

Crucigramas

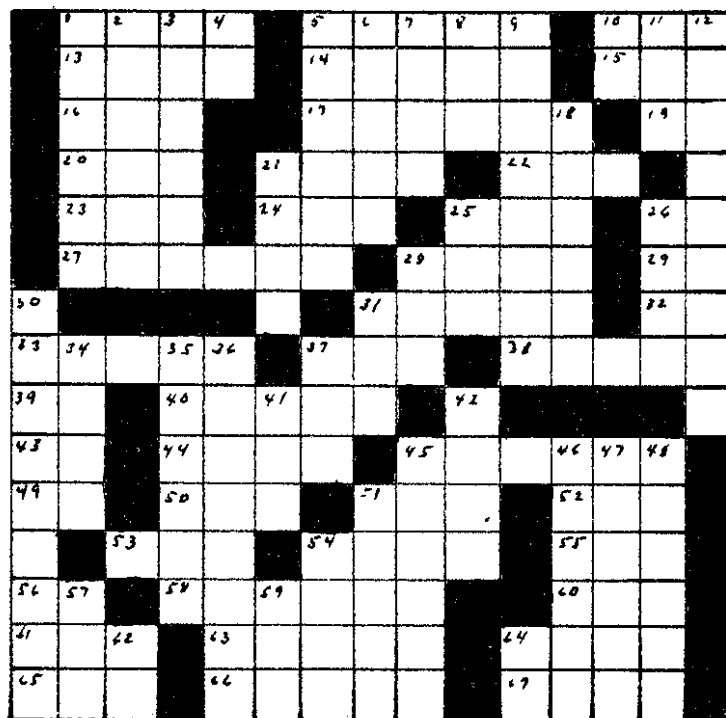
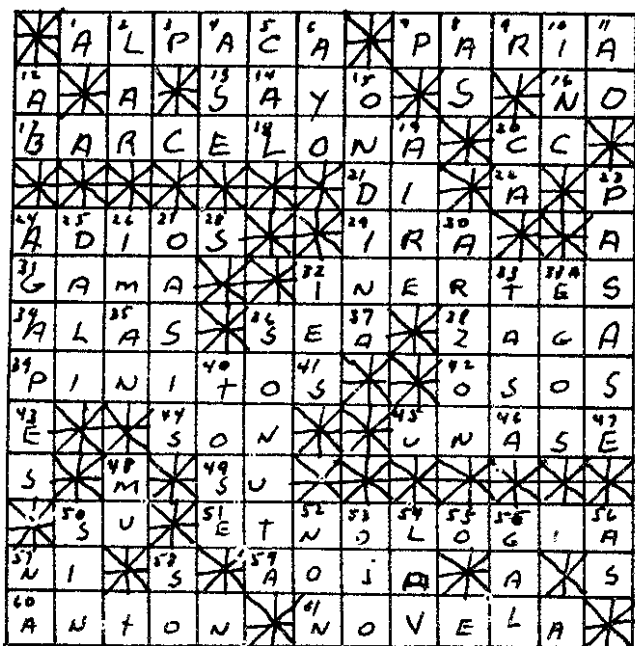
por

Helena Raquel Aguilera

VERTICALES

- 1—Dioses paganos
- 2—Piense
- 3—Atrevidas
- 4—Nota de la escala
- 5—Vestimenta de los sacerdotes
- 6—Junta general de una corporación
- 7—Extraño
- 8—Arrugue
- 9—Ciencia de la religión
- 10—Afirmativo
- 11—Baile español
- 12—Ciudad y Puerto de Holanda
- 18—Arbusto rubiáceo filipino Pl.
- 21—Sana
- 25—Astro rey
- 26—Relativo al rey
- 23—Cloruro de sodio
- 30—Deseos súbitos e irreflexivos
- 31—Suya, en italiano
- 34—Alabar
- 35—Que se place del dolor ajeno
- 36—Río del Brasil
- 37—Arte, en inglés. Invertido
- 41—Dios de los Mahometanos
- 42—Baja
- 45—Noticia, advertencia. Pl.
- 46—Disimular
- 47—Lista de las cosas contenidas en una obra.
- 48—Del verbo apalea
- 51—Lío, embrollo, trama
- 54—Gelatina vegetal de algas
- 57—Epoca
- 59—Letra
- 62—Aumentativo
- 64—Centro América

Solución del número anterior



HORIZONTALES

- 1—Humor acuoso
- 2—Nombre de un pez del antártico
- 10—Hermana religiosa
- 13—Se dá
- 14—Serie repetida de olas fuertes
- 15—Rey legendario de Troya
- 16—Alga gelatinosa
- 17—Lluvia, impertinente (aumentativo)
- 19—Conjunción latina
- 20—Pelea
- 21—Que tiene canas
- 22—Amarra
- 23—Onda
- 24—Que no puede dividirse
- 25—Igual al 25 vertical
- 26—Nota musical
- 27—Cordura
- 28—Cuerda gruesa de esparto
- 29—Símbolo del erbio
- 31—Imperativo de salir
- 32—Preposición inseparable
- 33—Poner lisa una cosa
- 37—Clase de tela
- 38—Arrasa — arruina
- 39—Río de Italia
- 40—Amara
- 43—Dios egipcio del sol
- 44—Dónala
- 45—Dejadez, indolencia
- 46—Verbo
- 50—Levanta las velas
- 51—Animal vertebrado
- 52—Asociación Nacional de Panaderos
- 53—Repetición del sonido
- 54—Composición para una sola voz
- 55—Nombre de mujer
- 56—De ser
- 58—Cubres de agua los terrenos
- 60—Número
- 61—Metal precioso
- 63—Perro grande de pelo corto
- 64—De cazar
- 65—Apócope de santo
- 66—Llegarán a ser
- 67—Superficie

(Solución en el próximo número)

Asista a la Feria de San José de David, los días
16, 17, 18 y 19 de marzo.

camisa pero bien pudieron venir con el vestido andaluz femenino o pudo ser el pudor hispano que quiso cubrir los encantos femeninos visibles a través del fino holán sin sostenes artificiales en las esclavas. Y en el misterio se pierde también el por qué de los ricos y delicados adornos con sus finos y primorosos talcos que tienen innumerables e intrincados calados, o en complicados diseños en punto de marca. Pero es indudable que es la dama española — por razones de su cultura de monasterio hispano donde pasaba largas horas dedicada a las labores de mano — la que los introduce en América. En algunos países de nuestra América hispana, la dueña de la casa entrenaba a las esclavas que demostraban habilidad en estos menesteres y había una habitación en la casona colonial que era una especie de aula de costura.

