

Aug. 17 — Charles River C. C., Newton Center, Mass.

Aug. 22, 4 p. m.—Country Club of Virginia, Richmond.

Sept. 8, 3 p. m.—Midwest Turf Garden, West Lake Forest, Ill.

Sept. 14, 2 p. m.—Arlington Turf Garden, Arlington, Va.

There also is possibility of a meeting at Hyde Park G. C., Cincinnati, O., on Sept. 12.

The Philadelphia Association of Golf Course Superintendents which is sponsoring the two meetings in the Philadelphia district, tells of the busy day it has arranged in the following letter over the signature of M. E. Farnham, secretary:

Meetings will be held on the United States Golf Association Green Section Demonstration Gardens in the Philadelphia District on Monday, August 1, 1932, as follows:

1 p. m.—Garden at Philadelphia Country Club, Spring Mill Course, West Conshohocken, Pa.

4 p. m.—Garden at Pine Valley Golf Club, Clementon, N. J.

Dinner will be served at Pine Valley at 6 p. m. A meeting following dinner will provide opportunity to discuss any points which may come up during the afternoon, as well as other questions which you may have in mind. A question box will be pro-

vided to facilitate organization of questions.

The U. S. G. A. Green Section finds itself able to hold such meetings this summer only when financial assistance is provided by local groups. This step is necessitated by a reduction in funds which leaves the Section able only to carry on the obviously essential research work.

Accordingly, the Philadelphia Association of Golf Course Superintendents is sponsoring the above schedule, and representatives of the Green Section will be present throughout the program.

The meetings are open to any one interested in fine turf, and they are urged to attend any part or all of the day's activities. It is felt that the opportunity to see the same grasses and fertilizers under the two different soil conditions on the same day is unique and offers considerable value.

In order that proper arrangements may be made, you are urged to notify the secretary at your earliest convenience if you will be present at dinner.

TAKE A TIP from the stop-and-sock practice courses and roof over a part of the practice tee. Then, on days of drizzling rain, the pro can boost his income considerably by giving golf lessons to impatient members until the rain is over.



Sixteenth at Rockford (Ill.) C. C. where Western Amateur will be held August 22-27

Pros Should Look to Lessons For Income Improvement

By B. R. LEACH

THERE ARE occasions when the course of events lead me to the conclusion that race horses and golf professionals have one attribute in common—they are both apt to be a bit high strung and not by nature adapted to the pulling of huckster's wagons.

This thought is simply the by-product of continued reading of articles in the golf magazines written with the object of impressing upon the pro the importance of a proper sense of merchandising in the management of his shop.

Not that I take exception to such articles or to the purpose intended. A well stocked and properly conducted shop is an important part of the pro's existence and an important source of his revenue. He cannot afford to neglect his shop.

Oddly enough, however, it isn't once in a blue moon that one sees an article about the teaching end of the pro's business, and this is all the more strange because the average pro makes—or should make—a good part of his jack in the teaching end of the racket.

Why the capable and observant Mr. Herb Graffis, Editor of GOLFDOM, has so signally failed to weave a few of his wise cracks around this theme of pro and teaching is entirely beyond me. It looks to me like a topic that could be thoroughly aired with profit to all concerned. Not that I know a single damned thing about teaching a dub how to play golf, nor that my ignorance on the subject is going to prevent me from writing about it.

Pains the Pro.

At any rate, it is not long since I was walking over the course with one of the high-class pros in the New York area. Suddenly he stopped dead in his tracks and fastened his eagle eye on a bozo up ahead. This bird had a niblic in his paws and at that moment took a crack at the ball with the idea in his mind of lifting the white pill onto the green. The lad slipped somewhere because the ball did not land on the green.

LEACH, Riverton's rootin', tootin', one-man revolution, slices out of bounds from his customary province of writing on greenkeeping matters for GOLFDOM. He unloads from the Jersey apple-jack belt some advice based on his observation of pros' work and profit possibilities, picked up while he was visiting courses as a turf consultant.

After seeing how the crowds go for the free lessons of Tom Armour and Gene Sarazen on their exhibition tour, we are very much inclined to think that Leach is handing the pro lads a banquet of thought in his tip that they put on more heat in the development of their lesson business.

