

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1921.

The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one. -Chaffield.

The Pioneer Reunion. It was grand and glorious, the first day of the first reunion of Arizona pioneers. There was a conspiracy of the sun and the breeze to make it a success.

They came from everywhere, men and women who had not been in Phoenix for years; some who had never been here and others who had been here before Phoenix was, and not since.

Men met for the first time who had heard of one another a half century ago when men were scarcer than they are now, and when their fame spread more widely.

It was a day when the newer generations paid a tribute due to the older; it was gladly paid and proudly received. It was a day which will be a bright one in the few declining years of many a pioneer, in which there are so few bright days.

It was a wholesale rolling back of the years upon themselves. We speak of the union of the sections of the state, of the union of its interests.

The Republican last winter when it planned the meeting of the pioneers had no idea of the extent of the gathering, or of the response which has been made to its invitation. It never suspected that there were so many men and women who had lived in Arizona as long as thirty-five years, or that there were so many men and women whose span of residence has covered two generations.

No single event in the career of The Republican has been more gratifying to it than the size and success of this reunion. Its gratification is marred by a single regret—that some of the pioneers have been prevented by bodily infirmities or poverty from participating in the reunion.

Benjamin Austin Fowler. No prouder monument was ever erected than that which has been erected to Benjamin Austin Fowler, who died at Long Beach, California, on Monday. There will always be associated with his name, in the Salt River valley, the country's reclamation policy, the Roosevelt dam, and the Salt River Valley Water Users Association, which became the model for organizations of landowners under government irrigation projects.

Mr. Fowler was closely identified with all these things from the beginning. They would have come to pass in the course of events but the procession of events was expedited by his prompt and untiring energy.

Men generally are brought to the support of enterprise by the prospect of gain. But now and then there is a man who performs a great service to the public without that incentive. Mr. Fowler was one of those comparatively few men, who gave of his strength and means to the public with little thought of any material return.

We have known few men so admirable as he was; so broad so liberal, yet so uncompromising with wrong or with what he believed to be error. He was an earnest Christian, yet there was nothing of intolerance in his character. There was in him nothing of the narrow reformer, nothing of fanaticism, nothing of pretense, only straight forwardness.

It appears to us unfortunate that one who had done so much to increase the wealth of this valley should have gained nothing from the labors and the foresight which had brought so much to others; that he should have left the valley with less than he brought into it.

We recall those lines of Vergil, "Sic vos non vobis." So you ye birds with wondrous skill possessed, Not for yourselves construct the curious nest; So you ye bees who every flower explore, Not for yourselves amass the honied store; So you, ye patient kine inured to toll, Not for yourselves subdue the stubborn soil.

It would have been with no selfish spirit that Mr. Fowler would have looked forward to in his declining and darkening years, and have accepted as a reward, the gratitude of the people of this valley for the great service he performed for them.

Such a reward to such a man is as remote from his consideration as any monetary, material reward. B. A. Fowler gave service alone for the love of service.

Anti-Semitism. In a recent article in this paper by Dr. Frank Crane on Hugo Stinnes of Germany, there appears a violation of a rule which is enforced in many newspaper offices, and in the office of The Republican, an unnecessary reference to the nationality and race of one who is being exposed to contempt or criticism. This rule rests on the fact that a whole people may not be indicted for the shortcomings of one of its members.

Dr. Crane says of Stinnes that he is a Jew and then proceeds to the description of personal unlovable characteristics all of which must be as offensive as it is irrelevant.

It may be necessary or advisable in a biographical description of a public character to mention his nationality or his race. That is always necessary in an extended biography, just as it may be proper to

describe his personal appearance and his domestic relations, but in no case should the subject's family, or his race or nationality be introduced with a view to accentuate the unworthiness of the subject—thereby holding the family, race or nationality responsible for the subject's shortcomings.

There are good and bad Americans, Englishmen, Jews, Germans, Irishmen, French and Italians. The good and the bad are found in about the same ratio in all these peoples. There is at present no chosen race; no peculiar people.

