

# Your Letters...

## Jim's Poem

*'Twas in the county of the bard, where first I heard the holy word, where NPK and all its herd were put asunder*

*Vile meadowgrass cut to the ground and trampled under  
At Warwick where you held court, with young pretenders played some sport and even breached the sacred fort of ancient Bingley.  
Excaliber you doubled up or took them singly*

*They battled back, but all in vain, great blows upon them you did rain  
the lights that flickered in my brain, you struck the matches,  
And lit a beacon 'cross the Downs with plain dispatches  
So having heard the word firsthand, I joined the loyal, trusty band who  
rode throughout this cursed land with honest reason  
To feed or water meadowgrass would be high treason.*

*We rallied South we sallied North, from Dornoch down to Perranporth  
foolhardy Captain's spouting forth did feel thy sting,  
And when the sword was fully weighed, you plunged it in  
Then from the West the darkest deeds did thunder in on ghostly steeds  
delivering malicious seeds of discontent  
And introduced the snivelling, crawling creeping bent*

*Your knights who once had been so loyal, did quickly smell  
the lustrous spoil  
so soon they did from you recoil and shift their ground,  
They mustered round the dollar flag and shunned the pound.  
They that once had pledged their lives did scabbard up their poa knives  
for mobile phones and four-wheel drives they left their champion  
Alone amidst the barren fields like bonnie campion*

*Cold winter blew its bitter blast, the creeping bent it breathed its last,  
its glory days were over fast as you predicted,  
It could not bear the chilling blows that you inflicted  
Next rye sails in upon the breeze and plants his standard on the tees,  
then spreads to fairways his disease, that dwarfish snail  
His slime now licks around the cup, our holy grail*

*The battles will not be in vain, proud fescue will return again, as we  
foreswear to make your aim our lifelong quest  
And let you pass with sweet refrain unto thy rest  
And we will place a guardian there, a linksie-man to shield your lair, his  
single charge to have a care, the rye to slaughter  
'T will be one tomb no-one would dare to feed or water*

*So fare thee well my honest friend, on time and tide you may depend,  
your legacy will long extend across the land  
For honest truths at journeys end alone shall stand*

Kerran Daly

## Jim Arthur

*It was with great sadness that I heard of the death of Jim. Until about 12 months ago we had an ongoing friendship built on my respect for the great man's knowledge and above all his ongoing crusade for us all to stick to the basics of good greenkeeping.*

*Sadly when I was trying to explain the reality and pressures that today's Course Managers have to work under, despite knowing that his principles of little fertiliser, little water and plenty of aeration were correct to produce a better surface which reduces the need for chemicals etc, he didn't want to listen to my support of the modern world of golfer's demands! Down went the phone as it has so often to his 'friends' in recent years - but I hope I speak for all those of us who fully support his beliefs when I say Jim, despite his frustrations with us in privileged positions in golf knew that we all had the greatest respect for him.*

*I was proud to be part of the R&A's Golf Course Committee some years ago when funding was approved to allow Jim to coordinate all his works and with the assistance of his chosen co-writers produce Practical Greenkeeping. This book will long be the very basic 'bible' for all aspiring Course Managers setting off on their greenkeeping careers. I know in terms of greenkeeper education Jim's beliefs and support of the tried and tested methods of a programme to encourage the fine grasses will continue to be taught for generations to come.*

David F Golding  
GTC Education Director

## Tribute to Ian Ormond Taylor

*It is with great sadness that we have to report the death of Ian Taylor, a Scottish Greenkeeper, who was really proud of his roots and trade. Anyone who came into contact with Ian during his greenkeeping life at Bothwell Castle, Cambuslang, Glasgow Gailies and finally Powfoot will have good memories of his enthusiasm, sense of humour and dedication. We also remember his quiet calm as he sat back and pondered with his pipe in one hand and his favourite tippie in the other.*

*Ian will be remembered as one of the stalwarts who formed the Ayrshire Section. We owe him a debt of gratitude for his selfless endeavours. When he did something he always put his full heart into it, as people who knew him remember. Ian's fondness for Country and Western, wearing full regalia or latterly his caravan days. There is no truth in the rumour his bad feet were caused when putting his gun back in its holster.*

*Ian's many friends in the golfing community will remember his presence and mourn his passing. Ian's funeral service took place on Thursday March 24 at Ecclefechan Parish Church and was attended by many friends and former colleagues. Our thoughts are with his family in their sad loss.*

Robert T. Bruce

## YOUR LETTERS ARE REQUESTED!

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