"Look at that blankety-blank sod-buster mess up that shot," said the pro *sotto-voce* to me. "Every time I see him with an iron in his hand he makes me sick at my stomach."

"That member," continued the pro, "has been playing golf for the past ten years to my knowledge. He is good with the wood clubs, he is darned good on the green, but he certainly is lousy with the irons.

"I could take that member in hand, give him half a dozen lessons on the use of the irons, and fix him up so he could go out and back and clip off 5 strokes in the process."

"Why don't you go up right now and tell him," said I. "Maybe he will date you up for half a dozen lessons beginning Monday next."

"Yeah, why don't I!" he answered, "why don't I go and sink my teeth in a mules hind leg?"

"Wouldn't the pro business be a great racket if I could go up to a mugg like that and say—'For cripes sake, when are you going to wake up to the fact that you are simply no good at all with an iron. When are you going to wake up to the fact



That old gag about teaching interfering with playing is strictly the hooie as an alibi. Here's John Golden, uncomplaining journeyman star, who will turn in a thrifty score on any man's course, but is never too proud to spend hour after hour in the chilling early spring or simmering summer to tutor the muscle-bound matrons or the hard-headed male dubs who want to cut scores 10 strokes per lesson. The pupil John is unkinning is Lanny Ross, concert tenor

that you're only 66 per cent as good as you might be at this golf business? When are you going to give me the chance to polish up your play so that you can get all that you are naturally capable of getting out of the game? When are you going to begin getting full value for all the jack you spend as a member of this club?

Yes—IF.

"If I could only do that, in moderation," said the pro, "I'd make a lot more jack in a year's time and the members of this club would be better players and get the utmost out of the game."

All of which causes me again to repeat that I don't know a damned thing about the teaching of golf. All I know is what I see as I walk around the course. I watch the players day after day and have come to the private conclusion that half of them are all-round poor players, three-quarters of them are poor in 2 out of 3 branches of play while at least 90 per cent of them are weak in some one phase of the game.

Are these players aware of the fact that

they possess decided weaknesses as regards their playing of the game?

No doubt a certain percentage of them are sublimely blind or indifferent to the errors in their style. On the other hand I feel fairly positive that a very large per cent of these players are *fully aware* of their weaknesses in play. If this is the case one must naturally enquire as to why they don't do something about it. Why keep on being a dub or partial dub at the game when some intensive coaching at the hands of the club pro would work wonders in reducing their score for the 18 holes?

When a man becomes ill he has no hesitancy in consulting a doctor. That is the sensible thing to do and convention—that stern old tyrant which makes cowards of us all—endorses such action. But when a man's game of golf begins to ache all over, does he consult the golf doctor in the shape of the pro? Sometimes, but not as a matter of course. I have come to the conclusion that such consultation with the

pro does not as yet entirely carry conventional endorsement in golf club circles.

Globe-trots for Lessons.

Not long ago a friend of mine, who belongs to a local club, told me that at intervals he travels to a pay course 30 miles away. He doesn't go all that distance just to play golf—he goes there to get a bit of coaching from the pro. Furthermore, he told me why he goes to all that trouble.

It seems that in the past he had got this coaching from the pro at his *own* club. This pro was a sound man and my friend had no complaint as regards his services. Unfortunately on those occasions when he took a bit of coaching from the club pro the boys in the locker room sort of subjected my friend to a bit of gentle kidding and inasmuch as my friend is a sensitive sort of cuss and not very clever on the comeback he just naturally quit using the club pro and went 30 miles away for his lessons so his friends wouldn't know anything about it.

All this may sound damned silly but it probably comes pretty close to explaining why the average pro has a lot of time on his hands which could well be spent in teaching golfers how to be better golfers, with a resulting mutual profit.

It looks as though the average golf player still has considerable of the *little boy* encased in his cosmic carcass and that some considerable thought must be given as regards to the best way of shaking it out.

As long as the average golfer continues to entertain this small boy attitude just so long will the golf courses of this country be filled to repletion with poor players while the golf professionals exist on half rations.

