

M^{ORE} and more Southport ladies are joining the Formby Ladies' Golf Club where they can enjoy their own club-house, their own course, grumble at their own Committee, and never have men getting in the way if they don't want them. The sharp division is carried right through the staff on the course where Bert Rimmer and his two assistants (male) retire to a group of tarred huts by the Ladies' 18th tee while Len Partridge and his four enjoy more sheltered accommodation by the men's club-house.

This is not to say that a helping hand is not lent in emergency. But Stan Wilson, whom we met driving a gleaming Massey Ferguson Diesel on Men's No. 6 with venerable but still effective Lloyds gangs in tow, admitted that if he was asked to mow a Ladies' course fairway, he generally had to ask the way.

This was in holiday month but both courses were beautifully turned out and the trim carpets of heather in bloom were a picture. The Ladies' course is a compact 5,292 yards protectively surrounded by the championship course which tops 6,800 and warrants all of its two extra staff. The three green mowers take five each and then converge on the club-house for the nearest three. Last man home, we suspect, gets the 18th which is 19 yards wide and just 56 yards long! By the time the operator has ripped the tops off the few million grass blades contained in this elegant sward he has covered a comfortable mile and a quarter.

We have always suspected that grass on the red soil of Devon is shades greener. The Torquay Golf Course has finally convinced us. A familiar figure was at work though the spectacles deceived us momentarily. But it was the same George Long behind them running his Verticut tenderly over the 16th green. He confessed that he needs them now after—what?—forty years on Petitor? George followed his father as head man and is 65 next year, so he is not grumbling. By the look of his course—neither are his members!

