



The

PALMA POST

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PALMA DE MALLORCA
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ON THE ISLAND

Arenal is said to be only fourteen kilometres from Palma. Nevertheless, to the foreign colony it might as well be 14,000 kilometres away for all that foreign residents have hitherto known about that fabulous seaside resort just outside of the City.

Until the beginning of this month the Rev. John Faustmann, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa, and Mrs. Faustmann were the only representative *extranjeros* in residence. They are of quite long standing, having resorted to that haunt of rural peace quite eighteen months ago.

ARENAL MUSKETEERS:—

Now, however, the situation is changed by the advent of Professor Stefano Giovinola, retired professor of languages, Colonel Fitzgerald and Mr. P. J. McCormick, formerly known as Kimberley Mac and now locally labelled Don Pedro Juan.

The three musketeers have taken a mansion in Arenal and have plunged into the mysteries of housekeeping. This adventure has tickled the curiosity of many friends and visitors both to them and to the Rev. Mr. Faustmann.

BUCOLIC:—

The visitors to the peaceful hamlet included Mr. «Tubby» Turner, Miss Billie Turner Copperman, Signor Umberto Bizi, Mrs. Doris Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Brierly.

Miss Copperman made a beginning of the Home Farm by presenting four chicks, which according to latest reports from The Post's Arenal correspondent are doing well.

GOVERNOR RETURNED:—

H. E. Don Juan Manent, Civil Governor of the Balearics, returned on Monday from Madrid, where he had gone a week earlier on official business. Señor García Morales, President of the Audiencia, who had been in temporary charge of the civil administration of the Province, handed over to the Governor on his return.

FAST:—

Mrs. Doris Cameron has not been about as much as usual recently owing to the fact that she is undergoing a treatment for the improvement of her general health which is currently as popular as is efficacious. Today is the eighteenth day she has been fasting, under the direction of Mr. Edgar Stirling. Both the medical man and the faster are delighted with the results to date. Mrs. Cameron takes a cup of coffee now and then, but otherwise she sticks to the letter of the law of fasting.

ERRONEOUS:—

The report that fasting had been taken up by numerous young men in Palma and outlying districts in order to improve their health has, following questioning and careful observation by a Post reporter, been found to be correct as well as erroneous. The paradox is explained by several who told the inquirer that they were fasting, right, but only partially, and because they didn't have enough money to do otherwise. They hadn't, they said, been taking any fasting treatments, beyond that of their pocketbooks.

REGU:—

Arrivals on the Pegu when that vessel called at Palma included Mrs. K. Davidson-Pratt, who returned to old haunts and old friends. Mrs. Davidson-Pratt stayed in Terreno during the past week, and on her journey to Pollensa to join Mrs. Banting for a short stay there last week. Today, however, she is seeing Jaime Pericás wind the bulls around his cape, an event she would not miss. Lluch-Alcari, where she stayed for some time last year and about which she is enthusiastic, will see Mrs. Davidson-Pratt again this year. She intends returning to the run-in between Palma, Terreno, Pollensa, and the Bay of Costa d'Or at Lluch during the time she is in Mallorca, and doubtless keep her friends on the run in an effort to find out where she is when she is where, and whether they can see her.

(Continued on page 6)

FRANCO-RUSSIAN PEACE PACT

M. POTEMKIN AND M. LAVAL

MUTUAL AID

PARIS, Saturday

The text of the Franco-Russian pact was published late yesterday, after it had been signed by M. Potemkin as the representative of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union and M. Pierre Laval as the representative of the President of France.

Both sides declare that the pact aims to guarantee an exact application of the terms of the League of Nations covenant relating to the maintenance of national security, integrity of territory and the political independence of the high contracting parties.

Article one, which has attracted most attention and comment, stipulates that France and Soviet Union agree that in the event of either being made subject to a threat or being in danger of attack from another European state or states, they bind themselves to enter immediately into consultation concerning the measures to be adopted in order to assure adherence to the terms of Article two of the covenant of the League.

Article two prescribes that in the event that either France or Russia despite their own peaceful intentions are being attacked without provocation by another European state each party agrees to come to the assistance of the other immediately.

Article three, in accordance with
(Continued on page 8)

SPANISH CABINET

MADRID, Saturday

Don Alejandro Lerroux handed the resignation of his Radical Cabinet to President Alcalá Zamora last night.

Señor Lerroux has succeeded in reforming the Right-Centre governmental bloc of four parties, the splitting of which a month ago led to the formation of the present minority Government and the suspension of the sessions of Cortes. It is expected therefore that a reformed Coalition majority Cabinet will meet Cortes next week.

CELEBRATION OF KING GEORGE V'S JUBILEE IN LONDON

THREE PROCESSIONS TO THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT SAINT PAUL'S

LONDON, Saturday

All London and its innumerable guests are waiting for the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service at Saint Paul's Cathedral, which will be the central act of the ceremonies commemorating the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King George V.

No less than three royal processions will pass through the gaily decorated streets of the capital on Monday to the Cathedral. Everything has been carefully rehearsed and timed to the minute.

The Duke and Duchess of York with Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret of York and the Duke and Duchess of Kent will be received at the West Door by the Dean of Saint Paul's at 11:10 a.m., on the arrival of the first procession. The second, timed to arrive five minutes later, will include the Queen of Norway, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Earl of Harewood and Princess Victoria.

Her Majesty and Their Royal Highnesses will be conducted to the Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George to await the arrival of the King and Queen.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, will leave Buckingham Palace, and will drive, escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of Life Guards, by way of Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street and the Strand to Temple Bar, where Their Majesties will be received by the Lord Mayor, who will offer the City Sword to His Majesty.

The King and Queen, preceded by the Lord Mayor, will continue their drive, via Fleet-street and Ludgate-hill, to St. Paul's Cathedral, where Their Majesties will be received at the West Door at 11:26 a.m. by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

The Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard will be on duty in the Cathedral. The King's Indian Orderly Officers will also be on duty.

Guards of Honour from the Royal Navy, the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards, and the Royal Air Force will be mounted at Buckingham Palace, and a Guard of Honour of the Honourable Artillery

(Continued on page 6)

FILM COMPANY LOST IN MALLORCA

A film company sent out by the Spanish company Cifesa to Mallorca to take exterior scenes for a new film called «Rumbo Al Cairo» must be lost somewhere in the hinterland of the Island.

