

Bob Jones' tribute

Now those who had the pleasure of knowing Bob Jones can think of him as happy history, instead of with the heartaches of seeing him as a tortured, immobilized man.

We've had several great golf players. Bob was the greatest by any careful use of the word. He was also of the highest grade in other respects: as a son, a husband, father, businessman, citizen, student, soldier and all-around sportsman.

Bob Jones played golf as a game. His family, business and his friends were his living.

Jones played golf as earnestly as an

educated man should play the game. He didn't play it intensely for long. He quit a winner.

Bob Jones saw the sport that he played as a game become a huge business that crushed out of the game the zest of competition that was enjoyed by earlier experts. To that big business Jones contributed a great deal of class that made the business grow.

Jones and his comrade Clifford Roberts in building the Augusta National course and in establishing and running the Masters, put the Jones' quality shining in two important departments of golf business: turf development and tournaments.

Scenically the Augusta National site was glorious, especially in the flowering spring. As golf course soil the mushy gumbo in the valleys through which trickled Rae's Creek was about as bad as one could get. But Jones was determined to show that the South could provide championship playing conditions equal to any in the world. So he gave the first big break to Wendell Miller, a drainage authority from Ohio State University. Miller was trying to prove that better drainage meant better construction, better turf, better maintenance and longer play. The United States Golf Assn. Green Section had been urging clubs and architects to go along with Miller, but he didn't get very far until the word got around that the wonderful world of Jones and Roberts was proof that if courses didn't have proper drainage, they were losing many many rounds of play a year. Miller's kind of drainage began to mean millions of dollars of revenue added annually.

The wonders being worked in southern golf turf improvement by the patient unsung geniuses at the

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Tifton experimental station and other southern spots wasn't recognized until many southern clubs suddenly realized that the marvelous condition of the Masters' playground was a Tifton exhibit.

Bob Jones was one of the finest friends pro golf ever had, not only in the Masters, but in his own club and elsewhere. When his club, East Lake, needed a professional Jones selected George Sargent, former United States and Canadian champion, a gentleman who was a scholarly and effective teacher.

As a kid Bob Jones made the impulsive mistakes a kid does playing a game. After his first tournament at St. Andrews, where the course proved it was smarter than he was then, he naughtily picked up. But he quickly grew up to be a man and apologized for his childish misconduct. He was taken to the hearts of the Scots. Years after his petulant debut at St. Andrews, he was made a Freeman of the Burgh.

Jones did pro golf a lot of good at a time when the professionals themselves said that in the Open, it was the field against Jones.

In 1926, when Walter Hagen was playing pro for the Pasadena real estate development at St. Petersburg, Fla., and in print getting bundles of

In amazement and with a happy thrill rare in our years Joe and I got the news we had received the United States Golf Assn. Green Section award.

We can gratefully accept the honor as two who share it with thousands of fellows working on golf courses, in turf research and in the often thankless responsibilities of green committeemen and in providing machinery for improving efficient maintenance of courses.

Theirs is the achievement. Because of our very good luck in being able to work for them, Joe and I are privileged to take a bow for them.

Thank them all and the USGA whose sponsorship and financing of the Green Section has contributed greatly to the beautification of the United States.

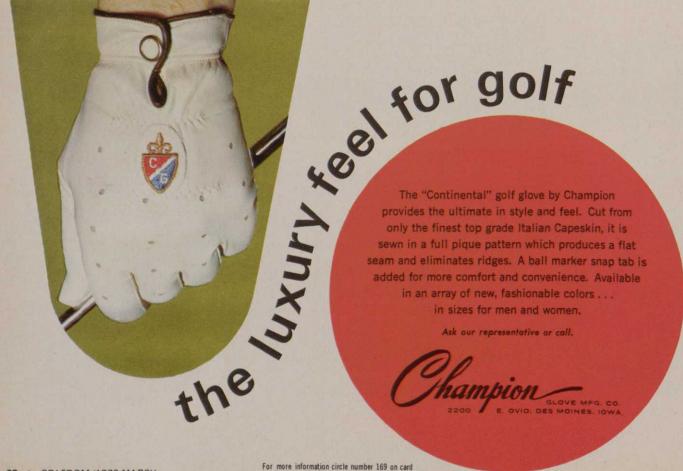
money, but privately had the shorts, Bob Harlow, Hagen's manager, asked Jones to play a 72-hole match: 36 at Whitfield Estates at Sarasota, then at Pasadena. Jones wasn't inclined to play, but when Harlow told him Hagen needed cash help right soon, Jones agreed. He got trimmed 12 and 11. Hagen had an amazing putting streak. Hagen got \$7,600 for the match, by far the largest exhibition match fee ever paid to that date.

