

systems, soils, bugs, diseases, golf course diplomacy in all its ramifications, etc., etc., until hell won't have it but unless he can handle the *white collar* end of his job he will ever be just one and one-half grades above the common laborer in the scale of social gradations firmly fixed in the cast-iron mental attitude of the average chairman. Why? Because the average chairman is a *white collar* man and has all the mental inhibitions, prejudices and ingrained attitudes of his class, most of which he acquired at his mother's knee and will never lose.

"Juggling figures and estimating costs is second nature to the average chairman, just as easy as swabbing down gin and orange juice. He simply refuses to understand why anyone with ordinary intelligence and education should be afraid or incapable of handling figures; consequently when he sees that his greenkeeper will not or cannot handle this sort of work, right then and there he refuses to consider or deal with that greenkeeper as a *business* equal. From that time on that greenkeeper is just a high class foreman as far as the chairman is concerned, and he draws a foreman's wages and the few prerogatives of that class.

"Of course I know that such a greenkeeper will immediately begin to howl about the difficulty of figuring ahead, that he can't tell what sort of a season we are going to have next year and that if he figures too low the club will take it out of his hide, etc., but that's a lot of baloney. If the chairman does the figuring isn't he up against the same set of difficulties and doesn't he put on a poker face and go through with it?

Looking Ahead on Expenses.

"As far as figuring ahead is concerned it is enough to say that the job isn't as awful as it is painted. Any greenkeeper knows how many men he needs to properly run the course. Figuring the cost of this labor is simply a case of doing some simple or garden variety of arithmetic. He knows how much manure, fertilizer, mercury preparations, etc. are needed for the greens. He should know the condition of all machinery around the dump and can find out what needed overhauling will cost. In the last analysis, any greenkeeper knows *what* is being bought for the course. He can easily find out what it *costs*, and get it all down on paper. You've got to go over the entire layout systematically, itemize every single

item of supplies and equipment and get it down in black and white. The job is 10% brains and 90% *work*.

"After you have figured up all labor, supplies and equipment costs add 20% as a protection from the cold north winds and compare your total figure with what it cost to run the course the year previously. You'll probably be a little high but don't get scared and pare it down to last year's level. It's always safe to ask for more than you expect to get in this vale of tears. Furthermore if you get what you ask for (which never happens) and you spend less than you get, you will earn a hell of a fine reputation for being economical. If they cut your estimate to the bone and you run out of jack on the 20th of September let the chairman do the explaining. That's his job. It's the greenkeeper's job to give him the figures with which to do the explaining; in other words being a business man is an important part of a greenkeeper's job, and a part that is all too often sadly neglected."

At this point the supply of ginger ale ran out and my friend was called away to examine the sixteenth green so I ambled on toward home. I have an idea the old boy knows what he is talking about. At any rate he has a fine soil shed and draws down \$416.66 on the first of each and every month for playing the game as he plays it. In the words of the poet—nothing succeeds like success.

New England Managers Guests at Rhode Island Meeting

ON OCTOBER 6th, the New England Club Managers Association, had a meeting and get-together at the Providence Biltmore, Providence, R. I., and after renewing acquaintances, motored to the Rhode Island Country club where Manager Herioux had prepared a buffet lunch.

Golfers among the managers stayed at the club and played 18 holes, while managers who take their exercise less seriously went to the Squantum club and from there went on a boat trip down Narragansett Bay. From all indications they had a good time.

At 5 o'clock all met at the Squantum club in East Providence and shop talk was in order for an hour; and then at 6:30 a famous Squantum clam-bake was served to the 53 members and guests at one large oval table.

The club managers were honored with the presence of several house-chairmen.