

## Meditations of a Peripatetic Golfer

Count that year lost whose slow, declining days show no changes made in the golf course.

When a man plays a rotten golf game in his dreams, he ought to go at once to a doctor. His case is serious.

Those 250-yard drives that you hear about are, as a matter of fact, nearly as scarce as home runs.

Some people still harbor the delusion that a layer of rubble or cinders under a green makes for good drainage. If the green is built up above the ground level no artificial drainage is necessary; if it is not built up, tiling is by far the best means of removing excess water.

Compost, compost, more compost, and yet still more compost. You'll need it. Saves seed, fertilizer, money—and gets results.

Some day, some Gray or perhaps Eddie Guest or Montague or Rice or some golfing poet will write "An Ode to the Greenkeeper," the man who is passed unnoticed and unconsidered by the players but to whose pleasure he contributes so much.

Greenkeepers are extremely appreciative men. They write very cordial letters regarding the help they get from *The Bulletin*.

A weed on a putting green is nearly as bad as a grease spot on a tablecloth.

A photograph of a plastique model of a golf course looks much like the surface of the moon as revealed by the telescope. This has led Professor Strobiloffski, the famous astronomer, to advance the theory that the so-called craters on the moon are in reality bunkers. He infers that the ancient inhabitants of the moon, who were called "lunatics," became so enamoured with golf that they at length used the whole surface of the planet for golf courses, and as a consequence eventually died of starvation.

There is one test that always gives a clue to the carefulness of the greenkeeper. It's the replaced plug after a hole is moved. If the plug is nice and green, no one notices it at all; if it is brown or dead, one can't help but wonder why?

Bird houses all over the course! Fine! Remember though that many useful birds nest only in shrubbery—and flowering shrubs are very attractive.

One of my greenkeeper friends always serves a wonderful lunch to his visitors—bread and milk and strawberries—that is during the strawberry season. No wonder his friends come again!

The Administration announces that it has saved the taxpayers about \$1,800,000,000. That's \$18.00 to every man, woman and child. The true golfer will at once invest it in 18 new golf balls.

Wanted, a really satisfactory remedy for ants on putting greens. The Green Section will give a special medal to the greenkeeper who solves the problem.

Players judge the quality of a putting green by the number of putts they take. When the ball is sunk with a single putt—the green is fine; if it requires three putts—the green is rotten, and of course it's always the greenkeeper's fault.