



World Bank Group Archives Exhibit Series

A Valentine for Carpooling?

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The World Bank Group Archives Exhibit Series contains exhibits originally published on the Archives' external website beginning in 2002. When the Archives' website was transferred to a new platform in 2015, it was decided that older exhibits would be converted to pdf format and made available as a series on the World Bank's external database, [Documents & Reports](#).

These exhibits, authored by World Bank archivists, highlight key events, personalities, and publications in the history of the World Bank. They also bring attention to some of the more fascinating archival records contained in the Archives' holdings.

To view current exhibits, visit the [Exhibits](#) page on the Archives' website.

A Valentine for Carpooling?

To mark the month of February and Valentine's Day, the World Bank Group Archives is featuring a valentine poem about carpooling written by World Bank staff member, Maurice Perkins, which first appeared in the [January / February 1959 edition of *International Bank Notes*](#), a newsletter for staff.

This poem of collegial camaraderie, and other stories of the World Bank Group's passion for development and poverty alleviation can be found in the Archives. Find out [more](#) about our holdings!

Happy Valentine's Day from the World Bank Group Archives!

"A VALENTINE TO MY CAR POOL"

by Maurice Perkins

From out the suburb of Kensington there emerges at eight-fifteen
As strange an assortment of characters as the world has ever seen.
It is a mixed concoction of every breed and rank;
It's the oldest floating car pool in the International Bank.
The cars are of ancient vintage, 'cept a modern fifty-five,
That wheeze and groan and howl and moan as they crawl along the drive.
Few contain a radio; the heater seldom works,
And all take off at random in unsyncopated jerks.
Undoubtedly these owners proud are gentlemen sublime
But on their ancient chariots they will not spend a dime.

This motley crew of cutthroats I reluctantly salute
On each and every morning to the office I commute.
I must endure their insults and their humorous remarks,
And put up with their childish tricks and idiotic larks.
Now be forewarned, dear reader, should these friends of mine
Suggest you join their car pool - Be resolute! Decline!
Now if this august warning you should none the less ignore,
Permit me to impart to you the fate that is in store.
This little gem of anecdotes should give you quite a line
On the joys you will encounter with the passage of time.

At philanthropy the boys are good, the way they would it tell;
A thousand here, a hundred there, it's really quite a sell.
But when the parking fee comes due this story does not fit,
They all are deaf and dumb and blind with reference to it.
"The books are rigged," say Jerry, "I'm paid up for a year!"
"My poverty is so profound, I can't suppress a tear!"
Jan's English fails him at such times, he cannot understand.
Charles cries in holy outrage at this monet'ry demand.
It's really Hugh, however, who has the finest act;
His eyes bulge out, his face turns green as sufferings attack;
On retching thrice, he shakes with fright and reaches for the door,
But ere he gets it open, he collapses on the floor.

The purpose of this horrid verse I now would like to say
Is just to kid my car pool on St. Valentine's fair day.
To outline in the briefest space their virtues and their vices,
Though at best I must confess 'tis the latter which entices.
Yet should you feel this little game is rather overplayed
I hasten to correct myself, so do not be dismayed.
Now may I turn from vinegar to the purest of honey
And say they rate the very tops; on that I'll bet my money.
They are the finest antidote for humours dark and dank
They're the oldest floating car pool in the International Bank.