

Dreams Come True If Dreamers "Do"

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I HAVE read, with exceptional pleasure, the many wonderful articles printed in THE NATIONAL GREENKEEPER, written by men who are authorities in their various lines. The benefit therefrom is gigantic and not only helps the younger and less experienced, but it also jars the memory of the older to a point where he has no excuse to offer, providing he has the financial backing to adopt and follow out this excellent advice.

If a greenkeeper is mentally capable and willing to extract and retain this advice and to put it into practice, then he automatically increases his duties, and that increased duty, in my estimation, is the only concrete method by which we can expect to increase our stipend and elevate our standing among men.

There are so many things to be taken into consideration in the management of a golf course that many object to the adoption of new methods, ideas and styles—I say "styles," for styles on the golf course certainly come as regularly as in any other line of endeavor—but the man who cannot or will not adapt himself to these changes is doomed.

Golf Courses Should Be Landscaped

A style that is bound to come, and it is remarkable that it has not come before, is the development of the golf course from an artistic standpoint (landscape gardening), and it is more remarkable when one realizes that although club members are invariably men of taste and wealth, who under no consideration would allow their residence grounds to look like barren pastures, still the great majority of our courses, especially in the West, are just that and nothing more. The exception is greatly in the minority.

When this style becomes universal then our duties again increase, for it will be, and properly, the greenkeeper's work and the man who will become "Who's

Who" among greenkeepers at that time will be the man who visualizes this now and prepares himself accordingly. I am sure that the extra duties will be appreciated by the employers in more ways than one providing that the work is done intelligently, and if that should not be the case then discharge the Club.

There is no reason why a proper planting should interfere with the game—in fact it will aid it, and not only that, it will increase the value of the course and surrounding real estate.

All Club Members Do Not Play Golf

Again—what percentage of club members actually play golf and how are you to retain the interest of members who do not play unless you create something to hold their interest and patronage? I am sure that every reader of this magazine has at some time or other visited some place for the beauty of it alone, especially if he is a greenkeeper. I feel that everyone is inherently interested in just such a condition and when it is created the benefit will manifest itself

through new patronage, and it is through new patronage that we create new golfers and real fans.

I was very pleased to read the articles in your April issue entitled "Building Beauty into the Bunkers," by F. W. Sherwood and the various articles on trees and their care by C. M. Sherer, both of which have a vital bearing on what I am trying to explain.

Start a Tree and Shrubbery Nursery

I would suggest that where space allows and soil conditions warrant lining-out stock be bought for a suitable nursery for future development. This makes a tremendous saving in the finished product. This, however, is slow and not advisable unless one has experience in nursery propagation. The future of the greenkeeper is in his own hands. Much more will be demanded of him in the future than in the past. Therefore *prepare!*

Compensation

I had no excuse, Bill, to join a golf club,
For I'm not a golfer; I'm only a dub,
And somehow the old game does not head the list

Of the pleasures I'm taking for those that I've missed.

But I'm sticking around for the other things,
Bill,

That mean more to me than the game ever will.
For the good fellowship that I feel all about,
Where an old man's a "boy" and a boy an "old scout."

For my love of the open, and bits of the land
Where old Mother Nature has played a lone hand.

Where God planted seed for each beautiful tree,
And they stand side by side as He meant them to be.

I'm learning the language of little wild things,
And I know every bird by the song that he sings.

It's true, Bill, my game's getting worse,—
there's the rub,
But there's some compensation in being a dub.

By Gertrude A. Farley.