Keep on building up this mixture until the glasses are threequarters full. Pour half a tablespoonful of Worcester Sauce or Salsa India on each glass, and fill up with sherry.

This little dish must be prepared some hours before it is needed, and kept on the ice. Anchovy filled olives accompany it most happily.

My Lady's Garden

The freesias are now in bloom, and they are some of the most charming of the flowers that flourish in the open here. Besides the familiar cream coloured blooms, beautiful hybrids can now be had in all shades of yellow, mauve and pink.

Their cultivation, in this climate, is of the simplest. The corms should be planted in September, in a sunny situation in rather gritty soil. After that the only attention they need is to keep the surface soil from caking, and to give them plenty of water as they come into flower. Occasionally, they need the support of a few split bamboos bound with raffia.

Freesias can also be easily grown from seed, which should be sown in shade in June. Transplanted in September, they will bloom in March.



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LOOKING DOWN ON NEW YORK

(continued)

by Fritz Requardt

The American radio is truly something to marvel at. For seven dollars, or even possibly less, a machine can be bought at the drug store, taken home, plugged in on any current, and the Metropolitan Opera comes to you as clearly as if you were in the Opera House itself...This is no exageration whatsoever. The new instruments are so clear and free from static and the broadcasts so perfect that it seems almost a waste of time to go out for music. The European broadcasts are just as clear and the voices of Hitler, King George, Mussolini or Dolfus are almost as familiar in the American Home as Rudy Vallee's.

Broadway in the theatrical belt is enjoying prosperity such as it has not known since the big, bad days of '29 ... «As Thousands Cheer» is still packing them in with the negro star Ethel Waters clearly the hit of the piece. She sings one of the most perfect bits of propaganda ever heard...Under the caption «Mob lynches unidentified Negro» she sings of «No use in gettin' supper, mah man ain't comin' home»...It's a tear jerker but beautifully put across Another, under caption. «Josephine Baker still the toast of Paris» she does Josephine in a song «I've got Harlem on my mind»....«Roberta» is a swell musical with a song hit that would carry any show. «Smoke gets in your eyes» It will be in Palma, as well as all over the world, before long...The «Follies» reach, as one reviewer said, the lowest ebb of vulgarity but it's worth wading through some dirt to see Fanny Brice in a burlesque of «Sailor Beware»...(a play anent the battle for virtue of a lady in Panama against the American Fleet)...Willie Howard is also funny in the Follies singing «The Last Round-up» with a Jewish accent... Of the dramas «Ah Wilderness» «The Green Bay Tree» dramas. «Ah Wilderness», «The Green Bay Tree», «Mary of Scotland» and «Tobacco Road» are doing capacity business ... The Last, «Tobacco Road»



seems to be headed for the Pulitzer Prize, if that means anything... It is a Georgia Cracker play and Henry Hull is doing the best acting of his career in it... It is really as real as the actual soil strewn on the stage but it would hardly be a play for a very gay evening.

Books are easy matters in New York too...All the things that you have wanted to read always, including the best sellers of the season or so beiore, are in the drug stores for from twenty-five to seventy-five cents each...Such standard things as David Loth's «Lorenzo the Magnificent» for a dollar and beautifully bound at that. In fact, these «Drug» stores seem to be stocked to supply practically every need, saving possibly munitions of war, that mankind is heir to.

Yes, New York is undoubtedly on the up and up... She is doing things with the New Deal and the Blue Eagle... But she has lost nothing of her old charm and allure either... She is new but she has retained the best features of the old... The haze over Fifth avenue toward nightfall of a Winter's day; the jittering excitement of Broadway just before curtain time; the artyness of Washington Square and the Village and the old world placidity of Grammercy... they are still there and to those who loved her she will still be the same but she will also prove to her old and to her new lovers as well that there is certainly a lot of life left in the old gal.



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The City of the Plateau

An American author once called Madrid the «made-to-order-capital». The description is unhandy, but it fits almost as well as any other. The truth is that there is nothing distinctive about Madrid to serve as a label. When the train turns us footloose in Paris, London or Berlin we feel at our ease at once because we at once see the Eiffel Tower or Westminster Abbey or Unter den Linden or some familiar sight which we have already seen hundreds of times on the picture post-cards which friends and relatives have been sending us for years.

The only common denominator in Madrid sights which registers more or less with the universal intellect is the Prado Museum, but that after all has a slightly highbrow and aloof flavour. Those expert German film producers who would blanch with horror at the thought of running a film on America without first showing the Empire State Building and the Woolworth Building downside up and upside down, never think of introducing Spanish atmosphere by a few shots of Greco at his best or Goya feeling bestial or any other of those things which make the Prado one of the world's nicest picture galleries.

To the professional sightseer Madrid is a very small drop in a big bucket. A nimble-footed tourist can cover the former Royal Palace and the Prado in a long morning and after that Madrid just becomes the place one stays in while one does Toledo, Aranjuez and the grim Escorial. But to a strictly amateur traveller, to the loafer who is more interested in people than things, Madrid's charms spread far beyond the Prado Museum and the Palace which once was royal.

Don Juans of the Government Offices

Madrid is not a town; it is a capital. Like Washington or Canberra it is an admininistrative centre where hives of civil servants deal with multitudinous printed forms in ministerial offices or in quaint administrations with strange names and known as the ABC or the XYZ or what you will. Madrid without its civil servants would be a more or less humble Castillian village, as indeed it was until Philip II made it «the only Corte» and promptly started to build the Escorial so that he wouldn't need to live in Madrid.

London has a time-worn, and time-expired, joke about her civil servants being like the Trafalgar Square fountains because both «play» from ten to four. But everybody knows that British civil servants are models of behaviour and appear to live almost immaculate private lives. This is even more accentuated in Germany where temperamental girls have been known to face death or dishonor rather than marry a Beamter. Whereas your Madrid civil Bervant is still a worthy descendant of Don Juan. He claps on a dark felt hat at a rakish angle, swings the folder of the folds of a dark conspirator's cloak around his neck and strides down the street looking every pretty girl, and some who are not so pretty, straight the eyes and breathing softly «Guapa! Guapa!.» How could a capital like this be dull?