The company, with the director, Sr. Perojo, has not been heard from or about since its arrival last week, news of which was reported in these columns.

Since a film company which keeps quiet and does not publicise itself and its comings and goings up to the hilt is practically unknown, the Cifesa group must be lost. No reports of its activities or whereabouts have been published in any of the local papers, nor has anyone seen the actors, the director, the cameramen, or any of the others connected with the company.

It is known, however, that the «Rumbo Al Cairo» group is in Mallorca, for that fact is officially confirmed from the home office.

One anecdote concerning the company is recounted from a source in Madrid. A member of the cast who is playing the part of a sailor has been doing extremely well. On the set he is every inch the salt, and his rolling walk and spicy language are most convincing.

Unfortunately, however, he was the one member of the company who met with misfortune on the voyage from Barcelona to Palma last week. The salty mariner of the film set was violently and publicly seasick, much to his own disgust and his companions' amusement.

CREDITO BALEAR FORMULA CONTROL BY GROUP OF BANKS NEW CAPITAL

A meeting of the Commissions of Creditors of the Crédito Balear met in Palma on Wednesday under the presidency of Don Bartolomé Ferrer.

The meeting approved unanimously the formula proposed for the settlement of the affairs of the Palma bank. The collection of signatures to the consent forms is therefore to begin at once, and instructions to that end are being issued to all notaries in the towns and villages of Mallorca.

It was also agreed to hold elections as soon as possible to choose *compromisarios*, who in turn are to elect the four representatives of the creditors who are to figure among the members of the new Board of Directors of the Crédito Balear.

Don Jaime Enseñat reported to the meeting on his journey to Madrid and negotiations with the Government, the Bank of Spain and other banking concerns. The meeting resolved to send a telegram of thanks to Señor Pan, sub-Governor of the Bank of Spain, for his assistance in arranging the settlement.

Señor Enseñat also informed the creditors that the President of the Banking Consortium had suspended the authorisation granted to the Banco Español de Crédito to establish a branch in Palma. He regretted that the sign on the proposed branch premises on the Borne was still in position, and expressed the hope that it would soon be removed.

The settlement has been made possible by the offer of 12,000,000 pesetas of fresh capital for the Crédito Balear made by a group of four Spanish banks, the Banco Central, the Banco Hispano Colonial, the Banco Urquijo Catalán and the Banco Mercantil e Industrial. That sum will be represented by preference shares, the holding of which will give the four banks a controlling interest in the Palma concern.

The terms of the settlement, as is known, provide for the payment of twenty per cent of the Crédito's obligations in cash, and the remainder in bonds. The fresh capital will enable the cash payment to be made as soon as the settlement is accepted by the legally sufficient number of creditors.

The bank will then be able to recommence operations on current and deposit accounts, which have been at a standstill since the suspension of payments in December. The bonds issued to creditors will represent a first charge on future profits earned by the Crédito Balear, once a dividend of seven per cent on the preference shares has been secured.

PERICÁS' INJURY TO APPEAR HERE TODAY

Completely recovered from the injuries suffered at Valencia on Monday when he was tossed by his second bull, Jaime Pericás, Mallorca's pride and hope and native son, will appear this afternoon in a novillada at the Plaza de Toros with Gil Tovar and Luca de Tena.

The six bulls which will be despatched during the afternoon are from the famous Rincón ranch. Although it is doubtful if any of the three young toreros will use them endearingly, the names of the bulls are Delicioso, Barquillero, Artesano, Bandolero, Centello and Corcubillo.

There will be unusual interest today to see how the 18-year-old Jaime performs after his shaking up on Monday. According to an eyewitness account he had killed his first bull of the afternoon in Valencia in his usual expert style, his work with the cape being particularly applauded.

When his turn came the second time, his capework again aroused enthusiastic applause, especially when his passes «doubled» the bull, making it turn almost in its own length.

He was given the accolade of continuing his faena with music. In making a series of naturals, he worked so close to the animal that he was caught and tossed. The horns did not catch him.

Visibly shaken but nevertheless determined, he at once returned to continue. With the muleta he finished his work with an excellent series of passes and proceeded to despatch his bull neatly.

He was awarded an ear and an ovation. Following a round of ringing to acknowledge the applause, he immediately repaired to the infirmary, where he was examined and found to be only slightly injured.

Without doubt the enthusiasm of his proud fellow islanders will be greater today than usual after his exploit in Valencia. Those who have tickets for the novillada today are advised that it will begin at 4:30 promptly on time, according to the custom with bullfights.

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PALMA

LABOUR DAY IN PALMA EXODUS FROM THE CITY

QUIET HOLIDAY

Palma, in common with the rest of Spain, celebrated May 1 this year as a public holiday, but without that paralysis of the life of the country which in former years was greater on Labour Day in Spain than on a wet Sunday in an English provincial town.

Trams, buses and taxis were on the streets, and other public services were attended to. Cinemas and theatres were open, but not shops, and in cafés and restaurants the proprietors themselves waited on customers, the waiters making holiday.

Special precautions had been taken to suppress any disturbances which might arise from the excitement of party passion in connection with the labour festival. The police patrolling the streets of the City were more numerous than usual and were armed with rifles, while the Civil Guard took care of the suburbs.

The day, however, passed off without disturbance. The well known pacific character of the Islanders is claimed as one of the reasons, and another was the prohibition of public meetings, made by the Government in virtue of the powers conferred by the «state of alarm» officially in force.

Instead of demonstrating, the people of Palma generally spent the day in the country. The exodus began early in the morning and every means of transport available was used. The Ferrocarriles de Mallorca ran a special service of trains to Arenal at excursion rates. Buses, cars, country carts, everything on wheels was pressed into service to carry holiday-makers and their well provided picnic hampers to their chosen spots.

Nor was the sea forgotten. Every beach along the Bay was crowded, and many of the excursionists made the journey by water. All kinds of craft, especially the lateen rigged, sharp-sterned, capacious fishing boats, left Palma loaded to capacity with carefree passengers, and chugged home again, converging on the harbour like the ribs of a fan, in the dead calm which normally occurs at evening.

Don Juan Manent, Civil Governor of the Balearics, and Don Luis Ferrer Arbona, motored together to observe the manner in which order was being preserved in and around Palma. They both afterwards issued proclamations congratulating the forces on the way in which they performed their duty and the citizens on the peacefulness of the holiday.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE FIGHTING BULL STUDIED ON THE RANGE FATHER LABURU'S LECTURE TO LARGE AUDIENCE IN MADRID

MADRID, Saturday

Spanish fighting bulls have a homing instinct, like pigeons.

