

CAYTON YEAR BOOK

New Year 1930



"Meet Miss Seattle"

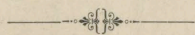
(By H. R. Cayton)

With her winding ways, her blooming bowers, her silvery lakes, her swelling tides, her flying crafts, her floating fleets, her towering temples and her prosperous people as depicted on another page hereof, Miss Seattle in the name of a half a million inhabitants greets you and bids you welcome to join her fellow citizens and share and share alike the goods the gods provided when the famous Seattle Spirit was born. May as many as so desire find homes and abodes within her golden gates until her number is swelled to a million or more and she becomes the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Serenely seated on her seven hills she watches the golden rays of the setting sun sink to rest in the deep blue sea and are lulled to sleep by the cooing waves. Her lighted streets and lovers' lanes, her beacon hills with their guiding lights all present a picture, which dazzle the gods and furnish food for thought for the poet's pen. When day is done then her milky fleets come flocking into port laden with fish and fowls, food and fuels, gold and grain, lumber and logs, linen and laces, silver and sand, fruits and fabrics all to further enrich the already bulging tills of those, who pay the price to grind her rice.

Strong and steady strike her sons, her daughters too are on the run, and day by day, and in every way, they build her walls, cut her hills, lower her lakes and sing her psalms. Her fame and fortune ride the rails, fly the flivvers, sail the seas and rhyme the radios. Her life blood thus bequicken her population grows by leaps and bounds, and though but in the bloom of youth, yet a half a million souls tell her tale.

After all, the Seattle Spirit is not a myth, but her guiding star, her patron saint, her saving salvation, her living light, which leads her safely through commercial jungles, preying prejudices and financial fallacies to fields of golden harvest and thence to the port of Peace.

Her templed towers with their glowing lights dispel the night to aid her flying crafts, which fill the air and play their part in making great this glorious state. What more, can we say, than to you hath been said, save, she's a thing of life, beauty, and a joy forever.



Seattle Negro Activities

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