

# Junk Pile's Lesson Warns of Obsolescence Extravagance

By ARTHUR LANGTON

**A**MONG OTHER THINGS about golf courses that have suffered from the dep—the current phase of the economic cycle—are the junk heaps, although a bear market in this regard is something that nobody loses any sleep about, except maybe the junkman, and who ever caught a junkman asleep, anyway? In the dim and distant past, when two bits was not considered money and high prices were something to worry about instead of to pray for, there was a time when every golf shop was not a golf shop unless it had an imposing monument to busted pinions and bent shafts gracing the immediate vicinity. But today is another story, and about time, too, is the feeling prevalent among greens-hawks throughout the nation. Where once stood the awful pile dedicated to mechanical errors and imperfections there is now a depress—hole in the ground—made by club mechanics scraping up and digging another bit of haywire or strap iron from which to make a tool or repair a machine.

There are three reasons for this metamorphosis. The first is that owing to the fact that clubs are not spending as much money as they once did, it follows that they are not purchasing so much potential junk as they did when it was thought that free silver was history. Secondly, such equipment that is bought is cared for as much fine gold by expert mechanics and efficient upkeep machinery. Finally, and hereby hangs the burden of this tale, machines are better and last longer than they once did. The story still goes the rounds, passed on by bearded wiseacres, to the effect that "They don't put the stuff in the machines now that they used to." All of which in our humble opinion is something else to be thankful for. Maybe manufacturers used to put gold and silver and platinum in the machinery of the old days; whatever it was, it used to have the knack of buckling, breaking, and making the most goshawful mess that ever a mechanic quit his job about.

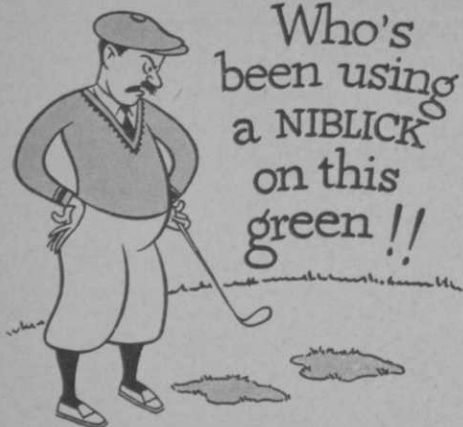
Or if it didn't break down with monotonous regularity, it wouldn't break down at

all, or do anything it was supposed to do. The first gang mower we ever saw was a greens machine; it required a gang of men to operate it. Weighted down as it was with rollers that must have been filled with cement, this juggernaut had the regulation push bar aft and a rope attached to the bow. One man operated in the stern to push and sight the course, while as many men as were available hauled on the rope to provide the balance of the locomotive power. The whole procession would proceed straight across the green, the machine being willing, and so on off the other side, no attempt being made to turn it on the green because of the foot or so of sod it would dig up in its attempt to frustrate all efforts to get it from the straight and narrow path. Two of us cut three greens with the contraption one afternoon, thereby establishing a record but laying us out for 24 hours. No, friends, this machine never wore out, but it wore everybody else out until one day it struck a weak spot in the barn floor and disappeared forever from view, thereby cheating the junk pile.

## Pioneer Course Machinery

This machine had a running mate, if you could call it running, in a horsepowered contrivance that cut all of a four-foot swath if ever the bottom blade could be brought within nodding distance of the reel. The machine had the stuff, all right; what, nobody knows. One day we tried to sharpen the blades with a file, the only means at hand. The blades maintained their status quo but the file was made nearly as smooth as a ruler. The like of this machine has been found at the bottom of many a junk pile, still unbroken, and still resisting all attempts to do anything with it.

And then there were the early power machines, remember them? It seems that they were made of railroad trucks with engines on them that would do credit to a dredge. They were things of beauty and a joy forever with their radiators, fly-wheels, belts and pulleys scattered helter-



## Another hole in one- for **BROWN PATCH!**

It's easier to prevent brown patch than it is to nurse diseased turf back to health. More greenkeepers are realizing this year after year—and treating their greens with the two standard fungicides, Semesan and Nu-Green, to save the cost of repairing brown patch injury.

We recommend Semesan where soil is normally fertile; Nu-Green where fertility is lower. Both products contain the same effective ingredient for brown patch control.

Write for free booklet, "Champions against Brown Patch." Bayer-Semesan Co., Dept. A-4, Wilmington, Del.