Catholics and Socialists

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Then if you want to sniff politics you can peek into the Congress Building and watch the fathers of the nation in solemn or noisy deliberation according to whether the matter discussed is important or not. But Congress is too full of pork - barrel politics to have much vitality. Those who take their politics neat had better go to one of two places, the Casa del Pueblo, the headquarters of Madrid's labor unions, or to the building of El Debate, the Catholic newspaper whose extensive premises house Popular Action, the powerful Catholic Party. Both buildings teem with activity. Catholic Spain thinks of its great history and works with a mighty will to try and save something from the wreck of the Monarchy and if possible to lay new foundations. The Casa del Pueblo is a labyrinth of long dark, dismal passage-ways lined with doors on which are printed titles such as «Federación de Artes Gráficas,» «Unión de Albañiles.» The pretty little typists wear red sweaters. The waiter in the café tiled wilh azulejos says «Gracias compañero,» when you pay. A cup of proletarian coffee costs forty centimos

Citizens at Play

Or the non-professional tourist can contrast Casablanca, where a middle-class slakes its belated thirst for super-luxury in cabaret entertainment, with Eden Concert where the little dancers are often cold and hungry and where sly gestures and flexible hips bring most applause---and where King Jazz has still not pentrated. He can drift out to Cuatro Caminos and eat mutton chops, grilled before his eyes, with his fingers, as everyone else does around him, and then put that against the roast sucking pig daintily eaten in Casa Botin or the elaborate courtesies of mine host of the Meson Segoviano.

There is the Retiro Park where all is sky and sun aud the «niños bien» whisper inanities to simpering maidens or the white and red of the crowds who pack the «Casa de Campo» on a feast day and sing the «Internationale» with great gusto. There is the Casa Telefonica, eighteen stories of it, «Spain's Gibraltar of the Gran Via» the Socialist calls it. The Capitol building has a fine bold conception and is worthy of better use than service flats and salons de té.

Madrid is a cocktail of Spain's various regional trends with a strong dash of Berlin influence thrown in. It is not a showy mixture but the bitter-sweet taste remains long after the conventional flavour of more renowned centres has faded.



BONFIRE FIESTA

Of the three big Spanish fiestas, Semana Santa in Sevilla, the fiestas del Pilar in Zaragoza and the Fallas in Valencia, the latter is perhaps the least known outside Spain. Not so much touristic propag-anda has been made for it, and yet, it is perhaps the most original, and full of popular humour. The whole town works on its organization, each little street putting up its own falla, and then in that week from March 12th to 19th Valencia enjoys the products of her citizens wit and craftsmanship. The strangers who in thousands make a pilgrimage to the Ciudaa Fallera are, however, not a mixed crowd of foreigners lured to the Levantine capital by the noisy posters of the tourist agencies, they are not the same people who visit Oberammergau for the Passion Play and Nice for the Carnival. Very few foreigners find their way to Valencia compared with the number that go to those other places. Almost all the visitors are people from around Valencia, peasants, fishermen and orange growers, who enlarge the number of the inhabitants of Valencia by another 100.000 during the great week.

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Fallas and Llibrets

The Fallas is a fiesta which is made up of a large number of, one can almost say, private parties. The people who live in the same street form more or less a society, a kind of a club with a committee at the head, which represents the inhabitants of the street and is in charge of the organisation of the fiesta. A design for the *falla* must be ordered from an artist, it must be executed and financed. Ideas for the fallas must be approved or rejected and an explanation of the *falla* which is actually carried out must be given in the form of a popular poem which is printed in a booklet called «Ilibret». This explanation is necessary the idea on as which most *fallas* are based, is very often of a private nature and not known except to the people who inhabit the particular street. Some in-cident which happened during the year, some characterisation of a personage who lives in the street, representations of quarrels and comic events, things like that are given an artistic shape and are executed in wood and cardboard, wire and plaster to be put in the middle of the street on the opening day, la nit de planta, and to be burnt on the night of San José, la nit de crema, when Valencia is just one big bonfire. The typical feature of all these fallas is the satirical idea at the back of each of these works of art. It is actually a condition, that they must be funny and have a certain sharp hum-our. One refers to the latest bank-robbery, another to the latest fashions for women, others refer to the political situation either in Valencia itself, or in Spain or even to International problems. The town nominates a commission consisting of artists, writers and members of the town council who judge the *fallas* as to their artistic merits, and prizes are given to the best. One is almost sorry, when on the 19th all these creations of popular wit and art are burnt, but the spectacle of all those bonfires is so magnificent that it is a consolation, and without them the Valencianos would lose much pleasure.

Beauty Queens

Apart from the actual *fallas* which naturally are of central interest in the fiesta, there are a number of other typical events and attractions. There is the election of the *falleras* one for each *falla*, among whom the *fallera mayor*, the beauty queen of the fiesta, is elected. Then there are the *buñolerias*, where doughnuts are cooked in oil by the pretty *buñoleras*, before your eyes and fished out of the steaming pot with a kind of a net. Music is everywhere. As in the *Fiestas Mayores* in Barcelona, each street has its own band, the members of which try to do their best with varying success. However, they very often succeed in playing louder than those of the adjoining street. The musical programmes of the bands comprise everything in the way of music that has ever been witten: Beethoven and Wagner, popular Spanish tunes and jazz music, and some band or other even tries to give musical expression to the *llibret* of the particular street. There are also fireworks, so that the necessary amount of noise for a popular fiesta is guaranteed.

How it all Began

The origin of the Fallas seems to date back 10 the 17th century. Then the apprentices of the Valencian carpenters had the custom of burning all the waste that had accumulated in the shop during the winter. Soon afterwards the bonfires were given a humoristic and satirical touch by painting or carving the waste wood, while again later the bits of wood were turned into dolls and thus transformed into real artistic creations. In the year 1851 the mayor of Valencia published for the first time regulations for the fallas and from that time on a licence for the erection of each falla is required by the town authorities .. The poet José Bernat y Baldovi was the first to publish a llibret in 1855 which until then had not been so necessary as the fallas had been almost exclusively erected for the inhabitants of one particular street, while, from then on strangers were attracted by the singular beauty of the fiesta and not understanding the point of the joke in many fallas, were given the corresponding explanations in the llibret. From then on almost every falla had its *llibret*. They are written by poets now, except very few. That's why they have lost a lot of their original popular and a little coarse tone. Before, they used to be written by any in habitant of the street who had never written poetry before, but knew exactly what the point was and expressed it in his everyday language which was not always suitable for drawing rooms. Also the fallas themselves are not quite what they used to be. They certainly are very elaborate now and de-signed by the best artists, but they lack that coarse wit which made them are but wit which made them so particularly funny in by gone times.

Tomorrow is bonfire night in Valencia. If you cannot go, watch the sky in that direction. Perhaps you will see the reflections from the fires.

