

while the rest of us white trash have the option of jumping in the lake?

Well, I could keep on telling you my troubles on this score until breakfast time, but it is enough to say that before the first of June that gang of cutthroats had nicked our original appropriation of \$25,000 down to 14,000 bucks. Angus was fit to be tied. What made me sore was that he blamed *me* for allowing that gang to get away with the dirty work. What, I ask you in all fairness, could I do to stop them? Besides which, it wasn't worrying me very much. I was still getting my three squares a day and I only had six months more to serve as chairman.

Naturally, as you can well understand, this piracy of our funds necessitated our cutting down on maintenance expenses all around. We dropped two or three men from the pay-roll and we went mighty light on manure, sand, fertilizer, and all the thousand and one things that Angus was always howling about. Well, you know how it is. You can't run a golf course on hot air, asphalt parking places, tree experts, and what not. The greens began to take on a billious sort of appearance, the fairways had all the appearance of suffering from a bad attack of prickly heat, and our sweet congregation of members began to murmur, then to kick, and shortly to raise merry hell generally.

They started by taking it out on Angus but they didn't get very far with that Scotch rock-crusher. He agreed with them in every particular but advised them that there was nothing he could do about it inasmuch as he was merely the green-keeper and that *I* was running the course. Me running the course! Sweet mother of Queen Anne! The only running I was doing was running around keeping out of sight.

Well, in late September came the great anti-climax. The Japanese beetle went on a picnic on our course and the grub population in our turf was greater than the combined population of this country, Canada and Mexico. They ate us out of house and home. It got so that when you made an iron shot you picked up a divot 3 feet by 6. That's why Angus had wanted the five tons of arsenate of lead.

One day my sweet comrade, Van ten ecyk, hunts me up on the course and proceeds to gently chide me for inattention to my duties as chairman of the green-committee. He confided to me that, in his opinion, I had a one-track mind and that the rails were rusty. Blamed me for the

multitude of troubles besetting the club. It is difficult to explain, but something *clicked* inside my brainpan. They say that I walked over to an old apple tree near the third tee and bit a chunk right out of the trunk. Angus and six members sat on me and held me down with great difficulty. They gently backed a padded wagon up to the spot and a couple of husky keepers took me away.

And so Homer ended his sad story. Now I knew why his scanty locks were prematurely grey.

"Homer," said I, "are you aware of the tragic aftermath to this sorry affair? No? Have you ever noticed that old man Van ten ecyk's right ear is badly mutilated? You have. Well, here's what happened.

"After they incarcerated you in the goofy house the Wykymaguk Club engaged me in a consultation capacity to clean up the grubs and get the turf back into shape.

"I made a thorough examination of the situation and told Van ten ecyk and the Board in meeting assembled that it would cost \$20,000 to fix up the course. This sum to include my fee of \$4,200 cash in advance.

"Van studied a few minutes and then said, 'That's \$50 per member. Well, we'll levy an assessment of \$150 per member. We need a new practice green, a pair of gate posts, a wing to the clubhouse and other things too numerous to mention. This is a good opportunity to get the money and these dumb members will never know the difference.'

"Right then and there *two* thingumajigs clicked in *my* brain pan. I climbed on Van ten ecyk, wrapped my legs around his middle and sunk my false teeth on his ear. They had to slam me with an empty Haig and Haig bottle before the keepers could subdue me and take me along to keep you company."

"Brother," sighed Homer, "dear brother!"

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dyker Beach golf course, operated by Department of Parks, in five months from June 1 had 46,000 rounds of golf played. Income was \$36,000, maintenance, \$16,000, leaving net profit of \$20,000 for the city. Department issued 1,240 season permits at \$10 during the five months. Green fee for those not having season permits was \$1.00. High figure for day's play was on Sunday, Sept. 9, when 627 golfers played.

Greens for winter play have been provided.