

Ode to Southern Californians

Their race is run?

By William Eaton

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So dearly these people they loved their sun,
Their eternal youth and happy ends, their cowboy guns,
And on real-estate developing fast making mon-
Aiye!

But of water they had none,
And even others' was bound to run
Out one day when they; not glum!
And not ever moving, not a one!

On this or that freeway
Ever-widening in the sun
They
Succumbed.