Es fácil creer en la teoría que nuestros dos tipos de pollera la **montuna** y la de **lujo** se originaron en los dos tipos de esclavas: la que se dedicaba a los oficios domésticos llevaba por razones prácticas, la falda oscura con estampados variados; ésta, al parecer por ser de menor categoría, llevaba una sola arandela en la camisa, dejando al descubierto el **tapabalazo**. La otra, la esclava que criaba a los niños de la patrona — y esto hacía a los crios de patrona y esclava hermanos de leche — se vestía de blanco y llevaba el **tapabalazo** cubierto por otra arandela más. Hay que observar que al hablar de pollera **montuna**, generalmente nos referimos a la santeña pues la ocueña es una combinación de ambas: la falda de color y las dos arandelas en la camisa pero sin bordado alguno.

EVOLUCION

La evolución de la pollera ha sido lenta pero continua. Recordemos que en sus principios no fue tan vistosa como en la actualidad; el holán de hilo, el linón y especialmente la tela de **coquitos** — importada de Filipina — y que llevaba unas motas por adorno, eran las telas favoritas para su confección. Quizá imitando el moteado de la tela importada se comienza a bordar y a enriquecer el vestido. La mayoría de los estudiosos están de acuerdo en que es la servidumbre la que usaba la pollera con exclusividad y que era fácil de identificar sus dueños por la labor en el vestido de la esclava pues cada familia usaba siempre la misma labor denominándosele con el apellido de la casa en que servía: labor Vallarino, labor Obarrio, labor Arias, etc. Estas labores eran angostas y mucho más sencillas que las de ahora. Yo creo que fue Don Guillermo Méndez P. (q.e.p.d.) como Ministro de Agricultura y Comercio quien influyó en la riqueza de los bordados con los concursos de polleras que patrocinó el Departamento de Turismo de ese Ministerio cuando estuvo bajo su dirección.

ADORNOS Y ADEREZOS

Como si estos adornos fueran poco, la camisa lleva lana enjareta en el escote (la colonial llevaba cinta) de color que contrasta con el del hilo del bordado, rematando en el pecho con motas del mismo material y color. La falda tiene en el centro de la pretina adelante y atrás gallardetes de cinta del mismo color de la lana. (Esto que hoy sólo es un adorno, era necesario en la de antaño pues las cintas venían de los lados de la cintura — que es donde se abre la pollera — y se traían al frente y atrás respectivamente rematando con un lazo como de media yarda de largo). Hoy la pollera se amarra con cintas de hiladillo y las cintas son meros adornos. Las trencillas de mundillo hechos en rueca de ese nombre y los encajes valencianos acaban de enriquecer este vistoso vestido.

Parte importante de la pollera son las dos enaguas lujosamente elaboradas, (especialmente la que va directamente debajo de la pollera y que tanto se luce en el ruedo de un tambor) con talcos en sombra, con alforcitas, son encajes tejidos al crochet, con letines de bordados de más de una yarda de ancho. Los zapatos bajos, de pana, terciopelo o raso, deben ser del mismo color de las cintas y lana llevando los de verdadero lujo rosetas o lazos de cintas, rematados en encajitos blancos y pasados por una hebilla de oro.

El hechizo de la cabeza también es exclusivo de nuestra tierra, trayéndonos recuerdo de la manera como se arregla la mujer valenciana: ambas se hacen raya central desde la frente hasta la nuca; ambas recogen el cabello a los lados; ambas usan peinetas laterales y peinetón en el centro de la cabeza.

A nuestras peinetas las llamamos de **balcón** y son con perlas en el barquillo. El peinetón posterior, de carey como los laterales, también va adornado con oro y algunas veces con perlas.

Los tembleques, — ya su nombre lo indica — tiemblan embrujadoramente, resultado de las vueltas que lleva el alambre que los sostiene en la horquilla, — eran siempre de oro y generalmente se llevaban solo dos pares. Al terminar la esclavitud no es la dueña de la casa la que compra tan rica joya y el pueblo la imita con cuentas y gusanillos y perlas o de escama. Y si pierden en valor material, ganan en valor artístico pues son verdaderas maravillas en forma de palomitas, mariposas, palmas, flores, rosetas, etc., las que se hacen de estos prosaicos materiales. Los tembleques son por pares y se colocan uno de cada lado de la cabeza a la misma altura. La pajuela de oro y perlas — que servía de escarbadientes — sobresale sobre los tembleques. Sobre las peinetas se llevaban flores pequeñas naturales de rica fragancia, generalmente blancas. Ya se ha perdido el uso del sombrero **Panamá** (de manufactura acuatoriana) y el uso de la chalina bordada en punto de marca o en talcos, de largos flecos con complicada labor y que servía para cubrir al niño cuando se llevaba de visita.

Los parches que se llevan en las sienes son de oro y en un principio servían para cubrir los de **caraña hedionda** que se suponían tener cualidades curativas verdaderamente milagrosas. Los aretes de la pollera de lujo son las tradicionales mosquetas de perlas, pero su hermana del monte, la **montuna**, lleva **dormilonas** largas y seductoras. Hay que recordar que el tocado de ésta es más sencillo como es de suponer. Un sombrero de **pita** que en **Ocú** es todo blanco y en el resto de las Provincias Centrales es **pintado**, la protege del sol al mismo tiempo que ensombrece sus ojos misteriosamente. Un par de peinetas, flores naturales sobre sus orejas y sus largas y macizas trenzas sobre sus espaldas, completan este arreglo; sin embargo, en **Ocú** la joven campesina muchas veces lleva vincha de cintas alrededor de la cabeza que le da un encantador aire de niña consentida. Nuestras cholas generalmente van descalzas.

Las joyas de la pollera podríamos clasificarlas según su origen: 1) La clásica cadena chata, así se cree, nos viene de los indios que imitaban las escamas de pescados en formas de plaquitas de oro. Un pescado de oro, macizo o en secciones (con gran flexibilidad que lo hace más real) debe colgar de la cadena chata. 2) Las de origen religioso como la cruz o medallón que cuelga del **sigueme**; el rosario chocoano en fina filigrana o de perlas, coral o azabache y el escapulario de oro. 3) Y las de origen europeo en general, como el abaniquero, la de cola de pato, la de medianaranja, la de cabestrillo con monedas o doblones coronados, la de guachapalí, la salomónica, etc.

