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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

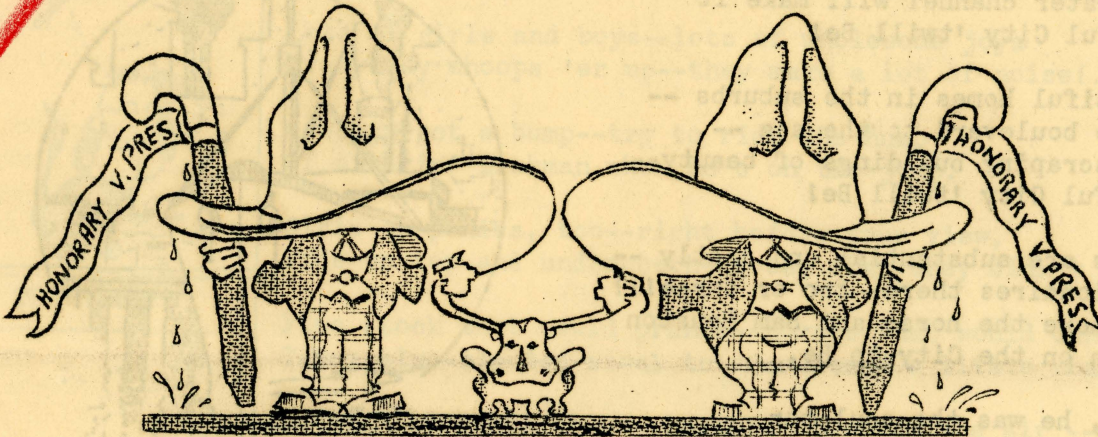
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TEXAS EDITION



"Tex" Sweeney,
with Hat and Cane

"Tex" Hill,
with Hat and Cane

The mem'ry of Fort Worth
Would all be the "cats"
If we didn't remember
Our canes and our hats!

OBSERVATIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF OUR TEXAS TRIP
March 4th to 12, 1927 By Arthur J. Hill

It will be an occasion long to be remembered.

I was signally honored by being invited to accompany our well-beloved Second Vice-President Robert E. Sweeney on his annual Texas trip in March.

Meeting Mr. Sweeney at Houston, our first stop, we were royally entertained by General Agent James H. Shively, assisted by his associates, in trips in and around Houston and Galveston.

Going next to Fort Worth, we were the guests of a boy-hood friend, Mr. Amon G. Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, who was lavish in his entertainment, augmented by the Fort Worth Agency of the State Life, under the direction of Newsom & Moore.

After three days of Fort Worth inspection, including a never-to-be-forgotten visit to the famous Fort Worth Rodeo, we concluded our trip with a very entertaining and instructive visit to the Dallas Agency of Chapman & Rinker.

The memory of the trip so inspired the writer that he "burst into rime", with the following results:

Dear Bob:

When I left you in Dallas town --
Got on the train and settled down --
It wasn't long before the night
In all its blackness snuffed the light.
Though wide awake in mind, it seems
I soon was cradled in my dreams!

I dreamed I had ability
To make in rime for you and me
A record of our Texas trip,
From time you met me and my grip
Up to the time my train pulled out --
So to that task I'll set about!

HOUSTON

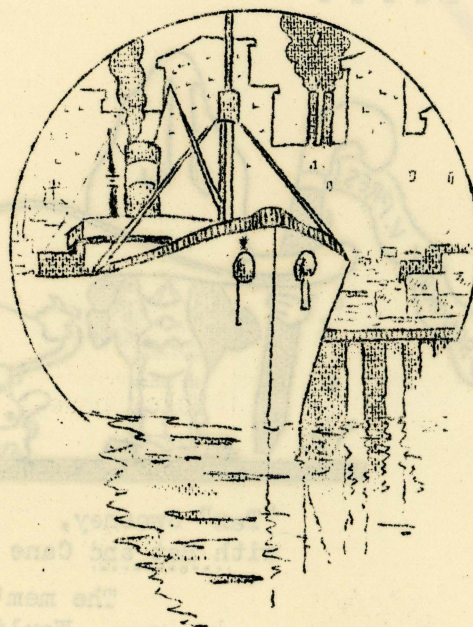
I think of the City of Houston --
It's lively like Shively, you see --
That deep water channel will make it
A Wonderful City 'twill Be!