The average small boy won't go to dancing school until his Ma grabs him by the left ear and drags him there. It's the same underlying reason which deters the average golfer from making use of the pro.

Under the circumstances the pro is up against an insurmountable stone wall. He cannot make contact with more than one-fourth of his potential customers comprising the club membership. As things now stand he teaches the beginners and a few of the older players who don't give a damn about being kidded but at that the average pro in my opinion seems to be getting about 25 per cent of the warranted teaching business he ought to be getting. I don't think the average pro is getting even a modest portion of the business he should

be getting in coaching the players who have gone sour or who are chronically sour, and unless I miss my guess it is this phase of the teaching racket which the average pro *must get* if he is to make any kind of dough during the course of a year.

Obviously, the individual pro cannot change this state of affairs. It can come about only through study of the problem by the pros as a group and through enlightenment of and co-operation by the clubs.

In fact it is probably time that the clubs gave the pros a break and helped them to help themselves. As matters now stand the club hires a pro and then seems to largely forget him. Consequently the pro is left to cool his heels when he should be out showing the members how to follow through.

Suggests One Free Lesson.

I often wonder what would happen if some enterprising pro, with the consent of the club authorities, offered to give *one free lesson* to each member of the club. Let the pro think this over for a day or two and then give free rein to his imagination. How would the members take it and what would it get the pro?

I am inclined to believe that the average golf player is a pretty good sport with an adequate sense of humor. All of them would instinctively sense the fact that the pro wasn't giving them a free lesson just to find something to do. They would realize the fact that it was a business proposition as far as the pro was concerned but I am certain that the members would instinctively appreciate the fact that the pro was *giving* all he had, namely his skill and time. I do not think the members would resent it.

Of course a certain percentage of the members being chiselers by nature would grab the free lesson and let it go at that. A much larger proportion of the members would not take the initiative in availing themselves of the free lesson and, believe me brother, these are the birds the pro is actually gunning for.

With the free lesson tacked up on the wall, the pro with a sort of grin on his mug can brace the hang-back member and date him up for the lesson and unless I'm a cockeyed, humpbacked canary bird, the reasonably diplomatic pro by the law of averages will get many a subsequent job of coaching from enough of these birds to more than make up for the free lesson.

It's just a nice, refined sort of come-on

game, just a nice way of contacting with the cash customers who now pass by the pro.

Once a pro succeeds in giving a given member a lesson he is on a different footing and entirely with that member from then on. He has a *sound basis* for taking a friendly interest in that member's game, an interest he could not take prior to the lesson without taking the risk of his actions being misconstrued.

Furthermore, the member who took his free lesson would naturally have to go easy on the kidding during the locker-room seances. It might go a long way toward busting up that small-boy psychology among the membership.

Of course the pro would naturally be under the necessity of exercising considerable diplomacy and self-containment. In fact I often wonder if many pros do not drive away considerable cash-paying teaching business by unintentional gruffness and unfortunate choice of expressions.

In this regard, not long ago I was standing in a pro shop when I noticed a young man about 25 years old standing there with a newish looking bag of clubs in his grasp, prepared for his first lesson with the pro.

At that moment the pro entered, nodded to the young man, said, "Let's go," and in the next breath bluntly inquired of the young man—"How good are you?" All this in front of the club-cleaner, two caddies and myself.

The young man flushed up and conceded that he wasn't so hot.

Now I ask you in all fairness if that ain't a hell of a way to commence a coin-chisel campaign with a cash customer?

If I had been the young man my answer would have been as follows:

"Why, you ape, that comes pretty near to being a damned fool question. If I was good do you think I'd be wasting my time with you?" Then I'd walk out and leave him flat.

A pro doesn't have to kiss the member's foot but it is always good business to keep your trap shut when there is no special necessity for opening it.

ELEVATED TEES require hand mowing, are difficult to drain and ordinarily require more watering than tees built at or only slightly above the level of the surrounding land. For maintenance economy build your tees so that power mowers can be used to cut the grass.

