

available to families. The Sundrum Castle Holiday Park, with its varied choice of caravans and general facilities including an indoor swimming pool and large theatre, is particularly attractive for families. Just two minutes up the road from Ayr Belleisle one finds Butlins with plenty to keep the children occupied. The scene is set for a successful week - not least in terms of the Conference where our speakers will reflect an International flavour. Your early registration with the Scottish Regional Office would be appreciated.

**National Conference,  
Cambridge**

This will be held during the

period 4th-6th April 1989 at Queen's College Cambridge. Details will appear in *the Golf Course* as they become available. The number of delegates will be restricted and places can be secured by forwarding a deposit of £15.00 per person to Headquarters Office.

**Employment agency scheme**

Registration forms have been distributed to those greenkeepers who expressed an interest in the scheme as detailed in the membership package for this year. Any outstanding forms should be returned as soon as possible. Additional forms have been distributed to Section Secretaries together with

details and any interested greenkeeper should contact his Section Secretary. Golf clubs are showing considerable enthusiasm for the scheme, which it is hoped to implement within the next few weeks. The date of commencement will be determined by the response of members in terms of submitting registration forms - so if you wish to register for the Scheme, please do it today. Finally - a reminder - if you are interested in attending the GCSAA Conference and Show in Anaheim on 6th - 13th February 1989 - please let me know forthwith.

**Nell Thomas  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR**

# 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

**"If you can't  
beat 'em, join  
'em!"**

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! Still, it was a labour of love and much more interesting than doing the housework. Being too exhausted to cook the evening meal, another treat was in store.

I do have my uses, especially on dry summer evenings when the watering system has gone on the blink and panic stations ensue. I've gone past the stage of dancing up and down to the Rain God and now sit with a good book moving the hose pipe every twenty minutes. We have some marvellous views across

the bay and there is lots of wildlife to watch. Poking about in odd areas can be a problem though. You see an inviting little nook to explore, only to find that some idiot has put a load of grass cuttings to ferment, and you end up knee-deep in the most evil stinking slush imaginable. Back to the hose pipe!

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 us 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**