Those beautiful homes in the suburbs --
That wide boulevard to the sea --
Those sky-scraping buildings of beauty--
A Wonderful City 'twill Be!

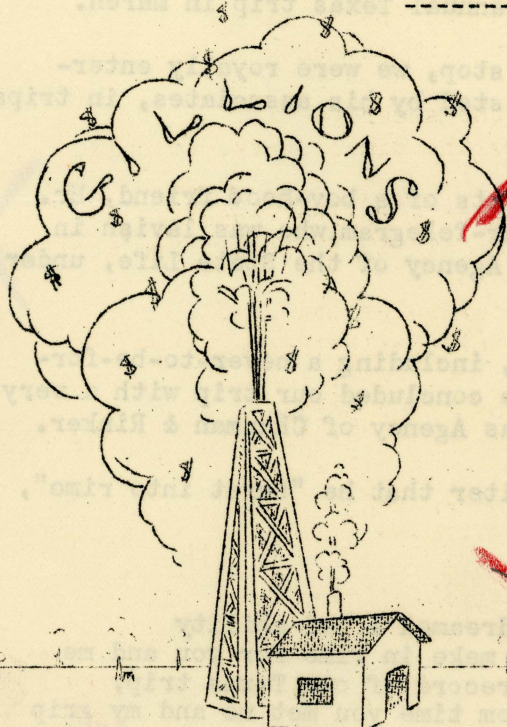
Those homes are substantial and costly --
And millionaires there--two or three!!!
The park where the horse and Sam Houston
Lock down on the City to Be.

Cerracchio, he was the sculptor --
He didn't get all of his fee!
So Madame strings out the spaghetti,
Mile by mile, in that City to Be.

With Kessler and Simank and "Johnny,"
"Queen Clara" and Shively you'll see
An Agency that will be worthy
That Wonderful City to Be!!



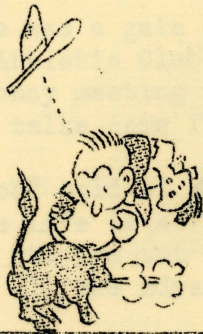
I'd keep talkin' Houston
But you'd say I was boostin'!



I never met so many millionaires--
They all seemed free from worries and all cares--
With their oil and with their cattle--
Tell me, was this merely prattle--
Is Fort Worth full of men of BIG AFFAIRS?

This man for forty "mils" sold out last week,
This other's wells for fifty "mils" they seek--
And it all comes from the ground--
Wish I could stick around
And this "gillionated" language learn to speak!

FORT WORTH RODEO



THE START



9 SECONDS LATER

Did you ever go? You should really go
Down to Western Texas to the Fat Stock Show.

Lots of girls and boys--lots of wholesome joys
Everybody whoops 'er up--they make a lot of noise!.

Cowboys get a bump--try to ride the hump
Of a rarin' Brahman when he's on the jump.

Girls on ponies, too--right before your view,
Ride on top and underneath--gosh, what they didn't do!

Fine stock that would prance--horses that would dance --
Takes blue-blooded stock to even stand a little chance!

Buckin' bronchos there, hurtlin' through the air --
Throwin' riders right and left and no one seemed to care.

Want the latest thrill? This will fill the bill:
With a hundred horses wild the tan-bark ring they fill --

No bridle, cinch or rope--around the ring they lope --
Pick your horse and get astride--that is the winner's hope --

But here was my surprise--it opened up my eyes--
He had to jump the SECONd horse before he'd win the prize!