This was one of the revelations made by Father Laburu, the well known psychologist, lecturer and preacher, in a lecture given here this week on the psychology of the *toro de lidia*. He quoted a case of a bull who escaped from a corral many kilometres from his native ranch, and found his way back there although he had never seen the road. The Coliseum theatre was filled to capacity for the lecture, which aroused enormous interest. Father Laburu had announced beforehand that he would not concern himself with the bull in the arena, and he illustrated his observations with films taken on the range.

With their homing instinct, he explained, bulls have good memories. A bull has been known to return after two years to the spot where he slept as a calf, and another, after a similar lapse of time, jibbed at entering a corral where he had been trodden on in branding.

The lecturer raised a laugh by quoting a Frenchman's question; «How do they teach bulls to charge?» Charging, he said, was instinctive in bulls of the true breed, and he supported that statement with a film showing a three-days-old calf charging like a three-year-old bull.

The charge of a bull, explained Father Laburu, is simply an expression of the general instinct of self-defence. A bull's inherited tendencies, intensified by selective breeding, make him charge under certain clearly defined conditions, and on the knowledge of those conditions the art of bullfighting is based.

A well-bred fighting bull acts on the principle that attack is the best method of defence. Harried and kept away from his *querencia* by the riders at the *tienta*, he proves his character by turning away from the *querencia* to charge against the *pica*.

That is the *toro noble*, whom bullfighters like to meet in the ring. The *manso*, on the other

hand, suffers from an inferiority complex.

The bull that snorts and patters the ground is a coward. He is the bully who boasts and makes plenty of noise in the hope of scaring his adversary and not intending to fight.

Such bulls, as every *torero aficionado* knows, are dangerous because they do not conform to type, and therefore one cannot tell what they are going to do next.

Father Laburu made interesting comparisons between his observations on the ranches and the work of other students in psychology laboratories in Germany and the United States on rats, chickens and other creatures. He also spoke of the language of bulls, after referring to a German study of the language of ants.

The bull, it seems, has a vocabulary of different bellowing sounds when rutting, another when fighting, and others for calling for help and protesting against being shut in. The bellow of a bull who flees and owns himself beaten is different from that of the bull who runs away but intends to return to the charge.

Father Laburu's films showed bulls and calves of all ages charging purposefully at the riders, the *tientas*. They also illustrated the complete peacefulness of the *toro* when his fighting instinct is not aroused.

The daughter of a rancher seen in friendly converse with a three-year-old bull whom she brought up on the bottle as a motherless calf, and who recognized her in spite of the lapse of time. A grazing herd calmly ignored a small boy pumping water from their *abrevadero*, and an old bull with seventeen scars from wounds on his body, put to rest by his quiet assertion of ownership a group of bulls which ventured near his manger.

Father Laburu thinks there would be chairs of comparative psychology in Spanish universities. Much could then be done, he said, in his audience at the Coliseum, in the field of scientific study which hardly been touched.

BEST FOR YOUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS

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DE
SOLARES**

TABLE MINERAL WATER

MALLORCA, THE AMETHYST, NOT PEARL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

PALMA SEEN AS «STONE MEANDER» BY MADRID EDITOR

Mallorca, it seems, is not the pearl, but the Amethyst of the Mediterranean.

The description is that of Don Fernando Blanco-Amor, editor of *Ciudad*, and occurs in an article entitled «Intimidad de Palma de Mallorca», published in the current issue of that weekly. The article is illustrated with photographs of the Lonja, a Mallorquin patio, the Cathedral, the latter seen across a corner of the harbour full of lateen sails and sloping masts. Señor Blanco-Amor was in Mallorca last year, and during his visit his impressions were published by one of the local Spanish dailies. Nevertheless, he assures his Madrid readers that he came here with the fixed intention of writing nothing about the place.

Perhaps the reason was that so much has been written about Mallorca already. In that case the breakdown of the Madrid editor's resolve is probably due to the fact that he has found several new angles to say about the Island and the City, or at least new ways of hitting them.

Señor Blanco-Amor finds an immense contrast between the City of Palma and the rest of the island, and indeed between the City and the rest of the archipelago. Palma, he finds, is an oasis of tranquillity amidst the riot of colour of the Balearic landscape and its surrounding sea.

In the symphonic agitation of the Balearic landscape, he says, where the rock is cloud, the water the colour of time, and the sky a bustling stadium of dispersing rainbows... Palma is a meander of stone, a quietude fixed in the changing soil and the thousand-faced atmosphere by its deep historical roots. He sums up the significance of the City as «a meditative truce, a silent redoubt for the thought of Man,» and as the contrast between «culture and agriculture.»

The Balearic countryside, according to the editor of *Ciudad*,

is pagan, like the rest of the Mediterranean, in its overpowering life. Palma, on the other hand, is Christian and mystic.

«The shadow of Ramón Llull,» he declares, «floats in these narrow streets, walks between the myrtles of the patios which have no eyes for the light except their square pupil open to the sky.» The reference is to the thirteenth-century Mallorquin philosopher-poet, who is best known to most Palmans by his statue standing where the Terreno bus stops by the Instituto.

Palma's Cathedral, says Señor Blanco-Amor, was built on the waterfront for a reason. Otherwise Tritons and Nereids might have come in to town that way, disturbing the mystic peace of the Christian City with their Renaissance *joie de vivre*.

With the number in which this novel impression of Palma appears, *Ciudad* changes its form considerably. The chief innovation is printing in colours, with which goes an increase in the price of what was Spain's cheapest weekly, as well as one of the most interesting ever put out by the Madrid presses.

The red and black front cover is given up to a striking drawing by Arteche illustrating one of Madrid's many taverns, which are the subject of an article, also illustrated by Arteche, by Raúl González Turón. Inside, the colour is restricted to one or two titles and illustrations, and the general aspect of the paper is much as before.

Isidro Amorós contributes one of the best features of the number in the shape of an article telling the story of the old bullring of Madrid, illustrated with contemporary drawings. One learns from it, among other things of interest, that *señoritas toreras* are no novelty, and that the appearance of women in the ring in 1874 was not considered a success.

