

Meditations of a Peripatetic Golfer

According to the "master spot" theory of putting, you must aim for a spot near the ball in the line of the hole. There ain't no such spots on a good vegetative green.

Intelligence and care in greenkeeping are useful. Every good method can not be made "fool proof."

Change the cup as soon as the turf around it looks trampled. Still better, change it before that takes place.

If the back slopes of your bunker cops are gentle, the machine will mow them; if they are steep, hand work is necessary.

White clover on the putting greens should not be tolerated. With continuous use of ammonium sulphate it will disappear.

Top-dressing greens with coarse cinders or pebbles is a sure method of inciting the wrath of the players.

A French idea: Sodded walks from the bottom of a sand bunker to each back corner. A splendid plan that many clubs should copy.

Merely mowing, watering, and rolling grass for one hundred years will not produce good turf. It was a literary fellow, and not an investigator, who advised this formula.

Margins of the putting greens scarred by the mowers! This is a sure sign of a careless greenkeeper.

The list of honorary members of every golf club should include the robin; the song sparrow; the chippy; all the warblers; the flycatchers; the cardinal; the mocking bird; the Bob White, and most of the other birds. Enroll as many as possible.

Lines by a near-poet, with abject apologies to Wordsworth:

The bunker by the fairway's rim
A damned menace was to him,
And it was nothing more;
His partner deemed it but a guide,
A thing to praise and not to chide;
And this is true golf lore.