

THE PRICE OF FAME

A POEM

WRITTEN BY
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OF OUR
PARTS
DEPARTMENT

RECITED BY
Miss OLIVE G.
MAXWELL
OF
PARTS DESPATCH
AT OUR
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THE PRICE OF FAME.

The name of the Meteor we feel we can claim
Sets a standard of service entitled to fame,
Of courteous attention deserving renown
And ensuring safe driving in country and town.



To write the whole story of Meteor for you
Would take many days and many nights too ;
So I'll briefly survey the work that is done
By our various departments—take Service for one.



The Service Department, the customer's friend,
Will render good work for the money he'll spend,
We give him the best of experience and skill,
And along with good service we'll give him goodwill.



And now to Reception I offer my praise,
To the office that helps us in so many ways ;
With job cards and numbers in system so cunning
It oils all the works and ensures their smooth running.



The item that's next in this story so quaint
Is the praise of the men with their brushes and paint.
Their work is a sample of neatness and care,
Carried out to a standard beyond all compare.



The Parts Department responds to the call
Of garages large and motorists small.
With its huge stock of parts it ensures a supply
Of all the replacements you may need to buy.

I have given account of the Meteor so true,
Of the Parts and the Service and Paint Shop too.
I have told of the hardship and work it entails ;
So without more ado we will now turn to Sales.



The Sales people, dealing with cars old and new,
Always give a square deal, with more business in view,
To try and sell cars in so short a supply
Is a tedious job, but they somehow get by.



The front office staff can, I'm sure, stake a claim
For the work that they do to uphold our good name,
Efficiently handling your personal account,
They see you're invoiced for the proper amount.



I have not forgotten the three girls in white,
Whose cooking, we know, is quite a delight,
With kitchen and tables kept spotlessly clean,
It's a pleasure to dine in our works canteen.



Before I finish my rhymes and my tales,
We must not forget the Forecourt Sales.
Through summer and winter, because of their toil,
You can always be sure of your petrol and oil.



I have finished the story of this great concern,
Our name is a symbol, great praise we shall earn.
The customers know we have all done our best—
So well done the Meteor ! And Here's to Frank Guest !