A BOY OF SEVENTEEN

When I was a boy of seventeen--
    Ungainly, dull and tall,
As green as any goslin,
    I thought I knew it all.
Now old Joe Anderson, another boy in school
    He was just about as big as I
And about as big a fool,
    Just whispered in a private way,
"It would be a right smart feature
    And give us lots of glory if we
Would up and lick the teacher".
    That scrawny little teacher,
He bounded from his chair--
    He grabbed me by the pants,
And he threw me in the air.
    Around, and around, he whirled me,
He whirled me like a top.
    Then I saw a thousand stars--
That teacher let me drop.

- Ralph Ames - '39