

Green Keeping Notes for Winter Months

DURING the Winter months prepare composts, when the weather permits, for use in topdressing the important parts of the golf course systematically during the growing season.

Composts should be allowed to stand in the heap or pit for about a year, or better still, two years, and they should be made up, where the soil of the course is heavy clay, of foot layers of the best sweetened loam obtainable, sand, and manure or humus—and where the soil is light, it is not necessary to include sand. Leaves and old sod and cut grass can be added.

This is a good time to do any clearing of new ground, cut down trees, and haul sand to bunkers—also to manure any thin places on the fair greens with rotted stable manures or composts and allow the dressings to stand until Spring.

Never sweep snow from greens. Snow cannot be classed as a manure, but it has a very beneficial effect upon turf, as it protects it from the extreme cold and keeps it comparatively warm.

Let your greens rest for the Winter just as soon as the surface becomes slimy and muddy, alternately freezing and thawing, and they should not be played on in the Spring until the frost is entirely out of the ground.

The old-fashioned idea of covering putting greens in the Winter with straw or manure has gone by. Grass does not suffer from the cold as much as from the hot weather. Winterkilling generally takes place in the early Spring where the surface drainage is not correct and water standing in the low spots alternately freezes and thaws.

Order your Grass Seed early for future shipment to cover your Spring requirements, and always buy the best, which is the cheapest in the end.

Carefully study

CARTER'S "PRACTICAL GREENKEEPER"

The Punker's Lament

Don't build us any bunkers;
Don't dig us any pits;
We're a legion of golf Punkers;
Hazards scare us into fits.
We much prefer a fairway
Of the bowling alley type,
Like falling down a stairway
As we slice or pull a swipec.

Our course was built by Willie Ken
'Way back in 'ninety-two;
Since then it's been once altered, when
We cut the vistas through.
If water hazards trap us
We pick out by local rule;
The ditch, likewise, on Number Five;
Also the Home Hole pool.

Have I not seen the National?
And Garden City, too?
Their plans are most irrational,
Not like our River View,
Pine Valley is another Hell,
Designed by that mad Colt,
With dog-leg propositions, well,
The place gave me a jolt.

You may talk about your places
Where a golfer has to play,
And to your very faces
"It isn't golf," I say.
You can't tell me that it is fair
To make one hit the ball,
You dig your hazards everywhere—
My shots are sure to fall.

If I should chance to miss a shot
I can't get home, you say;
Now that's what I call bloomin' rot,
Look here! It's golf I play—
The golf that Punkers like to see,
And I can prove it, too,
If some day you will go with me
To our dear River View.

A. W. T.

in "THE AMERICAN GOLFER"