



THE COST OF FENCING

First class golf fence varies in cost (according to height, weight of frame and fabric, and local erecting costs), from 35c to 40c per foot for low fencing to \$1.75 per foot for high back-stop fencing.

Photos Courtesy of
PAGE FENCE
ASSOCIATION

FENCE—BEST DEFENSE AGAINST GRIPES

How fencing will remove many of golf's aggravating grievances

By W. H. BLEECKER

Page Fence Ass'n.

THIS is a brief saga on the gripes of golf that result when a course is not properly fenced. Some of the knowledge I have accumulated at first hand as I cut and spanked my way from tee to green. More of it has been furnished me by our association members who, being fence minded, noticed certain subconscious gripes that fencing would have eliminated.

Both public fee courses and exclusive clubs have furnished the locale of the gripes recounted here. But as "pigs is pigs," so golf is golf. And private club golfers are recruited largely from public fee ranks. So the higher the cost of playing golf, the fewer grievances expected—grievances not inherent to the game itself. The normal gripes of golf are plenty, Allah knows.

Now let us take a look at some of the burning memories occasioned by emotional and physical hazards added to normal golf by the lack of proper golf course fencing and screening.

Gripe 1 Ball Hawks

Golfer A told that the woods to the right of a certain fairway shelters gamins who pounce upon and make away with many balls driven to its fringe. The only protective measure is to dispatch caddies a drive's length ahead to safeguard the balls. Some players of this course are sure that balls lost to the "wood sprites" on hole 4 have been offered back to them "re-sale," by an innocent-looking old fellow across the fence at Hole 11. Only a suspicion, of course, but one providing a double gripe. "Buy your own stolen ball back for a quarter, mister" is the general idea. A proper fence at the boundary beyond the woods would keep the gamins out and prevent this nuisance.



Gripe 2 Duck on a Tee!

Golfer B stood addressing his ball for a right hearty smack off the 16th tee. A whizzing shape, a whirring sound! Instinct caused him to duck—and quickly.

Fortunately, too! For a hard-driven ball cometed through the space his head had recently quitted.

It developed that this 16th tee was situated in a most tempting line of flight between the 14th tee and green. The player driving from the 14th tee, attempting to hook a short cut around a tree, had bee-lined the 16th tee—and Golfer B.

Golfer B reached the locker-room shaken and jittery. A recounting of his experience to those assembled at the 19th Hole brought out other similar experiences, which had been laughed or shaken off. But this time a combined protest was made to the club management. Now the 16th tee is properly sheltered by a protective screen and there's no need to duck while driving.

Gripe 3 Mongrel Mashie

This gripe of Golfer C is somewhat similar to that of Golfer B. Having hit his second shot to the short grass just off the green, he took mashie and putter in hand and dispatched his caddie to the next tee. After using his mashie to chip on, he laid it down and proceeded to putt out.

Engrossed with his putting gripes, the mashie was forgotten near the green until C was ready for his second shot on the next hole. Back went the caddie—and then C—then the whole entourage—to locate a mashie that had simply vanished. No one was playing up behind so there was no one in sight to accuse.

A nearby boundary fence, adjoining some brush, provided the only clue. An ordinary makeshift affair, its wires had been pushed far enough apart, next a post, to admit a horse, almost. Conclusion: Gamin eyes from the copse had

spotted the forgotten mashie, and quicker than four clicks off a tee that mashie had been trundled through the hole in the fence forever. So Golfer C purchased a "mongrel" mashie at the pro-shop—(couldn't wait to fill his lovely matched set)—and gripes to himself whenever a mashie shot goes wrong. He may match another 5-iron with his set some day, but he'll never forget the injustice, the mental agony, the muffed mashie shots and the nine bucks that hole in the fence cost him.

Gripe 4 Parked Cars Cleaned

Golfer D and cohorts had parked their cars in the club lot near the clubhouse. The day was hot—oh, very hot!—and car windows were left ajar to keep inside heat from melting the mechanisms. When the homebound hegira filed out of the buffet sometime after dark it was discovered the cars had been cleaned of everything loose inside them. Losses ranged from rare pre-war tiger's milk to electric razors—spare spats to birthday gift pull-overs.

That parking lot is now surrounded by an unclimbable mesh fence and sealed by a no-admission-to-strangers steel gate. Golfers with minds on the game can't think of everything—and frequently don't. Let a fence do the work where it can.

Gripe 5 Free Golfers

Golfer E cited a custom that prevailed on a certain municipal golf course until the gripes of paid-up golfers led to an impassable fence installation.

One of those far-flung, woodey courses, the back nine meandered far from the starter's view—and that of the ticket taker at the fifth tee.

What could be simpler? "Free" golfers watched their chance, seeped in and skittered around on the last 13 holes as opportunity provided, took their exercise as they found it and enriched the municipal coffers no whit. Too bad, boys, but now you'll have to pay as you play! There's no getting through the new fence.

Gripe 6 Tore \$5.00 Pants

Golfer F remarked on the futility of salvaging 75c at a cost of five bucks. He was tempted, he said, by the apparent

negotiability of a barbed-wire topped "sheep fence" through which his ball had bunched.

Bending the sheep-wire down carefully, and dishing his back cautiously under the barbs, he seemed to be making a successful passage until he attempted to finish into the clear with a last triumphant lunge.

