



Perspective from 1977

A RELUCTANT INVESTOR'S LAMENT

*I hesitate to make a list
Of all the countless deals I've missed;
Bonanzas that were in my grip -
I watched them through my fingers slip;*

*The windfalls which I should have brought
Were lost because I over thought;
I thought of this, I thought of that,
I could have sworn I smelled a rat,
and while I thought things over twice,
Another grabbed them at the price.*

*It seems I always hesitate,
then make my mind up much too late.
A very cautious man am I,
And that is why I never buy.*

*When tracks rose high on Sixth and Third,
The price asked, I felt, was absurd;
Those block fronts - - bleak and black with soot
Were priced at thirty bucks a foot!*

*I wouldn't even make a bid,
But others did - - yes, others did!*

*When Tucson was cheap desert land,
I could have had a heap of sand;
When Phoenix was the place to buy,
I thought the climate was too dry;*

*"Invest in Dallas - - that's the spot!"
My sixth sense warned me I should not.
And that is why I never buy.*

*How Nassau and How Suffolk grew!
North Jersey! Staten Island, too!
When others culled those sprawling farms
And welcomed deals with open arms . . .*

*A corner here, ten acres there,
Compounding values year by year,
I chose to think and as I thought,
They bought the deals I should have bought.*

*The golden chances I had then
Are lost and will not come again.*

*Today I cannot be enticed
For everything (in 1977) is so overpriced.*

*The deals of yesteryear are dead;
The market's soft - - and so's my head.*

*Last night I had a fearful dream,
I know I wakened with a scream;
Some Indians approached my bed - -*

*For trinkets on the barrel head
(in dollar bills worth twenty-four
And nothing less and nothing more)
They'd sell Manhattan Isle to me.*

*The most I'd go was twenty-three.
The red men scowled; "Not on a bet!"
And sold to Peter Minuit.*

*At times a teardrop drowns my eye
For deals I had, but did not buy;
And now life's saddest words I pen - -*

"IF ONLY I'D INVESTED THEN !"

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