

JOCOTENANGO

*At El Porvenir de C.A.
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We are in the middle of August. That is, in the month of most movement and animation for Guatemala.

From the eighth or tenth this sleepy city begins to wake up and every day it gives greater signs of its existence, until the 15th when it goes crazy, it trembles, it acquires an astonishing vitality; to start fainting the next day, until after four or five she was plunged back into her proverbial apathy.

It's like a hypochondriac who has his moments of good humor.

That privileged day, whatever the atmosphere may be, brings all the people out into the street, most of them heading to Jocotenango in the morning, which prepares to receive its guests dressed in gala clothes.

The immigrants take possession of the small town, taking over streets, squares and ranches, whose patios suffer a true invasion, who go to seek shelter under the foliage of the trees. Generally, a secular jocotal extends its protective branches over a swarm of visitors, who sit in circles on tulle mats and have cheerful meals featuring beer, pipián and tayuyos.

The afternoon arrives, and the entire avenue is occupied with people coming and going to Jocotenango, most of them on foot, many on horseback and not a few in elegant carriages: placing themselves on both sides of the street, long and uninterrupted. rows of happy people who have managed to occupy a seat.

The 15th that just galvanized Guatemala a little, was exceptional; both because of the good weather we had, and because of how busy the walk was.

Every year it visibly improves, and this time not only were some more decorations added to the premises, but some luxury floats were exhibited, and a few trunks of Friesians, which are beginning to be more common in Guatemala.

A person who spent August 15 for the first time in "El Valle de la Virgen," told us that afternoon: "What is it that this known society enjoys so much in happy and lively walks like this, having the whole year at its disposal to indulge in this pleasure, it does so only every August 15?". "No one has a clue", we answered. We all have the same question, but the answer is that we like contenting ourselves with just sticking our noses out the window.

The person we are referring to has been among us for a few days, and from what he had seen, he had formed the honorable concept of our metropolitan city, that it was a true necropolis. But on the indicated afternoon she changed her opinion, and believing herself transported to a better place, she exclaimed: "This is how Guatemala should be! But don't you know here that it is better to be happy than sad?"

The answer to that observation was given by the happy and satisfied faces of the young strollers, and the air of triumph of the fashionables.

Why not dedicate the entire month of August to the fair and the rides? Since doing things seasonally is in the taste of our society that suffers from intermittents.

For next year we need a hut to be built in the Jocotenango plaza to serve as a theater, to give evening performances.

That the plant fences on the main street be replaced with walls.

Let the sidewalks all scratched up along the promenade be repaired.

Let the trees that are missing in long stretches be replaced, *é tutti cuanti*. -