For the amateur editor it is a great relief when there is enough material to fill his magazine, even if some of it is reprinted from others. In October we shall have another original series of articles from “The Observer’s” Golf Correspondent, Mr. John Stobbs, but in August at least, and September probably, this hand must intervene if we are to avoid the reproach of becoming a “Digest”. It may be that many readers prefer the authoritative stuff of the professional writer to in-filling editorials. If that is so, two months’ patience will be no hardship. But the delay may seem less intolerable if these notes are delivered in the staccato form which the Editor of “Golfdom” adopts. In that hope and with apologies to Mr. Herb Graffis, here goes . . .

Bush Hill Park G.C. in suburban Enfield to have extensive face-lifting . . . Members O.K.’d Committee’s plans for more length, less walks between holes . . . George Low is Bush Hill pro.

North-West superintendents had their summer field-day schedule on 8th July at Bingley’s S.T.R.I. Station . . . John Parker, who once served hitch as superintendent in Kent’s Tunbridge Wells, now tends test grounds . . . Says men in greenkeeping business profit by taking afternoon off occasionally and seeing what goes on there.


Shell Refinery in Strasbourg has plans for sports centre with 18 holes . . . Currently France has no fee courses and no municipal projects . . . This may be first step.

Had enough? Even if you have, just one more paragraph must be added, this time a genuine quotation.

“Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews has appointed a press officer to improve conditions for coverage of British Open at St. Andrews, 8th-10th July . . . Almost any change would be an improvement . . . R. & A. spending about $5,000 to increase and improve sanitary facilities for the Open which were about on a par with press arrangements.”

So much for the home of golf!

One hopes all the changes met general approval. Certainly those at Royal Birkdale for “The Masters” made for general comfort in every way. Douglas Pate had installed miles of rope and fencing and everyone could watch play from the sidelines or switch from match to match at the controlled crossings. I had to visit seven other courses on the way there and in the district, so my viewing was limited to two half days. Even so, it included the shot which Max Faulkner hit from the rough at the 2nd in the last round when his ball described a graceful arc in the air and finished forty yards back nearer the tee.

Earlier in the month I had been much impressed by six month old turf on three new courses in warmer climates.

All sown last Autumn, even Lyon, the most northerly, was playable while those at Le Lavandou on the south coast of France and Son Vida in Majorca are now open. Mr. Michael Fenn had much to do with the first two with advice from Mr. Bernard Clayton of the S.T.R.I. In Palma, Mr. John Escritt was called in
and paid his last visit only a few weeks back.

A few days on the Costa Brava in June were not unwelcome, even if they had to be spent in marking pine trees to be cleared for the new course at Pals. This is one of many developments in Spain. Mr. Hamilton Stutt is designing another not far off. Pals is at present little more than a beach, a restaurant, and a wireless station. This is used to beam programmes into Russia. The wireless waves are bounced off the sea up to the Heaviside layer and then descend into the appropriate area of the U.S.S.R. It was not explained whether this procedure was necessary to get them over the Iron Curtain but one hopes that part of the programme at least is devoted to news of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus.

The last time we met I had some commendatory things to say about the comforts of Aer Lingus. I did not realise the extent to which this magazine must be read beyond our immediate circle, nor the influence which a few casual words here can exert on national institutions. Within a fortnight I was in an Air France Caravelle noting with pleasure that not only were the head-rests lower and less protruding, but also the backs of the seats were covered in Aer Lingus green and the fronts upholstered in a very passable imitation of the tweed worn by the Irish Air Line hostesses.

Should any greenkeeper wish to put right any notable injustices or discomforts, a word in these columns . . . or preferably 600 words to fill a page for the benefit of his fellow-readers.

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