Los botones son prenda imprescindible y como la pollera se abre a los lados, son cuatro los que lleva la falda, uno en cada punta de la pretina. Hoy en días las enaguas se abren atrás, pero como antiguamente se abrían a los lados como la pollera, llevaban sus respectivos botones haciendo un total de cuatro pares. De la pretina se cuelga — hay quien la reemplaza en la actualidad con el moderno monedero — una bolsita tejida angosta y larga con abertura central donde se guarda el dinero cerrándose en ambos lados con dos anillos de oro.

Ya hemos dicho que no usamos la pollera a diario, sin embargo, la ocueña, allá en su plácida campiña, es la representante auténtica de la mujer panameña pues ha rehusado dejarla por modernas, caprichosas o extravagantes modas. Usemos la pollera con reverencia conservando su encanto verdaderamente tradicional ya que viene a ser otro símbolo de nuestra patria.

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...Y el Rey Momo volverá con su alegría contagiosa a buscar a sus viejos conocidos, volverá a conquistar nuevas amistades en su recorrido por las calles de Panamá.

...Y volverán las Comparsas, los Disfraces y las Polleras a dar colorido al paisaje verde de éstas tierras...!

...Y este año será el Carnaval de las Américas...! Carnaval en Panamá...! ...fiestas llenas de sabor de tamborito y de cumbia...! Reinado de Momo... reinado efímero, de la farsa y el antifas... reinado lleno de Alegría, de Confeti y de Belleza...!

*Gráficas del
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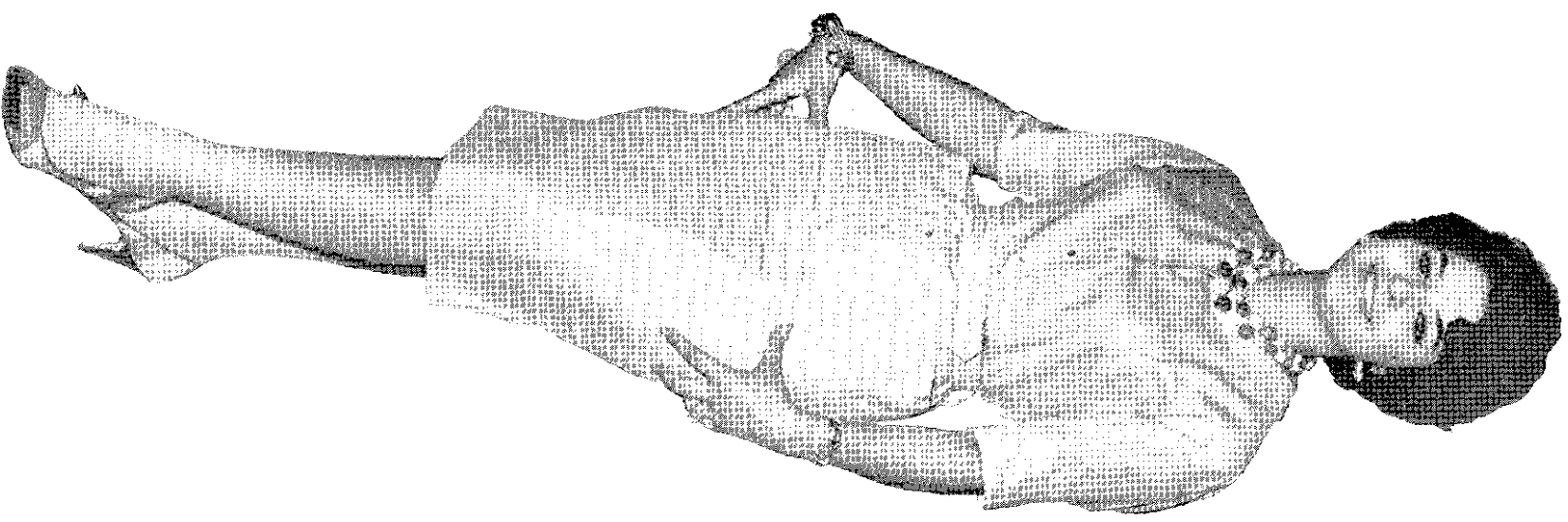
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***El Panameño
sabe
bien
lo que
toma***



English Section

Carnival for Benita...

by Anita McAndrews

Benita is eighteen years old. She is small — shoe, size four, her dress, size, ten. Her heavy, straight and waist-long hair is coiled into an ebony coronet on the top of her erect little head. When Benita washes her hair, it hangs like a black mantilla of lace and blue shadow to below her slender hips.

Benita is eighteen years old; the sun of Panama has burned her skin to dusk color and blush of deep pose. Benita is gentle, and the sadness within her is the sadness of a rose come too early to full bloom.

For seventeen years, Benita lived with nine brothers and sisters in Panama's "campo," beyond the town of Anton. Benita's father grows coffee, corn, and plantain on a small segment of rough mountain terrain. Benita's mother? Benita's mother has tended her own fertile garden of nine black-eyed children.

A year ago, Benita was a girl-child of a mountain time without sadness. The circle of her family was a fortress standing between her and the buring distance of the unknown. School was a long walk when you were little, and only an occasional visit as you grew older and could help with the house work. Benita understands the word "Catholic." She was born a Catholic, but the priest of the faraway church visited her mountain home only a few times a year.

"Man" was Benita's father, the provider, silent and interminably busy. "Man" was a young and friendly dark-eyed creature as shy as herself; someone to play a guitar for the high mountain songs without words. "Friends" were the warm circle of brother and sister. "Right and wrong" presented no problem of choice. You had fire, food, a mother; you walked the day hours as simply as the sun rose, climbed, and fell again into the cool comfort of night.

Into this safe world-within-a-world of Benita came a lady cousin from the capitol city.

Gather 'round and listen to the flashy tales this one can tell! Look at her high black shoes with heels! She has a purse-full of paper money, scarlet lips, pink underwear!

