Welcome

Do you ever stop and think just how much your life has changed through the years? As I sit in front of my computer I’ve written a few emails and checked our website for any new postings. I’ve also put on a new post myself asking for volunteers for an Assistant Profile which will be starting next month. A few seconds of typing and a message can be seen by anyone, anywhere in the world. I’ve also taken a few minutes out to text my wife – an unobtrusive way of keeping in touch when we’re both busy.

Last week I headed off to Devon and Cornwall for a Section event. All I had with me was the postcode of the hotel where I was staying and Tom Tom would do the rest. As it happened Tom Tom had a technical problem and failed to start. What was I to do? I was lost… literally! An SOS phone call, followed by a fiddle with the re-set button and I was on my way again. How had I ever managed before?

Back at the turn of the 80s, when I started my journalist career I sat behind a huge manual typewriter, so thankful that Tippex had been invented, and cursing every time I discovered my carbon paper the wrong way round – with photocopiers thin on the ground, having a mirror image of my words of wisdom on the back of my story, and no copy, was no use whatsoever and meant a quick retyping job.

When we’d finished our day’s work, one of us had to head off to the railway station to send a package containing all our work to head office. Miss the train and someone had to drive to Dundee and deliver it personally. Evening work had to be dictated over the phone to copytakers, who were invariably in a bad mood, and who tutted at every hesitation or bit of bad grammar.

When we eventually got a computer it was a little Tandy, with a three inch deep screen. We got one per office, so we had to queue up to write our stuff. The next big step was the pager, which meant the News Desk could get hold of us anytime, although it was sometimes a struggle to get to a phone box if you were out and about.

I also recall, having just started work at Golf Monthly in 1986, when we got our first fax machine. We all gathered round it every time it whirred into action and gasped at whatever was coming through. It really was magic.

No doubt greenkeeping has been exactly the same. Whenever a new piece of technology or a revolutionary new product has come out the excitement is intense. Those over a certain age can remember the key moments in machinery development in much the same way as I can in journalism. The move from gang mowers to triples must have been quite awe inspiring, as would the move from horses to engines, but I’m sure not many of you can recall that.

Despite all of this though we are basically still doing the same job. It’s just that new technology has changed the way we go about it.