The Jew is not a national as a Jew, but is a citizen of the country in which he was born or in which he has been naturalized and in the country of which he is a citizen he conducts himself as other citizens. He aligns himself with parties and factions as other citizens do. Thus we have Jews who are democrats and Jews who are republicans. In their political relation and that is in what we are most concerned as to any national or racial group, the Jew is no more clanish than his neighbors, rather less so than citizens of almost any other race or nationality transplanted into the United States.

It is especially true of the Jews of Russia. The same is true of the Jews of England and France, and as we learn from John Spargo's late book: "The Jew and American Ideals" in which he deprecates the anti-Semitic course of the Dearborn Independent, it is especially true of the Jews of Russia.

Deprecating anti-Semitism anywhere Mr. Spargo says: "Because of a reasoned faith in those principles and ideals of democracy which brought this nation into being, and toward the realization of which we have steadily progressed through sunshine and storm, through peace and war, I am opposed to anti-Semitism and every manifestation of it. Anti-Semitism and the American ideal can never be reconciled. Far sooner will men reconcile fire and water, and mix oil and water inseparably, than blend the cruel and hateful passions of anti-Semitism with the generous spirit of America. For America's safety and honor, therefore, I plead for unity against this sinister foe lurking within the gates, as against all other foes, no matter under what flag they may be marshaled."

"Too Many People." Dispatches from China tell of the forcible cutting off of the queues of Chinese as a measure of sanitation in the fight against typhus, which is propagated through the bites of lice.

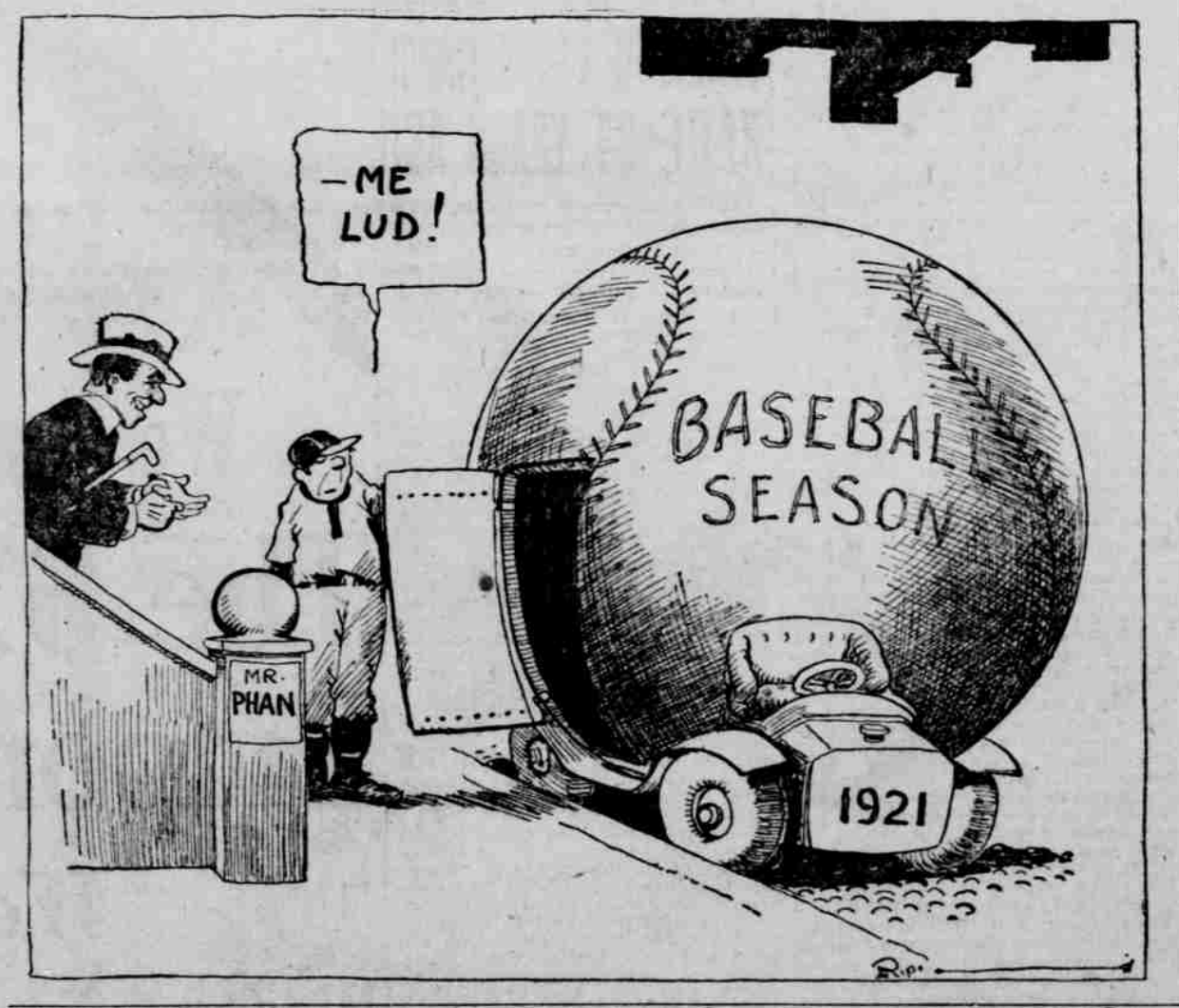
But the orthodox Chinese believes that if he dies without his queue his soul will be lost. As between the hardships they were supposed to have passed through, and as I look back upon the conditions of those times, the greatest hardship we had was to raise money to pay our board.

