



Second green at Rabor's Glenmore course makes good use of natural hazards

Pro Builds Own Fee Course and Gets Payroll Liberty

By HERB GRAFFIS

MOST CLUB members have the notion that a pro's job is just one gay round of jollity with no money troubles, no worry about the future, and no nothing else that brings wrinkles and gray hairs.

But you can never tell when political upheavals, income that won't permit maintenance of a family or other misfortunes to which humanity is heir will strike the pro. Being pretty much dependent because of the nature of his position, the pro when he is good conscientious and capable timber gives serious thought to his future. He always has the ambition of making himself so indispensable to his club that he will stay there forever, but he knows the changeable nature of the average club set-up and for the last few years has been looking into the prospects in the daily-fee field.

Some of the solidly profitable daily fee courses in these days are those run by pros formerly attached to private clubs. These fellows know the golf business and they are workers. When they have full responsibility for operation and frequently are the biggest stockholders in the enterprise, you can be reasonably certain that they

will make money with their plants.

The metropolitan situation for fee courses is fairly well covered in most of the places, but despite overbuilding of fee courses in some of the big districts, the pro-run fee courses are doing well. There are a number of the smaller towns where you are going to see some of the boys make respectable fortunes during the next decade and as an example of how to go about we cite you Frank J. Tabor, the boss of the attractive Glenmore fee golf course at San Angelo, Tex.

Frank was with the San Angelo C. C. for three years when one of those sudden changes happened. For some time Frank had been harboring the idea that a fee course in that town wouldn't go bad. So, when he was at liberty, he went through the customary procedure of filing applications with private clubs that he had heard needed pros and after drawing blanks, started out to build a course of his own.

There was a 9-hole cottonseed-hull green fee course already operating in San Angelo but he decided to go ahead anyway and give the local folks his idea of a pay course.

He leased 200 acres a mile



Frank Tabor, pro fee course magnate

south of the city. In February, 1931, construction work was started. Frank laid out the course and supervised all the construction work. Bermuda seed was planted on fairways and greens the first of April. City water was run in. On June 5, 1931, the course was opened for play.

Tabor got a good break on weather and as the condition of the course improved so did the play. Many strangers to San Angelo play the course and marvel at its condition. There's one point that Tabor considers paramount in building fee course business—condition. He mentions that if the pros had more to do with conditioning courses and realized what a slow, difficult and expensive job it was there would be less kicking about course playing condition from the pros.

Frank's course is 9-hole with a yardage of 3,060 and par of 35. The yardage by holes: 350-115-420-505-190-362-400-353-365. The South Concho river wanders along the course and provides some interesting hazards.

Clever use of natural hazards is made in the design of the course. Frank has designed the course so it calls for exacting golf and at the same time not involve heavy maintenance expense in traps that call for a lot of manual labor. Elm, pecan and mesquite trees, the river and roll of the ground require precise shot placement. Although it's a comfortable course for the average golfer to play, no one has made par on the layout. Dick Metz, one of the sensational kids of the 1931-32 winter tournament schedule knocked out a 71 for 18 holes, as have Tabor and his assistant Harry Dobbs.

By simplifying design, Tabor has been able to get by for the most part with one man on steady maintenance. When his fairways need watering he hires two other men to do this work at night. Frank admits that the fellows will wonder how he can maintain the establishment with one man and confesses that the answer, of course, is that the course isn't groomed within a thousand miles of Mayfield where his golf god-father, the veteran Bertie Way, calmly surveys the rich landscape. The Glenmore place is made for inviting play at a moderate price but giving the folks more than they usually get for fee money in that part of the world.

Tabor has a bent grass practice putting green that is one of his boasts. He says that he has heard plenty about the inability

to maintain bent grass greens in that part of the country but claims his bent is as good as any in California. Expense and necessity of close care prevent its general use on the course.

This tale about Frank probably will bring some reminiscences to the old-timers, as Frank is one of them. He made his debut at the age of 11 as a caddie at Euclid G. C. at Cleveland, O., under Bertie Way. During the 1907 amateur won by Jerry Travers, Frank caddied for Chick Evans. This was Chick's first big tournament. Chick lost his first match to P. W. Whittemore and it was bitter medicine for both Chick and Frank. Frank says Chick gulped down a couple of husky sobs at the finish and the Tabor guy himself had one of those sick and empty feelings in the pit of the stomach when the hopeful aspirant from Edgewater was knocked into the discard.

But those sporting memories are simply matters for the Tabor archives now. The vet is too busy making a good piece of dough in the golf business and getting himself set for a solidly solvent twilight to dwell in the past.

John Farrell Takes a Slug at the Cry-Babies

JOHNNIE FARRELL told a yarn that Latham Ovens wrote in June *American Magazine* under the head "Alibis Never Come Up to Par."

Farrell made a lively presentation of the ridiculous and yellow aspects of the alibi, citing many representative cases of golf club members. It was a first class yarn and wouldn't do any harm if some of the sharpshooters read it. Tournament alibiing, for the most part, is just some fellows' way of blowing off some steam. Seldom do they mean the alibis, but the crying sounds, like a reflection on the club where the tournament is being played and has been no inconsiderable factor in making some clubs question the advisability of having tournaments.

One thing you have to say about Hagen—when he finally does show up to play a course, he will come into the locker-room and pleasantly perjure himself by saying it's the best course he ever played. That's why Hagen is Hagen and still the steadiest big drawing card in golf.