

## THE ANNIVERSARY

By Clarence W. Hobbs

Long ago, Horatius Flaccus  
 Sadly sang, *Eheu fugaces*  
*labuntor anni*; all which means, time marches on.  
 From our wrestlings with the present  
 Let us snatch a moment pleasant  
 From the memories of hours that are gone.

Goodly hours we recall  
 Of our meetings, Spring and Fall:  
 Wit and wisdom flowing free in glorious tide.  
 But whoever might be there  
 In the presidential chair,  
 He's had Secretary Richard by his side.

Five and twenty years have gone,  
 But he blandly goes right on  
 With keeping of our records and our money.  
 And this is but a revealing  
 Of the universal feeling  
 That, as a secretary, he's a honey.

Here's the earnest of our thought.  
 To commemorate, we've sought,  
 This anniversary in fitting wise.  
 Three the gifts we bring this day:  
 And, in systematic way,  
 Let us mention first the Third Fondiller Prize.

May this prize true zeal inspire  
 In the soul that would aspire  
 Of insurance destinies to be the shaper,  
 Ever seeking hopefully  
 To achieve reality  
 By manipulating ghosts of things on paper.

May it stir all mental attics  
 To achieve by mathematics  
 Sound logic, maybe, too, hypocrisy,  
 Worshipping in sober sooth  
 Both the virgin, Lady Truth.  
 And that winsome wanton, Plausibility.

May this desk set be productive  
 Of things learned and constructive:  
 More receipts for fees than checks, we fondly hope:  
 Of opinions, fair to see,  
 Proving clients' solvency,  
 And making State Funds smell like Heliotrope.

May this bag go with you far;  
 Serve you well where'er you are.  
 May its course on trail of business never flag.  
 And when homeward you're returning,  
 And the home folks are discerning,  
 May you ever proudly say, "It's in the Bag."

Good friend, take our salutation.  
 Fill for long your present station  
 Good health be yours, long life, prosperity.  
 Demonstrate in living presence  
 Of reality the essence,  
 As Bergson holds it, durability.