

quick to seize upon this possibility of revenue in making their financial arrangements with the Board of Directors. Or frequently, it has been found, individuals or the entire committee sponsor a loan for the purpose of installing the equipment, the club treasurer automatically retiring the note or notes as revenue accrues.

Those who have tried the pay-as-you-shoot plan describe it as effective under almost all conditions. Even if a club has only twenty shooters, the individual burden of retiring the investment in equipment is slight. Usually the number of new shooters attracted to skeet in late fall, winter and early spring so swells the list of patrons of the installation that one shooter seldom contributes more than \$10 through the target tax.

Summing it all up, this skeet business is so simple to install and easy to maintain, especially under the pay-as-you-shoot plan, that it's a wonder the trap manufacturers aren't swamped with orders.

Records of the phenomenal growth of skeet indicate that every man who ever fired a gun has at least a potential skeet complex. All he needs is a method of expression—in short, a place to shoot skeet.

## THE WOMAN SPEAKS

Greenkeeper's Wife Says Club  
Let's Husband Slave  
—and Starve

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"Is there a code covering golf course workers?" asks this wife of a much overworked and underpaid greenkeeper-caretaker-carpenter-jack-of-all-trades at an Iowa course. It's a tip-off to the advantage some unthinking clubs are taking of the present employment situation in the greenkeeping field.

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**I WANT TO SAY** a word in defense of the "forgotten man" of the golf industry, the greenkeeper-caretaker. Anyway I'll call it a defense—maybe I'm just letting off a little steam. If I told you about a man who worked twelve, fourteen and sometimes sixteen hours a day for seven months and received only \$420 a year for his work, you'd tell me the man must be crazy wouldn't you? Yet, being the wife

of one of these *crazy men*, I can tell you still more.

We are in charge of a beautiful little rolling 9-hole course here, on a lake shore. The course is supported by two nearby towns and there are a lot of fine people from both towns who play here. When we came here some years ago, friend husband was one of two men who drew a fair wage for six months of the year. Then came the depression and the other man was laid off. Friend husband took a cut in wages and assumed the work of two men, and anyone who has ever worked on a golf course must have some idea of how much *must* be done.

For five years he has attempted to clean sand traps, mow greens three times weekly, set up tables for dinner parties, tend furnace fires, keep rough mowed, mow fairways, keep caddies somewhere within bounds, care for tees, wash dishes after parties, clean up the clubhouse, repair machinery, do carpentry work and plumbing. In fact, sometimes I wonder how many men I've married and then again, I wonder if I have a man at all, I see him so seldom!

It's a great life! But somehow the joy of work well done turns sour when we are only provided with a 3-room house, have only a hammer and screw driver provided to work with and are not given a living wage. But we have four children, two in high school, and we must try to give them an adequate education.

I wonder, does our club appreciate the use of some \$150 worth of this *crazy man's* own tools, all his efforts to keep expenses down, his long hours of work, his running to turn on sprinklers some thoughtless player has turned off?

We wish our job was included in some NRA code so we could at least make expenses. He must take a job cornpicking, or what have you, to keep us through the winter. Do the directors try to find us a job for the balance of the year? They do not!

In fact, when we asked for wallboard to finish a fourth room we managed to get, they told us they couldn't afford it. I wonder, can *we* afford to heat a room entirely unfinished? Our wages? Out of \$1300 spent during the year a year ago, \$350 was spent for wages. Yes, I guess they appreciate what my greenkeeper, caretaker, jack of all trades husband has done—*not!* So what?

JUST A WIFE.