

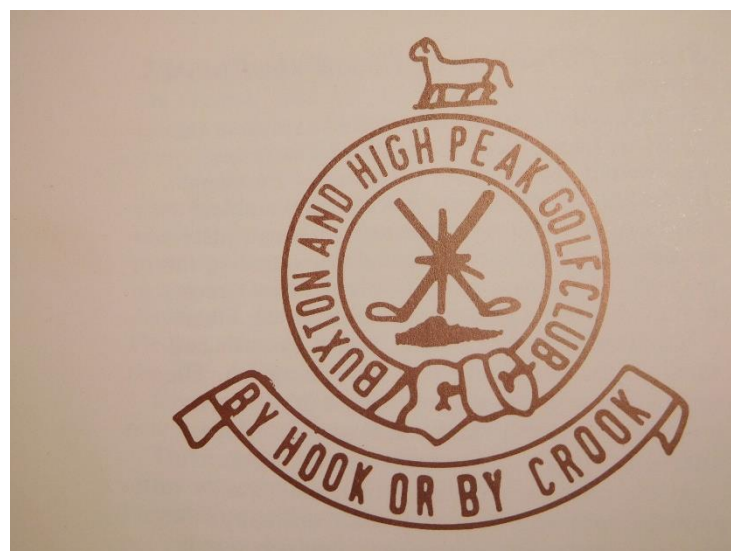
A Golfing Metamorphosis

(with thanks to Rudyard Kipling and “How the Leopard got its Spots”)


Once upon a time, in a galaxy far away, best beloved, there was a beast roaming the Fair Fields of Buxton.



It was a contented creature and all it needed to do was to eat grass and play. That was all that was asked of it in the heady days of 1887, before cars and global warming and Facebook, although it told me that it had quite a surprise when people came along and formed a Golf Club. So from then on, golfers came and went. Golf balls flew, as did the occasional expletive. But they all loved the creature and were so impressed with its nature that they adopted it as their mascot.



It was even recognised by the Government (or at least HMRC), who, for a guinea, allowed its picture to be used as an Armorial Bearing. This was wonderful for everybody and so the male servants, carriages and dogs of the Buxton Golf Club could be sure that it was going to be respected.

 No. **937**

INLAND REVENUE.

LICENCE FOR MALE SERVANTS, CARRIAGES, AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS—32 & 33 Vict. 14; and 51 Vict. 8; and DOGS,
30 Vict. 5; and 41 Vict. 10

Buxton Golf Club
of *Club House* in the
Parish of *Fairfield* within the
Administrative County* *Derby* of *Derby*

is hereby authorised to employ and keep the number of MALE SERVANTS, CARRIAGES, and DOGS, and to wear and use ARMORIAL BEARINGS in the manner hereinafter mentioned, and in respect whereof he has paid the following Duties, amounting altogether to the sum of *one* Pound *one* Shilling and *—* Pence. This Licence will continue in force from the day of the date hereof until the 31st day of December then next following.

Time went by. It ate and ate and watched the golfers walking the Fair Fields. What a peaceful life if had, occasionally chewing on golf balls and generally enjoying the sunshine. Sometimes it would hide, to then jump out and surprise them, but mostly it kept to itself. However, one day, much to everyone's amazement best beloved, they noticed that it was not like it used to be but had metamorphosed into a rather different creature who looked a bit like this.



Everyone was amazed at how big the creature had become and, best beloved, how thin its legs were. Perhaps this was a good look in 1905, and I am sure that I have photos of ladies and gents from that time with big bodies and very thin legs. I will try to find them for you. The creature still appeared sometimes, but having such a big body and such thin legs, it was not as sociable as it had been before. I feel rather sad for it, but worse was yet to come.

There was, in 1928, a sighting of a completely different creature which the golfers knew, but didn't know (if you know what I mean). A bit like a golfer seeing a mashie and then a mace and then a 6 iron. Same sort of thing, but not (if you know what I mean). [And for all you Europhiles, the word *mashie* comes

from the French word *massue*, meaning mace, a weapon of war much favoured by people who would be better spending their time playing golf than thumping each other with clubs. But that is just my opinion and you might not agree. In which case, best beloved, ignore this bit of my story.]

Anyway, here it is. Any resemblance to a donkey is co-incidental.



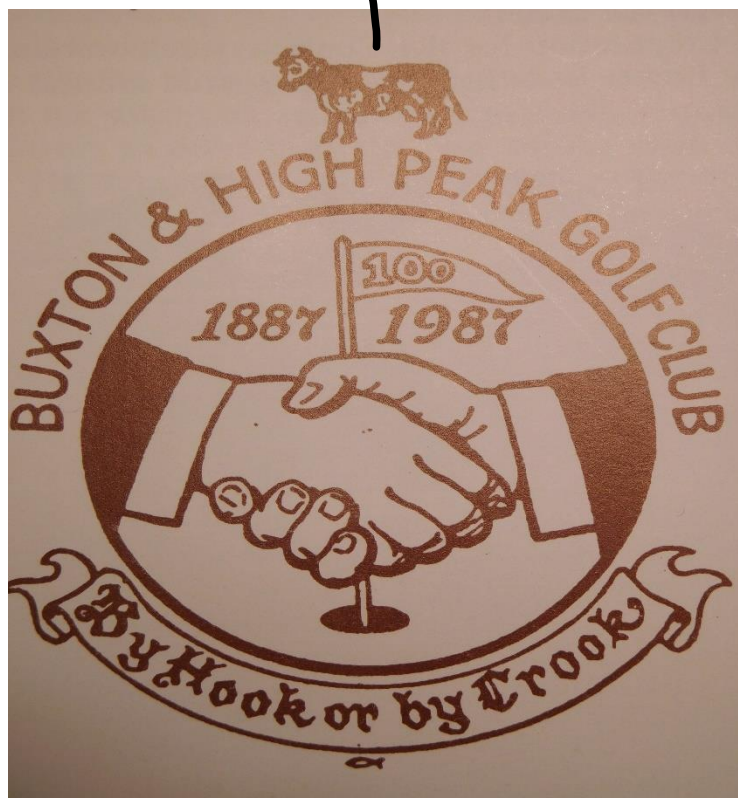
Mr J.S. Blair, who was Captain in 1917, and his wonderful shield are so much part of Buxton and High Peak Golf Club history that their story is told in another place in the history of the Golf Club.

This was very much the end of the story for the next 59 years until Terry Williams, a member of Buxton and High Peak Golf Club, won a competition for the best design of a the new Club mascot for the centenary, which has (to the

relief of all concerned) become a lovely looking, short-fat-hairy-legged Friesian cow. You can say hello to her in this photograph.



Here she is again!



So there you have it, best beloved. The *metamorphosis* of our creature has a much happier ending than did Gregor Samsa, as told by Franz Kafka, as our friendly bovine mascot is alive and well and living on the Fair Fields of Buxton. At least that is where she was last seen.

So if you care to visit and explore the 18 holes of the Buxton and High Peak Golf Club course, you never know but you might catch a glimpse of our resident chimera. Not nessie, but a mystery nonetheless.

Even if you don't, you will still have a great round of golf and a very warm welcome from all of us.

Jon White

Self-isolating

April 2020