

HOW TO BE A
GOLF PRO-



Canada Thistles For Putting Greens

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LIKE Will Rogers, all I know is what I read in the papers. So I take the Police Gazette, Christian Herald, Town Topics and a few others, besides buying an occasional National Geographic, to keep a place spotted to hide out in should I ever need it.

I've taken all the advertised correspondence courses from becoming a detective in ten days to a certified public accountant in a week's easy evening study, salary of course optional. I am now starting out with "Be a Golf Professional." Of course this takes a little longer. They say not over twelve years. Had intended taking one in Green-keeping but I went to Detroit instead. There, at the convention I learned all about it.

How to build a golf course, "Hire a competent architect." Now that's simple, isn't it? I'd been wondering how I was going to accomplish another nine down at Bunker Hill, and here I got it all in a nut-shell. Brown Patch, it's fungi or fungus or fung-something of the kind. That's what it is. Time was too short for the lecturer to tell us what to do for it, but that's a simple matter if we know what it is. Now we know what to bait our traps with to catch the bloomin' thing.

Ants! Fletcher's Castoria has put the idea into that fellow's head. Babies cry for it, children tease for it and Aunts beg for it. Our pills at five dollars per each kills them off like locusts in a Kansas hail-storm.

The convention was a disappointment to me in one way, tho. I went up there fully intending to take out a ten thousand dollar life-insurance policy for a dollar a year and just as I was ready to sign up the whole thing was permanently pigeonholed.

But say! Don't any of you birds ever advertise for a

job in this magazine called THE NATIONAL GREENKEEPER. If you do you'll be arrested, That is if you get the job and it's a good one. That's a kind of a nasty habit of this Greenkeeper magazine; getting results for its advertisers. That thing simply isn't being done now.

A boy was visiting his grandparents on the farm. He and papa came in one morning and said the old cow had been stolen. The youngster began to laugh and Grandma wondered what he was laughing about, and he said, "That's a joke on the feller that tuk her, I seen Grandpap take all the milk out of her last night."



"—ants beg for it"

to take over the old homestead. What to do with the thing I didn't know. I couldn't open a coal-mine for there wasn't any coal. It had been drilled for oil which they didn't find; so I was saved the embarrassment of failure there.

I Open Up An Eat Shop

FINALLY I opened up a roadside eat shop. One of those chicken-dinner places, and it went across fine. But what to do with the rest of the place. Canada Thistles were taking it. Where once were beautiful woodlots, pastures, productive fields, creeks and side-hills covered with wild life and flowers, everywhere you would find this pest. You could cut them down and grub them out and look back after starting away and they would be up again in full bloom, thumbing their noses at you. They were like the proverbial mother-in-law, "They had come to stay."

Well now, "What was a poor girl to do?" Throw up her hands and scream? That wouldn't do any good, neither would cussin'. I know for I tried that out, and a pretty thorough job of it too. I know how, for I served time in the army and have ridden in the round-up with the toughest of 'em. It only seemed to act as a stimulant.



"—I opened up an eat shop"



"—a golf playin' fellow happened by"

Well, one day I was up around the house and one of these golf playin' fellows happened by. Now, to me, just out of the sage-brush and the land of chaps and latigo straps, high-heeled boots and janglin' spurs, them pant-things and women's stockin's sure looked right queer. But I got to talkin' to the fellow what was wearin' of 'em, and I asked him what he was wearin' that kind of clothes for, and he says 'We dress this way when we play golf,' and I says "What's golf?" and he tells me what it's like only after awhile it sorta begun to blow in that you didn't use a baseball and bat but a little ball about an inch thru, and a stick with a knot on the end of it to knock the ball as far as you could, so you could go out there and whack it again.

Well now, I was born listenin' and what I didn't listen out of that golf pants fellow aint never been wrote. He told me about tees and niblicks and greens and brassies and dog-legs and cups and fairways and roughs and pars and when he left I was about as dizzy with information as a kindergarten would be with a problem in calculus. I tell you I was right interested. He'd said the place looked like a golf course would fit it all right but where to get all these things he'd told me about! I looked thru Montgomery Ward's catalog, and all I could find was a few of those sticks with funny things on the ends of them. Not a fairway or rough or par or any of those other things. I was up against it. Then I heard of a place over near Akron where they were doing something of the kind so I "made an appropriation for investigation" and went over. Found it already had a name, "Braeburn," and the owners name was Latta.

Latta Tells Me About It

L ATTA showed me where his first niblick was and where he was going to put his number two rough, away over on yon hill. Asked him about his mashie, and he said it wasn't quite done. Was pretty tough and would have to boil for quite awhile yet. Said his dog-leg

was doing quite well. Would have the splints off in a few days. He finally showed me a cup and believe me after all I'd been thru, if he hadn't flagged me I would have been there yet. But I made several trips over to Braeburn and Mr. Latta was mighty fine in telling me all he could about this golf business.