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The New Barcelona Films

On Fhursday a picture is coming to Barcelona which can hardly be described with just the word «movie». If the word «epic» had not been so overused in describing films, it might serve as a good description in this instance, because it would do justice to the stark realism of *Life Begins* which gives a glimpse of the course of all human life and drama. There is a spark of something in the film which, for want of better words, one might call sincerity, which makes one feel that the picture was not acted but actually lived.

Life Begins is a daring film, as far as its theme goes, but handled with such honest, beautiful taste as to make it one of the greatest vitally human pictures that the screen has yet given us. The action of the entire picture takes place in the maternity ward of a large hospital where several women are waiting to give birth to their babies. One of these women has been temporarily released from prison tor this purpose. After her baby is born, she is supposed to go back to serve a term of twenty years to life for murder. Another woman is a play girl, whose twins are unwanted «accidents». A Greenwich village unmarried «intellectual», a poor Italian woman, and several other wives of varied walks and circumstances of life mingle in the ward, bound together by their one bond of common sympathy and interest - Motherhood.

The husband's side of this phase of life is also given sympathetic treatment; and to make the picture grippingly real and complete, the work of the doctors and nurses in the maternity ward makes the picture one of unbounded interest to every man, woman and child. And by child, we mean just that. Despite its intimate theme, it is not a "forbidden" picture, not one of those so called scientific films with doctor's certificates that draw large crowds to the Paralelo cinemas. It offers entertainment in great measure, but at the same time, it is a lesson in life that one can never forget.

Life Begins comes to the screen of the Femina. It was produced by James Flood and Elliot Nugent for Warner Bros., and the cast includes Loretta Young, Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon, Preston Foster, Glenda Farrell and Vivienne Osborne.

The Invisible Man

An Exclusive Interview

I had telephoned to the Invisible Man on the evening before, just after he had finished his work on the screen of the Tivoli. His voice sounded a little nervous, like that of a man who has escaped the chain gang a short time ago and has not yet got used to looking into policemen's eyes without flinching. Suddenly he gave a little cry. «What's the matter?» «It's allright, somebody came into the telephone box and bumped into me. You get used to that when you are invisible». Then we made our date on the Colon terrace for a cocktail.

I was there punctually long before the arranged time waiting suddenly to hear a strange voice come out of nowhere saying «Hallo». I had given him a rough description of my exterior and he had told me I could not miss him as he would almost certainly be the only invisible man there. So I kept a good look-out for invisible men, but got rather uneasy as the time of our rendezvous was already well passed. Suddenly there was the voice I had heard over the telephone. «I am so sorry to be late, but I helped an old lady into a taxi; she had stuck her umbrella into my back while opening it. The effect of my outcry was that she fainted and I picked her up and got her a taxi. Well, I am glad to meet you». I felt silly, I must admit, sitting there by myself and having to speak into the empty air beside me and getting answers from the same place. The people who sat at the adjoining tables got sort of nervous, clapped their hands for the waiter, paid and left the terrace hurriedly. Soon we were almost by ourselves and could talk freely.

«How do you like Barcelona?» was my first question. «You see,» the voice said, «I have not seen much of it. I am almost all the day at the movie theatre and don't get up very early in the mornings because I get to bed so late. But what I have seen of the town struck me as very modern and metropolitan. Also the people seem to be very nice, and what is more important for me, very civil. You see, I absolutely cannot avoid being knocked into by people in the street. In many places I found most of them got furious or at least annoyed. But here all the victims of my invisibility are extremely polite when I tread on their feet. They take off their hats and make their excuses even though they don't see me. As regards the women, they don't even look round. I may knock into them twenty times running, they still go on staring straight ahead without taking any notice of me at all. They seem to be made of different material from the men here».

«Do you think Barcelona is an expensive town?»

«I really cannot answer that question. You cannot go by what I spend in a place. I hardly ever pay for tram rides or theatre tickets or sandwiches at the counter of a bar. I just take them. I know I should not, but I must have some advantages over other people who are visible. All that people tell about my smashing railway trains and committing murders, is of course nonsense. The cinema people made that up to make the story more exciting. I am really quite harmless. Except for a little of what is commonly called «pinching» I am an ordinary *bourgeois* with no gangster ambitions.»

«How are you getting on with your experiment to recover your visibility?»

«I think there is little doing in that way. I need a drug for it which does not seem to exist on the earth. I shall probably have to wait until Dr. Piccard actually gets to the moon. He promised he would bring back some of the drug, if he sees any lying around. But, really, I don't mind being invisible, it is quite fun and I make a good living from it. The only trouble is that my two children have to suffer a lot from it. They are half visible and that *is* awkward One of them is very good at tennis, because all his upper half is invisible and so his opponent cannot see what sort of stroke he is going to make. I don't think, however, they'll let him play in the Davis Cup team. His partial invisibility seems to be against the rules. The girl is more fortunate. Her lower half is invisible so that one can't see the ungraceful shape of her legs.»

one can't see the ungraceful shape of her legs.» Here ended the interview. The Invisible Man had to go. He had an appointment with Mr. Darling who wanted to speak to him about old times in Shanghai.



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MARCH 18, 1934

What to Do and Where to Go in Barcelona

Theatres

ROMEA-Alas en la Aldea.

COMICO-La camisa de la Pompadour.

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NUEVO-El Amo del Lagar.

BARCELONA—Mademoiselle.

VICTORIA—La Embajada en Peligro.

- NOVEDADES-Luis Calvo Company with Marcos Redondo.
- APOLO-Variety Show with Horace Goldin, illusionist.

GRAN TEATRE ESPANYOL-Review «Les Filles de France».

CIRCO BARCELONÉS-Variety Show.

Cinemas

COLISEUM -- Madison Square Garden and Evenings For Sale (both in English).

URQUINAONA-Hell Below (English).

FANTASIO--Caprice de Princesse (French).

FEMINA-Un Fils d'Amérique (French), Thursday: Life Begins (English).

- TIVOLI The Invisible Man (English), tomorrow: Scandal in Budapest (German).
- CAPITOL-Hoop-la and Charlie Chan's Greatest Case (both in English), Friday: Au Nom de de la Loi (French).
- CATALUÑA—The Life of Jimmy Dolan and The Mind Reader (both in English), tomorrow: La Hermana Blanca (The White Sister doubled in Spanish).
- KURSAAL-Der Schwarze Husar (German) and Coup de Feu a l'Aube. (French) tomorrow: Une Femme Au Volant and Madame Ne Veut Pas d'Enfant (both in French).