'Twas a great affair--danger fills the air--
And if any still remains, straight up will go your hair!

Ropin' up the calves--records cut by halves--
Cowboys goin' from the rings for liniments and salves!

But the best of all--bring the steer to fall
In nine seconds from the time the timer starts to call.

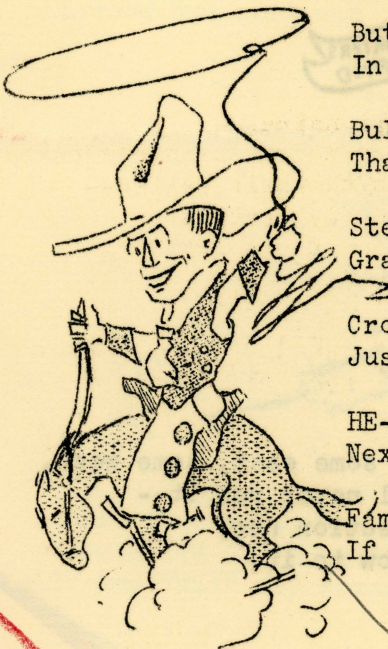
Bull-doggin' is the name--takes a feller "game"--
That's the sport, it seems to me, the most of them would maim--

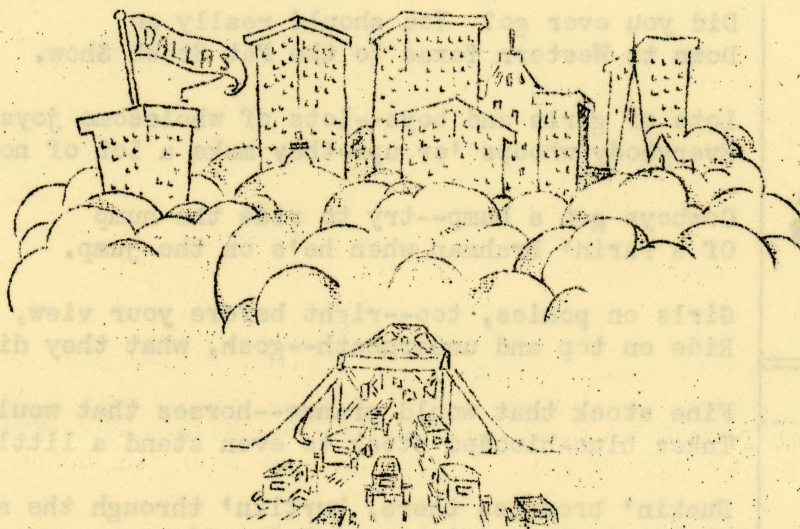
Steers run at full speed--courage riders need--
Grab the horns right in mid-air while leaping from the steed--

Crowds look aghast--steer and rider passed--
Just count ~~nine~~--and you'll agree that's working mighty fast!

HE-MEN on the staff--got to stand the gaff--
Next "trick-roper" that I see, guess I'll have to laugh!

Famous Rodeo--Fort Worth's yearly show--
If you want to see the BEST, that's sure the place to go.





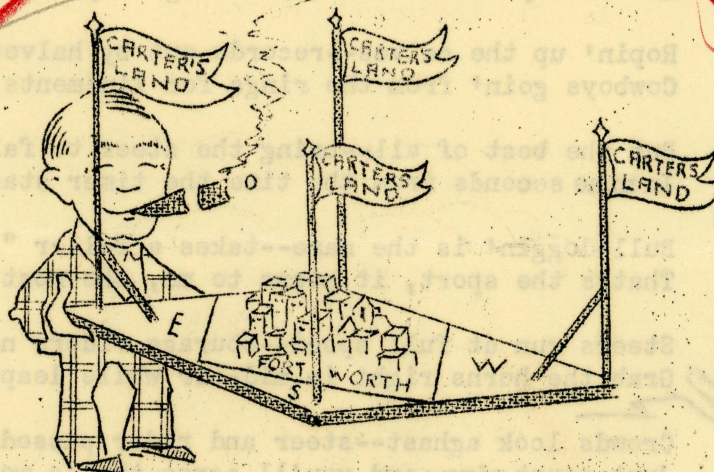
THAT DALLAS SKY-LINE

A city solid--built to stay--
 Foundationed in an early day--
 Substantial, busy; full of "go"--
 A city that is bound to grow
 To big proportions, based on worth;
 Auspicious from its mode of birth--