Then I got to talking to the boys around home and it was not long before we had a club formed of a hundred members, and were off to the races. By this time I had learned what most of these things were for, and the "why" of some of them, and we got to work. We piled up some dirt and called that place Number 1 tee, flattened out another and called that Number 1 green, and so on around the course something like three thousand yards. We blew out stumps and trees, filled holes, put in tile and graded hills and hollows.

And then in the Spring we put on some seed. We did do a nice job of this seeding. Took a lot of pains with it, in fact I don't know how it could have been done any better. Then as soon as it was finished it came on and rained for three solid days, and wound up with a cloudburst, and some of that seed sure learned how to float. Some of it is going yet. Lindbergh must have passed it half way to Paris.

And wash? You wouldn't have known one of the fairways if you'd found it in the road. You know how all the books and articles of Golf written by Dr. McKenzie, Thomas, Hunter, and Donald Ross stress the point of making things look like it was nature made them that way. Well when the rain was over, this golf-course looked like nature's favorite and youngest. Nothing else but. Number

one fairway sure had inherited nature's sweetest touch; stream lines you know.

Puts on Finishing Touch

Providence had sure put the finishing touch on my feeble effort in golf-course building. Now



"—I looked thru Montgomery Ward's catalog"



"—it rained for three solid days"

I was up against it. I had promised the boys we would be able to play some time about the middle of the summer of '27, and I didn't know whether any of that grass stuff was left or not, or if there was, would it have the courage to try and grow. And too I had to wait a couple of weeks to see whether any of it would come or maybe have to reseed entirely.

At the end of this time the fairways began to take on color, but the greens, Oh Lordy! They looked like a pinto cayuse half shed off. You could trace the map of any country you wanted to on any of them. The easiest would have been Death Valley. I didn't know any of the Cleveland District greenkeepers, but someone told me about John Sheridan and that he was a good fellow. So I called him up at Chagrin Valley and asked him if it would be all right to sow corn or potatoes or wheat or something of the kind to get a quick growth, and he said if I wanted to play that season about the only thing he could recommend for a quick temporary green was Italian Rye. So I bought some and sowed it on the bare spots. I called it Swedish Bent, and really under that nom de plume it did pretty well. When this began to grow some of the German Bent began to take on a little life—a matter of pride, I suppose, and by the middle of July, our greens were in pretty fair shape. Anyhow, we opened the course the Thirteenth.

Along late in the fall I rebuilt most of the greens, as the turf was of such a conglomerate texture. On these I used the creeping bent stolons. I am hoping we will be able to use them by Decoration Day.

Now with your Cleveland courses, we've a long way to go to come up to even a comparison. We only had about half the money to build it that most of them appropriate for a year's maintenance. I am not satisfied with the greens. Their design, drainage, pitch, etc. are not to my liking. I intend rebuilding them, one at a time, as I can, each to fit its particular location. We have room for another nine inside the present one. Think it will be fully as good if not better than the first.

As I can I am doing the necessary preliminary work of drainage, clearing, etc., which will save a lot of money when we do get into the actual work. I find around a course there is often a time for a few hours when one or more men can be spared, in fact you are at a loss to know

what to do with them for a few hours. So it is my intention to have the second nine as a place to put any extra labor and as I can get it all layed out and then begin placing shade trees and shrubbery to fit the layout as a whole.

It is all fun, pleasant work. I mean the planning and building. I don't get any kick out of the actual operation, except in the scheming and managing to save a dollar here, so I will have it to spend somewhere else on the course. We haven't a green committee or a green chairman, to act as a go-between with the finance committee, to raise more funds, when they are needed to do a certain thing. I have to corral the where-with-all myself from some source. But I enjoy every minute of it. I would rather do just what I am doing than any other thing I have ever attempted.

Elbert Hubbard said, "Goda'mighty doesn't judge a man by his medals and diplomas, but by his scars." Well, now, when I get this thing all done, I'll have scars enough to pass the "Pearly Gates" with a brass band. It's the hardest job I ever tackled but the most satisfying.

A Word About Our Club

I WANT to add just a word about our club. I don't think that anywhere in the world, and that's a pretty big place, (even bigger than Detroit) from a town the size of ours, a finer, better, more generous, whole-hearted bunch of a hundred fellows could be gotten together. Co-operation and tolerance have been the pass-words, and we are all looking forward to finally having as good a course as there is in the country.

And in conclusion, if I did not express my appreciation to the Cleveland District Greenkeepers for the help I have had from them and the ideas I have absorbed from the meetings this winter, which we will be able to use the coming season, I should feel I had been ungrateful. I have only visited a few of the courses but the men in charge have always been courteous and more than liberal with time and information and ideas, that are invaluable especially to one who is new in the game of building, operating and maintaining a golf course.

I know I will not be able to reciprocate in full, but this is to serve notice on you that I shall always feel I owe you a debt of gratitude, on which I will never be able to any more than pay the interest.



—only thing he could recommend was Italian rye—



—a man is judged by his scars—