

## Transport at its Best

The world awaits all who step on a Prout's bus!  
Foreign parts beckon! No hindrance, no fuss!  
In livery green sparkling bright in the sun,  
John Roseveare, chauffeur, stamps the ticket to fun.

Mark, solid at helm, is a management dream,  
Tall, dark and handsome, a boy of Brylcreem.  
Brother John meek and mild, yet taut as a wire  
Driving's his alter ego - they call him "Hellfire".

In transport legendary, these masters of road  
Conduct you in style, grace and favour bestowed.  
Plush seats to relax every passenger's mien.  
They know where to go, so you'll know where you've been.

To Tintagel, Boscastle, Wadebridge and Polzeath.  
Barnstaple, Bideford and yes, even St Teath.  
There's Truro there's Lanson, Tavistock and Dartmoor,  
Looe , Polperro, Land's End – such great treats in store!

Plymouth for the panto, for shopping and teas,  
Prout's buses cross over the Tamar with ease.  
None better, none safer, no one can disparage,  
These heroes emergent from Trelawney garage!

**James Platt,**