But talk to any of the men
 Who helped the city "upward" when
 The buildings were one story tall--
 And sometimes two--but that was all--
 They'll take you to the bridge and task
 You to look up--then proudly ask:

This is, I'll call it, "my line."

"How do you like our sky-line?"



NOW GROW

Amon Carter bought some land
 Around Fort Worth, his city--
 He'll make another million sure--
 Just listen to this ditty:

Some lies to north, some east, some west,
 Some south--he'll never rue it--
 No matter WHICH direction now,
 The city will grow to it.

THE DALLAS MEETING

It sure was a gala occasion--
 The Athletic Club fed us fine--
 The Agency meeting was "peppy"--
 Good talks came from all down the line.

"Our Bob" told of plans for the future--
 State Life is a "comer," you bet!
 And we who are out "in the trenches"
 Will all the advantages get.

The speakers all seemed to agree on
 The point that it won't do to shirk--
 Success doesn't come from a "luck Stone"--
 It comes from a lot of HARD WORK!

McMichael was first to deliver
 A talk that was crammed full of thought:
 "Give SERVICE and SERVICE and SERVICE"--
 That's gist of the lesson he taught.

O. Ellis from Stephenville followed--
 "Excuses" he fast put aside--
 For "Now" is his motto in closing,
 And "Conscience is truly your guide."

Fitzgerald is one in a million--
 In all of his cases he'd show
 That "Sticking" will make you a winner.
 He don't know how to "let go!"

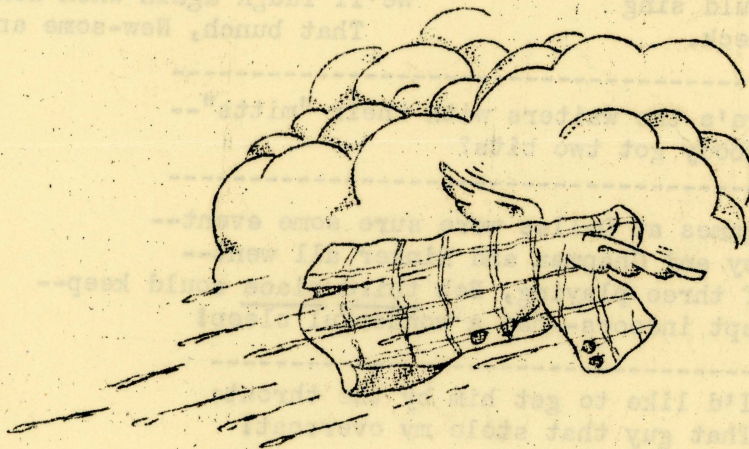
Carl Senter, though modest, is forceful--
 In Forney his business sure thrives--
 His city, though small, holds the record:
 Two mil' and a half on their lives!

The ladies were Womack and Siddall--
 They brought rousing cheers from the men--
 Mrs. Womack said she would sure love to
 Be back with the bunch once again!

Bill Allen broke all the world's records--
 Though breaking it wasn't his choice--
 He talked day and night through November--
 And talked himself clear out of voice!

Then Walker and Miles and the others--
 Including our friend, Colonel Wear--
 Told of the inspiring talks given
 They'd come to the meeting to hear.

And Chapman and Rinker gave "welcome"--
 In speech and in action they ran
 True to form as the hosts of the meeting
 As only the true Texan can.



