

CAMP CAJON

By J. C. DAVIS



U P from our inland empire of orange and palm and vine—
Here where the wildflower fragrance and the breath of the
mountain pine
Give respite from work and worry and the grinding care
that kills,
We find the help that cometh from the everlasting hills.

At this—the wide-flung portal to our golden farthest West—
Of all fair lands the fairest, of all good lands the best,
We have builded a shrine to friendship, goodfellowship and cheer,
That all who cross our threshold may find refreshment here;
For the weary, wayworn stranger, a haven of peace and rest;
Cool shade from our ardent sunshine, Godspeed for the parting guest.

The pioneers—pathfinders—beheld no welcoming sign
As trickled down yon cañon, their first thin skirmish line;
Vanguard of the mighty army, that ever swells and grows,
As swells the flood in the old Cajon with the melting of mountain snows.
Gone are their prairie schooners—type of a vanished day;
Gone are the sands and boulders that strewed their hard-won way;
They blazed the trail primeval, but the sons whom they gave birth,
Ariel-like, have made us a girdle around the earth;
Running a myriad tangents from dawn to the set of sun;
Spanning the mighty distance till East and West are one.
Smoothly as glides the eagle, above us in the sky,
Racing along that speedway our airshod chariots fly;
And the beehive hum of commerce across earth's leveled floor
Chords with the diapason of the birdman's motor's roar.

The West to the East calls ever in a voice that is loud and clear,
And she stands at her open gateway to give you greeting here;
Friends are ye all and brothers, from whitherso'er ye come—
Tarry beneath the willows—this for the nonce is home.
We offer to each a token, a service of heart and hand;
The deed for the word unspoken, the way of our western land;
A pledge and an invitation, bold-written in bronze and stone
That he who runs may read it—THRICE WELCOME TO CAMP
CAJON!