AT the recent Board meeting, there was a general discussion on both the location and format of our national events and it was agreed that I outline the overall situation to members. The initial programme has been drawn up over two years, 1988 and 1989 with the intention of reviewing the situation from 1990 onwards. National events need long-term planning and it was decided, given the timespan available, that the first national event should be held during September 1988. It was agreed that this would take the form of a National Tournament/International Conference to be held during the period 26th-30th September in Scotland. For 1989 the Tournament and Conference will be held separately and the situation will be reviewed in terms of plans for 1990 and thereafter. The other national event will be the European Turf Management Exhibition to be held in Harrogate during the period 18th-20th January, 1989 during the same period in subsequent years with a view to continuity and expansion as well as having regard to the facilities available. Given that the Exhibition will remain in Harrogate, it is the intention of the Board that the other events be distributed on an equitable basis around the Regions. With this in mind, the National Conference in 1989 will be held in Cambridge. It is intended that the National Tournament be held at BIGGA Headquarters in August 1989, following which a decision will need to be taken on whether it remains there for future years or moves around the Regions. Although the South West and South Wales region will host the final of the Iseki Regional Tournament in August this year at St.Pierre, Chepstow, the Board appreciates the need for 1990 events to be allocated to the southern part of the country and thereafter it is envisaged that there will be a rotation of events on a Regional basis. I trust that this clarifies the overall situation for members.

National Tournament International Conference I have held a further meeting with the Scottish Regional Sub-Committee and the folder for the week will be available in the near future with all relevant information. A recent inspection of the facilities in Ayrshire confirms the view that this really is an excellent location for the event and the article by John Campbell in this issue sets out the attractions of the course at Ayr Belleisle and the area in general. One point to emphasise is the range of facilities.
A day in the life of a greenkeeper's wife

HAVE you a greenkeeping husband who is dedicated to his job? Comes and goes at odd hours? Worries himself sick if a blade of grass is out of place, and more often than not comes home soaked to the skin? Well, I have!

If you have arranged a day out together - forget it. There are sheep on the course; or seagulls are having an ‘I’m a pneumatic drill’ competition in the middle of the pond that has suddenly appeared on the 8th and that is the wrong kind of birdie.

Well girls, over the years I have discovered that - weather permitting, of course - if you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em! There was one occasion when, having a lad on holiday and a man in hospital, that inevitable urgent job cropped up. The weather is just right for it and there is a staff shortage. Having offered my services, I was recruited as a greenkeeper for the day. I sallied forth armed with wellies and a hat, and an eye on that nice green machine which seems to do everything. Of course, as I am so green myself, I couldn’t at this early stage in my career be trusted with the tractor and trailer. However, I did get the Cushman (plenty of room for my flask of coffee) and I thoroughly enjoyed driving it. I never realised how cold it can be riding around on those machines, and I was very glad to have some gloves in my pocket. I followed the tractor around, loading top soil, shovelling it out again and generally supervising a most successful day. Which reminds me, I don’t think I ever got paid! Still, it was a labour of love and much more interesting than doing the housework. Being too exhausted to cook the evening meal, another treat was in store. I do have my uses, especially on dry summer evenings when the watering system has gone on the blink and panic stations ensue. I’ve gone past the stage of dancing up and down to the Rain God and now sit with a good book moving the hose pipe every twenty minutes. We have some marvellous views across the bay and there is lots of wildlife to watch. Poking about in odd areas can be a problem though. You see an inviting little nook to explore, only to find that some idiot has put a load of grass cuttings to ferment, and you end up knee-deep in the most evil stinking slush imaginable. Back to the hose pipe!

I do not play golf myself, and in any case one in the family is enough. My husband has been known to say that courses for ladies should be built in the desert. If all golf professionals were like Omar Shariff, I would be inclined to agree with him! I think wives must have quite a few tales to tell between us. In fact, it might be a good idea to have a ‘Ladies Page’ in this magazine, just to keep us in the swing of things.

Mind you, now that my other half has become a Regional Administrator I suppose the demands for my services, especially my two-fingered typing prowess, will be on the increase. The mind boggles!

by Marion Child