

# Your Letters...

## Tribute to an Old Turfman

*I thought he would live forever, I have a copy of his book in which he wrote: To Jack, an old friend and fellow believer. I worked with him for many years and over those years we, on occasion, disagreed.*

*The one thing we shared in common was the belief this game of golf is played on turf and not mud. He was of the opinion that somewhere along the line we had sacrificed a fine hardwearing turf for visual presentation; it was as simple as that.*

*Some of the gems of wisdom he shared over the years I am sure that many greenkeepers agree with, while possibly disagreeing with how the message was presented. Unfortunately things change, not always for the better. The demands of today's golfer, many of whom have never enjoyed the delight of playing on fine wiry grasses, and who today demand their courses should be pristine green, and they are always prepared to accept mud on the ball as long as they look good.*

*I always intended to give him a call and sadly never got round to it. There is no excuse for not catching up, being too busy was mine and today I regret it. I stumbled onto this poem and thought on this occasion it is very appropriate, the author is unknown to me.*

*Around the corner I have a friend  
In this great city that has no end,  
Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,  
And before I know it, a year is gone*

*And I never see my old friend's face,  
For life is a swift and terrible race,  
He knows I like him just as well,  
As in the days when I rang his bell,  
And he rang mine.*

*If, we were younger then,  
And now we are busy, tired men.  
Tired of playing a foolish game,  
Tired of trying to make a name.*

*"Tomorrow" I say "I will call on Jim"  
"Just to show that I'm thinking of him."  
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes, and  
distance between us grows and grows.*

*Around the corner! yet miles away,  
"Here's a telegram sir"  
"Jim died today."  
And that's what we get and deserve in the end.  
Around the corner, a vanished friend.*

Jack McMillan MBE, An old friend

## Stress Remedy

*If you are so stressed out by your Poa,  
Don't take the mower cut lower.*

*Don't go and turn on the water,  
This will only lead to your slaughter.*

*Dust down your old slitters and scarifiers,  
Then cancel that date with your NPK suppliers.*

*Pick up the phone and order your dressing,  
For hear lies one of your blessings.*

*Then go to the back of the old seed shed,  
Because that's where you'll find another one of you rescues  
It's that old bag of seed called fescue.*

*Then as the golfers come to admire your swards,  
Sit back and enjoy your rewards.*

*If you are looking for an answer that's heaven sent,  
Well that's where Jim Arthur went.*

Andy Peel  
Bull Bay GC

## The Right Man

*It is with a great deal of sadness that I heard of the passing away of Jim Arthur. I had known him for the lectures he gave and the articles he wrote for many years, as did a great deal of others in the world of greenkeeping.*

*In more recent years he became a particular friend, helping me when I was at a very low point in my working life. Without hesitation he helped me and gave real encouragement, just as I am sure he had to many others along the way. I am sure one of his main goals was to care deeply for the greenkeeper, be of high or low stature, he wished to see them receive a much better recognition of their status.*

*There can be many things written about Jim by people who are in a much better position than me to do so. It is most likely stated that we will not see his like again, which is possibly true. I would sum it up by saying Jim was simply the right man for the job at the right time.*

*A sad farewell from one of the many.*

David Hinks

Letters continued on page 37