"One of the principal sports of those days was horse racing, the most interesting and exciting events of which were held on Washington street every Sunday morning, when the town would be full of people. The track from the court house square to the east side of the public square (city hall square) would be packed with men, women and children of many nationalities, not omitting Indians who often took part in the races and frequently pulled off foot races which added much to the excitement.

The mandarin had never heard of this, but he was an intelligent man, and was keenly interested. "Yes," said he, after all his questions had been answered, "I can see that what you say is true. It agrees with the facts."

"Give me the men and the authority, and I will stamp out this dreadful plague," said the American. The mandarin suddenly lost interest. "Why should we go to all that trouble and expense?" he inquired. "There are too many people."

THE CARRIAGE AWAITS



Red-Blooded Sports Are Enjoyed By Citizens Of Phoenix In Early Days

An interesting account of the various sports enjoyed in the Salt River valley in the early days is given by H. R. Patrick in the following: "When I arrived in Phoenix in the summer of 1878 I found a rather happy-go-lucky and sport-loving class of people who enjoyed life in spite of the hardships they were supposed to have passed through, and as I look back upon the conditions of those times, the greatest hardship we had was to raise money to pay our board."

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"The poor tree finally shriveled and died and became an eyesore until an early Christmas morn dawned upon the old locus transformed into a town Christmas tree, hung with many funny and pretty ornaments and a number of ridiculous presents for some of the popular business men of the town. For example, a long string of sausage links made an appropriate present for Kelly, the butcher; a sarong and an old deck of cards, representing the dealer's cards for dealing faro, was tagged for Tom Barnum; an immense piece of silk made a large sized necktie for the old locus transformed into a town Christmas tree, hung with many funny and pretty ornaments and a number of ridiculous presents for some of the popular business men of the town."

"It seems that among the onlookers there were several young men who had been slighted by the givers at the dance. They soon began to josh and jeer and finally to insult those who were enjoying the hospitality of the host, who then closed the doors and window shutters. This was the signal for hostilities to begin, and a number of pistol shots were fired through the doors and windows, without casualties, however. The ladies and most of the men, including the writer, fled in great confusion into the bed room while the host and a few of his friends defied the place by charging outside, putting the invaders to rout and showing a few more shots as they were in flight. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and the writer learned his first lesson in frontier tactics and etiquette. But this affair was very tame in comparison with some of those of earlier days, when the public dance halls with bar and gambling all going on together, the scenes of sanguinary contests."

