

course, and who is at fault that it isn't being saved? The greenkeeper? No. The greenkeepers through their associations are working hard to obtain all information possible whereby their course can be more efficiently maintained. Neither is it the green-chairman's fault, though they could use their business ability more effectively (broadly) than they do.

For my answer I quote this startling bit of information from *The Journal of the Board of Greenkeeping Research of the British Golf Unions*, Vol. 1, No. 1: Greenkeeping has passed through a steady evolution but at the same time its complexity has increased. But the really important point to be brought out is—that this evolution, or sequence of changes, has been largely the results of trial and error, hit or miss. Perhaps only ten per cent of the ingenuity lavished upon golf course problems is fruitful, but with a little advice, based on scientific principles, there is no reason why this figure should not be raised to 75% or even more. Applied science, in general, may be said to be increasing the 'hits' at the expense of the 'misses.'

No innovations should be undertaken at the expense of immediate or future maintenance, for more satisfaction and lowered scores can be obtained on a course that is constantly improving, without innovations, than on one with annual innovations and lowered maintenance standards.

Club Manager Marvels at Loeb's Locker-Man Tale

THOMAS REAM, manager of Calumet C. C. (Chicago district), has thought long and seriously of the locker-room men he has encountered in his extensive and successful experience as a club manager and makes the same decision about Loeb's locker-room man that the farm boy made when the kid saw his first kangaroo: "Hell, there ain't no sich a animule."

Doubting Thomas in a kindly vein of questioning comments on the Loeb article relative to Hillcrest locker-room operation in the following terms:

"Mr. Loeb says that the members are always in a hurry for service, always anxious to impress their guests with their own importance and the character of the club, and unfortunately, they take this service perfection as a matter of course. Does it sound logical that towels be kept

in each member's locker along with the soap and bath slippers? Why dictate to a member just how many towels he is to use. One day he might want one and the next day he is just as likely to ask for five. We have towels in the shower booths, paper slipper racks, soap and brush holders, sponge rubber mats, telephone, hand towels, bath stools, rubbing alcohol and talcum powder—all there at the disposal of any member who wishes to help himself whether sparingly or generously. Our attendants are nearby at their beck and call.

"Only one attendant to serve these 220 golfers, and he is obliged to open each locker and place therein bath towels, soap and slippers and all the things necessary to the comfort of each member after his game. He personally bundles up the soiled laundry; naturally, he is to label and count it, get clothes ready for the cleaners and clean shoes. Mr. Loeb also insists on each detail of the locker room being immaculate. With this department subject to such hard use and to guard against untidiness, it requires constant care. How, then, can one man be there, smiling and neat, to give "impressive" service, answer the telephone, counting up laundry bundles and cleaning shoes? It certainly doesn't sound, reasonably, like good management to me. We have four attendants and sometimes it is all they can do to get away to eat a hurried meal, and our locker-room is kept in perfect order at all times and the members get A-1 service, but the valets have to be on their toes every minute to do it. We have about the same number of players.

"This locker-man has to eat his three meals a day, have a day off, shave and bathe and get into his uniform, so how is he to do all these things in the little time allotted to him without the aid of even one assistant throughout the week? On Saturday and Sunday each and every one is waiting to tee off, and they certainly wouldn't call it good service if they were impatiently waiting for the locker-man to finish up with the member at the extreme end of the room. No, sir, Mr. Loeb, you'll have to tell a better one than that; I am from Missouri."

And so, Brother Loeb, Brother Ream puts the request for enlightenment. Is this man of yours the marvel of the age or is it on account of the climate that a California manager can get one man to do what it takes four to do in the turbulent area of the mid-west?