## SEMESAN

25 lbs. . . . \$ 46.25  
100 lbs. . . . 180.00  
300 lbs. . . . 525.00

## NU-GREEN

25 lbs. . . . \$ 30.00  
100 lbs. . . . 115.00  
300 lbs. . . . 330.00



skelter over all. Only the mowing unit was located where one couldn't fall over it, and that was buried deep in the thing's innards where it took a day's work to get at it. To make a non-stop flight in one of these mowers was a sporting proposition, with the betting about even that the pilot would arrive at the other end of the fairway without accident. All betting was off if the machine had to traverse a side hill.

One greenkeeper was asked how he liked this latest innovation in golf equipment, and he replied, "Fine, only the horses are eating their heads off in the barn."

"Horses? What horses?"

"Why, the horses I have to keep to haul the mower out of soft spots on the fairway."

All this, of course, was a long time ago; but when power machines were made more efficient, speedier and lighter, they began to throw parts all over the course in a most careless manner. This situation developed to such an extent that it became a moot point among golf course superintendents as to whether it was better to follow along behind the machine and pick up everything that dropped off, or go ahead and clear the way of all matter that the previous machine had discarded. But even the strictest surveillance was not always completely successful, as reels that had run foul of a nesting bolt could testify. This era of the flying parts, about a decade ago, saw the junk pile reach the apex of its towering career. The daily growth of these heaps was more than perceptible, it was overwhelming. Nothing was secure from the fate of being gobbled up in its ravenous maw. 'Twas even whispered that men who have wandered too close have been engulfed, never to be seen again.

But even as the glory that was Greece and the might that was Rome began to decline, so the junk piles began to slow down their once impetuous development. Machinery began to be used which operated efficiently and with a minimum of breakage. Furthermore, manufacturers began to take an interested hand in the situation and advanced the principle that they felt some responsibility for the operation of their machines once they had sold them. In addition they produced as evidence of this new belief efficient service men and written guarantees.

Now replacing the junk pile is the store-room which contains spare or auxiliary

From any seedsman or golf supply house

parts instead of débris. Machines do not break down as they once did. Easily replaceable parts sometimes get worn, but no part is thrown away any more; the greenkeeper or the mechanic may be able to use it some day to make a sprinkler, a weed cutter, or an ice cream scoop for the clubhouse.

No, things aren't like they were in the old days, thank heaven and the er—current slowness of the economic situation. The junk pile of odds and ends has vanished. In its place there is the newer and less obvious factor of equipment obsolescence that eats into maintenance costs with serious gluttony and continues to retard progress because its junk pile moves around.

### Iowa Greenkeepers Meet at Ottumwa

**S**ECOND 1934 meeting of the Iowa Greenkeepers' association was held May 8 at the Ottumwa (Iowa) C. C. Dave Bonella, the genial pro-greenkeeper of the club, was host to a group of about 25 greenkeepers, which was a very good delegation considering the distance of the location from most of the larger cities of Iowa.

The visitors looked over this beautiful little nine-hole course on the edge of the city. Fairways and tees were in unusually good shape considering the unfavorable season, and the greens of Metropolitan bent left little to be desired for putting quality. The topsoil on the newer greens was prepared with a very large amount of peat and sand with the result that pitched balls are held without watering the green unduly. Examples of good tree surgery and planting around the course and the fine swimming pool were points of particular interest.

June meeting of the association will be held at the Wakonda club of Des Moines. The annual business meeting and election of officers will be held at this time. Also the greenkeepers will have an opportunity to inspect the new experimental turf garden which was planted on the grounds of the club last fall.

**I**N SODDING greens nitrogen should not be applied under the sod, for it may inhibit new root formation. Before laying sod, work super-phosphate into the underlying soil and apply nitrogen after the sod is in place.



No. 471 Illustrated

## Notice

If you are looking for Quality, Service and Price in golf bags, then have us send you our latest advertising roll illustrating our entire line of "Can Pro" Golf Bags.

We send this roll exclusively to "Pros".

"Can Pro" bags are easy to sell, more profits for you, and a real quality product for the money.

**Mark inquiry**  
"Attn: AFF Sales Dept."

**CANVAS PRODUCTS CORPORATION**  
19-21-23 McWilliams Street  
FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN

## SCORE CARDS

as low as

\$19.50		\$32.00
per 5,000		per 10,000

**EVERY PRINTED FORM  
FOR THE GOLF COURSE**

Write for Free Particulars

**LEROY PRINTING CO.**  
HAMMOND, INDIANA, U. S. A.



### NEW GOLF PRACTICE-BOOMERANG

With this New Device, golfers can hit a full-swing with any club and "THE BALL RETURNS"

Players can cut 5-15 strokes off score with the Practice "Boomerang and Our Standard Ball."

*This Invention Is Sweeping the Country!*

Pros. — Golf Shops — Write to Dept. 3  
BOOMERANG CO., 3953 Cottage Grove, Chicago

If you don't find what you want—refer to page 69.