Benita listened, scraped her small naked feet on the dirt floor. She lifted her suddenly hot hair from the nape of her

(continued on Page 32)

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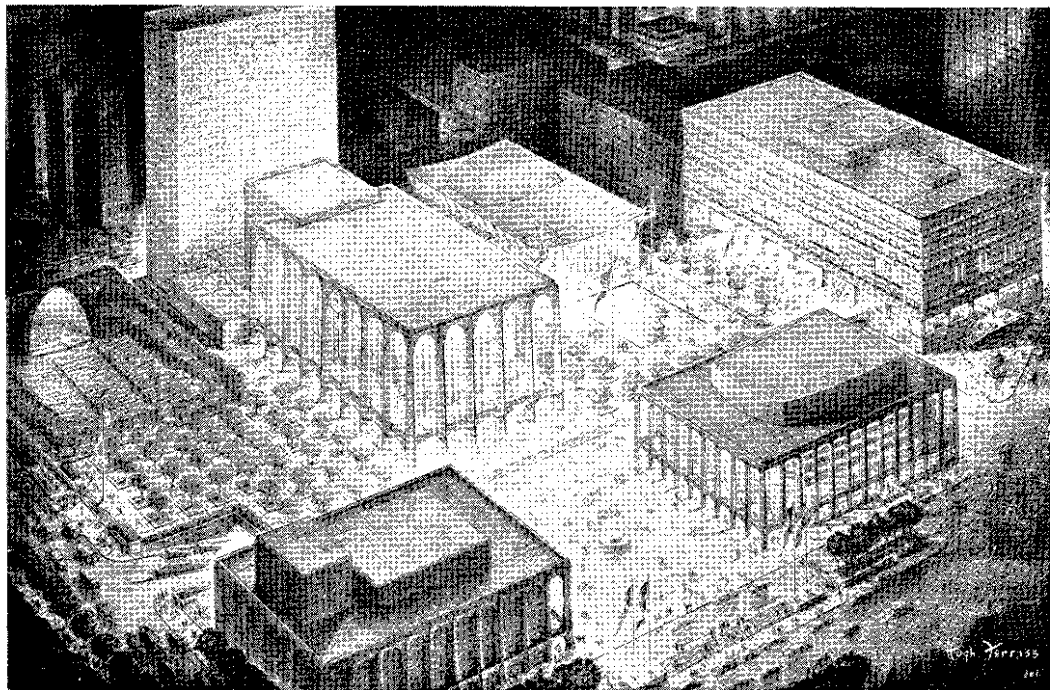
Your Host

Gerald B. Lucas

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Theatre Dream Project

by Lollie Levy



LINCOLN CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

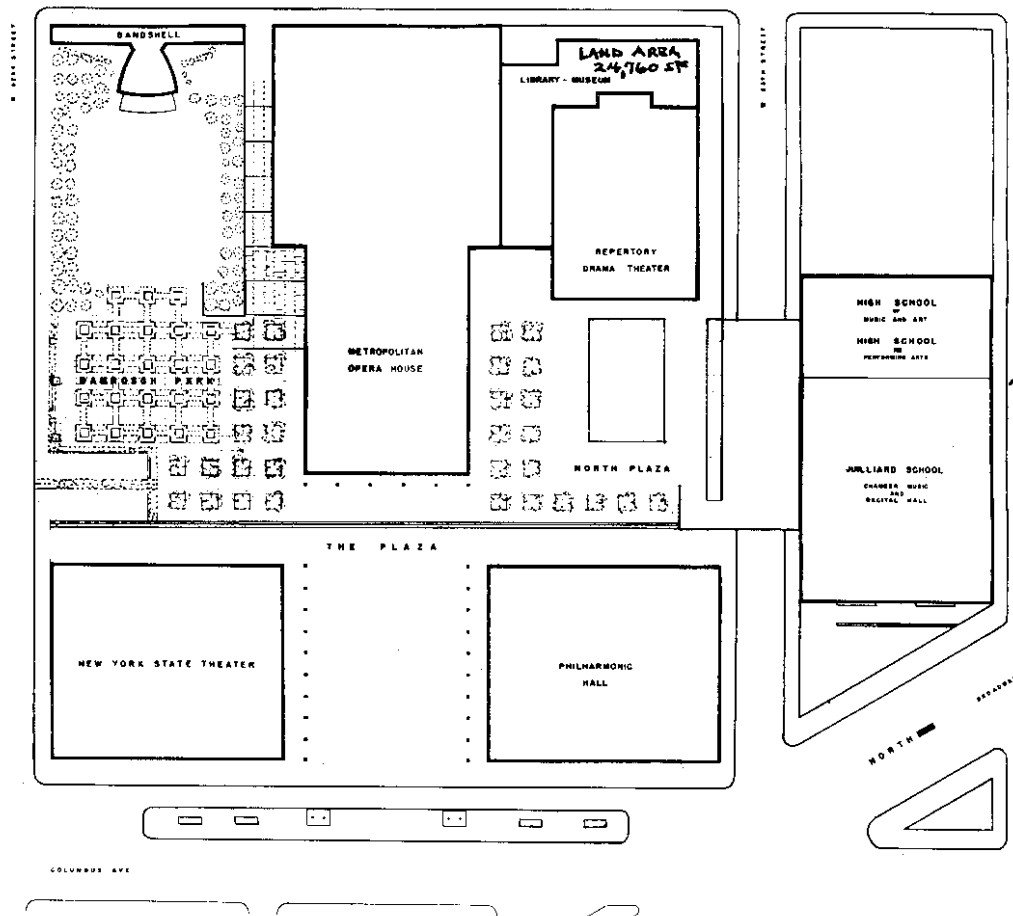
Pictured here for the first time in any local magazine, to my knowledge, is a comprehensive sketch of "The Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts," an impressive group of buildings located in the heart of Manhattan, in the City of New York. What a boon for the eyes and ears and hearts of the lovers of the Arts!

As Mr. Harold C. Schonberg, music critic of "The New York Times Magazine" states.....this is "the first step in the grandest cultural project ever conceived in America — or, very likely, in all history."

It is hoped that by May of 1964, all of the buildings will be in operation. This, then, is the culmination of almost ten years of "aspiration, dreams, frustration and legalities." Here, in a centralized area, the performing arts: opera, theatre, symphony, and the dance will delight seated audiences totaling 12,000 (in all of its auditoriums) but, it is hoped, with the advent of an educational TV station in the metropolitan area (The National Educational Television and Radio Center), its viewing public will number millions. \$102 million dollars is slated to be collected from philanthropists, business enterprises and the like, towards an estimated total of \$131.6 million dollars for the project as a whole. Somehow, somewhere, this mountain of money will be secured and one of the world's greatest tributes to the cultural advancement of a Nation will have become a reality.

I think that most of us living in Panamá would agree that one of the most important ingredients missing in our lives is an avid, aggressive appreciation of the Arts.

There are several groups well-known to most of us who present theatre both in



Panama and in the Canal Zone; there are occasional artistic functions presented in the Republic; there are public exhibitions of the work of local artists; there are numerous other educational programs, but there is no real movement designed to elevate and educate the general public so that the performing arts become part and parcel of the daily lives of the residents of Panama.