METROPOL-Walls of Gold (English).

- PATHE PALACE Une Merveilleuse Journée (French), tomorrow: Liebelei (German) and The Keyhole (English).
- EXCELSIOR—Same programme as Pathé Palace.
- PARIS-The Big Broadcast and A Farewell To Arms (both in English).

IMTIM-Parlor, Bedroom and Bath and Champ (both in English).

RAMBLAS-A Farewell to Arms (English).

AVENIDA-The Song of Songs (English).

ACTUALIDADES-News reels and reportages. PUBLI - News reels and reportages.

PENSION MARIA CLARIS, 24, PRAL. BARCELONA FULL PENSION FROM 9 PTAS. LUNCH 2'75 DINNER 2'25

Amusements

Football - This afternoon at Las Corts: F.C. Barcelona vs. Constancia (Inca).

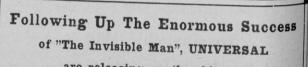
Bullfights - This afternoon at 4, Monumental bullring, six *novillos* of Justo Puente for Jaime Pericas and Curro Caro (mano a mano) To morrow (Monday) afternoon at 4, Monumental bullring, six novillos of Esteban Her-nandez for Jaime Pericas, Curro Caro and Ramon de la Serna.

Juanito el Dorado and Casa Manquet-Saturday nights: Flamenco singing (cante jondo) and dancing.

Fronton Novedades-The Spanish Ball Game pe*lota vasca* or *jai alai (pala* variety played with a bat), daily at 4:15 and 10:15p. m.

Franziska Gaal, A New Face On The Screen

She is a young Hungarian girl, this Franziska Gaal, who in such an amazingly short time has conquered the hearts of the cinema fans. Her first picture was Paprika. You will remember the way in which she sang the *Czardas*, the simple, tender lovesong in that picture. Then came *Veronika*. Now her third picture is coming here. Universal are re-leasing it at the Tivoli tomorrow: *Scandal in Buda*pest. The picture has been shot in Franziska's native country—Hungary, where she is quite in her ele-ment and can, in her own *milieu*, develop her full power of expression. Her partner is Paul Hoerbiger with whom she has been featured before. They suit each other perfectly. He a little helpless and hesitating, but manly all the same despite his passive character; and she so active, so full of youthful fun. Scandal in Budapest was directed by the Hungarian director Geza von Bolvary and the charming music was written by Nikolaus Brodszky.



are releasing another big hit

SCANDAL IN BUDAPEST

(With Franziska Gaal & Paul Hoerbiger)

At the TIVOLI tomorrow

Books

ANGLO-AMERICAN LENDING LIBRARY, modern books at small rental. Mondays, Wednesdays. Fridays, Saturdays 11-1. Tuesdays and Thursdays 6-30-7-30. Fonta-nella 10, 2.°, 1°. Side entrance International Banking Cor-

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About Barcelona

Mrs. Geraldine Braddock Rice sailed for the United States on the *Magallanes* after a ten month visit in Spain. Before her departure she was entertained at parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Cross, and Mr. and Mrs. Braddock. A number of her friends were at the boat to see her off.

The handicap against Bogey held at the San Cugat Golf Club last Sunday was won by Mr. James Woodburn with the score of 2 up.

The Hon. and Mrs. Noel Gervase Bligh have been staying with Mr. Meade for some time and have now left for Paris. Mr. Bligh is the brother of the Earl of Darnley and Mrs. Bligh is Mr. John Munroe's mother.

Miss Mary Jane Gold has returned from her winter sports trip to Switzerland.

Mr. Dyrlund is leaving Barcelona on the 23rd to spend a well earned month's holiday in Northern Europe. He has now quite recovered from his operation which cancelled his long awaited Christmas vacation.

The wedding of Mr. James Chesney and Miss Thekla Nielsen took place at St. George's Church on Wednesday last. Before the Church ceremony they were civilly married at the British Consulate. Both the bride's and the bridegroom's family were present.

Lord Islington is now well enough again to leave the British Hospital for his country seat at Palamos.

Matron Wilkes of the British Hospital is going to England on a two months holiday. On her return she expects to bring out to Barcelona another Engish nurse.

Mrs. Mary Taylor held a lecture on painting at the London Club yesterday.

Next Sunday, Palm Sunday, the choir will sing Stainer's *Crucifixion* at the service in St. George's Church. The collection will be in aid of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.

Mr. Piet Meyer has returned to Barcelona from an extensive holiday in Switzerland and Austria.

Since Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer moved into their new office building, the most modern and attractive in town, built by the Architect Rubio i Tuduri, their old premises have been standing unoccupied, but have now been taken by Hispano American Films S.A. (Universal) who moved to their new address (Mallorca 220) on Friday.

Max Schmeling who is going to fight against Paolino Uzcudun on April 8th, arrived in Barcelona on Thursday and was received by a large number of German residents headed by the German Consul, and many boxing fans. After paying a short visit to the President of Cataluña, Schmeling went on to Sitges, where he has put up his training camp.

President Macia's Tomb Outraged

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The most brutal and insane outrage has been committed by three supposed anarchists who, on Tuesday night set fire to the grave of Macia who was once the first president of Cataluña. Between 8:45 and 9 p.m. the watchmen of the New Cemetery noticed a fire in the direction of the grave and, when they approached, saw three men running away, while the flowers and wreaths which had been deposited on the grave by Catalan patriots were burning without any hope of saving them. Petrol had been poured on them which together with the inflammable substance of dead flowers and leaves and the woodwork of a kind of railing against which they lent, turned the grave into a huge bonfire. Several shots were exchanged



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PALACE HOTEL Barcelona MODERN COMFORT MODERATE PRICES OMNIBUS AT EVERY STEAMER

Madrid Report Actors visit Movies in Small Hours

The sight of burly policemen in blue, weighed down with rifle and ammunition, playing the role of newsboys when the regular newsvendors refused to deliver the ponderous Official Gazette to subscribers, has been one of the minor humoristic notes in a week of strikes and rumours of strikes. The absence of newspapers really caused less trouble than might have been expected because Madrileños are in any case used to receiving by word of mouth whether it be under the bored eyes of gold-fish in the Aquarium Café or merely in the gatherings in the Puerta del Sol where the humbler tertulias gather on the pavements in solemn conclave. And such news generally has a snappy savour which the printed word lacks. But if Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan could have seen the poor boys in blue plodding perspiring round Madrid with great bundles of newspapers under their arms, they would have confirmed their oft-repeated assertion about the policeman's lot being not a happy one.