CAPTURE OF SMUGGLING FELUCCA

A cargo of contraband tobacco valued at 125,000 pesetas and the vessel carrying it were captured last Sunday night by the guard-boat C.A.T. 1-6 of the Compañía Arrendataria's fleet.

The smuggling craft, a felucca, was sighted off the Dragonera island by Captain Don Miguel A. Montojo, who observed that she was manoeuvring in a suspicious manner and attempting to make land in a hurry. The captain immediately ordered full speed ahead and action stations.

The C.A.T. boat's searchlights were trained on her quarry, and prevented the latter's slipping away into the darkness. The pur-

suing craft was soon able to lie alongside the felucca.

It was then found that she was drifting with no one at the helm. The smugglers had all abandoned their vessel in order to avoid capture, and presumably reached the shore in the dark.

No answer being returned to the challenge of the C.A.T. boat's crew, Captain Montojo gave the order to board the prize. The boarding party reported the presence of suspicious-looking packages and a strong smell of tobacco.

Both the felucca and her cargo were confiscated and handed over to the local representatives of the Compañía Arrendataria.

SHRINKING OF CATALONIA

EATEN AWAY BY THE SEA

VANISHING FISH

BARCELONA, Saturday

Catalonia is steadily being washed away by the sea.

Señor Pich y Pon, Governor General of the region, recently made a tour of inspection of the coastal towns and villages, and was duly impressed by the alarming fashion in which the Mediterranean is encroaching on his jurisdiction. It is considered that the steady advance of Neptune can be stayed only by a determined joint effort on the part of the state, the Generalidad of Catalonia and the municipalities affected.

The only Canute who has done much to stem the tide hitherto is the M. Z. A. railway company, which has a coastwise line most of which is within a few yards of the sea. The constant conservation work which is necessary to prevent the railway from being undermined serves incidentally as a protection for the coastal villages through which the line passes.

The Catalan coast has yet another problem, perhaps even more difficult of solution, in the sad plight of its fishing industry. One part of the trouble is the custom which has grown up of using nets of finer mesh than formerly.

The result, according to veteran fishermen, is that only about a fifth of the catch can be used. The rest, which has to be thrown back into the sea, consists of small fish which should have been left in to grow to their full size.

At this rate, say the old-timers, there will be practically nothing left to catch in five years from now. Already the *langostino*, the delicious miniature lobster which formerly abounded in this part of the Mediterranean, is very nearly extinct.

The net question might be settled by regulation, but it is difficult to see what can be done about the motorisation of the fishing fleet, which is also receiving its share of blame for the plight of the fishermen and their families.

The skipper who in the old days put to sea relying on oars and sails now finds that to keep up with his rivals he must have an engine costing some 80,000 pesetas. By the time he has paid his instalment on the purchase of the motor, plus fuel and lubricant, there is little, if any, left of the price of the catch.

Various schemes have been suggested for easing the situation by loans, cooperative purchase of oil and sale of fish, and so forth. It is recognised, however, that everything depends fundamentally on preventing the disappearance of the fish, which become more and more difficult to find every year.

LOVE THROUGH A HOLE IN THE DOOR AT ARCOS DE LA FRONTERA

QUAINT OLD CUSTOM IN THE TOWN OF THE THREE-CORNERED HAT

The little Andalusian hill town of Arcos de la Frontera is known to the world chiefly as the scene of Alarcón's famous novel «The Three-Cornered Hat», internationally known through Manuel de Falla's ballet version.

Arcos, however, can show something today every bit as picturesque as the adventures of the bold *corregidor* and the miller's wife. For Arcos is where they make love through a hole in the front door.

The front doors of the houses in Arcos have each a round hole cut about a foot above the ground, known as the «gatera». «Gatera» means «cathole», and one is led to assume that the holes are for the cat to come in by at night.

The cat, however, is not the only user of these holes, nor the most interested. For it is a local custom for the youths of Arcos and the girls of their choice to meet and hold converse through the cathole when the girl's parents or other encumbrances are presumably out of the way in bed.

This quaint custom is the subject of an article, illustrated with pictures of swains in wide hats and cloaks lying on their abdomens on the cobbles with their elbows on the doorstep, and of attractive faces peering through holes, in this week's special double number of the Madrid weekly magazine *Estampa*.

The number is devoted entirely to the various aspects of love, courtship and marriage, and the customs connected with each in different regions of Spain and in foreign countries. The tender passion and its social consequences are traced from Seville to the mountains of Aragon, from the shores of the Mediterranean, in Catalonia, to Galicia on the Atlantic, and

from Belgium to China, not forgetting Morocco.

No serious magazine is complete without its dose of statistics. *Estampa* publishes a statistical article showing that fewer marriages take place in Madrid every year, and giving the reasons for that distressing phenomenon as they appear to the landlord, the furniture dealer and the sociologist.

Then there is the article describing the shifts lovers are put to in order to meet in the big city, where the Metro, the railway station waiting room and the park bench must serve as Cupid's bowler. And, of course, there are the photographs of Spain's regional beauty queens to maintain the atmosphere.

The special number, with all its light touches and its essentially popular appeal, contains a wealth of lore regarding the costumes, the customs and the folksong of the different Spanish regions. It was not for nothing that old writers spoke of «the Spains» in the plural, even when they did not include the new Spains overseas.

There are some seventy pages of text and pictures in this enlarged *Estampa*, which costs slightly more than double the normal price of the weekly, and one can read through nearly all of them before discovering the reason for this display of journalistic art. Then one comes to a modest but handsomely produced section of a mere sixteen pages, tucked away just inside the back cover, and consisting of publicity for a firm of motor car manufacturers.

The staff and collaborators of *Estampa* have done an excellent job, and the delightful coloured cover by Bartolozzi must have helped to sell many copies. It will be very surprising if the edition is not sold out completely.

GUITAR RECITAL BY SR. CALATAYUD

Señor Calatayud, the eminent guitarist, is to give another concert today at the Almudaina Palace, beginning at 6:30 p.m. His accompanist will be the pianist Don Jaime Roig.

The interesting programme announced for this evening's recital is in three sections. The first two consist of compositions for the guitar alone, and the last of guitar and piano pieces.

The first part opens with a Haendel «Saraband», followed by «Reverie» by Coste and Mozart's «Gavotte» from «Idomeneo». It is completed by two works of the eighteenth century composer Sor, a «Minuet» and a «Rondo».

