Dickensian treatment for the man who asked for more

One particularly spiteful piece of vindictive skullduggery has been reported, that of a head greenkeeper of several years standing being demoted (in title) for no other reason than the little Caesars operating at his particular course want no truck with recommended pay scales. "Hitherto you will be known as 'groundsman' for the course" was their retort to his polite request that BIGGA pay scales be considered as a basis for any future pay negotiations. The poor man, poor in a literal sense, is paid the miserly sum of £8,800 per annum.

The inaugural meeting of the Association of European Professional Golf Designers was held in February, brought into being by their collective frustration for recognition, coupled with their inability to become members of the long-established British Institute of Golf Course Architects, which does not accept professional golfers. With some 40-odd professionals now involved in course construction they may well have a point, though as ex-Ryder Cup player turned designer, David Thomas, pointed out, some players' names carry more weight with developers than expertise. Without added comment, I am reminded of the words of the undisputed greatest player of all time, Robert Tyre (Bobbie) Jones, who wrote of his association at Augusta National with Alister Mackenzie: "I think Mackenzie and I managed to work as a completely sympathetic team. Of course, there was never any question that he was the architect and I his advisor or consultant. No man learns to design a golf course simply by playing golf, no matter how well."

It was good to see Tom O'Brien looking decidedly perky at the recent BTME and to learn that through his having received so much support from his peers over the Royal Birkdale post-mortem into the condition of the greens at The Open, he has agreed to remain with the Club until his scheduled retirement in two years.

If there was an award for catchy captions, Paul Worster, head greenkeeper, Lillybrook Golf Club, would be collecting the glittering prize. His nifty throwaway line: If you know manage turf in the west, you can manage Westurf says more to me than reams of promotional bumph. Like the wise section secretary for the South West that he is, Paul knows that Bristol is a good place to be on April 29th – how about you?