Pro Says Keeping Shop Bright Is Selling Aid

By C. V. ANDERSON, Pro

MY IDEA of creating sales for a golf "pro" is that he should not let his shop turn into a cemetery. When people come out to a golf course they are out for recreation, and recreation is nothing more than a pastime. A smile and a "hello," and "how are you hitting them" and "you'll do better next time," etc., surely is the way to a man's pocketbook as far as buying golf paraphernalia is concerned.

It is impossible to sell merchandise by standing with your hands in your pockets and a crabby look on your face—that feeling is immediately transferred to the prospective customer.

Now, when I say to be cheery and smile, I don't mean you should *fin* the members full of "baloney" or throw the "bull." What I mean is a nice smile, and "how are you" and "how's your game?" If they hand me a club maybe with a little string off it, or something, I just grab it with a "Yes, sir," and if my boy is busy I get the twine or go to the vise and do it myself.

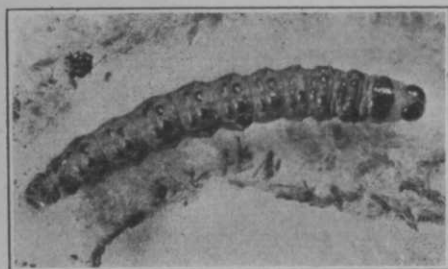
Some reader may get the impression that I favor giving them a lot of "baloney." No—I just give them a pleasant smile and a gentlemanly "hello," to let them know they are welcome and that the golf course is a place where they can forget their misfortunes.

In my experience as a golf professional, I certainly believe that one of the biggest assets a "pro" has is: Don't let his shop turn into a cemetery.

Pros Laugh as Drug Stores Get Cut Price Backfire

RETAIL druggists in some localities are having a groan that is considered poetic justice by pros who were burnt when the drug stores dumped cheap golf balls. "Pine-board" drug stores, which cheap pine lumber fixtures and entire operating expense seldom up to 14% are giving the "legitimate" drug stores a price-cutting session that is plenty painful to the legits.

Wonder what the legits are going to say to the manufacturers who supply the pine-board stores? When it was a case of the legits knifing the pros, it was, in the legits' opinion, "just too bad." Now, of course, under-cutting will be pronounced by them an "unwarranted and fatal economic evil."



Caterpillar of the black-headed sod webworm (*Crambus mutibilis*). Enlarged $2\frac{1}{2}$ times

Science Wages WEBWORM Turf War

By RICHARD H. VOSE

Soils Analysis Dept., Rob't W. Hunt Co.

Photos Courtesy of USGA Green Section

DAMAGE DONE to golf courses in 1931 by webworms was so great that greenkeepers all over the country have been curious to know what could be done to control them.

Webworms have always inhabited turf grasses, but unless climatic conditions are unusual, the damage they do generally goes entirely unnoticed. It is little wonder, therefore, that many greenkeepers should have been taken by surprise in 1931, when conditions favorable to the insects brought about their immense increase, with the subsequent damage to golf courses.

The webworm is a small grayish moth generally seen flying over grasslands at dusk or in the early hours of the night. Generally the first moths appear in May, and continue throughout the summer to September. It is not the moth, however, which does the damage, but rather the larva, or worm, the sole purpose of the moth being to mate and lay eggs from which the grass-hungry larvae soon emerge. These

eggs are dropped by the female as she flutters over the grass. Being small and dry, the eggs fall down deep among the grass stems where they are almost impossible to find.

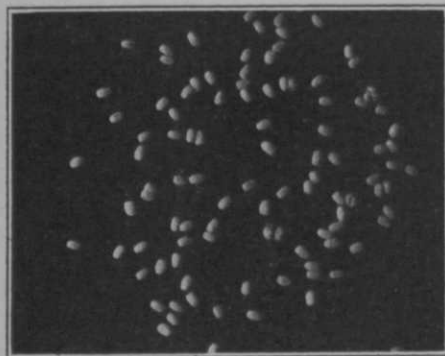
Webworm Larvae Do All Damage

The eggs hatch, in about a week or ten days, into larvae, or tiny worms. These larvae go straight to the blades of grass where they begin a continuous period of eating. At first, they locate on the leaf of grass, protecting themselves with a silken web which they spin; but when they grow too large to be concealed, they crawl down and construct a silk-lined burrow in the soil. This burrow is their home for the remainder of the larval period, food being secured by cutting off entire blades of grass which are dragged into the burrow and eaten in safety and leisure.

