

Fund's success means two new projects in 1993

Berks, Bucks and Oxon and South Coast are the latest Sections to contribute to the Education and Development Fund. Cheques for £300 and £100 respectively confirm the trend for Regions and Sections to make contributions to a fund which has been successfully established during 1992.

Executive Director Neil Thomas commented: "I am particularly pleased to receive these contribu-



tions which show the determination at local level to support a fund with the specific purpose of

increasing and improving the educational and training opportunities available to greenkeepers."

Confirming that the fund has passed the £60,000 mark during 1992, Neil Thomas added: "The response from the industry and our members has enabled the Board of Management to proceed with two major projects during 1993. The production of a career video is much needed and will be targeted at schools and colleges to

attract new recruits and to disseminate knowledge of the profession of greenkeeping. The establishing of a Scholarship Awards Scheme will enable the Association to offer financial support to selected student during their college courses. Both initiatives are exciting and a further example of BIGGA's commitment to educational and training programmes and the furtherance of the profession."

FLYING DIVOTS

The way it used to be

*I were here afore seven this mornin'
Cuttin' the greens at first light
An' somewhere a sky lark were singin'
An' nary a member in sight!*

*In a lifetime of shovin' this mower
I must 'ave walked ten thousand mile
But I backlapped the bitch Monday evenin'
An' this mornin' she's cuttin' in style*

*You can't beat a pram-handle Certes
On dry turf rollin' along
With the bent flyin' clean to the grass-box
An' her cylinder hummin' its song.*

*There's our Dick down there on the fairway
I dunno what goes on in 'is mind
Up an' down up an' down on the Ransomes
Starin' down at 'is 'oss's behind*

*An' ol' Joe's changin' 'oles on the seventh
Then 'e'll be cuttin' the tees
Ten hours with a Lloyds Pennsylvania
By dusk 'e'll be down on 'is knees!*

*Thirty year its bin sin' I started
Ol' 'Arry were greenkeeper then
An' 'e were a right 'oly terror
Though always right fair with 'is men*

*'E started me rakin' the bunkers
When I were a lad twelve year old
An' grubbin' up weeds in all weathers
Come December by God it were cold!*

*Still the Club's paid me regular wages
An' I'd die in the mine or the mill
There must be summat about it
For me to be slavin' 'ere still.*

*For it's grand in the sun in the summer
Satisfyin', if you know what I mean
If you don't mind that toffee nosed tyrant
As calls hisself chairman o' green.*

*'E can't tell 'is grass from 'is elbow
'E can't tell a green from a tee
But 'e thinks 'e's God of this golf course
When the only God round 'ere is me.*

C D R SNAVE



BIGGA stalwarts discover they were brothers in arms



Bert Cross



Gordon Child

Two high profile BIGGA members met again at the Iseki finals and fell to reminiscing about 'the good old days'. Imagine the surprise of Bert Cross and Gordon Child when they discovered they had both joined The Kings Regiment on the same day, subsequently travelling on the same ship to the same Korean wartime destination. Gordon recalled seeing Bert stretchered off at Suez, suffering from appendicitis, though he didn't know who the invalid was! Gordon was in 'D' and Bert in 'C' Company, within a block of each other throughout the whole conflict. Recalling basic training, Bert remembered how peeved the boys were when Gordon, in the armed forces for just three weeks, was given three days leave to play cricket for Yorkshire - 'what a jammy devil' being the obvious comment!

The naked truth

Paul Worster, head greenkeeper at Minchinhampton, tells an amusing story which, though not strictly greenkeeping, is along similar lines: 'My sister runs an estate agents' office in Wiltshire. During the spring, a secluded country cottage came onto their books, the very private garden contained many rare plants and flowers. My sister, realising the potential of the garden, recommended to the executors that the garden be maintained prior to the sale, to maintain the value of the property. This was agreed and a contract placed with a local garden maintenance company.

Some weeks later, on a hot sunny day, my sister was showing a prospect over the property. Standing in a room overlooking the sheltered garden, she was running through the usual sales patter about how one could enjoy meals in total privacy, sunlight through the French doors etc., when the peace was shattered by the coughing splutter of a Flymo engine doing its best not to start, accompanied by muffled cursing. "Not to worry" she loudly cried, "that'll be a member of the expert gardening company we've employed to maintain the grounds". With that, the Flymo came into sight wielded by a youth wearing a baseball cap, sunglasses and *nothing else!* Before my sister could say anything, her client muttered something about 'sorting him out' and disappeared outside, red-faced, never to be seen again!

I expect you've already spotted the worst transgression by this Flymo swinging naturist... that's right, no steel-capped boots!

Apologies to Iain MacLeod, head greenkeeper at Tain, who in our November review of the ICI Greenkeeper of the Year candidates, was mistakenly titled *McLeod*. Sorry Iain, a large scotch on me when next we meet!

And on the subject of apologies, if you're thinking there are one or two less pictures than normal in this issue of Greenkeeper International - you'd be right. A package of photographs despatched to our production editor, by recorded delivery and in plenty of time for our deadline, simply never arrived. A Post Office investigation is underway but in the meantime, on behalf of Royal Mail - sorry.



Despite hoping to have his skills tested by examples of exotic new fungi or rare species of pest, the problems brought to Robert Laycock, at a recent Barenbrug Turf Clinic, were remarkable mainly in that they reinforced the dangers of cutting corners.

Laycock, well known in the industry as a top agronomist, consultant and writer, had been invited by grass seed breeder Barenbrug to join their own experts, hosting the Clinic at the IoG Show.

"The best advice I can give to anyone" said Laycock, pictured right, with Barenbrug's Michel Mulder, "is never to compromise on materials. Problems may not become apparent immediately but as sure as night follows day, they'll surface sooner or later."

Huw Parry, Bristol and Clifton GC, pictured above left, brought to Robert the problem of Anthracnose which causes grass to yellow and then die. Its high incidence in 1992 is probably due to the much wetter weather and is particularly damaging to annual meadow grass. Relieving compaction and improving surface drainage tend to overcome the problem and it's always possible that once the meadow grass has been sufficiently weakened, more desirable grasses will become prominent.

But in critical areas, such as greens, surely the better option is to avoid its introduction in the first place. Breeders such as Barenbrug, for instance, take considerable pains to exclude annual meadow grass, selecting farmers who are able to produce clean crops (grasses) and after cleaning, select lots for special amenity use.

Like all good optimists, though, Laycock found some good arising from the incidence of Anthracnose and wonders whether the disease could be harnessed as a biological control for annual meadow grass. And maybe next time he's invited to a Barenbrug Clinic he'll find the exotic strain he's looking for.