«Allegro», by M. Torroba, heads the second section, which is all Spanish except for Zilcher's «En Traineau». «Ecos del Paisage» by Broqua and «Habanera» and «La-

mento», both by L. Chavarri, lead up to the well known «Canción del Fuego Fatuo» by Manuel de Falla.

The guitar and piano section opens with a «Divertissement» by Weber, which was originally written for this combination of instruments. It is arranged in the form of a suite, the movements of which are an andante, three «bagatelles» and a polonaise.

A «Serenade» by Shand follows, and the programme concludes with a «Sonatina» by Diabelli, dated 1791.

Tickets for the concert are to be obtained at the Almudaina Palace between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. and from 4 to 6 p.m. Outside those hours they can be had at the establishment known as «San Antonio», opposite the head of the steps leading up to the Cathedral.

FIERY STEED'S OBJECTION TO SHIP HOUR OF WORK WHICH RESULTED IN BROKEN JAW, SUCCESS

A horse with a fiery eye and a mind of its own provided an hour of excitement and interest on the quay Tuesday for a crowd which included a number of members of the foreign colony who were there to see friends off to England.

The horse was not there to see friends off for any destination. It was there, according to the plans of the crew of the Compañía Transmediterránea's vessel Ciudad de Tarragona, to be loaded on that handsome white boat.

The fiery two-year-old had other ideas on the subject. Handsome or not, it objected to being loaded on the boat by being swung in the air and over the side in an undignified sling. It may have been all right with the other horses, none of which objected, but possibly the others weren't interested in dignity. The two-year-old was.

All attempts to approach were met with vigorous rebuffs. Advice was freely handed out by the watchers, both Mallorquin and English, but none of it was effective.

Matters became a trifle more serious when the steed kicked one of the cajoling dockmen in the face, knocking out most of the teeth in the lower half of his jaw. His face was hastily bound up with a handkerchief and the plucky dockman returned to the affray, but without success.

By this time the better part of an hour had been spent in the effort to get the animal aboard. A wide gangway of planks was then put down from the quay to the hold of the boat. A young worker walked up to the horse from in front, grabbed the halter and shouting at it pulled it along the quay and straight down the gangway into the ship. The two-year-old trotted along without objection, and the watchers and the workers heaved sighs of relief.

The injured man was placed in a car and taken to a hospital. The horse was left severely alone by the other horses and the men on the ship. It didn't seem to care.

KING'S JUBILEE IN PALMA ENGLISH CHURCH SERVICE

SPECIAL FORM

In recognition of King George's Silver Jubilee the form of Prayer and Thanksgiving prescribed by His Majesty's command will be observed in the English Church, El Terreno, at 11 a.m. on Monday, May. The collection at the service on Monday will be devoted to the King George's Jubilee Trust, for the benefit of the youth of the British Empire.

EXHIBITION

The exhibition of books dealing with the history of the Balearics at the museum of the Sociedad Arqueológica Lullana has been prolonged until Monday, May 6 in view of its success and of the great number of visitors to the museum.

The exhibition, as already reported in these columns, includes extremely interesting records of the British occupation of Minorca, as well as of other phases in the history of the archipelago. It is open from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 4 to 6 p.m. at Calle de la Almudaina, 8.

NEW UNIFORMS FOR PALMA POLICE BLUE TO MATCH THE EYES FOR THE CITY'S URBANOS

Palma's urbanos, the city force of police which is in charge of traffic and the enforcement of municipal regulations, have set aside their familiar khaki overcoats and uniforms, most of them somewhat the worse for wear and tear and sun and rain.

The city police are now in bright and snappy blue uniforms, the traffic officers retaining their distinctive white helmets. But the helmets have been spring-cleaned, and are as bright as the new uniforms.

The first traffic policeman seen by a representative of The Post had blue eyes to match his blue uniform. Jumping immediately to the conclusion that all of the members of the urbano force must have blue eyes and that the radical change in colour of the uniform was made for that reason, The Post's man set out to look at the eyes of others of the police.

It needed but a few looks and a few questions to show that the conclusion was not completely

correct. Some of the men had blue eyes. To the jaundiced eye of the reporter some had red eyes. But the colour of the uniform was chosen for its neatness and because it is practical, according to one of the less busy and more amenable cops.

With the white Sam Brown belt the Palma police now look very much like those of Barcelona, who however generally wear long blue overcoats.

Except for the white helmet and the white belt, the uniform is also very similar to that worn by the police of New York. The comparison is not odious to the local men, who were interested and pleased when it was made.

Another summer change in the city is the new and handsome painted mail box of modern design in the Plaza de Cort. It is decorative as well as useful, and a distinct improvement on the old style letter box.

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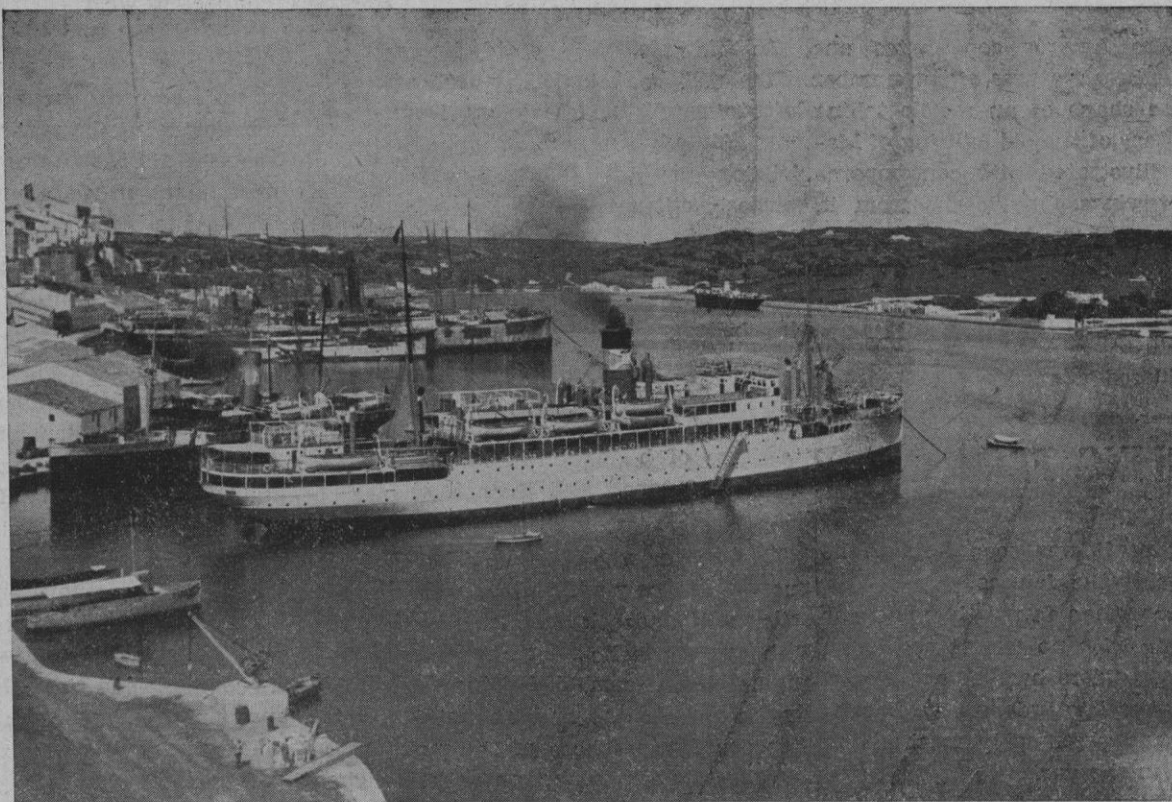
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VISIT MINORCA