When the larva has at last eaten its fill, it is ready for the second stage—the pupal period. Deserting its old burrow, the larva spins a cocoon in the earth nearby and after a period varying from a few days to two months, depending on the species, the moth emerges, pauses for a moment to dry its wings, and then flies away to mate, lay eggs and start a new generation.

That, in brief, is the life history of the webworm family, of which there are 60 to 80 different members, each with slightly varying seasonal histories. Some species have a single generation in a season, while others have two or even three. Of the many species, the greenkeeper need worry about but a dozen; the rest are either too rare or else feed on weeds or grasses unimportant from the greenkeeping standpoint.

Of those webworms which do the most damage because they attack golf course

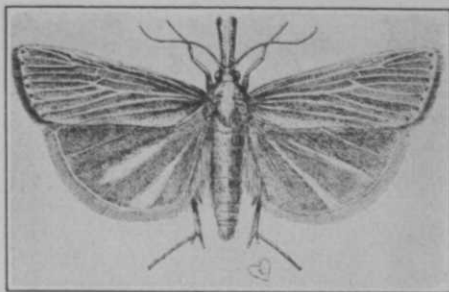


Eggs of the webworm moth (*Crambus teterrellus*)

turf, most have two generations per season, and two-generation webworms are particularly dangerous because the second generation, hatching in midsummer, comes at a time when the grass can least resist attack. Among the two-generation species are the striped webworm, the bluegrass webworm, and the leather-colored webworm. The blackhead sod webworm, although producing but one generation a season, is also capable of doing considerable damage to turf.

Control Methods

Until quite recently, scientists seemed interested in the study of controlling webworms on farms only. Obviously, the methods advocated in most government bulletins and technical papers, therefore, do not apply to golf courses. As a result, the greenkeeper has had to get along the best way he could. It is not strange, either, that he wasn't very successful, for any number of entomologists have gone on record as stating that no control methods

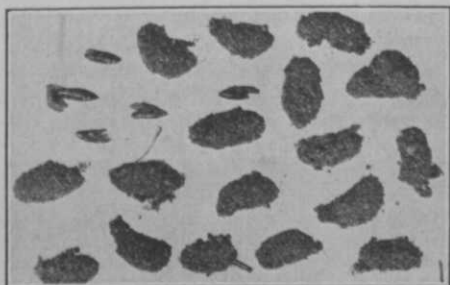


Adult of the black-headed sod webworm
(*Crambus mutibilis*)

extract is to force the webworm to the surface, where they writhe in apparent agony for a while and then die without returning to the earth. The only objection to this method of control is its cost; one gallon of the extract costing about \$17.50. This amounts to about 3½¢ per sq. ft., or \$19.50 for a green of 5,000 sq. ft. There is, however, the advantage that it is non-poisonous, will not harm the grass, and if properly applied will be very effective.

However, some cite savings under this estimate and there is no doubt of the effectiveness.

The second method is the use of kerosene emulsion. W. R. Noble of the U. S. Department of Agriculture has worked out the following emulsion which is still in an experimental stage. The stock mixture is prepared as follows: "dissolve 1 lb. of laundry soap in 1 gal. of boiling water; add ½ gal. of kerosene; stir rapidly until a creamy emulsion is obtained. This stirring may be accomplished by pumping the mixture into itself through a spray pump or by churning in an inexpensive household butter churn. Small quantities



Cocoons and pupae of the striped webworm
(*Crambus mutibilis*). Reduced

had been developed which were successful on grasslands. This may have been true before 1931, but it is no longer.

The "plague of 1931" set many to work experimenting with various poisons to combat this pest. At the end of the season, two general control methods had been developed which have proved effective.

Pyrethrum Poisons Worms

The first of these treatments is the use of pyrethrum extracts, of which there are several commercial brands. When used in dilutions as great as 1 oz. in 5 gal. of water, the kill has been nearly 100 per cent. Care should be exercised, however, that immediately upon opening the container in which the extract is received it be mixed and used, otherwise the efficiency of the treatment will be greatly impaired.

