

Here is a poem that appeared in a Triumph Review from the early '70's. It was written by member Susan Baude.

Mad dogs and Englishmen will drive a British car.  
The Japanese don't dare to.  
The Italians wouldn't care to.  
The French and Americans demand luxury by gar.

The Russians thrive on cars over a hundred thousand miles.  
The Germans make 'em hard to break 'em,  
they don't leak for a while.  
An auto's a star when it goes afar,  
without a jolt or jar.

But mad dogs and Englishmen will drive a British car.

For the Englishman's best-in a test.

No one knows why the Britisher goes for Triumphs, MGs, or Minis.  
Where tinkerin's rife,  
in each owners life,  
With rust and leaks ad infini.

Their homelands shrouded, mostly clouded,  
But British cars stop from the dew.  
They don't require a rain to retire,  
And the body rusts-out while its new.

Only they feast on what England has least,  
Gulping up gallons with zeal.  
Forever more there's oil on the floor,  
Even after a new main rear seal.

When they export cars to roam,  
That won't even run at home.  
Most folks think they are crazy,  
that the fog's made them hazy.

But mad dogs and Englishmen will drive a British car.

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