But one thing surely got my goat:
 What happened to my overcoat?

THE FORT WORTH MEETING

I may live a long, long time,
But I shall not forget
That Fort Worth meeting, time and place,
Nor any folks I met.

The business talks were good to hear
That Agency's alive!
Though not in numbers very large--
It's on their "pep" they thrive!

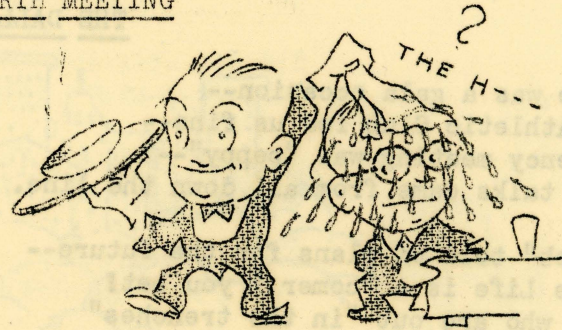
But that's dismissed--the business part--
Although it pleased the bunch.
I'll give my time--and make my rime--
To tell about that lunch!

Head waiters I have seen before--
I've been from sea to sea--
But never have I ever had
A "Mayor" wait on me.

Yet he was there--Eskota's head--
The greatest of them all--
He had much wit and every bit
Of "play" I now recall!

Bill Feely, he should live so long
To get a "calling down"
Such as was given him by Moore--
I'd like him in MY town!

This "waiter" dropped a dampened cloth--
I got it in the neck!
Bob Sweeney said if he could sing
He'd gladly pay the check.



So up at once a man arose--
A man from out the mob--
"Bob Sweeney" was the stranger's name--
So that's what stuck "Our Bob."

I never liked detectives much--
For that job I'd not care--
Imagine then my feeling when
One stood behind my chair!

He played his part with perfect mien--
I'll say he was no dub--
He had me "going"--scared--with that
"Dark" mystery at the Club!

I will admit I've had my fun--
But here they all hee-hawed!
For Bob and I, we surely were
"Two Innocents Abroad!"

'Twas all in play--I'm laughing yet--
And I can hear them roar!
We'll laugh again when next we meet:
That bunch, New-some and Moore!

Here's the waiters with their "mitts"--
Anybody got two bits?

The golf games at Dallas were sure some event--
Bob Sweeney and Chapman and Rinker all went--
And out of three playing, Bob third place could keep--
While I kept indoors--had a wonderful sleep!

I'd like to get him by the throat:
That guy that stole my overcoat!

Still I can't see why Sam Sayers
kept insisting on visiting the Sheriff's
Office at Fort Worth. "Never kick a
sleeping dog" is good judgment, says I.

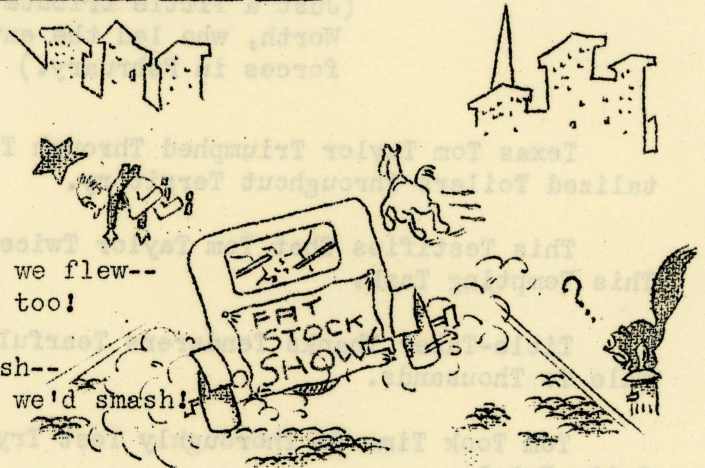
Mrs. Newsom knows some people
They are surely friends what am!
They're the famous BERGER brothers--
Their first names are "LIM" and "HAM."

