

# Has anyone else got webbed feet?

There have been times over the last few weeks that I found myself thinking that I had JR Ewing for a brother.

No, bear with me, there is a degree of logic to what at first glance might seem to be an outrageous suggestion. After all the only time I've been to Dallas I got no where South Fork but was stuck in the airport for a mind numbing four hours. But no. Who was JR's brother? Bobby. And who was Bobby? Patrick Duffy. And who was Patrick Duffy? The Man from Atlantis!

Yes, over the last couple of weeks I'm sure that, if I look closely, I can see the gaps in my toes joining up. You wouldn't believe it but I'm getting webbed feet.

Well, you should believe it because I live in the part of North Yorkshire which was badly hit by the flooding of the River Derwent. Fortunately our house was unaffected but my route to work was cut off and I had to set off in the wrong direction some time earlier than usual to get to BIGGA HOUSE.

It hadn't even been raining particularly heavily but the water table has been so high it didn't take too much to tip it over the edge.

With similar problems, if perhaps to lesser degrees, occurring all over the country it must be causing you all sorts of problems. I know here at Aldwark the golf course was closed for a while and it did result in some disconsolate golfers.

Multiply that around the country and there is an army of club golfers, who have brought clubs down from the attic, dusted them off and like coiled springs are ready to start their season. But they can't. They've got no outlet for their frustration... unless at the man who is "stopping them from playing".

Yes, unless you have a particularly enlightened membership, or work in one of the few areas to avoid record rainfall, you have no doubt been getting it in the neck.

It just brings it all home that you can be the best greenkeeper in the world but you are only as good as nature lets you be. Let's face it, it wasn't two years ago that I produced a Drought Special for the magazine and looked at the best ways to save and store rainfall. Since then, and I do accept the blame, it has barely stopped tipping it down. The new garden furniture we bought last year is damp, rusting and barely used.

All you can do is arm yourself with facts and statistics about rainfall levels to bombard the Green Committee, or anyone who traps you in the bar. They needn't be delivered in a defensive way but a 'You will just not believe how much rain we've had...' may be enough to nip any potential criticism in the bud.

In the meantime I've got to remember just what happened while I was in that shower. And who was it again who shot JR?

**Editor:**  
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# Greenkeeper

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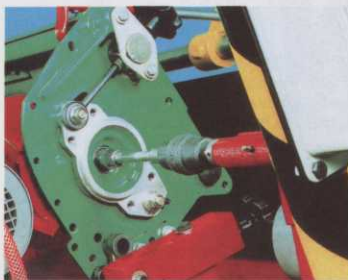
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