



Warren Vasey

March 6, 1945 - June 15, 2017

"An Adjuster's Plea"

Before Saint Peter's Pearly Gates
a claim adjuster stood.

He doubted if he'd get in
for he wasn't all that good.

He settled claim over the States
from Texas to Maine.

And when anything went wrong
Guess who took the blame.

Not the agent who wrote the risk,
Nor the one who accepted same.

It was the stupid adjuster who
grossly mishandled the claim.

Called from a party at midnight
to go to the scene of the wreck,
A claimant smelled liquor, she said:

He got it in the neck

He accepted folks as he found them

Neither judge nor jury was he,

Hoping the next would be better

The last a son-of-a-bee.

He swore to many a claimant

And insureds by the score,

The offer he made was his best,

that there wasn't any more

All the time, he knew full well,

He was holding back

Two hundred dollars extra

to get him out of a crack.

This made him a liar to some,

and sort of a thief to others,
But he was just a working claim man
to his adjuster brothers.
He walked the line 'tween friend and foe,
Paid thousands out to others,
and did all this for paltry hire
With his adjuster brothers.
Lived and died by his own creed,
Took fate's blows on the chin,
This old boy had bell enough,,
Saint Peter, Let him in.

-Lee Beaubouef, CPCU.

Modifications by Dwight Vasey.

Tribute Wall

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“ Warren Vasey

Gang tay chong cat - July 11, 2017 at 10:17 PM

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“ Hello! This post could not be written any better! Reading this post reminds me of my previous room mate!
He always kept talking about this. I will forward this article to him.
Pretty sure he will have a good read. Thanks for sharing!

Gang tay chong cat - July 11, 2017 at 10:17 PM