and see the «Golden Farm» which was for some time the residence of Lord Nelson. It is situated on the way to Cala Mezquida, a popular bathing resort near Mahón, which was twice visited by King Edward VII.

Port Mahón is the chief town of the island; its spacious, magnificent harbour is undoubtedly the best in the Mediterranean.

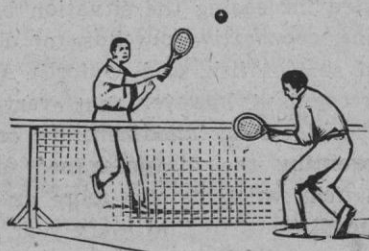


THE PORT OF MAHON

Interesting excursions may be made to the neighbouring towns of George-town and San Luis, which take their names respectively from George III of England and Louis XV of France. Ciudadela, formerly the capital of the Island, is also worth a visit with its fine cathedral, old houses, and quaint narrow streets.

Many prehistoric monuments, most of them still well preserved, show the skill of the islanders as builders in the Bronze Age. There are abundant opportunities of visiting these structures, some of which are unique there being nothing similar to be found elsewhere in the world.

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JUBILEE

tomorrow King George V of
 land will drive in state to Sa-
 Paul's Cathedral in London for
 Thanksgiving Service commem-
 orating the twenty-fifth year of
 reign.
 ground that event and the other
 omies which will accompany
 follow it in all parts of the
 ish Empire an immense deal
 sentimental twaddle has been
 ed and written, and the spate
 et far from over. Underneath
 ll however, there exists a real-
 a genuine loyalty and sympa-
 which unites Britons every-
 with each other and with
 King.
 the past quarter of a century
 been a trying time for the
 ish nation and for the British
 omwealth of Nations. There
 been war—the worst and most
 ss war ever,—there have been
 omic, social and political
 iles, and there have been fun-
 ental changes in people's hab-
 ith of living and of thinking.
 ave kept through all those
 ges the loyalty and affection
 ll kinds of people, and so to
 preserved the nebulous but
 tive ties which unite the wi-
 different countries of the
 ish Empire, is no mean achiev-
 ent. It is also to have fulfilled
 etely the function of Mon-
 as the British understand
 this year of Grace.
 George and the other
 ers of his family have man-
 to remain dissociated from
 particular party or section
 preserving the respect and
 of all. They have thus kept
 the tradition which makes
 ing and the royal house the
 ol of the national unity, as
 sed in the old English
 ord, now bless our gracious
 house and all his realm
 ant him good life and good
 we always may safely
 mo gratias, Anglia,
 e pro victoria.

Out Of My Head

by HARRY GALLAND

They are chuckling in Barcelona over a story they say is true. Whether or not it actually happened is beside the point, and there is a point.

The story concerns a Catalan who had gone into the wine business and built up a fortune. Starting with simple beginnings in simple surroundings, the business expanded and grew until its owner had become several times a millionaire.

During the years in which the fortune was being built up, the owner gave more time and attention to his business than to the niceties of living. He remained a simple Catalan business man, and he didn't care who knew it. His clothes, for instance, were more on the sloppy side than the elegant turn-out one would expect a millionaire to wear. And his car was an ancient cheap model, somewhat the worse for mileage.

In that car and in his lower middle class clothes he drove up to one of the largest and most expensive hotels in Barcelona, an hotel which is situated in the busiest and most famous square in the city.

He walked in and headed for the dining room and a table, and proceeded to sit down. A horrified waiter saw him and after one raking glance up and down, called quickly for the manager.

That elegant personage hurried over and whispered to the gentleman in the dirty rumpled suit. It seemed that he was very sorry, but that the table was reserved for another party. That one over there? That was reserved too. In fact, all the tables were taken, and the manager was very sorry, but there was no place in the dining room for the gentleman in the sloppy suit.

Our millionaire sighed, looked at the perfectly dressed and groomed manager, and sadly got up and walked out. But two days later he was back.

This time he had on a faultless suit of excellent cut, and his shirt and gloves and accessories were the best that money can buy. Dressed in the most modern style he was the picture of the boulevardier, the man who has seen everything and is slightly bored with it all. The head waiter hurried over as he entered the dining room of the hotel and deferentially bowed him to a table by the window.

When the soup arrived, the gentleman lifted the plate and carefully poured the contents over himself. The waiters gaped, but brought the second course, which followed the soup on to the jacket and carefully creased trousers. Again the manager was called to cope with the situation.

«Qué pasa?» asked the manager, and was promptly told by the food-covered guest that he had been in two days previously, but

TURNING THE PAGES

by Bibliófilo

The Tranquil Isle (Majorca), by Santiago Rusiñol, English version by Mary Lake. Illustrated with woodcuts by Duplessis-Bracons. Published by Editorial Baleares, printed by La Esperanza Press. 10 ptas.

Santiago Rusiñol did not set out to write a mere factual guidebook when he wrote *The Tranquil Isle*. Nor did he intend to write a subtle study of the philosophy of the inhabitants of Mallorca, or a history which would painlessly impart information. He fell in love



with the Island, and he had to tell others about it.

