

colour supplement, which is given free with each magazine, unless of course, the hon. treasurer has eloped with the club funds, the new fly-over is to be pulled down to make way for multi-storey car parks and the Green Belt is being concreted over to ease maintenance. Naturally this will never happen, so just turn to your colour supplement, pretend it's Sunday, and read on.

From the pen of LAURIE TOWNSEND

\*\*\*\*\*

### TANNERS NOVICE

7.30 p.m. West Humble Street.

Innocent novice: "Am I going the right way for the hostel?"

Humorous rambler: "Ho! Ho! A cyclist. Take a hint mate, go onto Holnbury."

Persistent cyclist: "But I don't want to go to Holnbury, I want to go to Tanners."

After numerous guffaws, and knowing looks at each other:  
"All right; up the road, through the gate, follow the track, you can't miss it ..." snigger, snigger.

8.00 p.m. Frantic looks at a London S.W. with a sadly ailing cycle lamp.

Conclusion: "I've come too far and missed the gate."

8.15 p.m. After a painful encounter with a bank with nearly ends in disaster, "Eureka, the gate! Nearly there now."

8.25 p.m. At last, a sign! The torch finally responding to repeated bashing, reveals a neatly painted board: POLESDEN LACEY  
NO LITTER

After serious consideration I abandon the ideas of returning to the gate, pacing out 300 yards and turning left; and finally my paralytic lamp picks out a triangular sign, its black and white paint peeling: "Y.H.A."!  
"I must be nearly there now."

8.45 p.m. A theory even the master himself would agree with;  
"Perforated cycling shoes ain't no good in 4" puddles!"

8.55 p.m. "Ah! Made it."

\*\*\*\*\*  
STEVE PENFOLD  
\*\*\*\*\*