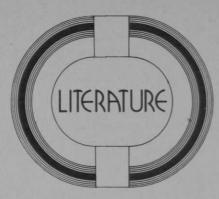
Jones was golf's "verray parfait gentil knight."

You won't see any like him again.

In making the Bobby Jones Award of the USGA to Michael F. Bonallack, captain of the 1969 and 1971 Walker Cup teams, the committee unquestionably gave its vote to a man who plays golf and lives in the Bob Jones spirit. The far-reaching spirit of Jones in golf is indicated in that the high award bearing his name has gone to Joe B. Carr of Ireland, Gerald Micklem of Britain and Roberto de Vicenzo of Argentina before it was given to Bonallack of Great Britain.

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Golf How by Orville Who? By Orville Moody with Jim Hiskey Hawthorn Books, Inc. New York, N.Y. 10011 \$6.95

I expected to open this book and discover how to play golf "by the numbers" or to be told to "fall in" at address or something like that, but I was pleasantly surprised. Although there are occasional pointers called "Orville's Orders," Moody and Jim Hiskey have put together a very candid, flowing story of what it's like to join the tour.

In the introduction, Moody informs the reader that he personally doesn't believe in instruction golf books and has, instead, strived to narrate the circumstances that pushed him onto the circuit. Many of these narrations become funny stories involving Moody and his backers or Moody and his skeptics.

He traces the decisions and problems an aspiring tour golfer encounters from the first overtures made by backers to the first time he steps onto the tee for a regular PGA event.

Moody also gives us a good picture of the tour's "Bible Cult," the group of pros who meet every week to read and discuss the Bible. "Sarge" is a religious man and he feels he owes much of his success to a faith in prayer, a feeling he shares with many other tour regulars.

There are scattered instructive notes throughout the book, but these are kept to a minimum and the theme is that golf should be fun, not an allencompassing passion that prevents enjoyment.

If you've got a notion that you'd like to play golf for a living, you'll find this book a good guideline to what you'll encounter along the way. If you're just a fan, you'll find this a good story of a man in quest of him--Parker Smith self.

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The Jones, Richardson and other awards of golf to its playmates are lovely thoughts. The Evans scholarships and the National Golf Fund awards to scholarships, welfare, benevolence and turf research to which club professionals have given more than \$1.5 million, which they've raised from their members, and players in the rich tournaments have given embarrassingly little, the Eisenhower College and hospital funds and other benefits gave golf the proudest records in sports for giving.

Club officials and owners and public course authorities rarely have the slightest idea of the educational programs of the Club Managers Assn. of America, the Golf Course Superintendents Assn. of America and the Professional Golfers' Assn.

This schooling is far ahead of business training in which most employees are voluntarily and enthusiastically involved. The education is worth millions of dollars a year to golf clubs, but the associations have missed telling their members' employers what kind of an educational job is being done. When I tell men who hire managers, professionals and superintendents how their employees are learning to be executives on the job, the bosses are amazed.

The associations haven't learned how to sell the growing value of their members.

Building third 18 at Innisbrook Hotel, Tarpon Springs, Fla. Edward Packard is the architect. National Golf Foundation had its annual staff meeting at Innisbrook last winter. Members of the golf industry's promotion and service team went away with high praise for the way Mike Souchak, winter professional at Innisbrook, runs a resort pro job.

Leo Jacques, 40 years superintendent, Brattleboro (Vt.) CC died recently. He was a kindly man and widely hailed for his achievement in growing good golf turf on soil that didn't favor the job. His son Joe is superintendent at Woodstock CC in Vermont.

Lester Snyder, 20 years superintendent, Oaks CC, Tulsa, Okla., honored by his fellow staff members and other superintendents at a big Thank You party

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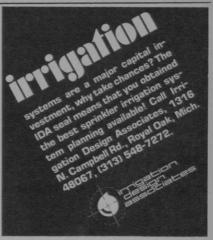
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