Daddy Erickson's tool house was that more or less well-known character, Scotty McLaren. True to his race, he rode the middle of the bus to save all of the bumps possible.

The boys were very polite to each other as usual. Very few arguments that lasted over an hour, and very few men who did not have a part in the discussions. No black eyes were in evidence when we climbed off at Rochester, but Frank Anderson lost his set of clubs en route, and Emil Picha ate a very light dinner, so there must be some cause and effect in this old world.

Swanlund has the inside track with the chef at the club, and we certainly did take advantage of this opportunity. Everyone felt the Rochester C. C. excursion was one of the best. We didn't get into a formal discussion of greenkeeping problems, but we all learned a few things that will be of some benefit to us in future years. Swanlund can show a lot of the boys a course that is enviable from the maintenance point of view, and he was very much pleased to do so.

A few light songs led by our vocal geniuses, Vic Larson and Leonard Bloomquist, shortened our ride back to Minikahda. Other events of this homeward trip are not for publication, but to our brother greenkeepers let me suggest that you grab some Minnesota boy at the Chicago convention next winter, and get the story straight.

This man was too busy to note all that happened on the homeward journey. I do remember that Rochester didn't get any operating practice on any of us, and for a severe headache I can think of no better remedy than a session with Dr. (?) Ed Swanlund, G. K., Rochester, Minn.

## Comments from An Old-Timer

By JAMES O'NEILL, Pro-greenkeeper, Cleveland

Well do I remember when I first reported for duty as a golf professional and greenkeeper at the Portsmouth Golf Club, Portsmouth, Ohio, in the year 1899. There were not many greenkeepers in those days. The professional had to take charge of everything pertaining to golf. In truth the farmer was the greenkeeper. I, for one, depended a great deal on his judgment as to raising grass and course maintenance. You gave him an idea, of course, of what you wanted and made him your foreman.

I remember at Portsmouth we had to build a hole through an apple orchard and still save some of the orchard. As I look back the entire orchard would not make one standard fairway of today. In fact, the whole golf course was laid out in a ball diamond and fruit farm combined and would not make the good golf holes of the present day. (No reflections.)

Because officers and members of the club worked just as hard those days for the good of the club, if not harder than they do today. The golf club was one happy family. No worries about bridge parties, dinner parties and teas. At Portsmouth we had two sand greens because we thought turf was too expensive at that time.

 $F_{
m ROM}$  Portsmouth I went to the Avondale Athletic club, Cincinnati, Ohio, and it was here I got my first baptism in greenkeeping. The course was

very much run down, but thanks to Mars Black and A. W. Shell, who were on the Green committee at that time, they worked with me in every way possible. In fact I have been in their homes until very late hours at night trying to figure how to bring our course back into shape with what money we had to spend at that time.

You may be sure we lost many members as Grandon Road Country Club, where the MacCormick Brothers were, was right up to snuff in every way; also the Clifton Club, these being the only other golf clubs in Cincinnati at that time. I went to Cincinnati on September 1, 1900.

Getting back to greenkeeping. We raked, cross-raked and then raked some more. And, brother greenkeepers, imagine the howl from the members when they saw how my greens were torn up. In fact I did not know whether or not I was going to get a contract for the following year or not.

I HUNTED around and finally found some old rotten manure that I mixed with some good top soil and covered my greens about one and one-half inches with this mixture, sowing my greens with two-thirds of A grade redtop and one-third of Kentucky blue grass. Sowing heavy in the fall and a light topdressing with light seeding in the spring. That surely did the trick. High-powered fertilizers in those days were unknown.

I remember in those days it was rake, shake and roll, but I must confess I never did believe in too much rolling at any time. We would not have so many hide-bound greens today if it were not for so much heavy rolling in the spring.

Well, imagine just how you would feel when the members start coming back to play and telling you how well your course looks, especially those whom we believed were lost to other clubs. And here let's mention to secretaries and chairmen of golf clubs, don't forget to give your greenkeeper a boost once in a while. It surely lightens the burden he has to carrying during a playing season. When I say burden I mean exactly that, regardless of weather conditions.

