

Meditations of a Peripatetic Golfer

A putting-green with its margins flared up at a steep angle, giving it a cocky appearance. It would not be bad if the flaring edges were not so steep.

The first fine grass to show life and growth in early spring is annual bluegrass. Only a little behind it is Kentucky bluegrass; then creeping bent; and last of all, red fescue.

"Grass is the forgiveness of nature," said Ingalls. Some putting-greens we have seen are probably "forgiven" only "with reservations."

If tractors and trucks added something to the compost pile they would strike us with more favor. We are going to ask Ford if he can't build us a hay-digesting motor more efficient than the horse.

Caveat emptor! Let the buyer beware! Golf clubs should not blame it all on the glib salesman, but credit part to their own gullibility.

If a rich golf club spends money like a drunken sailor, we do not waste sympathy on it—but we do worry because it helps foster the erroneous idea that golf is a game only for rich men.

They wasted money trying to get a first-class golf course quickly. About half the cost could be saved if a club will spread its construction work over two or three years.

Some golf courses have remained unchanged so long that it is sacrilege to suggest an improvement. Give us the course that is constantly being changed to its betterment rather than a sacred relic of bygone golf architecture.

Some enthusiast has published a statement to the effect that nearly every golf club about Chicago uses a carload of seed each year. Now, a carload of grass seed is at least 30,000 pounds. These Chicago fellows certainly do throw away money, unless some one is exaggerating.

A famous statesman once said, "The stupidity of the average man is beyond belief." Sometimes we think the stupidity of the average golf club is about as abysmal as the ocean.

There was great consternation at the Blueblood Country Club recently when a countryman applied for admission. A wise club would take him in and make him chairman of the green committee. Farmers have a lot of horse-sense about growing things, which city men rarely acquire.

A slow, lingering death should be suffered by the player who loses his temper and takes a divot out of a putting-green.

Golf is a peculiar game. It takes one's mind off of business cares, but it also makes one work harder to keep his mind off of golf.

One has such a sense of freedom on a golf course. There are no "keep off the grass" signs.