It is my understanding that there are a number of projects under consideration and in actual progress, such as the theatre of the University of Panama, to mention one, which are to be commended and encouraged. Let us hope that they not remain too long in the planning stage;

(Continued on next Page)

THEATRE—

let us hope that the planted seed is watered, fed, and tended so that its flowering and growth continue at a steady pace.

We presently have no Arts centre. We have scattered about the Isthmus classrooms for the learning of music and dance, but we badly need a modern, completely-equipped, well-lighted, centrally-located "home" where the Arts can be taught, seen, appreciated, and fostered.

Long have I nurtured such a project along the lines of the fabulous Lincoln Center for Panama... on a very modest scale, however. To this end, I shall boldly present my dream plan here for the first time.

To assist me on this project for the future, I have prevailed upon the time and patience of Mr. Octavio Méndez Guardia, the wellknown, dynamic and prominent Panamanian architect. Mr. Méndez is widely known in Panamanian and other circles. For a thumbnail sketch of Mr. Méndez, before presenting his plans for the project as he envisioned them for me on his drawing board, he has a Master of Science degree in Architecture, obtained from the University of Harvard in 1943. Since that time, in addition to teaching courses on city planning, professional practice and architectural design at the University of Panama, he taught at the University in El Salvador. In conjunction with his many associations both in Nicaragua and Salvador, he will be particularly remembered for his association with Mr. Harold W. Sander (Méndez & Sander), and for his work, in a supervisory capacity, in connection with the construction of the Hotel El Panama, which construction was awarded a gold medal by The Architectural League of New York as the best edifice of the year. Much of his work has appeared in prominent publications, such as *PENCIL POINTS*, *THE MAGAZINE OF BUILDING*, and *L'ARCHITECTURE D'AUJOURD'HUI*. He has been the recipient of many other distinctions, too numerous to list here. After an absence of seven years, Mr. Méndez has returned to Panama and while he classifies himself as an "independent archi-

tect," he is presently connected with the "Caja de Seguro Social" (Social Security Organization). As you will note, Mr. Méndez has sketched the buildings on a specific tract of land, owned by the National Government, which may or may not be available for this purpose. For the purposes of this article, we shall call the edifices "CENTRO PANAMENO DE BELLAS ARTES" (PANAMA'S PERFORMING ARTS CENTRE).

The sketch consists of a modern, fully-equipped theatre, with a proscenium stage which could be adapted for arena presentations; an orchestra pit, ample dressing room space, in addition to a rehearsal area and spacious storage area. Adjacent to the rehearsal area are the classrooms where dancing (both classical and folk), painting, music, and acting can be taught. There is office and lobby space, parking facilities, landscaped gardens, a restaurant and bar, and the theatre proper can seat a total of 728 persons: 528 in the orchestra and 200 in the balcony.

Time, effort, hard work and cooperation go into any theatre project. It is really a labour of love — a quality which seems to be fast disappearing in our world of today. Naturally, there are people who make time for worthwhile projects; who make sacrifices and tear themselves away from their manifold duties to contribute a part of themselves to a worthy cause, but these are few and precious people indeed.

In New York, for instance, where life is hard, time is scarce for the average working man and woman, and the working restrictions many, theatre — some good, some poor, some incredibly bad, some excellent — is brought to Broadway theatres, garrets, small rooms, tiny theatres, and, sometimes, to cubbyholes. The hardships are rampant; the sacrifices are many, but the spirit is bold and willing and the desire to learn and acquire a higher level of culture is significant.

What we need is the support of the Panamanian people... we need help from everyone. Think for a moment of the advantages such a theatrical home could offer. Here we could invite directors from other countries to cast and present plays with local talent... here, we could begin to

teach youngsters how important it is for them to learn something other than a talent for business and, most important, provide them with a showcase for their efforts... concerts could be held; symposiums conducted, theatrical productions staged regularly; guest artists invited, and we could proudly offer our facilities to touring theatrical companies, instead of seeing them as we now so often do in our various movie houses.

The dream unfolds its wings... this is only the presentation; we plan to proceed with the steps leading to its realization, slowly, carefully. With the advent of another television station in Panama, the soon-to-be-inaugurated Channel 2, there is a need for the development of local talent for live shows... certainly this talent should not be utilized only for one-shot performances; these artists of the future should be banded into a repertory group, to form the backbone of the company needed for the Arts' Centre's regular presentations.