But his book is a blend of simple enthusiasm, philosophy and history, a series of essays which makes the reader who has not visited Mallorca envy those who have and want to come himself, and those who are here resolve to go out at



once and see and learn more for themselves.

It is written in a light, flowing style which it is almost impossible to avoid describing with that much abused word, «charming.» It is that and more.

But his book is by no means admirable for its style alone. It was written some years ago, and in some ways is therefore a little out of date. In the main, however, his account and descriptions of places and of people in Mallorca, of the mode of life and of the minds of all classes, is as true today as it was yesterday and will be tomorrow. Such matters do not change in Mallorca.

Rusiñol was a famous painter as well as a writer. He was also a friendly, easy-going, observant man. You know that when you read his book. He treats his reader as an intelligent friend, not as one down whose throat either his facts or his enthusiasm must be rammed.

The enthusiasm which obviously caused him to set down his impressions of the tranquil isle is not

had been turned out because of the way he was dressed. «Apparently,» he said in a loud voice, «it is my clothes you serve, not me. Very well, my clothes are receiving the food.» And to the scandal of the manager he proceeded with his meal, pouring each course into his lap. They have not forgotten the incident in that swank hotel,

allowed to run riot. But it is the river-bed upon which his easy-going, and in places beautiful, prose tranquilly flows.

Where the ordinary guidebook gives the date of the building of the Cathedral, Rusiñol describes the beauty of the slender columns within, the slanting shafts of light, his feelings of solitude and of mysticism.

The date of the building of the Cathedral is not mentioned. Nor is it missed. One enjoys much more reading about the Cathedral cats.

There is little history, but what there is is completely palatable. Attention is paid to what is typical of the Island, what sets it apart from other islands and from the rest of Spain, whether it be the loungers in the sun, ensaimadas, a ball at the Protectora Society, official life, or how a lighthouse-keeper on the Mallorcan coast passes his time, each of which, for instance, is separately described in a chapter of a few pages.

There is no book about Mallorca quite like it, and it is unlikely that another approaching the subject in such an informed yet informal manner will be written for many

a year. If the Island has changed somewhat through the inroads of modern advances in the past few years, it affects the value of the book little if at all. You do not find a map of the tram lines in it, nor time-tables of the railways. But a key to the life of the Mallorcans, the beauties of their Is-



land, their typical habits and customs is on every page.

Copiously illustrated with woodcuts which admirably catch the spirit of the text, the book is printed on good paper in large type. The translation is better than adequate, although the translator makes the error of showing her own lack of style in a badly-written Foreword of a page and a half which can and should be skipped. Rusiñol's work remains, to be enjoyed by those who would understand Mallorca, who would know the Island and its people better, and thus add to the pleasure of their own stay on the Tranquil Isle.

(Illustrations on this page from «The Tranquil Isle», courtesy of La Esperanza Press).

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

I have it in for Professor Stepowski. He has shattered yet another of my boyish illusions.

William Shakespeare, I realised with sorrow long ago, was not called William Shakespeare. He was called Francis Bacon and/or Oxford and Asquith. The poems of Homer were written by another man of the same name. And now it appears that Jules Verne, the only French writer I could ever really appreciate, was not called Jules Verne, neither was he French.

The man with whom I girdled the earth in the record-breaking time of eighty days, and who took me on my first submarine trip of twenty thousand leagues, was born in Plock, in Poland. His name, until he got himself naturalised French, was Juljusz Olszewicz.

I am perfectly free to admit that when the foregoing crushing news appeared in the columns of the *Warsaw Echo*—or rather when it was reproduced therefrom in a language which a mere *Ganchero* can understand—all I could do was to utter the monosyllable «Plock!» I attempted also to say «Juljusz Olszewicz,» but I was not equal to the task. There was no more spirit in me.

There was worse to come, however. The final blow came from the Paris edition of the «New York Herald», which published an interview with that notable Greek politician and exile, M. Eleutherios Venizelos.

M. Venizelos informed the «Herald» that he was not M. Venizelos at all. I do not mean that he asserted he was Queen of the May, or Napoleon, or anything like that. He merely insisted that his name was Veniselos, with an «s».

This, I felt, was too much. The next thing we know, if men are to go around changing the names they have been known by during seventy-odd years of existence, we shall find Mr. Lloyd George spelling his name with a syphon, as I was once informed he did by that pontifical authority, the landford of the Golden Corkscrew, at Pigley-in-the-Mire.

I therefore referred the case to my learned friend and standby, Doctor Astigmatizmos of Athens (on whom be peace). He was indignant.

«The man's a traitor to his native language!» he exclaimed. «If he is Veniselos, I'm Anthony Titmus!»

«Doctor,» said I, fixing him with a hypnotic stare, «quit stalling and come clean.»

«As a matter of fact,» he murmured shamefacedly, «I am.»

El Ganchero

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ON THE ISLAND

By The Wayfarer

(Continued from page 1)

LOST TIME:—

Another arrival on the Pegu was Mrs. Vernon, an artist whose work is much admired. Mrs. Vernon sprained her ankle on board while deck-sporting, and went to the Hotel Catalonia to recuperate immediately after landing in Palma. But that did not make her lose any time in deciding she wanted to stay here, or in finding a place to stay. She has already moved into a villa in the Calle Villalonga, Terreno.

JOURNALISTS' JAUNTS:—

Mr. Robert Gavett, the dashing (any sense you wish) Business Manager of the Majorca Sun, returned during the week from Barcelona. Not at all against his will he was shanghaied by Major and Mrs. Lee and taken to the Catalonian capital in their yacht Foam. Mr. Gavett saw both high and low life there, and returned looking rested and in the best of health and spirits, despite the work into which he was at once plunged.

Soon to leave for South America is Mr. Geoffrey Holdsworth, former editor of the Sun who is now in London. Mr. Holdsworth will travel with one companion through France and Spain to Tangier, across the Sahara to French West Africa, by ship to Brazil and through South and Central America, Mexico and the United States, telling the readers of the «Sunday Referee» all about it in a weekly article. He expects to be in Barcelona some time in June for a day or two, and has already expressed the hope that he will be able to see a corrida or two and argue with The Post's bullfighting critic about the bulls. The Post's critic, still a backer of Lalanda in spite of everything, hopes so, too.

