

# Reflections

Have you had the fortune to observe, I asked my friend,  
That the age of idiocy is about to begin,  
That simplicity is the attitude of the hour,  
And stupidity is blooming without sun or shower?  
My Word! said he, That's a downright lie,  
And searched for a proverb with which to reply.

Have you had the fortune to observe, I pressed the matter,  
That people's heads are getting fatter,  
That the simple habit to dismiss,  
Is supplanting even avarice?  
To this he shrugged and said to wit,  
Why no, and I don't care one bit.

— *Tom Irish, Sc. '58*

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## *The Vantage Point*

Come out of your shell, Mr. Turtle,  
to the tortoise spoke the hare.  
Come out of your shell, Mr. Turtle,  
and learn what it means to care.

Come out of your shell, Mr. Turtle,  
your life is hollow, starved.  
Come out of your shell, Mr. Turtle,  
your niche is not yet carved.

Come out of your shell, Mr. Turtle,  
come let your heart be fed.  
So out stepped Mr. Turtle,  
and they chopped off his head.

— *Tom Irish, Sc. '58*