Right then and there the barbs bit his \$5.00 pants in a vulnerable spot and the ventilation was terrific—to say nothing of leaving a scar which Golfer F says he'll carry to his grave.



Golfer F concludes that "no boundary golf fence should offer the illusion that it is vulnerable to passage over, under or through—either to loiterers outside or golfers wearing \$5.00 pants inside. No 75c ball is worth such pants and such gripes."

Gripe 7 Crossing the Road

Golfer G thinks he's lucky to be alive to tell the tale. His tee shot sliced out of bounds across a concrete highway into wayside grass. Only a bushy ditch—no fence—separated fairway and highway.

The ball was too good to lose. So Golfer "G" marked with his eyes the spot where it vanished, shot another ball off the tee, and headed straight for it. Down through the bushy ditch he went and out onto the concrete, his eyes fixed immovably upon the spot where that first ball should be lying.

Honk! Scre-e-e-ech! Yell! Swerve! Jump-for-dear-life!—and a mile a minute-going car fanned Golfer G breathless as it whistled past.

Golfer G allows as how that fairway should be fenced away from the public highway—so that no golfer "marking the spot" with fixed attention and unwavering stare may provide newspaper illustrated material for a diagrammed "X marks the spot where his body was found." He's probably right.

Gripe 8 Dog Costs Carry-Over

Golfer H, we believe, will nurse this \$3.00 gripe for years. Not because the dough mattered so much, but because H lost the thrill of bagging a long-sought carry-over with a cinch putt after he'd been a soft touch for the other boys all day. Get the picture?

Two-bits a hole for low ball. Two carry-overs for tied holes. And here was H, last putter, all set to win third hole and carry-overs with an unmissable fourteen-incher.

All was tense and quiet. The putter went slowly back. The stroke had barely started for the kill when "Woof!—Swish!—a frisking pup appeared from nowhere up over the edge of the green, engaging H's eyes and attention. The putt finished but it finished wrong—leaving H a longer putt than he had before.

H, eyes gleaming madly, now developed a sudden, raging urge to putt the dog. The putter, hurled boomerang-wise, having missed its mark, H took after the dog to boot it, or anything. Whereupon the pup made for the rickety boundary fence, squirmed through to refuge, and contemplated H curiously from a safe distance.

Golfer H is for golf fence that keeps out dogs and any other thing that can ruin a \$3.00 putt.

* * *

"Golf is a game of happiness tempered with grief. The fee-player or club member will play by choice where grief hazards—not of the game—are reduced to a minimum. It is really remarkable how many of these unnecessary, soul-tearing golf gripes can be fenced out.

In addition to its effect upon membership good-will, adequate golf fencing stops definite losses of equipment and revenues, ends property damage.

Unfenced golf courses report losses of sprinklers, hose and other maintenance equipment. Everything loose disappears from open courses.

Some courses have been fenced to end the picnicking evil. Picnickers with fire, food, paper and other debris to leave and scatter seem to consider an unfenced golf course a sort of forest preserve tourist camp.

Still other unfenced courses complain of the "short-cutting" evil. Paths are beaten by outsiders across greens and fairways. Accident liabilities are greatly increased.

Fences are absolutely necessary, also, to protect gate receipts at tournaments. Every club needs tournament activities and revenues. No unfenced club can hold tournaments and collect admission fees successfully.

For these many reasons impregnable fencing is a golf club asset which pays for itself in protected revenues and prevention of liabilities. No club worth the name can afford to be without it.

Kansas City Site for NAGA Convention Is Aim of H. of A. Assn.

THE Heart of America Greenkeepers' Assn. has begun a campaign to get the 1939 National Association of Greenkeepers' convention for Kansas City.

P. L. Pepper, secy. of the organization, who is putting the group's bid before greenkeepers and association officials, tells there are 220 courses in Kansas and 160 in Missouri. Greenkeepers in these states and in Iowa, Nebraska, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas say the Heart of America association officials haven't been able to afford the expense of attending conventions farther east and that they need the valuable educational contacts with the expert greenkeepers to the east and north of them.

A national greenkeepers convention making use of Kansas City's attractive and adequate convention facilities would have a tremendously important influence on golf clubs in the mid-continent, says Clarence Radke, president of the H. of A. Assn.

Its v.p., Harold Henry, expands the Radke remark by saying, "Greenkeepers have been asking for an opportunity to win deserved prominence in the golf spotlight. In the "Heart of America" territory greenkeepers organized for the progress of golf have been doing extraordinary work not only in maintaining their own courses under severe discouraging conditions, but in helping smaller courses get established on a basis of good maintenance.

"Centering the attention of the mid-continent's golfers on their greenkeepers' achievements by bringing the practical brains of America's greenkeeping into sessions at Kansas City would be a valuable exhibition of the greenkeepers' earnest interest in the advancement of the game."

Chi Managers Beat Detroit Gang—Chicago club managers 16-man team defeated the Detroit managers team 1,256 strokes to 1,258 at Oak Park CC (Chicago district) Oct. 4 in the annual joint meeting of the two organizations. Added starters were several managers from the Ohio Valley section of the club managers, among whom were Fred Crawford, manager of the Pendennis club, Louisville, Ky. On Oct. 18th the Ohio Valley chapter will hold its annual election and president's dinner. There will be golf in the afternoon. Members of the Detroit and Chicago managers' associations have been invited to join with their Ohio Valley pals in the gathering.