

IS YOUR HOLIDAY REALLY NECESSARY?

By F. W. HAWTREE

THE life of the golf architect is sometimes thought to be a series of country rambles interspersed with trips to the Mediterranean and an occasional game of golf. The golfer regards those who work in golf as butterflies. The golf club secretary is equally used to the pleasantries about life being one long holiday, but at least he gets a roof and a telephone. Try operating in the rain in a hundred and fifty acres of ploughed fields, barbed wire, thorns, ditches and inquisitive bullocks. In two hours you are expected to return, unruffled and free of mud, with an outline layout and opinion on which someone may be spending upwards of £100,000. Holidays last only a few weeks. As a golf architect you get this kind of relaxation throughout the year.

You are standing on a railway station in Brittany. This is about as far away in Europe as you can get from Turkey where you are due the next day, but that is how your holiday arranges itself. After eight hours on the train, you join the back of a taxi queue at the Gare Montparnasse with ninety minutes to get to Orly for your plane to Frankfurt. It is one of these periods when Paris taxi-drivers feel the homing instinct and only accept commissions in the direction of base. You reach the airport with two minutes spare but the plane is delayed an hour so you need not have worried.

A U.S. lieutenant meets you at Frankfurt at 10.00 p.m. and takes you to the General von Stauben Hotel. You are on "invitational orders" so you get a room. Somebody else has got it too. Five empty beer bottles and cigarette ash in the bath indicate that he is a congenial type but you take the vacant bed gratefully. It is Oktoberfest—brass bands, dancing and song in the ballroom—but fatigue overcomes these distractions.

At 2.00 a.m. thunder awakens you.

From the balcony you see wooden benches being removed from the ballroom and stacked in the yard below. A convenient iron fire escape leads from one to the other. When all the benches have rumbled and crashed to the bottom you go back to sleep. At 3.00 a.m. the lights go on and the congenial type says "Hi!". You counter with an old English expression and leave it at that. Fortunately he does too.

At 7.00 a.m., after this restful night, you go to the Rhein-Main Airbase where a number of U.S. airmen and civilians are hoping to move about the world in military aircraft. Some, like you, are going to Ankara but eventually decide to go via Evreux in Normandy. An old hand reckons it will be another week before they move on from there, but after a week in Frankfurt they are willing to take the chance. At midday you embark and the pilot explains about the alarm bell which he says you cannot mistake (as if you would!) and which need not worry you because he has plenty of crew to look after the passengers. (Who looks after the crew?) Also, if you feel weary, this will be due to lack of oxygen. (How long can you last?)

For political and technical reasons your route lies via Luxembourg, Lyon and St. Tropez but not quite all the way back to Brittany. So you are sitting with your lunch-box for nine hours and it is 10.30 p.m. local time when you land in Turkey at Izzmir, not at Ankara as expected. Formalities are not enlivened by near-Oriental music from a wireless set. Another old hand says that they are still playing their 78's at 45 down there.

Food is no longer being served at the Officers' Club and you retire hungry to a cold bungalow with seven American officers who are telephoning far into your sleep for news of a plane in

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NEWS ITEMS...

The Horticultural Department of The Cannock Agricultural Co., Limited announce that their Mr Colin S. Murphy will now cover the south western counties of England in addition to his existing South Wales area.

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Mr F. G. Catchpole, General Sales Manager for Ransomes grass machinery division, has just returned from a successful ten day tour of South Africa where he has been attending demonstrations of the machinery and having discussions with distributors.

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The revolutionary Flymo 15 in. Electric air-cushion lawnmower — the only machine of its type in the world — has received a "Blue Ribbon" Award at the Daily Mail's 1970 Ideal Home Exhibition.

The award was made to the Flymo 15 in. Electric as being one of the best new products exhibited at the exhibition for the first time. (March 3-30).

With the exception of the electric motor, entire manufacture of the new mower is undertaken at the Flymo factory.

The Flymo 15 in. Electric is the latest air-cushion mower in the "Flymo Family of Five" manufactured in Darlington, Co. Durham. Other mowers in the Flymo range are the Flymo 19 in. Domestic and Professional models, and the Flymo 19 in. and 21 in. Contractors. All of them are included in the Design Index.

Sea Views Trap the Golfer in Bermuda

Golf balls can go astray in a number of ways at the Mid-Ocean Club in Bermuda. Cyril Wainwright, the club's burly caddy-master, recalls a memorable drive made by an English admiral. The ball flew through the window of a cottage on a hill above the fairway.

A minute later, the wife of Mid-Ocean's greenkeeper appeared at the entrance to the cottage brandishing a frying-pan in which the ball was resting comfortably atop her husband's breakfast bacon.

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the morning. They ask for a call at 5.00 a.m. Another short night.

Returning to the airfield after breakfast, you find without surprise that the 5.00 a.m. party is still waiting. At 11.00 a.m. you leave them and walk up a ramp into the nose of a flying cathedral containing mailbags, films, crates, one 5-ton truck, two tractors and, in the organ loft, a crew who take it all up in the air. Two hours later they put it all down again at Ankara. They go right round the world doing this and call themselves MATS.

Your reserved room has been taken but you get in at another hotel. The Base Civil Engineer will be round to see you at once. He arrives at 6.00 p.m. and rushes you through traffic which is progressing by a series of U-turns. As you reach the site, night falls.

Robert Lynd said, "It is impossible to remember what a tragic place the world is when playing golf". He was no doubt thinking of the chap who planned the course.

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