

the line of play and had consequently received no lead arsenate.

The next root-hog-or-die job of grub killing I undertook was with the Cedarbrook club of Philadelphia in the fall of 1928. They were in the same boat as Ashbourne the year previously. Grubs all over the place and the turf so loose that every time a stock-broker made an iron shot he hooked up a divot big enough for a door mat.

I have it on good authority that no member of Cedarbrook is worth less than \$500,000 (due allowance being made for the recent stock market crash). And yet they gave me the same old song and dance with regard to going easy on the cost of cleaning up the grubs. Again, against my better judgment we applied 125 pounds of lead arsenate per acre with a liberal shot of milorganite and within two weeks the grass was firming up, that is what grass there was left.

Early next spring we examined the turf, which was coming back strong. There were plenty of grubs still present in the sod but these were in a subnormal condition due to the arsenic they had eaten and were doing little feeding on the roots. Considering the dosage of lead arsenate applied I personally was very well satisfied with conditions.

In the meantime, however, the club had worked up a grub-killing budget and had ample funds on hand. Consequently another application of 125 pounds of lead arsenate plus 500 pounds of milorganite was made late in April. In other words the club had had one bad dose of grubs and were determined to have no more.

I again visited the course in August and the fairways were really good and virtually free from grubs. However, the rough, which had not been grubproofed, was undermined with grubs and I understand that this portion of the course was grubproofed that fall.

In closing this article it is enough to say that anyone carrying on large scale operations of this sort with golf clubs learns a great many valuable things if he keeps his eyes and ears open.

In the preliminary stage of taking on jobs I perforce do considerable wining and dining with the green committee, give them a bit of bull and patiently listen to ten times as much in return. But when all this preliminary diplomacy was done with and out of the way the greenkeeper and myself went town to the tool shed, sat on a couple of upturned boxes and got down to

business. From that point on things began to move.

The manner in which Lew Evans, greenkeeper at Cedarbrook and Tony Sante, greenkeeper at Ashbourne, can arrange, plan, organize and go through with such a job as treating 80 or 100 acres of fairways in a few days' time, without a ripple stirring the smooth current of routine course management is truly amazing. Believe me the administrative ability of the average greenkeeper is vastly under-rated. Whenever I do a job with a club I invariably have three or four green-committeemen fluttering around like a bunch of hens that have just been dipped in a rain barrel and getting in everybody's way while the greenkeeper goes ahead and saws wood.

Firm for 250-lb. Dosage

Another point I have learned consists in standing firm for the 250-pound dosage of lead arsenate per acre. No more listening to the cries of poverty and depleted treasury as an excuse for cutting the dosage. The 125 pound dosage has done and will do lusty service but is just a little too near the ragged edge to suit me. Some day some pugnacious club member is going to find the sick grubs in turf treated with the 125 pounds dose and yours truly will be in a sweet mess. There's only one kind of a grub to show such a guy and that's a dead grub. He can't give you much of an argument then but I have something else to do besides try to convince a 200 pound bond salesman that the grub he is holding in his hand is so sick it cannot eat. He's apt to jump to the erroneous conclusion that I'm spoofing him and poke me one in the nose.

Clapper Kid Is Genius at Birth

SAMUEL MARSTON CLAPPER, writing from Bay State hospital Jan. 28, 4:30 A. M., advises the golf mob via GOLFDOM that he has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Orville Clapper of Newton, Mass., Orville being the New England Toro man as the greenkeepers and chairmen in that part of the country well know.

The letter is written in youngster's handwriting so it must be Samuel Marston's sure enough. The kid not only is a wonder at being able to write so soon but because he has started at such an early date to keep convention hours.