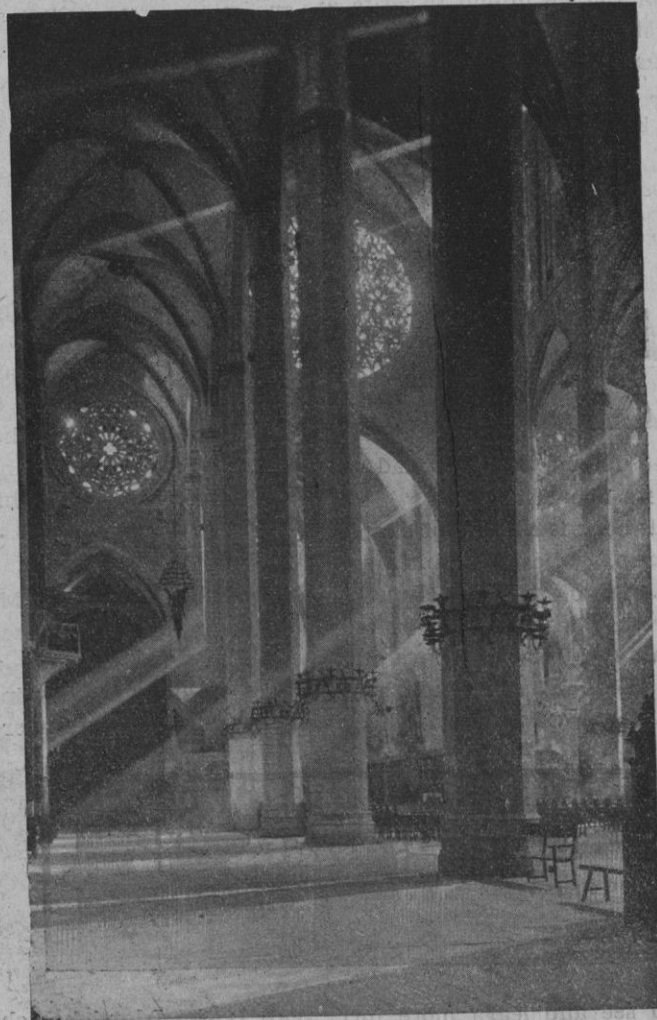
BALANCE:—

The balance of arrivals against departures was definitely in favour of the arrivals when the

Otranto arrived in Palma bay on Thursday. Among those who returned to familiar haunts were Mr. Charles Salisbury and Miss Muriel Forrest.

Miss Forrest, who reported meeting the wandering Mr. Kevin Kavanagh in Gibraltar, has been staying on the Rock for some time with her mother, who is now on party.

May Day. The luncheon was a great success, Mrs. Bowman-Burns being famed as a hostess with good reason, and was followed by augmented bridge. The bridge was augmented by the unexpected arrival of other friends, so that by evening the luncheon party was stretched into a buffet supper with her mother, who is now on party.



A Corner Of The Cathedral

Photo Esperanza Press

her way back to the United States after an extended stay with her daughter in Europe. Miss Forrest expects to stay here two months.

LUNCH INTO SUPPER:—

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jacobsen and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gavett were guests of Mrs. Ann Bowman-Burns for luncheon at her villa on

Among those present was Mr. Harry Clarke, who left for Paris on Friday to accompany 8-year-old Miss Linette, daughter of Mrs. Bowman-Burns, on her way back to school. The young lady has been here on holiday to visit her mother.

RETURNED;—

Mr. Kenneth Craven returned from England on Thursday to resume business at the old stand in El Terreno. He looked, if anything, larger and healthier than when he left these shores, and the virgin forest which adorned his upper lip had been carefully and drastically pruned.

Also back in Palma are Miss Ross Noble, the composer, and Miss Pamela Henderson, who had been staying in Pollensa since their return from Ibiza a fortnight ago. They might have remained longer on the North side of the Island but for the northeaster which has been persistently annoying the inhabitants of those parts for the greater part of a fortnight.

CELEBRATION OF KING GEORGE V'S JUBILEE IN LONDON

(Continued from page 1)

Company will be mounted at the West Door of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Yeomen Warders of his Majesty's Royal Palace and the Mistress of the Tower of London will be stationed on the steps of the Cathedral under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel William Viell, Major of the Tower. A dismounted party of the Honourable Artillery Company will line the steps to the West Door of the Cathedral.

Trumpeters of the Life Guards will be stationed outside the Cathedral and will blow a fanfare on the arrival and departure of King and Queen. The Route of the Processions from and to Buckingham Palace will be lined by contingents from the Navy, Army and Air Force.

The service at Saint Paul's is the kernel of the whole of the Jubilee celebrations, but the latter will continue through the summer. The arrangements include reviews of the Army, Navy, Royal Air Force and Police, and no less than four state drives through London, in which Their Majesties will visit the Northern, Southern, Western and Eastern sectors of the Metropolis in turn.

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Málaga-Boston-New York arrives and leaves Palma: May 17th, S. S. EXCAMBION. May 31st, S. S. EXOCHORDA.

Marseilles-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: May 22, LLANDAFF CASTLE.

Gibraltar-London arrives and leaves Palma: May 16, S. S. DURHAM CASTLE.

Burg-Palma-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: May 6, S. S. USARAMO.

Lisbon-Southampton-Hamburg arrives and leaves Palma: May 8, S. S. USSUKUMA.

Pool-Marseilles-Port Said-Port Sudan arrives and leaves Palma: May 10, S. S. CHINDWIN. May 24, S. S. KEMMENDINE.

Gibraltar-U. K. arrives and leaves Palma: May 14, S. S. SAGAING. May 28, S. S. BURMA.

Gibraltar-Southampton-London arrives and leaves Palma: May 18, S. S. ORAMA.

TRANSATLANTIC

Ship	Leaves	Port of	For	Due	Company
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Polk	May 8	Marseilles	N. Y.	May 21	Dollar
France	May 8	Havre	N. Y.	May 14	French Line
Whitten	May 9	Havre	N. Y.	May 16	U. S. Lines

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 ALMUDIA-IBIZA-VALENCIA, Wednesdays; dep. 9 p.m. from Palma, 11 p.m. from Ibiza.
 ALMUDIA-IBIZA-PALMA, Thursdays; dep. 8 p.m. from Valencia, Fridays at 7 a.m. from Ibiza.
 ALMUDIA-IBIZA-ALICANTE, Fridays; dep. noon from Palma, 9 p.m. from Ibiza.
 ALMUDIA-IBIZA-PALMA, Sundays; dep. noon from Alicante, midnight from Ibiza.
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