

BY

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GOODBYE

Or perhaps I should just say à bientôt?

Well, it's finally happened—the editors have sacked Beasley.

He's been put out to pasture. All used up. No more old Beasley to kick around.

So, this is adieu. So long, folks. Aloha. Sayonara. It's been real. Thanks for coming out.

I'll now have more time for screech, Montreal smoked meat sandwiches, The Peg's Salisbury House nips, Edmonton's best perogies and Vancouver grass, all of which are available in Toronto, home of the best 3 a.m. takeout in the country—which is to say, the mask is not coming off, at least not today.

It has been a fun three years and we've covered a lot of ground. Topics from regulators to CE credits to Portus to hypocrisy have all come into the crosshairs. We have pined for the good ol' days, when fund suppliers could fly us anywhere in the world and keep us liquored up for the whole weekend, all at their expense. We've avoided expressing admiration for the insurance industry, which seems to still provide such largesse, bless their hearts (and our livers).

We hoped, each time, that you understood that some of the more outrageous statements were made tongue-in-cheek and not to be taken literally. How did we do on that? The safety net was that no one is more literal than our editors—the line of last defence if Beasley tried to get a little too over-the-top.

You'll be left to ponder who, or what, was Beasley Hawkes. Was Beasley a man or woman? A person or a committee? Human or superhero? Was there a different Beasley each month for 36 months, by invitation, leaving you to wonder why you weren't asked to be a guest columnist?

More likely you're not too worried about that. You've got way bigger fish to fry in your daily lives, fighting off the demons of arbitrary and poorly considered compliance procedures, nervous clients and inflated-promise competitors. There are many issues that remain to be tackled, as you can attest. Sometimes it's nice to have an outspoken ally in print; I hope we've been that, from time to time.

But fear not, loyal citizen. Beasley is not dead and 6-feet-under yet. Like a 90-year-old Batman, he will lurk in a dark cave, waiting for the Beasleyphone to ring, for Commissioner Porado or Inspector Gage to flash the Beasley sign on a night-time cloud, drawing him from quiet hibernation, whenever advisors are confronted by a new threat that needs addressing, or a wrong decision that needs righting. Sometimes, the absurd is so obvious that someone has to point it out.

In other words—regulators, bureaucrats and thieves—anger us at your peril. (Beasley will also continue to be available for speaking engagements, just call his agent.)

Despite my kidding and complaining over the years, I think we advisors are truly blessed. Sure you have some challenges; little daily ones that wear you out; some big ones that force a change in the business model or compensation. But you're tough—keep your eye on your goals and it will all seem like small stuff.

As my dad used to say, "It's a great life, if you don't weaken." We have the opportunity to create the lives we want, generally on our terms. What could be better?

For Closing Bell, it all comes down to times a-changing, which we know happens. *Advisor's Edge* is 10 years old next month and will be turning its attention to regularly predicting the future, with uncanny accuracy and guarantees to readers. Beasley does not have the gonads to be any part of that!

So thank you, my 13 or 14 loyal readers, for letting me be a part of your month. I hope we have been able to make it better occasionally, or at least been able to amuse or annoy you from time to time. If so, our mission has been accomplished.

Congratulations to *Advisor's Edge* for 10 great years, and here's to 20 more (Hold for a slow sip of Grey Goose on the rocks). Thanks for letting Beasley be a part of it.

Beaz out. ^{AE}

HAWKES