

PANORAMA: PHOENIX, ARIZONA

planting themselves definitely in the picture and serving as the support of a new swarm of second-hand Ford dealers and itinerant gospel-peddlers.

Concurrent with this invasion from Texas and Oklahoma came a wholesale importation of Mexicans from across the line, to work in the cotton fields and lend color to that section of the city which they appropriated as their own. There had always been Mexicans, but never so many, never so affluent, never so profitable to the small merchant with his wares of bright blue peg-top trousers and yellow buttoned shoes. The Mexicans spent their money freely, sang through the day's work, serenaded their sweethearts through the twilights, and on Saturday nights munched pan dulces and strewed peanut shells on the streets.

The inevitable crash followed the overproduction of cotton. Among the many burdens that piled rapidly upon the valley and city, the problem of the Mexicans, jobless, penniless, unschooled and bewildered, grew to mammoth proportions. The association which had brought them over was pledged to get them back. More than one contract was broken and a good deal of unpleasantness ensued. When it all blew over, we had as a more or less permanent part of our population, a large number of Mexican peons who had come to pick the valley's cotton and stayed to do its washing, its irrigating, and much of its petty thieving.

It was not until after the cotton business was put on a more normal basis that Phoenix began to feel the first stirrings of a big boom. The dominant element in the city at that time was made up of sons of pioneers who had taken wives with country club complexes, and in even larger proportion, of the uncles, cousins, and brothers who came in the wake of the tubercular young men to look things over, and stayed to become realtors and boosters. They saw the possibilities in the place and determined then and there to sell Phoenix to the world. They saw the weakness of playing up the climate to the health-seekers alone, who

were very often just remittance men living in sanitariums. It was too good a selling-point to disregard, but they began looking about for another market. They found it among the elderly gentlemen who like to play golf all year round, and among the ladies of all ages who like to applaud them.

It worked. Today Phoenix no longer thinks of herself as first of all a health-seeker's paradise. There is no rule against regaining one's health here, but it is not in the best taste to discuss it. Phoenix is going metropolitan. It is turning smart. The Old-timer, pushed to the wall, looks on rather bewildered and not a little hurt. Once a year, on Pioneer Day, he parades down the street and sees on either side the outside faces watching him,—gaping faces from Oklahoma, amused faces from Michigan, smug faces from Kansas, bored faces from New York. No doubt he feels embarrassed.

II

The Noble Red Man

There is still another element that colors the shifting scene of our city and antedates all the others, chronologically: the element composed of 1928 model American Indians. They are mainly Pimas, most peaceful and friendly of the tribes, who, perhaps because of these very virtues, do not figure in any large way in either history or literature. Only during State Fair Week do we see many of the other Arizona tribes. Then the Navajos come from the north and the flat-faced little Hopis, the former ornamented with trinkets of beaten silver, and the latter with their short legs swathed in cloths, their shoulders wrapped in bright plaid shawls, and their black hair plaited with colored ribbons. The Papagoes, cousins to the Pimas, come from the Tucson district and some of the still fierce Apaches from Fort McDowell. They move stolidly, warily, from shop window to shop window, their faces immobile. Sometimes they venture into the stores and stare about silently, pointing to the things they want.