

THE CON'S CONFESSION

A simple freeze-out followed, and
We lost all title to the land.
The bunch that stung us all went broke
On ground that assayed thousands. Joke.

Our intentions were fine but didn't make good.
Then, again, we've been misunderstood.
It happened like this: We met the bunch,
Who asked us into town for lunch.

These fellows had stood up so straight
That they leaned over backwards. Fate
Had foiled them when they used the mails,
And everybody hit the trails.

The complications were of such
A nature that 'twas best to clutch
The cash in hand, forget ground floors,
And tour away to alien shores.

We got one scare at a big hotel
From the looks of a guy in the next room. Well,
No one was to move or open his mouth—
'Twas only a bank clerk tearing south.