Strikes have not hindered Spanish Rotarians from holding out a big hand of welcome to Mr. Nelson, President of the Rotary International, who with Mrs. Nelson is down on a trip. He was feted in Madrid and also taken out to Toledo, where a banquet was likewise organized. Mr. Nelson is to tour the South of Spain and Morocco before coming north again to attend a Rotary Convention to be held in April in San Sebastián.

Spanish actors do not kick at their working hours which average fourteen or fifteen hours daily, seven days per week, but they do object to the fact that those of them who are fortunate enough to be rarely out of jobs do not get any chance to go to the movies. The Callao Cinema is organizing a series of shows by which the hits of the year will be shown commencing at two o'clock in the morning and to which only members of the Actors' Federation will be admitted. The organizers feel that actors these days must keep in touch with the trend of the screen.

The British colony has lost one of its most respected members by the death of Mr. Arthur



Jackson, former Consul and Secretary-Archivist in the British Embassy from 1899-1918 and partner in the firm of Jackson and Philips. Very many British and Spanish friends attended the funeral at the British Cemetery. Mr. Jackson leaves two sons and one daughter.

Modern inventions can have their drawbacks. A British engineer sitting in the hall of a Seville hotel on Sunday heard the news broadcast by the British Broadcasting Corporation to the effect that a revolutionary general strike had been declared in all Spain. Instead of leaving by train that night, he decided to stay safely in his hotel despite the assurances of Spanish friends that there was no truth in the report, and he continued his trip-rather shamefacedly next day on finding out that his friends were right after all.





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The Majorca Sun and

The Spanish Times

First English Newspaper in Spain Published every Sunday by Robert M. Gavett, David Loth and Helen J. Wilcox.

Editor: Geoffrey Holdsworth.

Contributing Editor: Gwen R. Walker. Barcelona Representative: U. C. A. Krebs. Palma Office: Calle Montenegro 8. Tel. 2464. Barcelona: Rambla Cataluña, 66-4.º, Letra F.

Tel. 79140.

London: 205-206 High Holborn, W. C. I. Subscription Rates: Anywhere in Spain, Portugal, the United States or Gibraltar, 10 pesetas a year, 5 pesetas for síx months. Elsewhere 15 pesetas a year, 7.50 for six months. Printed in Palma by Fernando Soler Queralt.

CASA MALONDRA Jaime II, 78 Typewriters :: Repairs :: Accessories "VIDRIERIAS GORDIOLA" MANUFACTURER OF NATIVE GLASSWARE. 12, Calle Victoria Photographic **Paints and Art** Materials Supplies PL. STA. EULALIA, 2 TELEPHONE 2461 LAUNDRY AND **DRY CLEANERS Delivery Service** Only at: Espartero, 9 Santa Catalina TEL. 1111 MIRO PHARMACY AND LABORATORY CALLE COLÓN, 18 MAKES UP PRESCRIPTIONS ACCORDING TO THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PHARMACOPOEIA

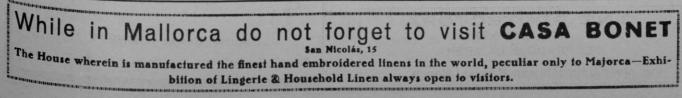
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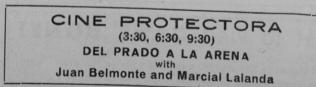
- Cinemas: Reviews of the more important of these pictures are published in the Barcelona section of this paper at the time of their arrival in Barcelona, usually a week or so before their showing in Palma.
 - PROTECTORA-(3:30, 6:30, 9:30) Today, DEL PRADO A LA ARENA, a bullfight picture with Juan Belmonte and Marcial Lalanda. This week, Boris Karloff in EL CASERON DE LAS SOMBRAS.
 - PRINCIPAL Today, EL RELICARIO, (in Spanish.) Monday, THE NIBELUNGS and GOL-DEN DREAM with Lilian Harvey and

Henry Garat.

- BALEAR-(Daily from 3 p.m.) EL RELI-CARIO, (in Spanish.)
- RN To-day, THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP with Charles Laughton, Talullah Bankhead and Gary Cooper (in Spanish.) Thursday, CATHERINE THE GREAT, BORN with Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks jr.
- LIRICO To-day, EL DIVINO IMPA-CIENTE.
- MODERNO—(Daily from 3:30) GREATEST LOVE with Dickie Moore. Also A LA SOMBRA DE LOS MUELLES, with Claudette Colbert, Ben Lion and Ernest Torrence, (in Spanish.)
- RIALTO (Daily from 3:30) To-day, EL COFRE MISTERIOSO, with Warner Oland (in Spanish).
- Dancing: MORISCO.—Dancing every night. TURKEY BAR.—Dancing indoors.
- Miscellaneous: BRIDGE CLUB .- At the Bellver, afternoon and evening.
 - HORSERACING .- Today at 1 p.m. at the Hipodromo.
 - TROCADERO, International Language Club, Tuesday, 5. p.m. Lyrical Poetry recited by Anna Greta Thormann.
 - LECTURE, The Life of Ramon Lull by Mrs. Isla Knowles, today at 6 p.m. in the MA-LLORCA JUNIOR CLUB, Terreno. Piano Recital by Mas Porcel.
 - CAVES OF DRACH .- Concert on Lake Martel every Monday, Wednesday and Sunday during visit to Caves, which begins at 11.30 a.m. CAVES OF ARTA.-Weekly Excursions.

Mallorca Society of Arts

Today at 6 p.m. in the Junior Club, Terreno, Mrs. I. Knowles is lecturing on Ramon Lull. The lecture will be preceded by tea at 5 and a piano recital by Mas Porcel.



