

# Sales Value of Greens Boss' Title Is Lively Debate Subject

B. R. LEACH and JOHN MacGREGOR

**T**HE world is full of bozos who walk down the middle of the sidewalk and the only lads who step off the sidewalk nowadays are the colored boys in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and points south. Dukes and Earls don't amount to a tinker's dam nowadays and it's their own fault. They had a good racket but they admitted too many chiselers. *MORAL.*—Never share your big red apple with the open-mouthed mob. Throw the core down the sewer.

Of course, we have to admit that some professions are making more dough and making it easier than certain other professions. Attorneys, doctors, stock brokers, etc., make big jack whereas undertakers, greenkeepers, real estate agents and horse doctors are just as brainy but they have to work dog-goned hard for their money and never seem to get in on the real big dough.

Take the medical profession for instance. When I feel under the weather and pay a visit to our local pill-dispenser what happens? I sit down in a hard uncomfortable chair, he gives me the fishy eye and inquires as to what the hell ails me. If I complain of a pain in my tummy he reaches up on the top shelf, and gives me eight and a half cents worth of pills out of bottle No. 17. For a headache I get nine cents worth of pills out of bottle number 22. That's all I get except the final curt demand for "two bucks, please!" I can remember the time when a doctor only charged a dollar and gave you a prescription and you got a pint bottle of dope from the druggist for two bits with the privilege of having it refilled. My mother is still using prescriptions that she got way back in 1897. Of course the docs finally got wise that the women were double crossing them on these prescriptions so now they don't give prescriptions. When the medicine is all gone, you gotta go back to the doc and pay him two bucks for another ten cents worth of pills. Doctoring is a nice, dignified profession with a six hundred per cent margin of profit on the pills.

On the other hand take horse doctors.

A successful horse doctor has to have more in his dome than applesauce. Why? Well, if my horse gets sick and I take him to a horse doctor can the doctor ask the horse where it hurts? No! Consequently a horse doctor has to be able to look a sick horse in the eye and correctly diagnose the trouble as colic, heaves or spavin.

It's an art and it takes brains, but in the old days a horse doctor never got rich. He drove ten miles in a buggy to doctor a farmers' sick horse and then waited until the wheat was threshed to collect a dollar and fifty cents.

A few years ago the horse doctors got sick and tired of having the ungrateful public make jokes about their profession so they changed the name from horse doctor to Veterinarian. Nowadays a veterinarian charges 15 cents a mile for his gasoline buggy and five bucks for diagnosing the horse.

Years ago any man who took the job of town dog-catcher was ruined for life. The name of dog-catcher just naturally lacked dignity and poise and a dog-catcher's children just naturally lost out in the social swim. What happened? Well, last November when I marked my ballot at the local election I voted for Sam Dinkelputt for Superintendent of Sanitation. Of course Sam's principle duty consists in rounding up the town's surplus mongrels just like the dog-catcher did in the old days. Sam gets \$3,000 per annum whereas the old time dog-catcher was lucky to get 12 bucks a week, with a bog-bite now and then to keep him on his toes.

Take undertakers. The public used to have a lot of sport making jokes about them. It hurt their dignity and knocked the profits. So the undertakers up and changed the name to Mortician. Try and make a joke about a mortician. You might just as well try to swallow a pineapple.

**Right Title Good Business.**

In the same way we find real estate agents becoming Realtors, plumbers becoming Heating and Sanitary Engineers,

and so on. You can bet your bottom dollar that these changes in names aren't being made just to be smart or funny. Not by a jugful. They are being made because it's good business to have a dignified, high-sounding title to which the general public will kowtow in humble obeisance. It pays and it pays big.

One of the healthiest signs of the times is the very evident and dissatisfied attitude toward the term *greenkeeper* in the rank and file of the profession. The word is the lousiest possible word-description of a man entrusted with the upkeep of a modern golf course. The term *greenkeeper* doesn't mean a thing to the world at large. The name of greenkeeper has done more to hold back the profession during the past ten years than all other factors put together. It needs desperately to be modernized with a new name that carries dignity and an accurate indication of the scope, importance and standing on the job. I conservatively estimate that a *class* title in place of the present misnomer would result in an average increase in earnings of at least \$500 per annum within the next 5 years.

The term Golf Course Manager would seem to be the best title of those proposed to date. The words are short and easily pronounced. The general public knows what a golf course is, whereas most of them don't know a green from a piebald alley cat. The public also knows that a "manager" sits in the shade while the laborers tread the hot sands. Whatever the new title may be when ultimately adopted it cannot fail to be an improvement on the archaic, outworn title of *greenkeeper*.

*EDITORS NOTE.—That's what Leach has to say about the tendency of greenkeeper organizations to adopt titles that more accurately define and advertise the scope and importance of their members' work. Now read what John MacGregor, a leader in Midwest greenkeeping circles, has to say on the other side of the case:*

#### "Greenkeeper" O. K., Says Mac.

**D**URING the past few months several of the sectional greenkeepers associations have changed their titles to Golf Course Superintendents.

I should like to know what we are to gain through changing our title. When the National Association of Greenkeepers of America was started it seemed natural that the title *greenkeepers* be used. It was

the accepted title for over 30 years. We have been organized now for nearly five years. The officials and members of golf clubs and the U. S. G. A. officials have, during the past few years, been acquainting themselves with the title and now recognize the greenkeeper as a man with a profession, and responsible for the condition of the golf course. If the title is changed it will take just that much longer to get acquainted with the new title, and to what end?

I cannot see anything wrong with the title "greenkeeper." It is the merits of the man which appeal to the officials of the club, not the title. The title *superintendent* is not going to gain a man more prestige with his club officials if he cannot deliver the goods. I have been arguing this point for four years and will continue to do so until someone can show me very good reasons for a change. The New England Greenkeepers Association is the oldest organized association in the country, having been organized several years before the organization of the N. A. G. A. It seems that it was also natural that they should choose the title "greenkeeper," and have made no effort to change.

We shall leave the greenkeeper for a minute, and take the green-chairman. This title is and has been recognized as the original and correct title by the green-chairman; it was natural, then, that the word *greenkeeper* be coined.

#### Midwest Stands Pat.

At a meeting of the Executive committee and Board of Directors of the Mid-West Greenkeepers Association, April 20th, after much discussion and debate, it was decided to recommend at the next regular meeting of the association that no change be made in the title of that body. The vote of eight members present was unanimous. It is now up to the membership to accept or reject the committee's recommendation. This decision was not made impulsively; the situation was studied and argued from every angle.

I would like to see some answers pro and con on the advisability of keeping our adopted title or of changing to some other more suitable name.

Canton, O.—Canton Culvert and Silo Co., makers of corrugated culverts and other drainage pipe of Toncan metal, has changed its name to The Canton Culvert Co.