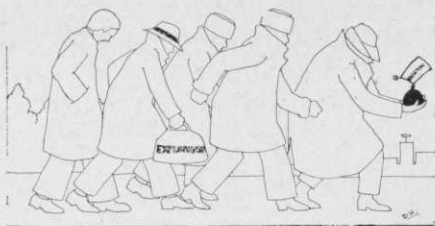


Boston Re-invasion

or An Association to Revere



THE TASK FORCE gathered at Shannon (news was not leaked to the IRA in time for them to take evasive action) and came from the four corners of Britain with support from 'Anglos' from France and Switzerland.

It was dark when some of us left home for the assembly area and starting to get dark again before we left it. Between those times we had variously used different routes so as to delay the suspicions of any double agents.

We arrived at Shannon from Edinburgh, from Manchester (via Liverpool and Dublin), from Birmingham (via Dublin) and from London. Information must have leaked to the Airline about our plans, though. They put us all on one plane at Shannon and sat us together.

Someone on board had evidently received information about our sortie as they had installed beautiful young girls in brightly coloured uniforms to offer us drinks and many good things from trolleys to dull our senses. This was simply a fore-runner to many offers of bribes which we were to receive in the 'Combat Area'.

I guess the pilot was on our side. He circled the city of Boston and the airport several times to give us a chance to consolidate our plans. During this manoeuvre he cunningly made the 'plane bump and bounce to make 'them' think that we had problems. And so by the time we touched down, he had played his ace. We were an hour late and who would have thought of keeping a reception party waiting for that period with the temperature at 12° below freezing!

From that point, 'they' tried every trick imaginable to make us surrender, but I am not aware that any of our force succumbed. 'They' arranged indoor temperatures at what felt like 100° and outdoor temperatures anything from 12° to 40° below freezing.

Most of us were installed in an hotel called the Essex (surely to give us a further sense of security) but then, of course, they made sure that breakfast was not available in the hotel and we had to seek it in the drug stores, delicatessen and cafes within walking distance, which again took us through sub-zero temperatures.

One of their number laid on a spectacular fire which cost three hundred thousand dollars to present at a nearby plastics factory. How can anyone afford a PR man with ideas like that!

We crept into their first meeting quietly and un-announced and mingled with their members so cunningly that I am sure none of their officials knew that we had arrived, for several days. They made their lectures and discussion periods so interesting, pretended to be so friendly, and talked of vast amounts of money spent on their Golf Courses, on Club Houses and facilities, machinery and large labour forces, I feel that there were several of our number who could be tempted to change sides.

An exhibition of machinery and other services was also held for three days. My guess is that this was simply a cover-up for as many of them as possible to get our names, rank and number, and as much other information about us as they could solicit. To do this they tried any number of schemes. Some tried the straight forward method, approved by many, of openly offering gifts in the form of pencils, shoe-horns, posters, steel rules,

diaries, notebooks, mowing time computers, golfing caps, etc. Others guessing that we, like them, could be attracted by beautiful girls in hot pants, decorated their stands with them.

One of the exhibitors even had the temerity to suggest that we might be interested in having photographs taken with these scantily clad ladies draped around us . . . passing us quickly on to one of their other schemes, which was to lie in wait for us in the bars, refreshment areas and restaurants, carefully arranged around the conference hotel. There they would encourage us to drink with them, whilst they spoke of many things, in strange dialects, which most of us found we could understand without an interpreter.

Then they had a TEE party and a banquet at which many people were presented; and one of our number responded, before much music and laughter filled the room as they presented hired players for our amusement. By this time we began to sense that perhaps the natives actually were friendly. There was no sign of warlike intentions from them. But, then, there were only 4300 of them. There were 54 of us, and British.

And so in due course, we were able to bid our farewells quite openly, bearing no battle scars. We returned with gifts to our loved ones from these foreign shores and bottles of 'the spirits that cheer' purchased at prices our grandfathers can remember.

The thought of many of us in the party now turn to 1974 and California, where perhaps the thought of a warmer climate may tempt more of our fellow countrymen to join the party and make it more of an invasion than a sortie. Jed Clampett swimming pools and movie stars, and even Disneyland may prove to be bigger attractions than Paul Revere and the Boston Tee Party!

Just in case you hadn't heard, the 44th Turf Grass Conference and Show of the Golf Course Superintendents Association of America took place in Boston 7th-12th January 1973. None of our aircraft was reported missing.

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