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"Bide Here With Us," undated poem by Sonora Dodd

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BIDE HERE WITH US

By MRS. JOHN BRUCE DODD

*T*HE SPOKANES were christened the "Children of the Sun," because they had pitched their tepees within the bounds of a rich, fertile Inland Empire—the beloved garden spot of the Sun-god.

Where the Great Manitou of Waters had caused the river of the Spokanes to plunge and make deep music in the sunshine, their trails crossed, and it was here that the leaders of the pony trains would pause, and call back as they beheld the rainbow in the mist above the falls, "Spokan-na," meaning broken sunbeams—scattered sunlight.

These crossed trails caused the ever watchful white scout to stop—yes, to stop and ponder over these thread-like trails that crossed and disappeared in the distance of the friendly hills that guarded jealously these singing waters.

They, like the Indian trail blazer, beheld the rainbow in the fall's mist and said, "We have reached the foot of the rainbow." They visioned the legendary pots of gold at the rainbow's ends—gold in the far-reaching forests, gold in the untilled fields and valleys, gold hidden in the bosoms of the surrounding hills, gold in the potential water power of the falls, harnessed only by the rainbow of assurance. A great hope was born and they said, as did the pioneers of ancient times, "Here will we build a city."

So here was a city builded; builded to the rythm of music; the music of the tom-tom from dawn to twilight time, accompanied by the singing of many waters.

To this city fashioned to music we welcome you, you questers for song, you seekers for nature knowledge, you wayfarers for wealth.

We welcome you, and invite you to bide here with us. The music of the tom-tom is hushed, but the water will sing on with you always. The rainbow of assurance in the fall's mist is yours, and the pots of gold at the ends of the rainbow will ever for you remain brim-filled.

You questers for song, you seekers for nature knowledge, you wayfarers for wealth, bide here with us.

