dead, though I do hope not. People take the damndest times to die. That’s what I told Mom when Dad died. I was in Paris and had to come home.”

“We’ll get it all cleaned up,” purred Edna. “Does the baby want another kiddie cocktail? Sure, he does.” She stroked his curls with a firm hand.

“He fix ‘em,” said baby, watching the motionless Tony. “He fix ‘em.”

San Joaquin Valley

BY DENNIS TRUDELL

Across a long land,
At the end of a scheme dreamed in shade
Is my place, is a soft meadow’s green
And a sky lifted high, painted blue.
Outdoors there is a morning air,
Caressing the day and wakening a soul
In the boy in the scenes of my dream.

There’s a stir in the field
And another inside—things are growing,
Ripening in meadow and me.
It waits over the hills, beyond reaches at sunset,
This green growing place by the sea.
Then dark, and I dream and often I seem
To feel the night-winds urge Go,
Go now. Cross the long land.