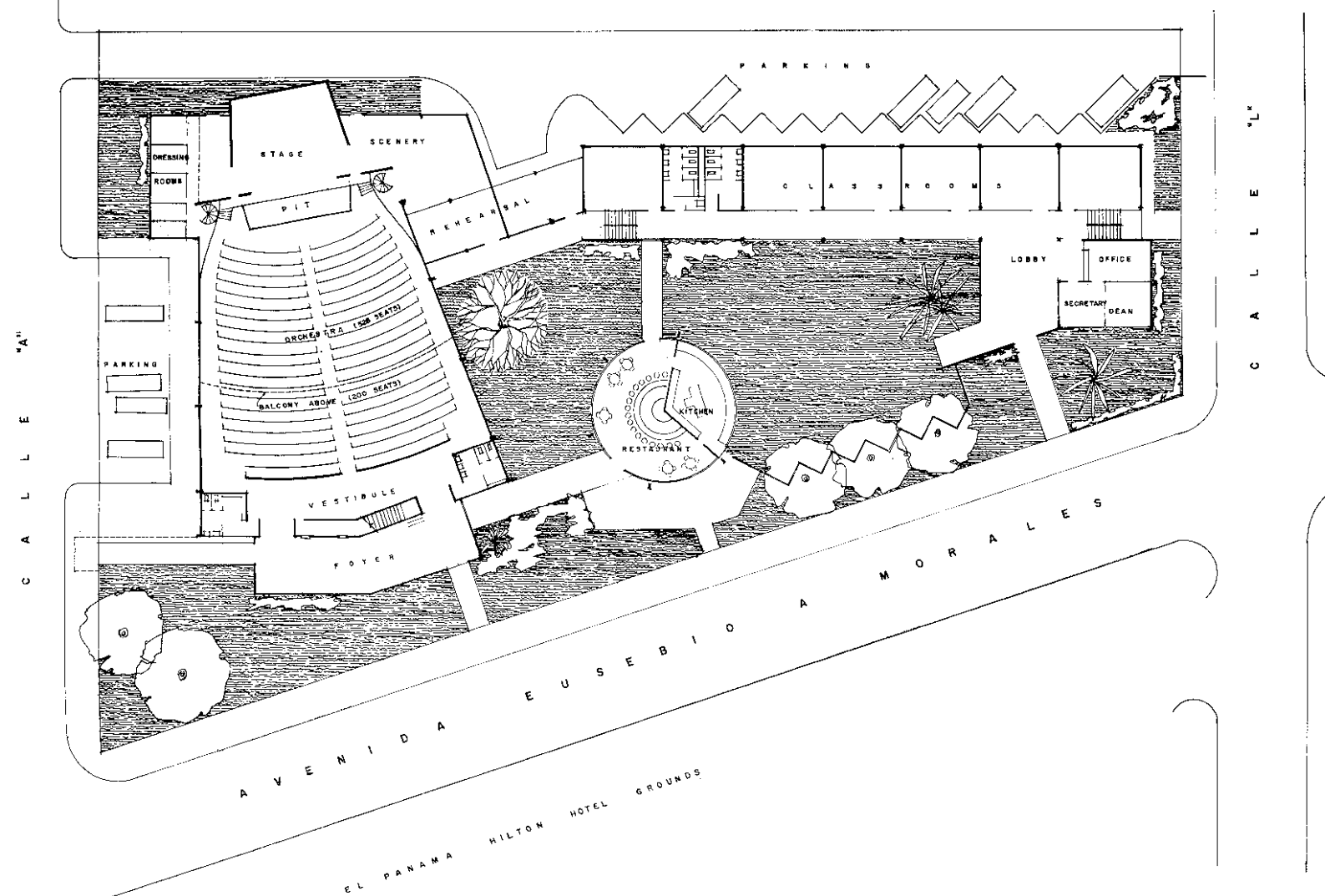
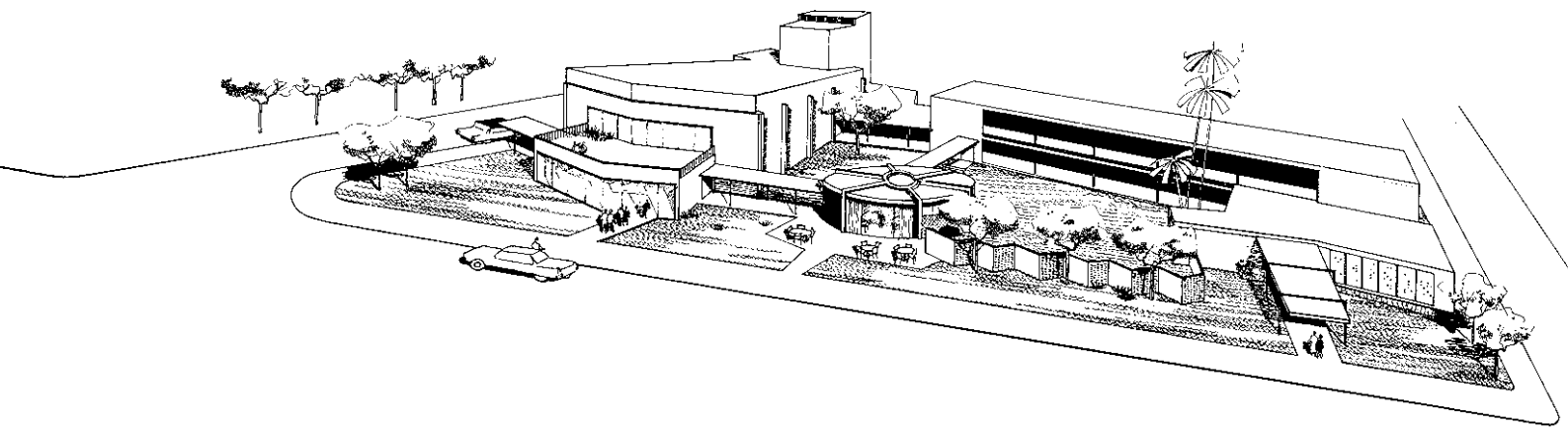
Dynamic, aggressive people are needed — people who aren't afraid to say what they feel and then go a step further by offering their cooperation and assistance as well as their constructive criticism.

We would like to organize a working committee... we would like to set it in motion. Will you volunteer to help and I mean really help with your time, patience and services? If so, write to "Theatre Project", c/o "Tierra y Dos Mares", Apartado 4927 Panama, Republic of Panama. As the project gathers momentum, you will be contacted to help us present our appeal to the Panamanian people and our good friends residing in the Canal Zone. "Tierra y Dos Mares" will continue to keep its readers informed of the progress of the cultural centre and of the people it contacts for ideas, assistance and financial aid.

I take the liberty of leaving you with a maxim expressed by one of the world's most outstanding writers, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe:

"There are many thoughts which come only from general culture, like buds from green branches. When roses are in bloom, you find them blooming everywhere."

The Star & Herald Co.



soiled and sticky neck. She smelled a city perfume. She tried to imagine The City.

"Would Benita like a job? Would she like to work as a maid in the city?"

Yes, Benita could go and work for a little while, says her father. She, too, could bring home a bag of money. Her mother, though, is quiet .. looking at Benita.

There are things the mother knows, things she has never had time to tell this girl of hers. Benita is like a small wild flower straining to the sun. She does not know her mother's secret .. the only real sun is here, everyday, on the side of the mountain.

So, Benita is going off to the city ... Here is a cotton dress for her, a pair of rayon panties, a basket to carry the uncomfortable shoes that she will not put on until the last moment. Shine your gold earrings, Benita .. Wash and bind your hair high ... You are going to work in the city!

Walk and walk the familiar, then unfamiliar, path to the wide highway. Say hello and goodbye to the people, to the trees, to the deep dark earth of your home. "Ah .. Benita is going to work in the city? Ah .." Old women chuckle and whisper. What do they know?

Hours of dry dust and jolting bumps, her knees pressed too intimately to strange knees, rough laughter beating against her tired and aching head. Her cousin, in the seat beside her, drums cracked red fingernails on the splintered board of the bus's window sill. She hums a silly tune.

At last .. the gift of the city! Step down, Benita, and hold up your head proudly!

It is night, but the city is as bright as day. It is night, but the city exudes a grubby heat, and its people are walking as busily as though it were early morning. Cars and cars ... look at all the shoes in the big window ... look, oh look, at the feathers, the spangles, the perfume and paint!

Do not stare so, Benita. Come — get on the bus. The señora is waiting. Your work is waiting. Pick up your basket, put on your shoes, and hurry .. Benita, learn to hurry!

Here is the big house of the Señora, the señora who needs Benita. Can Benita cook? Can you iron? Can you wash? Can you clean?

Yes, yes ... on a fire .. in the sun .. beside the river .. and why, does this beautiful shining house need cleaning?

