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!

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