

Policing the Fairways Is a Needed Habit

By EDITH ESTABROOKS

I WANT TO register a plea that golfers do their part to help maintain a well kept course. It is certainly to their interest to do so—after all, the place is operated entirely for their use and caters exclusively to their ever growing clan.

It is astounding to "police" 18 holes, with eyes trained to detect trouble, and note the array of miscellaneous junk which has all too evidently been casually thrown around by enthusiastic golfers. Most of them appreciate good turf, are genuinely proud of the course, if it is a good one, and would be the first to discourage or punish vandalism—and the last to realize what a mass of work they cause when they blithely and thoughtlessly strew paper around the fairways.

The tees and their neighborhood come in for the biggest litter, even though buckets for waste material hang there. Tee boxes, gum wrappers, candy papers, score cards torn into tiny squares (why?), cigarette packages, cigar bands, half-burnt cigars and cigarettes, tinfoil, golf ball boxes and wrappers, paper grips from new clubs, empty envelopes, burnt matches or their empty containers—all these add quaint charm and rare beauty to fairways and greens! And from my experience as a golfer, no explosion shot from a trap was ever improved by having a niblick strike a tobacco can, carefully imbedded in the sand! Thank heaven women have not gone in for tobacco in cans! Our troubles are halved in that direction!

Any attempt at "just nine holes" is disastrously liable to degenerate into "clean-up day," with pockets of jacket and golf bag stuffed with what-nots! It is difficult enough for me to keep my mind on the "dos and don'ts" of golf form, without the added distraction of seeing a caddie stroll nonchalantly past a piece of turf just screaming to be replaced! The eye that should be kept on the ball or "on a spot just back of it" (authorities differ!) tries to fix that offending youngster with a basilisk stare; the caddie and player go

firmly on—my ball does not! And no putt of mine ever rolled true, when my blood pressure was being sent sky high at sight of someone throwing a bag of clubs on the green or digging the end of the flag pole into it!

Fairways Are Neglected

It is a fact, however, that almost every player is careful of the greens, if he knows anything at all about the game and realizes their value to us—and to his score, if they are kept velvet smooth! (Fourth of July balloons are not so considerate! One of those menaces dropped on our pet green and there burned up!)

But the poor fairways! There is where the skullduggery takes place, regardless of "Please Replace Turf" signs and generous waste receptacles. No exclusive, expensive club and certainly no well-patronized public course could ever employ enough men to trail players over 18 holes, carpet-sweeping the fairways!

Surely heaven and the celestial course will have greens that need no care or worry, terraces that cannot "wash," traps that never show a footprint, fertile fairways unmolested by moles and gophers, fences that baffle every determined cow or inquisitive horse, no balloons, plenty of lynx-eyed caddies—and players to whom the sight of a scrap of paper on fairway or green is as a clarion call to glorious duty!

BOB JONES in his movie series on "How to Break 90," puts in a strong plug for pro golf instruction. In one of the films Bob answers a fellow who complains pros all tell him different ways to play the game by saying:

"Golf instruction under the direction of the PGA has become so standardized that all the recognized professionals now teach it the same—so far as the fundamentals are concerned. But be careful in picking a professional that you select an instructor who knows his business."