Oh, you will learn, Benita! You must learn ... to turn the faucet and take a shower, to brush your teeth, answer the telephone, bring the ice ... a table and a cloth, a knife, a fork, and a spoon. Clean again, Benita! Only the Sundays are your own ..

Yes, Sunday belongs to you, Benita. There is a small bit of money now, to buy a red dress, a stiff little bit of a brassiere, combs and pins for your hair. Sundays belong to you ... and carnival is coming!

Ask the señora if you may have two days at carnival, a day and a night, and another day ...

"But I have no other place to stay," says Benita. "Where will I spend the night? There is no-one I know in the city who would give me a bed."

The other girls laugh .. "We will dance the whole night, Benita. Do not worry, we will watch out for you!"

The city has a different face at Carnival time. Parades and music are a smiling mask, and the insidious rhythm of Carnival seems to gentle the crudest beggar, to melt the ice shopkeeper. Let your hair down, Benita, and hurry to the Carnival!

Rhinestone earrings and silver buckles .. papier mache dragons and flare of charcoal fires. Who is taking care of Benita? See .. a young man is dancing with her. He is talking to Benita. He has a guitar. The arms of the young man are a strong circle to keep the twisting shapes of Carnival at bay .. to lead Benita into the secret of the city.

Benita is a red balloon! Benita is a wild flower reaching for the sun .. and no-one has told her anything at all!

A day, and the night, and another day .. and every Sunday hereafter is still yours, Benita. Nobody knows how late you come home from your day off. The park is green in the after-

noon, and the sand on the beach is a white dream under the moon at night. Benita's hair is down below her waist. Her smile is more woman than girl.

The dry season is going like the dream that is going. The thunder-clouds will not release their rain. It is hot and Benita's dancing shoes have a drift of green mold. Flies bang and die against the window screen. Benita burns her forearm for the third time with the heavy iron. Tears sting her eyes, and her white uniform is tight across her breasts and belly.

Benita is going to have a baby. All the Sundays are still hers, but they are empty because the young man is lost to the city. He belonged to the city, and the city does not ever give; the city is a pawn shop, a procurer of young men. To redeem her prize, Benita must give herself to the city. This she is not ready to do ..

You must tell the señora about the baby, Benita. She is kind. Talk to her, Benita ..

"Where is the man?"

"I don't know — he has changed his job .."

"There are laws to protect you, Benita. Where is the man?"

"I don't know."

Love? What is love? Where do I find the law? Who will protect Benita?

Yes, says the señora, Benita may stay and work in the house .. that is until she is too heavy, too tired. Benita is heavy and tired now, but she can work. She works hard, and the baby stirs within her small frame making a mystery ... a nightmare.

How many months is it now, Benita?

"I don't know ..."

It must be at least eight .. you must take your vacation, rest a little. Then, afterwards, you may come back. Find a place to stay.

"Where?"

The city is full of people. There must be somebody .. and a place for you to leave your baby when you came back to work ..

So many rooms, dirty empty beds ... dirty empty rooms. But Benita cannot go home to her mother. Babies born on the mountain are as welcome as the first rain, but the young man of the mountain does not hide away. The young man will provide, not the wedding ring perhaps, but more important things like shelter and food. Those of the city belong to the city. Those of the mountain belong to their own.

Benita finds her cousin, and the cousin has a quarter of a room for rent. For one dollar a month Benita may live in this quarter of a room, and when the baby has arrived, Benita will pay more so that the lazy cousin can stay home and watch the baby while Benita works.

The hospital offers bed and care for three days, free of charge. The hospital is white and stiff, the doctors are stiff in their starched and slippery white suits. The nurses have known a hundred thousand Benitas, and this one is passed through their sterile hands as swiftly and cleanly as material on a conveyor belt.

Alberto is born. He is a miracle to his mother only. To Benita, Alberto is a small high tune from the mountains, a soft smudge of a dream ... Look, look at Benita's Alberto!

But nobody looks, not even the cousin. Alberto does not make the littlest ripple on the glass uncaring mask of the city.

Benita is following the secret now ... wily as a fox, she makes a small burrow for her young one. Slim as a fox, she is off to hunt food ... to work ... and work.

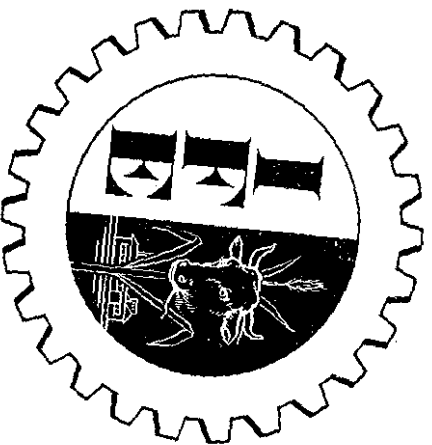
Benita's hair is pulled tight and firmly pinned. It is seldom soft and hanging loose unless she is sitting in the Sunday dusk, alone with her son. Powdered milk, instead of shoes and lipstick .. go to Mass and pray for Alberto, instead of lazy mornings in the park .. from the house of the señora to the house of Alberto, and hurry, Benita, hurry!

Benita is eighteen years old, and carnival has come again. Roses drop from the parade floats; the papier maché dragons nod and grin above the heads of young girls who have two days off and no place to sleep. Benita is dark and quiet, standing on the edge of the stranger-crowd. She watches a red balloon float up and up, into the Carnival sky, and the weight of Alberto is heavy on her arms.