Portraits at the Costa

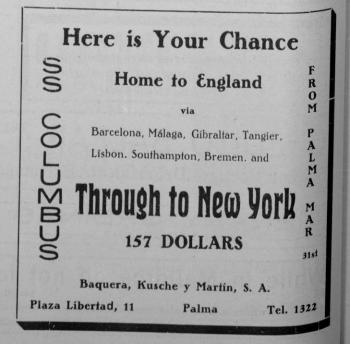
The widow of Pablo A. De Bejar is exhibiting her husband's pictures at the Galerias Costa until the end of the month. The artist, a Spaniard, bom in Madrid, spent most of his life in London where he was well established as a portrait painter. His works should, therefore, be of especial interest to English visitors as there are several copies of paintings from English Art Galleries, notably Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons and the Holbein Duchess of Milan. De Bejar has translated these oil paintings in pastelle. With five exceptions all the works in the exhibition are in this medium, of which the charac-terful portrait of Doña Isabelle de Bourbon is an exceptionally fine example. The more traditional portrait of his wife and daughters, though portraying Latin charm, has undoubtedly been influenced by the English school. That of his son, an oil painting this time, suggests Manet in choice of colour. The other large oil portrait of his wife has a Sargen-tesque touch. Two studies of Gitanas (No. 13 in pastelle, No. 15 in oil) are the type of picture that will attract the collector while the souvenir hunter will find delightful landscapes.

We regret that the Galerias Costa had not more room for the exhibition of this versatile painter who died during the war.

Concert for a Good Cause

Mrs. George Bowden's Benefit Concert for the Distressed Americans Fund last Thursday was an outstanding and well merited success. The large and enthusiastic audience was both representative and International; the French Consulate was represented and many distinguished members of the foreign colony as well as Mallorquin society were present.

The Programme was both varied and satisfying, all those contributing to it being artists of the first order. Mrs. Bowden's singing was a delight and her articulation especially worthy of mention. The last group of Scottish Folk Songs for voice and trio, arranged by Haydn, with Mrs. Bowden; Sr. Pomar, cello; Albert Leimer, violin and Else Kusterko, piano, was perhaps the most popular section of the evening. The Pomar-Segura Trio helped to make this concert a memorable occasion for all those fortunate enough to be present.



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Regular Passenger Lines From Palma

- Henderson Line: Agents: Agencia Schembri, Ave-nida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.
 - March 22-YOMA, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.
 - March 30—AMARAPOORA, from Liverpool and Gibraltar for Marseilles and the East
 - April 5-PEGU, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom. April 13-SAGAING, from Liverpool and Gi-
 - braltar for Marseilles and the East.
- Orient Line: Agents: Gabriel Mulet e Hijos, Avenida Antonio Maura, 62. Tel. 1717.
 - April 7–OTRANTO, from London and Gibraltar for Toulon Naples and Australia. April 21, ORFORD, from the Far East, Naples
 - and Toulon for Gibraltar and London.
- Union-Castle Line: Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417. March 28—LLANDAFF CASTLE, from London
 - and Gibraltar for Marseilles and East Africa. April 18–DURHAM CASTLE, from East Africa and Marseilles for Gibraltar and London.
- American Export Lines: Agents: Agencia Schem-bri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417. March 23—EXCALIBUR from Genoa and Marseilles for Malaga, Boston and New York.
 - March 30-EXCAMBION from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean
 - April 6-EXETER, from Genoa and Marseilles
 - for Malaga. Boston and New York. April 12-EXOCHORDA, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean.
- German African Line: Agents: Baquera, Kusche y Martín, S. A., Plaza Libertad (Borne). Tel. 1322. March 29, UBENA, from Genoa and Marseilles tor Southampton and Hamburg.
 - April 7-USARAMO, from Hamburg and Southampton tor Genoa and East Africa.

Cruise Liners:

- March 19, DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, arrives 1 p.m. leaves 8 p.m. for a Mediterranean Cruise.
- March 31—COLUMBUS, for Barcelona, Mála-ga, Southampton and Bremen.
- April 4-LAURENTIC, arrives 8 a.m. leaves 8 p.m. for Ceuta.
- April 6-DORIC, arrives 8 a.m. leaves 8 p.m. for Barcelona.



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Mail Connections for U. S. A.

The fastest possible mail service from Palma to the United States for the coming week will be provided by the transatlantic ships listed below. The name of the liner and the port from which she sails should be included in the address of all letters and parcels to insure their going by this route.

Sunday March 18th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 1:30 p.m. for the OLYMPIC, Cherbourg, due in New York March 27th.

Wednesday March 21st, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8 p.m. for the BREMEN, Cherbourg, due in New York March 29th.

Sunday March 25th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 1:30 p.m. for the PARIS, Havre, and the BERENGARIA, Cherbourg, both due in New York April 3rd.

Every day except Sunday, mail marked for these ships (or for any others, or for the mainland) can be posted at the gangplank of the Barcelona boat up to the moment of sailing at 9 p.m. On Sundays this is impossible since mail leaves Palma for Barcelona by way of Alcudia.

Island and Mainland Services

- Palma-Barcelona: Every day save Sunday. Lv. 9 p.m. Ar. next day 7 a.m.
- Palma-Menorca: Lv. Tuesday 7 p.m. Ar. Ciudadela next day 7 a.m. Lv. Thursday 8 p.m. Ar. Mahon next day 7 a.m. Return from Ciudadela Monday 7 p.m. and Mahon Friday 8 p.m.
- Palma-Ibiza: Lv. Wednesday and Friday noon. Ar. 6 p.m. same day. Return Friday 8 a.m. and Sunday midnight.
- Barcelona-Ibiza: Lv. Monday 6 p.m. Ar. Tuesday 4.30 a.m. Return Tuesday, 5 p.m. Ar. Wednesday 5 a.m.
- Palma-Cabrera: Lv, Tuesday and Friday 7 a.m., return same day 2 p.m.
- Palma-Marseilles: Lv. Wednesday 10 a.m. Ar Thursday 9 a.m.
- Palma-Algiers: Lv. Saturday 6 p.m. Ar. Sunday 6 a.m.
- Palma-Valencia: Lv. Wednesday noon and Sunday 8 p.m. Ar. next day 7 a.m.
- Palma-Alicante: Lv. Friday noon. Ar. Saturday 7 a.m.

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

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THE MAJORCA SUN AND SPANISH TIMES

MARCH 18, 193

Information About Palma

Tramways

Trams run to Cas Catala every twenty minutes, at the hour, twenty minutes past, and forty past from Hotel Alhambra. To Genova, trams depart from Hotel Alhambra at 8.35, 9.40, 11.0, 12.10, 1.25, 3.00, 4.25, 5.40, 7.15, 8.55. From Genova to Palma trams depart at 9.00, 10.15, 11.35, 1.10, 3.40, 4.55, 6.35, 8.00, 9.25.

