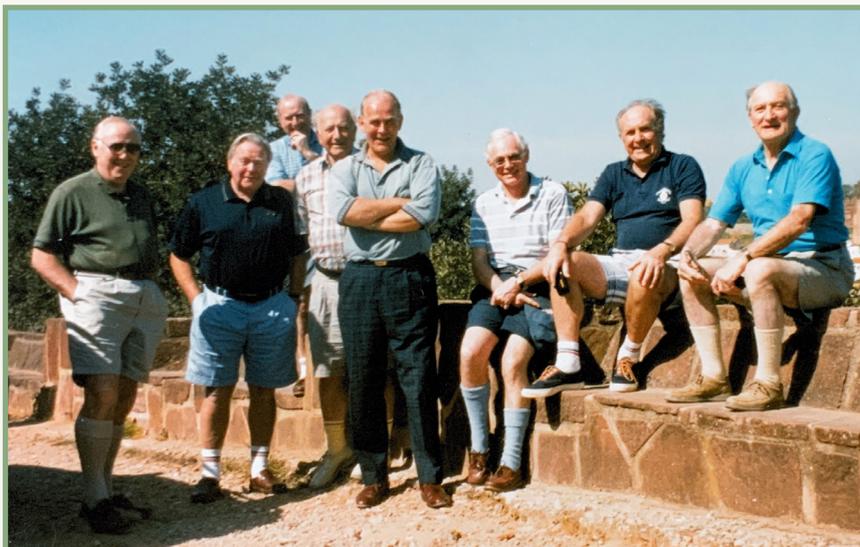


Three Scots Pines

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.

George Meredith.

Your President, Michael Holman recently took me on a nostalgic walk of Tandridge Golf Course to view the three Scots pines recently planted below the 14th (by the 17th), in memory of my father, Brian Teakle. He sadly passed away at the ripe old age of 89 years, two weeks' short of his 90th birthday, on 24th October 2020 in East Surrey, succumbing to the dreaded virus and following a year of ill-health.



Dad was a long-standing member of Tandridge, since the 1970s, and this special place was what our family referred to 'as his second home'.

Dad's original wish was to have some bright pink rhododendrons planted on the 17th, emulating the amazing backdrop he would witness annually glued to the TV watching the Masters at Augusta.

However as Michael explained Tandridge Golf Course have been removing a number of the Pontic rhododendrons on the advice of an arborist, due to them being a non-native invasive species in the UK, and which are relatively difficult to maintain. So, as a family, we agreed to the planting of the Scots pines as a fitting alternative, which have replaced a diseased ash.

As a non-golfer myself, Michael has reliably informed me that as the trees mature and grow, they will act as a buffer to avert the less competent golfers among you from hitting your balls onto the 17th. I'll just have to take his word for that one but as this species of trees can live for up to 700 years, it may be a while before that happens.

For those of you who weren't acquainted with Brian, he loved his sport – both watching and partaking. Thank god for Sky Sports keeping him amused in his later years.

And of course, he adored his golf. Tandridge Golf Club meant a lot to him and quite apart from the pleasure he derived from playing the game and the friendships he made over the years, he was passionately interested in the course woodland and wildlife. And he would always be one of the first to make his voice heard, if any trees were destined for felling!

With his distinctive left-handed swing, Brian played well into his 80s, resorting to a buggy in the latter years, which he overturned on many occasion, although he always kept that one quiet from our mother, his long-suffering non-golfing wife of 63 years, Ginny.



Tandridge
GOLF CLUB

Dad and his golfing buddies, spent many an hour whiling away the time on the course, and putting the world to rights over a few beers at the end of their game.

He also enjoyed many a happy trip with 'the boys' to warmer climes including Portugal and Scotland. They aptly called themselves the CRAFT club (Can't Remember A F***ing Thing) and the equally un PC-name, TITS – (Tandridge International Touring Society).

Brian was also a regular participant at Friday bridge, which served to while away wet winter afternoons and kept him out of Ginny's hair!

It should come as no surprise that Scots Pine is the national tree of Scotland – and with Dad's lovely holidays that he had there, and it being my adopted home, it seems very fitting that the trees will be a lovely memory of dad.

We are planning a 'wake' in the Clubhouse in October, COVID-19 restrictions allowing, almost a year to the day he died. As a family, my mother, Ginny; brother Gavin and younger sister Anya and our respective family and friends look forward to sharing in Tandridge's hospitality, courtesy of William and his team and giving dad a fitting send off, in what has been a very strange year for the entire world. Our only regret is that the main man won't be there to enjoy the party. He loved his food and a pint served in a 'jug'.

As one of his golfing buddies commented 'Brian was a trencherman at heart' – a person with a hearty appetite – who appreciated the opportunity to chat over a meal and a glass of wine. 'His knowledge of the best pubs to visit anywhere in the UK was truly remarkable – not only the pub itself – but also the best item to choose from the menu.'

I'll leave you with one last thought. Scots firs symbolise Hope, Pity. As you pass them during your round, tip them a wink and you never know, their presence may bring you hope for a successful game and a good handicap rating, rather than pitying another ball lost in the rough!

Kerry Teakle, daughter

