

# A New Year's Editorial

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We are going to write a little New Year's editorial.

And nobody knows anything about it but ourselves.

Not even Al. Lundstrom, John Morley or anybody else.

Because we pay for the paper and ink and postage and printing we have decided to sort of say something all our own and if it's wrong we are to blame—nobody else.

Frankly, we're tired of these golf experts.

We mean the guys with a lot of P. H. D's and X. Y. Z's either in front or behind their names.

They wear frat pins and folks call them Doctor this and Professor that.

They have apparently forgotten more about growing golf turf than all of the greenkeepers in the National Association combined ever knew.

Because we started two years ago to talk about education and study of soil conditions these birds bounced out with more theories than Lydia Pinkham has pills.

They talked everybody dizzy about P. H. and acidity and bugs and bacteria and what not.

Even our oldest and best greenkeepers hesitated and tried out many of their profound formulas. Green committee chairmen exulted because we had "experts."

This is a funny country—this United States of America. Its people try most anything once. But eventually and surely they go back to George Washington and Benjamin Franklin and kick all the upstarts bowlegged.

So we predict modestly but quite confidently that doctors, professors, chemists, agronomists, agrostologists, etc., etc., will find a lot of "Stop" signs at the entrances to golf courses in 1929.

We do not know much about greenkeeping but we know quite a bit about golf clubs and how they spend their money.

Unless we are much mistaken every Green committee chairman along about April first is going to say to his greenkeeper:

"You know, John, you have been here several years and we always had good greens and fairways and were getting along fine until last year when we experimented a lot with these high class experts.

"Now, John, from now on you are in charge of the golf course. You can experiment all you want to in your nursery and on your practice greens. If these experts from Washington or any other place crowd in on you either shoot them or give them mustard gas. You're boss now and no questions asked."

Maybe we're wrong but we still believe that the man who gets up at daylight and works until dark knows how to run his golf course.