The characteristic action of pyrethrum



Pupa of bluegrass webworm (*Crambus teterrellius*)

have been prepared with an egg beater. For use as a spray, 1 part stock emulsion should be mixed with 50 parts water and this mixture applied to the infested turf at the rate of about 1 gal. to a square yard (555 gals. to 5,000 sq. ft.). In tests it was applied with a sprinkling can.

Other Methods Not So Good

Other control methods have been tried without much success. Some have reported good control with lead arsenate, but experiments carried on by the Bureau of Entomology failed to prove their effectiveness.

It has been proved, conclusively, that except under the most unusual conditions,

grass in a healthy condition will be better able to withstand without appreciable injury the attacks of insect pests. The fact that the summer generation of webworms is the most injurious is a case in point, for it is at this time that the natural spring growth has ceased and the harmful effects of attack can less be sustained than when new grass is constantly replacing that eaten. In conclusion, therefore, it may be said that webworms can be successfully fought by (1) developing strong, healthy grass through the proper care of turf (fertilizing, watering, drainage, soil mixture, etc.); (2) use of effective chemicals, such as pyrethrum extracts or kerosene emulsion.

Course Owner Builds Novel Leave Remover

OAKWAY Public Golf Course (Eugene, Ore.) is heavily wooded with huge maple trees. Each fall the leaves become quite a problem on this course—there are spots, it is said, where the leaves fall so thickly that not only a golf ball but an entire golf bag may very easily be lost. To combat these tons of leaves

Commenting on the machine, Babcock says: "The machine while only an experiment, was a real boom last fall. The machine works beautifully, leaving the fairways very neat with every blade of grass standing upright. It picks up any light object which is not too large to pass into the mouth of the intake.

"In 1930 my extra raking labor, not including that which was done by my regular staff, cost over \$300. After the ma-



which hurt business each fall, George L. Babcock, owner of the course, and his greenkeeper, W. L. Crisp, invented and constructed the unique vacuum sweeper pictured herewith.

The machine consists of a 30-in. planing-mill blower of 2500 r.p.m.'s powered with an old Buick six motor, all of which are mounted on a trailer which is hooked to a Ford truck. The leaves are picked up by the intake nozzle and are carried forward into a screened body on the truck. Leaves are handled only twice, once in the pick-up and once on the unload.

chine had been built in the fall of 1931, extra labor cost only \$30 and this was employed in raking leaves out of spots inaccessible to the machine.

"Being a first attempt my machine has many defects and is capable of many improvements. For example, it should be mounted on wide rimmed wheels to keep from cutting into soft fairways. Likewise the intake should be hinged in order to drag flexibly instead of being stiffly upright. However, in spite of the defects, the machine works and more than paid for itself last fall."



Second green at Rabor's Glenmore course makes good use of natural hazards

Pro Builds Own Fee Course and Gets Payroll Liberty

By HERB GRAFFIS

MOST CLUB members have the notion that a pro's job is just one gay round of jollity with no money troubles, no worry about the future, and no nothing else that brings wrinkles and gray hairs.

But you can never tell when political upheavals, income that won't permit maintenance of a family or other misfortunes to which humanity is heir will strike the pro. Being pretty much dependent because of the nature of his position, the pro when he is good conscientious and capable timber gives serious thought to his future. He always has the ambition of making himself so indispensable to his club that he will stay there forever, but he knows the changeable nature of the average club set-up and for the last few years has been looking into the prospects in the daily-fee field.

Some of the solidly profitable daily fee courses in these days are those run by pros formerly attached to private clubs. These fellows know the golf business and they are workers. When they have full responsibility for operation and frequently are the biggest stockholders in the enterprise, you can be reasonably certain that they

will make money with their plants.

The metropolitan situation for fee courses is fairly well covered in most of the places, but despite overbuilding of fee courses in some of the big districts, the pro-run fee courses are doing well. There are a number of the smaller towns where you are going to see some of the boys make respectable fortunes during the next decade and as an example of how to go about we cite you Frank J. Tabor, the boss of the attractive Glenmore fee golf course at San Angelo, Tex.