Keep Eyesight and Pile of Rocks Saved Him from Geronimo Band

William Craft, now 75 years of age, owes his life to an eagle eye and a pile of rocks. In 1849 he was riding when he saw Geronimo and his band of about 40 Apaches coming down the trail. Mr. Craft saw the Indians before they saw him and hid behind a pile of rocks until they passed. The band, he said, passed within 50 feet of him, but he was not seen. "At one of these fiestas in the latter '70's a Spanish bull fight was planned and a plaza de toros (bull ring) with extensive bleachers and considerable expense. It drew a large crowd, filling the bleachers and even the nearby cottonwoods. The bulls were fierce and swift, and the ground cleared off for dancing. Here these sports were carried on day and night, generally from San Juan day, June 24, until July 4."

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How the Site of Mesa Was Picked Out Is Related By Sarah Matilda Pomeroy

Sarah Matilda Pomeroy, of Mesa, tells the following interesting story of how the first company of settlers came down from Utah and picked out the site of Mesa as their long sought for goal. Mrs. Pomeroy is 86 years old. She was a pioneer to Utah in 1848 to Idaho, and to Arizona in 1877. Her letter is, in part, as follows:

"Our company now comprised 18 wagons and 129 head of stock, and naturally moved very slowly, so that it was December before we crossed the line of Utah into Arizona, by way of Lee's Ferry."

"The day before Christmas we were crossing the Mogon range of mountains, when it began to gather for a storm. Now it was a pretty serious thing to be caught in a storm on those mountains. We met some twisters that day which advised us to send the women and children ahead as there had been known cases where travelers had been caught in snow storms and snowed in for the winter. However, the company concluded to hang together and risk the consequences. Our camp was made at Pine Springs on Christmas eve, and the snow was coming down pretty heavily by that time. I remember thrusting my hand out a number of times during the night from the wagon, hoping to find a cessation of the storm, and could feel the big feathery flakes as they came down. When morning came, what a sight! Giant white wings were sweeping down the mountains, with the trees and everything buried from two to three feet deep in snow. I remember that at the break of day Charles I. Robson called out, 'I wish you all a Merry Christmas,' but there was a very faint response."

"There are pioneers and pioneers. The different grades of them are determined by two things, the priority of their residence in Arizona and the activity of the part they took in the building of Arizona. A pioneer in the first place must have been here before the rest of the country was really a pioneer. Among the earlier pioneers was L. E. Williamson, a guest of the Pioneers' Home at Prescott, to whom he is now a frequent visitor. He was in Phoenix for The Republican's reunion in the hope that he might meet some of the men whom he knew a half century ago."

"Mr. Williamson, a native of Kentucky, after a residence of three years in Texas, came to Arizona in 1849 and worked at a stage station on the Gila kept by King Woolsey. After a short stay there he went to California, but returned to Arizona, coming to the Salt River Valley in 1871, and he was here at the time of the Republican reunion in Maricopa county. He cast his first vote at the first election in the county, at which county officers were chosen and Phoenix was declared to be the county seat. He remembers most of the men whom he knew a half century ago."

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them huddled up in sheltered places to get away from the storm. After the herd was started, the lightest load wagons were selected to "break the track," taking turns as the horses became wearied from fighting the snow. During the day we met a slight drizzle, which was as ourselves in 1877. Her letter is, in part, as follows: "Our company now comprised 18 wagons and 129 head of stock, and naturally moved very slowly, so that it was December before we crossed the line of Utah into Arizona, by way of Lee's Ferry."

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Dangers Of Mining Were Heavy In The Indian Days

Dangers and hardships of mining in the days when Indians were on the warpath are related by Matt Cavanas of Constellation as follows: "In July, 1864, my father, George R. Roberts, and family crossed the Colorado river at Fort Mohave on the way to Prescott. At Fort Mohave Captain Hardy informed us that the Indians were on the warpath and that it would not be safe for us to travel without more men. So with four more men we went on to Prescott."

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