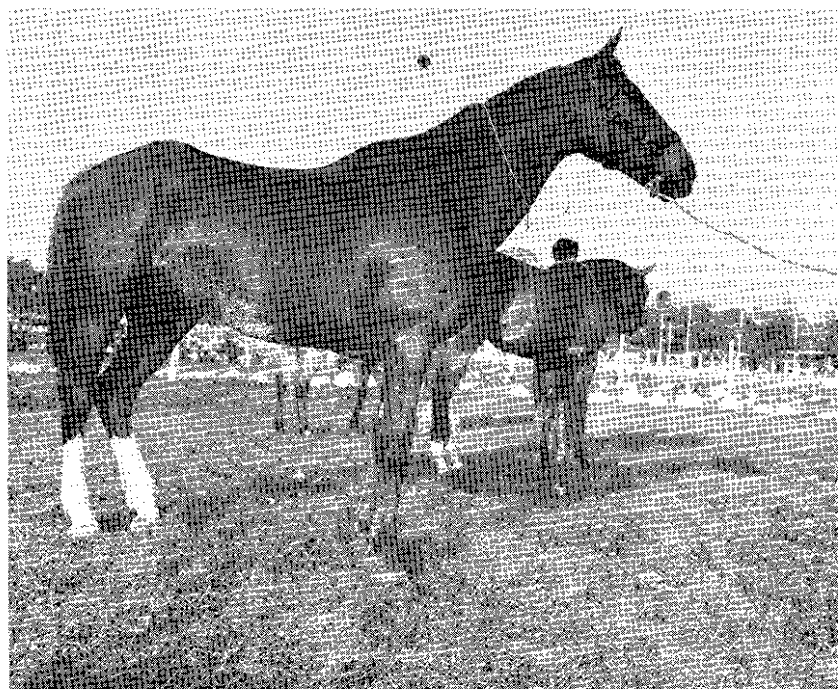
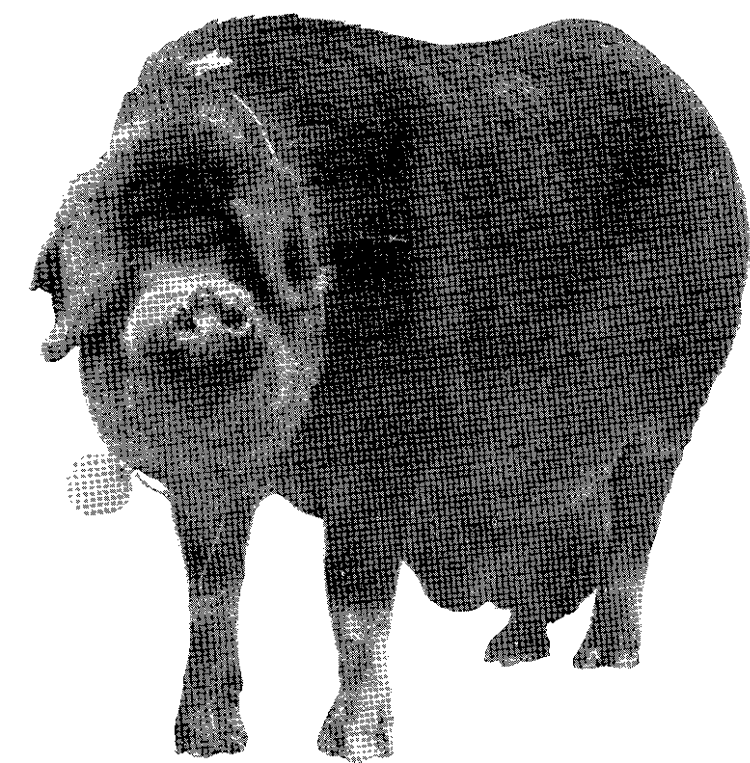
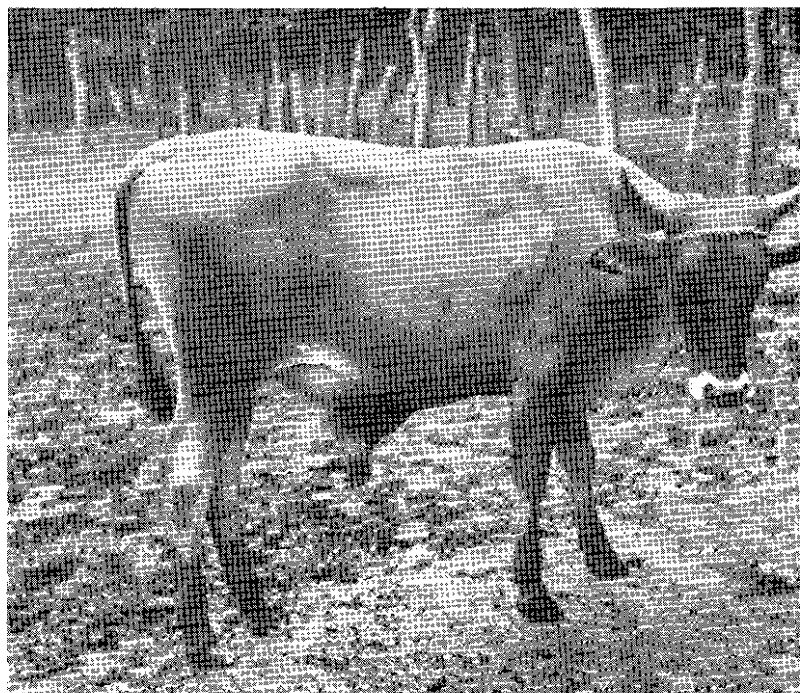
Motores Nacionales, S. A. El Agricultor Chiricano
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El plan de inversiones en créditos para el año de 1962 contempla la suma de un millón y medio de balboas para diversas actividades agrícolas.





CHIRIQUI PIONERA EN EL .. .

años estos últimos en los cuales no se nombró junta alguna de festejos por parte de la autoridad competente, y debido a eso no fue sino en 1944 cuando se realizó la cuarta Feria Regional Chiricana que, siguiendo el ritmo progresivo de sus antecesoras constituyó un verdadero triunfo para sus organizadores que, como en las anteriores ocasiones, lo fueron los *Caballeros del Barú*, hasta el punto de despertar el entusiasmo de visitantes ilustres como lo fue Mr. Henry Wallace, en ese tiempo Vice-Presidente de los Estados Unidos de Norteamérica conocedor de actividades de igual naturaleza en grande escala.

El Gobierno presidido por don Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia decidió convertir esa actividad en una institución nacional, a solicitud nuestra, pero no logró llevarlo a efecto el año siguiente, como fueron sus deseos, por lo cual tampoco hubo feria en 1945.

Por fin este año el Excelentísimo señor Presidente de la República, don Enrique A. Jiménez, ha inaugurado las Ferias Nacionales, eficazmente secundado por sus Ministros de Agricultura, Comercio e Industrias y de Obras Públicas, Antonio Pino R. y Aristides Romero, respectivamente, quienes también son *Caballeros del Barú* (activo el primero y el segundo honorario). A esta Feria, pese a su no internacionalización (ya vendrá ésta a su debido tiempo), ha enviado valiosa representación nuestra vecina hermana Costa Rica e intentó hacerlo así mismo nuestra grande y lejana hermana Brasil. Poco a poco, pues, va lográndose el principal objetivo nuestro al iniciar estas actividades, y por ello, todos los *Caballeros del Barú* nos sentimos llenos de satisfacción y de legítimo orgullo".

Alberto Federico Alba, FERIAS EN LA REPUBLICA DE PANAMA, 1959 p. 2, 3 y 4.