Frank was with the San Angelo C. C. for three years when one of those sudden changes happened. For some time Frank had been harboring the idea that a fee course in that town wouldn't go bad. So, when he was at liberty, he went through the customary procedure of filing applications with private clubs that he had heard needed pros and after drawing blanks, started out to build a course of his own.

There was a 9-hole cottonseed-hull green fee course already operating in San Angelo but he decided to go ahead anyway and give the local folks his idea of a pay course.

He leased 200 acres a mile



Frank Tabor, pro fee course magnate

south of the city. In February, 1931, construction work was started. Frank laid out the course and supervised all the construction work. Bermuda seed was planted on fairways and greens the first of April. City water was run in. On June 5, 1931, the course was opened for play.

Tabor got a good break on weather and as the condition of the course improved so did the play. Many strangers to San Angelo play the course and marvel at its condition. There's one point that Tabor considers paramount in building fee course business—condition. He mentions that if the pros had more to do with conditioning courses and realized what a slow, difficult and expensive job it was there would be less kicking about course playing condition from the pros.

Frank's course is 9-hole with a yardage of 3,060 and par of 35. The yardage by holes: 350-115-420-505-190-362-400-353-365. The South Concho river wanders along the course and provides some interesting hazards.

Clever use of natural hazards is made in the design of the course. Frank has designed the course so it calls for exacting golf and at the same time not involve heavy maintenance expense in traps that call for a lot of manual labor. Elm, pecan and mesquite trees, the river and roll of the ground require precise shot placement. Although it's a comfortable course for the average golfer to play, no one has made par on the layout. Dick Metz, one of the sensational kids of the 1931-32 winter tournament schedule knocked out a 71 for 18 holes, as have Tabor and his assistant Harry Dobbs.

By simplifying design, Tabor has been able to get by for the most part with one man on steady maintenance. When his fairways need watering he hires two other men to do this work at night. Frank admits that the fellows will wonder how he can maintain the establishment with one man and confesses that the answer, of course, is that the course isn't groomed within a thousand miles of Mayfield where his golf god-father, the veteran Bertie Way, calmly surveys the rich landscape. The Glenmore place is made for inviting play at a moderate price but giving the folks more than they usually get for fee money in that part of the world.

Tabor has a bent grass practice putting green that is one of his boasts. He says that he has heard plenty about the inability

to maintain bent grass greens in that part of the country but claims his bent is as good as any in California. Expense and necessity of close care prevent its general use on the course.

This tale about Frank probably will bring some reminiscences to the old-timers, as Frank is one of them. He made his debut at the age of 11 as a caddie at Euclid G. C. at Cleveland, O., under Bertie Way. During the 1907 amateur won by Jerry Travers, Frank caddied for Chick Evans. This was Chick's first big tournament. Chick lost his first match to P. W. Whittemore and it was bitter medicine for both Chick and Frank. Frank says Chick gulped down a couple of husky sobs at the finish and the Tabor guy himself had one of those sick and empty feelings in the pit of the stomach when the hopeful aspirant from Edgewater was knocked into the discard.

But those sporting memories are simply matters for the Tabor archives now. The vet is too busy making a good piece of dough in the golf business and getting himself set for a solidly solvent twilight to dwell in the past.

John Farrell Takes a Slug at the Cry-Babies

JOHNNIE FARRELL told a yarn that Latham Ovens wrote in June *American Magazine* under the head "Alibis Never Come Up to Par."

Farrell made a lively presentation of the ridiculous and yellow aspects of the alibi, citing many representative cases of golf club members. It was a first class yarn and wouldn't do any harm if some of the sharpshooters read it. Tournament alibiing, for the most part, is just some fellows' way of blowing off some steam. Seldom do they mean the alibis, but the crying sounds, like a reflection on the club where the tournament is being played and has been no inconsiderable factor in making some clubs question the advisability of having tournaments.

One thing you have to say about Hagen—when he finally does show up to play a course, he will come into the locker-room and pleasantly perjure himself by saying it's the best course he ever played. That's why Hagen is Hagen and still the steadiest big drawing card in golf.