Now when I look back—while we seeded more often in those days our greens were very good, both for the old hard ball and the rubber ball when it came out. We did not water nearly so much those days. Two to three times a week depending on the time of the season.

As I mentioned before, high-powered fertilizers and fungicides were unknown. Good, old, rotted manure and top soil were used. A heavy dressing spring and fall with a light dressing in July. The manure discharged bacteria gradually and gave us a uniform turf at all times.

If we were bothered with brown patch, pepper patch, ferry ring, Japanese beetle or phythium I

had no idea of it. I will leave that for someone else to think about. True we had worms, winter kill and scald. Which makes me think of an instance that happened to me at Avondale pertaining to scald.

If it was not scald it may have been brown patch or dollar patch. At any rate my No. 4 green had a number of spots on it and they were increasing, so I gave one of my workmen a shot gun and put him to work nights to catch this particular dog or dogs. After the third night he still had no dog and the patches were increasing. I started doubting whether or not he was on the job faithfully and called his hand. The next night he had a dog at the side of the green with half of his head shot off. There was no blood on the dog or anywhere else as far as I could see. I still believe he found a dead dog somewhere and brought him on the course and shot him. At any rate, Tom, if you are still alive and see this article I will give you the benefit of the doubt, and the ioke is on me.

## I WONDER IF WE DO NOT WATER TOO MUCH

JETTING down to present-day greenkeeping and construction of golf courses I sometimes wonder if we do not water too much and I wonder if we give enough attention to the construction of our courses. A few tile here and a little surface drainage there would seem to me a saving of double the cost of ren-



ovating in later years, to say nothing about increased green fees and the goodwill of your members.

By the way, what has become of the old compost pile that we used to think as much of as we did of our greens? Our fertilizers, seeds and power equipment is all very good today. All I can say is that when we find what suits our course best, stay with it and leave well enough alone. Too many changes is not good either for golf course or pocketbook.

The Green Section of the United States Golf Association has done us. Too much praise cannot be given our president and editor of the NATIONAL GREENKEEPER for his tireless efforts to make the NATIONAL GREENKEEPER what it is today. This goes for the officers of the N. A. G. A. and district members also. Without their help we would be lost.

I believe every golf club should have a copy of the NATIONAL GREENKEEPER on its library table along with the rest of the golf magazines, and, brother greenkeepers, any information you may have in regard to some little improvement you have made on your course don't fail to send it in to the NATIONAL GREENKEEPER because the NATIONAL GREENKEEPER is our Webster's dictionary on golf course maintenance today.

Never mind, brother greenkeepers, I have some good news for you as I got some inside dope that the government is going to set aside a reservation in the middle of the Pacific Ocean purposely for brown patch, dollar patch, ferry ring, scald, grubs and a hundred other pests we have to contend with. Then look out, high-pressure salesmen, so until that time, cheer up, brother greenkeepers—the worst is yet to come.

## Pros Will Play Keller Club

By H. E. STODOLA

The Keller club, St. Paul, Minn., will be the scene of the National P. G. A. tournament to be held in September.

This is the first public course to be honored with the P. G. A. tournament and we are all anxious to have the course as fine as possible. More will be said about the course after the tournament.

Midland Hills club has a problem taking care of an infestation of grubs in the roughs and banks. The State University is helping Emil Picha, greenkeeper, in his problem and much experimenting is being done.

It has been a long time since we had rain in this district and water is at a premium. Hillcrest club has a new water pump and Stanley Graves is so pleased he sits around the pump house nights listening to the hum of the motor. Most of the courses have had less play this year, but next year everything will be going the other way.



You needn't take our word for it, Mr. Greenskeeper. Here's what 200 of your colleagues report about fighting Brown Patch. According to a recent survey, each application of Barbak is effective just about twice as long as any other fungicide. That's because it's formulated with slowly-soluble organic mercury.

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