

The past ten days have been hell on wheels. The Nips have been coming over night and day, throwing everything at us. And I must say they are the stinkos of all time. Don't get me wrong; I'm not complaining. Last night was tough. They started at 9 P. M. and every 10 or 15 minutes they came over and dropped their eggs. They finally went away at 8 A. M. Our planes came around, and the Nips are in no mood to mess with our flyers.

That's the way things stand at the present time. Until this Bomber's moon goes away, we'll continue to catch it. So far I've had five narrow escapes, but the only thing that connected was a scorpion bite on the night of the Typhoon. The Nips didn't come over that night. I'll take them any time in preference to that bit of rain and wind, and the everlasting scared out of me, too many times to mention. Even so, I believe all will be well with me, my name is pretty hard to spell.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK STRAFACI.

Tough War For Greenkeepers

... says Harold Stodola, Pres.
Greenkeeping Supt. Assn. of America

★ LAST FALL'S OPTIMISTIC outlook for 1945 has lost its rosy hue. Events on the war and home fronts altered the picture. The grim business of fighting and winning the war rightly must have first priority and consideration. Greenkeepers will take up another notch in their belts and accept these added problems in stride. Past performance records clearly indicate the continued and additional problems will be met effectively.

District and the national greenkeeper organizations have curtailed many of their functions to become geared to war economy. The Greenkeeping Superintendents' Assn. has not held any type of meeting since February 1942. Contact with its membership is being maintained through correspondence and "The Greenkeepers' Reporter", the association's official magazine. Many of our greenkeepers are engaged in war work in addition to their greenkeeping responsibilities. Necessarily, therefore, much of the program for advancement of course maintenance technique must await the return of peace.

A new era in sports will follow the war. Golf will enjoy increased popularity and become one of the leading participation sports. O. B. Keeler, in a recent article succinctly writes: "Golf—the outdoor game that may be played from sunrise to sunset of the life-span, as well as of the day." Golf has also done a job in this war and has been belatedly recognized by military and industrial groups for its value to service man and civilian worker.

How will the greenkeeping superintend-

ent be affected by this increased growth of golf? He hopes that increased recognition and responsibilities will carry just monetary compensation for his services. He wants a chance to have a home, to educate the kids and have enough left to feel secure in his chosen career of being a good greenkeeper. This he hopes isn't just wishful thinking—like it too frequently has been in the past!

Question of Small Golf Hole

★ Following the defeat of Byron Nelson by Bob Hamilton for the 1944 PGA championship, Jim M'Curley (syndicated sports writer of New York, revived the question as to why there shouldn't be larger holes on the putting greens, claiming that Nelson, a stylist in all other departments of the game, has only been defeated by "lucky" or "hot" putters, not as adept as Nelson in other departments of the game.

After citing numerous instances where Nelson was "nosed" out of first place by three-putt greens after playing flawless golf down the fairways, M'Curley asks:

"Wouldn't golf be just as fine a game, a much finer and fairer game, perhaps, if the stress were taken off putting? Why should the harmony of a fine drive and approach be disrupted by the thought of missing an eighteen-inch putt? Was the four and one-fourth-inch hole ruled in the game so that it would be possible for the Hamiltons to beat the masters like Nelson? If so, why? Would baseball have benefited if it had built 1,000-foot fences to stop the likes of Babe Ruth? I'm for bigger and deeper holes in golf courses."

Resort Being Built Into Country Club

Sparked by Walter H. Mode, a group of 170 golfers in and around Fort Atkinson, Wis., have taken over the resort formerly known as Hoard's Resort, which includes a nine-hole golf course, located near Lake Koshkonong. Plans are to operate the property as a resort until after the war, when with returning servicemen as additional prospective members, the place can be made a country club exclusively.

The property consists of 85 acres of rolling timber land over which are scattered 36 Indian mounds, animal and bird-shaped, some extending 160 feet in length. These are being retained as natural bunkers for the course. Grass and weeds had grown to about two feet in fairways, rough and woods during the past two years since the property was unused following the death of the former owner. Over 40 members volunteered to burn this out. Operations for the first season were reported profitable.