

College Men

When Jack and I to college went
 I thought I'd lead the way;
 I thought I could with good intent
 Bring everything my way.

Now, Jack, he was an awful grind,
 He studied night and day,
 And gathered crumbs of every kind
 That lay in "learning's way".

But I, so ran my youthful dream,
 Went in for athletics,
 And, while I played upon the team,
 Jack played with cold kinetics.

The story's told. I got my place,
 Jack ran the college papers.
 He used up all the paper's space
 In writing up my capers.