Electric Railway to Soller

Palma Soller	7.00	9.30	NOON 12.00 1.07	3.00	7 30	
Soller Palma	5.45	8.15	A.M. 10.45 11.50	1.30	6.15	

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

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Palma	8.00	8.25	1.45		6.30
Inca	8.45	9.39	3.00		7.20
Manacor	9.38			4.15	1.20
Arta	10.23			5.05	
		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Arta				4.00	
Manacor				5.15	
Inca	8.42	11.30	12.49	5.00	6.19
Palma	9.25	12.30	2.03	6.10	7.12
Train	s also	run to	Felanit	x and	Santany.

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

Monday, Caves of Drach and Hams. Also Valdemosa Deya Soller.

Tuesday, Pollensa Formentor.

Wednesday, Caves of Drach and Hams. Thursday, Valldemosa Deya Soller. Also Bañabufar Estallenchs.

Friday, Pollensa Formentor.

Saturday, Caves of Arta, Cala Ratjada. Sunday, Valldemosa Deya Soller.

Price of return fare for every excursion except Arta, which is 13 ptas., 11 ptas.

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

Where to Go in Palma

The Cathedral

Ayuntamiento Palace

The Lonja

Bellver Castle

Cloisters of San Francisco

Arab Baths

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

Police Station Calle Union. Tel. 1,945 Credito Balear Calle de Palacio 67 Tel. 1,300 Lawn Tennis Club, San Alegre. Tel. 2,210 For Cinemas, etc. see Page 14 For Steamers see Page 15



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MARCH 18. 1934

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They Say in Pollensa

The Port was all tennis conscious last week when the first Tennis Tournament of the season took place, arranged by Mr. Fritz Lyons. Twentysix persons signed up for the Mixed and Men's Doubles which were played off over the week-end on the Miramar court and brought out, not only the active colony, but an appreciative gallery as well. The winners of the Mixed Doubles were Miss Simms and Sr. Iuan Segui, of the Men's Doubles, Captain Bodell and Captain Clark. The runners up for the Mixed Doubles were Mrs. Marsland and Captain Bodell, and for the Men's Doubles Mr. Aitchison and Sr. Segui. So much enthusiasm was aroused that serious plans are now in order for a regular tennis club.

Casa Pino is now being occupied by Mr. Charles Forest and Mr. Singleton who will remain here until the end of April. They are both enjoying the island; Mr. Singleton doing all the walks and oc-casional golf at Alcudia; Mr. Forest doing all the bars and occasional visits to Palma.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Rose gave a cocktail party last week. Amongst those cocktailed were Captain and Mrs. Tatton, Mr. and Mrs. Duane, Mr. Forest, Mr. Singleton, Col. and Mrs. Masters, Sr. Juan Servi Mr. Eric Liller and Mise Westen Segui, Mr. Eric Hiller and Miss Weston.

OUTWARD SCHEDULE

HOMEWARD SCHEDULE

Call Gibraltar

Mar. 28

Apr. 12

Call Gibraltar

Mar. 24

Apr. 7

Lv. Liverpool

Mar. 23

Apr. 6

Call Palma

Mar. 22

Apr. 5

Used cars of all makes and types

Mr. and Mrs. Marsland left last week for Eng-land. Too bad! They will be greatly missed, especially amongst the tennis fans.

Hotels are full. This week at the Miramar are listed: Messrs. E. & H. Martin, Mr. L. Admas, Mr. K. Fitz-Henry, Mr. E. Paterson, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Rostron, Mme. Louise and Sr. and Sra. E. de Manuel.

At the Mar i cel are Col. and Mr. Hey, Col. and Mrs. Masters, Mrs. and Miss Lonsdale, Miss Simms, Mr. and Mrs. Laan, Herr Toft, and Mr. and Mrs. Rawling and two daughters.

E. G. L.



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Pegu

Amarapoora

THE MAJORCA SUN AND SPANISH TIMES

MARCH 18, 1934



OF PERSONAL INTEREST

A letter from Roderick Meade who is now in Paris states that at last all difficulties have been smoothed out and his wedding to Miss Jarvis Kerr will take place on Tuesday March

the twentieth. Upon his arrival in Paris Mr. Meade found a bevy of reporters waiting for him. They expected a tale full of the horrors of Spanish jails, but were disappointed. He told them that he had been rather cold while awaiting his pardon, but that he had nothing but pleasant memories of Mallor-ca and sincerely hoped to return.

Mrs. Sidney Jackson returned to the Island yes-terday. She has been spending two weeks with the Clinton Lockwoods in Rome, and reports that the prices in Italy still make Mallorca look immensely attractive. Mr. Walton Blodgett has been with them, but has now left for Paris where he will attend Mr. Meade's wedding.

The daughter of Mrs. Florence Marmon was married on the 16th of March in the United States to Prince Mdvani. The bride has a dot of three million dollars.

Victor, after a meteoric career behind the bar at Tito's, has been unable to obtain permission to work as a salaried employé. So he has taken over the Bar Boliche, opposite the Lonja, in partnership with Senor Leté. The bar is a jolly little place,



amusingly decorated. While Victor is manipulating the shaker, Leté plays the pia-no, and odd guests occasionally twang the guitar. The prices are really stag-



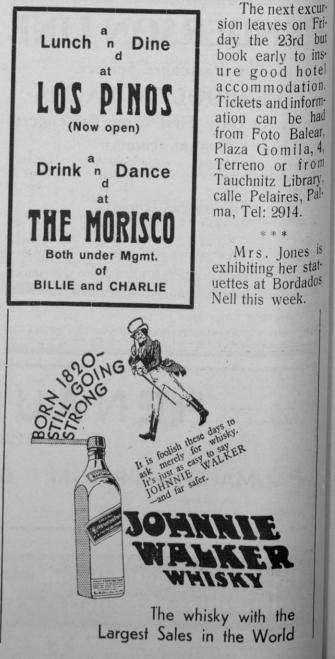
gering. At least four dif-ferent kinds of cocktail—and made with real Gordon's Gin-can be obtained for 75 centimos each.

Mrs. Grant, the charming blonde with the melting eye, has been to Barcelona to see a specialist. All her friends hope that nothing serious is wrong.

On board the Exeter when she stopped here on Friday were Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and her daughter Mrs. Richard Derby. Mrs. Rooseveltis the widow of ex-President Roosevelt of the United States. She and her daughter are making a round trip cruise on the Exeter.

The management of Tito's announce that, beginning this week, they will serve a table d'hote luncheon at the inclusive price of 4.50 pesetas.

The International Language Club's first excursion to Ibiza was voted a tremendous success.



