

Meditations of a Peripatetic Golfer

"Peripatetic" as a noun means one who walks about; a pedestrian. A famous statistician has figured out that the last pedestrian will be killed by an auto in 1938.

They paid \$5 a square foot for velvet bent sod, while their rough and fairways were spotted with it. Look's as though a new one is born every minute.

The standing of any club with its members and their friends depends upon its Green Committee. As one man put it, the Green Committee is the club's "full-page advertisement." The condition of the course determines the club's position with its members.

Fertilizing a green with humus is about as effective as a diet of sawdust.

The secret of good landscaping is to avoid straight lines.

"Salesmanship must be based on telling the truth," says a prominent Rotarian. Don't think this is an accomplished fact, but follow the old Roman advice—Let the buyer beware!

Greens top-dressed only with mediocre soil and commercial "humus." No wonder they look starved.

It is a wise greenkeeper who knows his own grasses.

All will agree that divots should be replaced, and the players insist that they shall be replaceable. Fertilize the fairways occasionally.

Whenever you play it in par you say the course is in perfect condition; when you fail to break eighty you should pronounce it rotten.

Golf course architects, like poets, are born, not made.

The construction work on a golf course will cost almost nothing on an old pasture except to mark the tees and the greens. There is every step upwards from this to the most expensively built courses.

Compliments to the Green Committee when the turf is good are more helpful than knocks when something goes wrong.

High rectangular tees. Even if they were not so high they would be blots on the landscape. At least round off the corners.

No farmer is fool enough to work clay soils when they are wet. Yet some golf course contractors commit just this folly.

A natural lake of clear water on a golf course is a thing of beauty. An artificial pond of muddy or stagnant water is an abomination. Dam the architect, but not the streams which go dry in summer.

Bunkers half concealed by a ridge across the front. The architect's idea is not discernible to an ordinary mortal.

A Christmas present for your greenkeeper—a carload of manure.