WHEN MOORE DROVE TO THE FAT STOCK SHOW

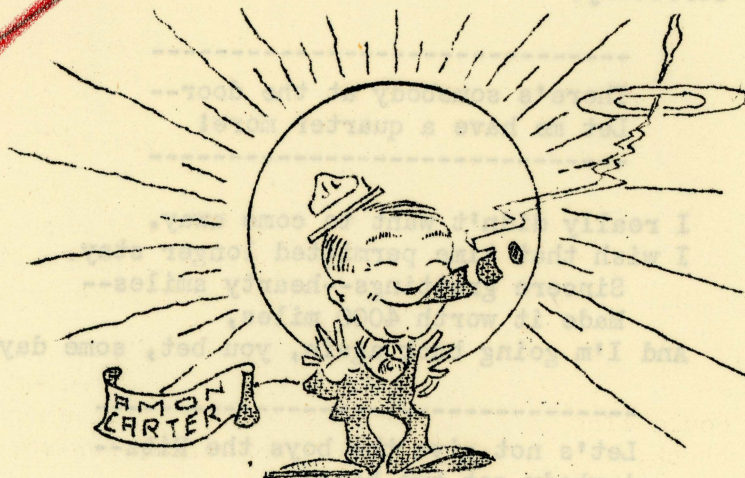
Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of an auto ride that Paul Revere
Wouldn't have stood--he wouldn't go!
When Moore drove to the Fat Stock Show.

He said at eight they'd close the gate--
Five miles--ten minutes--we'd be late!
'Round corners, down alleys, cross bridges we flew--
Bob held he was speeding--I held my breath too!

Past cars he'd go zipping as fast as a flash--
Gosh, that was a close one--I thought sure we'd smash!
I held my hat tighter--I'm glad I'm alive!



Perhaps, on reflection, Moore knows how to drive.
And maybe the moral is plain as it's real:
It all looks so safe to the man at the wheel.



Amon G. Carter of Fort Worth is a BUILDER

- of a city --of a state
- of business --of buildings
- of enterprises --of men
- of the greatest newspaper in the Southwest
- of good-will and sincerest friendships for himself.

Here's a toast to friend Carter--
As chief of all Hosts, he's a martyr--
His kindness, they say,
Never stops, night or day--
He beats all the world as self-starter!

TOM TAYLOR TOPS TERRITORY

(Just a little tribute to Tom Taylor of Fort Worth, who led the entire State Life field-forces in February.)

Texas Tom Taylor Triumphed Through Tallying Tremendous Total, Trimming Tantalized Toilers Throughout Territory.

This Testifies That Tom Taylor Twice Pested Talent Tirelessly, Terminating This Tempting Task.

Title-Taker Thanks Tenderers Tearfully, Telegram Telling This Thrilling Tale To Thousands.

Tom Took Time To Thoroughly Test Tryout. Ten Times Ten Thousand, Two Times, Tells Total.

Tom Taught Thrift Through Timely Telling.

Tom's Townsmen Typically Toot Title-Taker's Tidings, Tintinnabulating Tom-Toms, Touring Texas Territory.

There's somebody at the door--
Let me have a quarter more!

I really didn't want to come away.
I wish that time permitted longer stay.
Sincere greetings--hearty smiles--
Made it worth 4000 miles,
And I'm going back again, you bet, some day!

Let's not give the boys the Ritz--
Anybody got two bits?

Fond memory I have of "Tex" Austin-
The thought makes my lips almost moisten-
We had a fine lunch
That day with the bunch.
He lifts 'em up high when he's hoistin'.

And thus in closing let me state that trip through Texas sure was great
To get a "close-up" of our men in their home towns--let's go again!
And so to each man and his wife a fond "adieu"--I'm

"Yours for LIFE"--

Anthony Hill