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This afternoon Charlie and Billy are officially opening the doors of Terreno's newest tearoom. This is in Los Pinos which they took over some time ago. It has been tastefully redecorated the work having been in charge of M. Leclerc. If the day is nice the terrace will be in use as well. A representative throng is expected.

They plan to serve table d'hote and a la carte meals which should be of the first rank as the cook they have is a German and was formerly with the Excelsior in Paris. Among the guests staying at Los Pinos at present are Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, Americans.

Company 28 of the local infantry held this week a banquet at the Taberna Vasca to celebrate the advance in rank from Captain to Commandant of Don Enrique Feliu Sintes. Among others seen lunching or dining there during the week were, Mrs. Ritchie, Lady Mercer, Mrs. Church, Captain and Mrs. Flower, and the Swedish Consul Mr. Freyberg.

An amusing story is told us by a friend. One of the young chaps at the Tennis Club has become quite proud of his mastery of the English Language. One afternoon our friend met the boy and he said, «Good morning», «No» the Englishman replied, «you mean good afternoon». Quick as a flash the Spaniard replied, «I am fine thank you how are you».

Mallorca is apparently the vogue at the moment as a holiday ground for beautiful actresses, tired out after a successful season in a London theatre. Gertrude Lawrence arrived a fortnight ago and now we hear that lovely Claire Luce, at present appearing with Fred Astaire in *Gay Divorce* at the Palace Theatre, London is coming to Mallorca after Easter when the play is taken off. Claire Luce has been a wonderful success as partner to Fred Astaire, replacing the latter's sister Adele since her marriage to Lord Henry Cavandish, son of the Duke of Devonshire, two years ago.

Mr. George Houghton, representative of the Continental Daily Mail, was in Palma last week and has now left for a tour of Spain. Mrs. Houghton, with their small son, is spending a few weeks in Mallorca and is staying at the Hotel Perello, Porto Cristo.



13 Pounds, First Class Also to Marseilles, Genoa, Port Said and East Africa •

Book through your preferred tourist agent or Agencia Schembri, Av. Antonio Maura, 52 Just a hint to housekeepers: A number of the foreigners who are keeping house here have recently tried sending the family's wash to the Ideal Laundry and have found it working out more satisfactorily and less expensively than the itinerant wash woman who arrives at odd hours each week. It is a German managed affair and run with true German efficiency. They call for and deliver the laundry on time.

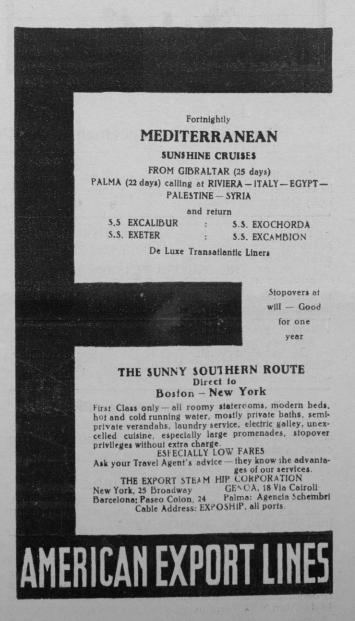
* * *

Despite the so called depression the English-American Cake Shop continues to operate at capacity. It quite keeps us broke, for if our business takes us anywhere near the shop we are in there before we know it. We leave with no appetite for luncheon, poorer by a peseta or two but always with a cake of some sort tucked away.

* * *

The Mallorca Society of Arts is arranging a considerable treat for music-lovers in the shape of a vocal recital at the Junior Club, Terreno, on Sunday, March 25th, at 8.30. p.m. The artists are Signora Magda Ferraris, the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, and Signor Michele Giovacchini, formerly baritone of Italian Grand Opera. No one should miss this fixture. Entrance for non-members of the M. S. A. one peseta fifty.

The Annual General Meeting of the British Association in the Balearic Islands will take place to-morrow, Monday, at 11 a.m. at Short's Tea Rooms, Terreno.





Classified Announcements One Peseta per Line (Una Peseta por Línea)

(Inquiries concerning announcements in this column may be made at THE MAJORCA SUN office, 8 Calle Montenegro, or by telephoning 2464.)

Take a change of AIR, DIET, REST CURE, 500 FT. above sea level at foot of Pine Forests; away from the dust and noises of crowded areas at

THE ENGLISH PENSION

21 rooms, 8 salons heated, extensive ornamental gardens. 10 to 12 Ptas. inclusive. Mr. and Mrs. Street. 3-5-6 Masanella, 28, Zaragoza, Son Serra (Tram Son Roca).

For Sale

Cadillac eight cylinder Touring Car. Excellent condition. Many extras. Cost Pesetas 50,000 duty paid. Cheap for quick sale. The Treasure Chest. Calle Gomila 3, El Terreuo.

International Language Club

Regular meeting for mutual exchange of conversation by members of various nationalities. Also dancing. At the Tro-cadero Tuesday, 4:30 p.m.

Mallorca Junior Club

An International Recreation Centre for young people. Children's Library, Workshop, Folk dancing. Membership free. Week days 3-5. Calle 14 de Abril 37.

Native Spanish Teacher

Senor Don Santiago Herrera of Madrid Former teacher for years Berlitz School, New York City. and official Berlitz Broadcaster Municipal Radio Station New York City. Calle 14 de Abril N.º 1 Terreno.

To Let

June 1934-October 1935

Small well furnished house near sea. Has garage, bath room (H & C) electric light and power, roof terrace, exce-llent bathing aud unlimited water. No animals or children-Rent Ptas. 250 a month. Col. Bernard, Versalles, 2 Porto-Pi.

The Helvetic Private Hotel

Has every convenience for it's guests comfort. Running hot and cold water, garden, terrace, garage, library, private beach. The finest French cuisine. Full pension from 11 pts, Calle Francia 7, Terreno.

ROOM with pension for a lady, with Spanish family in Palma. Sunny room with splendid view of sea. Independent bath. Price 350 to 400 ptas a month by arrangement. Apply, Mucros Sur MAJORCA SUN.

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. A day school run by Spanish señorita of Madrid. Open air classes on good days, and the purest Spanish taught. Calle Dos de Mayo 4, Terreno.

PRIVATE SPANISH LESSONS with a Castillian teacher. Also classes twice a week. Dos de Mayo 4, Terreno.

Spanish Lessons

At pupil's home by young Spaniard. Lesson 3 pts. J Sureda, Calle Arch. Luis Salvador 115, Palma.

Tangier

Dr. G. Winter, Gynaecologist and Obstetrician, Boule vard Pasteur, 23.

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