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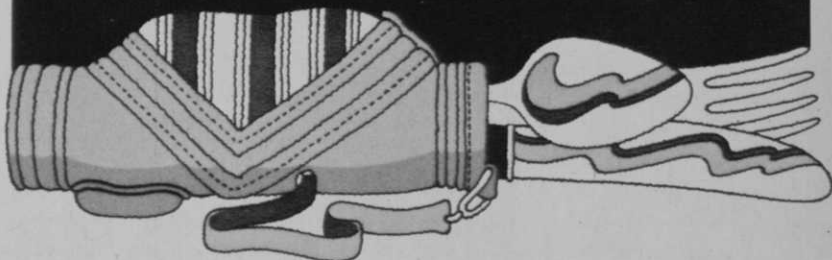
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Billy Casper's favorite dish...



Billy sent along this quote from Aesop, which really needs no explanation: "A crust eaten in peace is better than a banquet partaken in anxiety."

SOUR DOUGH BREAD

Sour dough starter
3 cups water
3 cups flour
2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon salt

To approximately 2 cups of sour dough starter add 3 cups of water and 3 cups of flour. Mix all ingredients to make a sponge. Cover and let stand overnight. Then add to the mixture 2 tablespoons honey and 1 tablespoon salt. Add more flour (about 6 cups) and knead well for about 10 to 15 minutes. Let mixture rest 15 or 20 minutes. Mold into loaves. Let dough rise 3 or 4 hours until it is a little more than double in bulk.

Bake about 40 minutes in a 375° oven.



This is the second of a series of recipes which will highlight well-known pros' favorite dishes. You can give additional push to your menus and you may want to offer it as a special or select menu.



By **Gerry Finn** Golf Editor, Springfield Union

GUARDIAN OF GOLF'S





The countenance of John Campbell, links supervisor, reflects the tradition and pride that is St. Andrews.

SHRINE

An exclusive interview with John Campbell, St. Andrews' links supervisor, reveals some traditional and not-so-traditional views about course maintenance

Five hundred acres of tradition. This is St. Andrews, as envisioned and experienced by the incalculable number of golfers the world over who relish the thought of having personal contact with the sport's cherished history.

To John Campbell, St. Andrews stretches beyond normal inspirational and communal boundaries. "It is the Holy Land, the Vatican . . . my own true version of Valhalla," states the 50-year-old Scot, whose job is to keep the four courses of St. Andrews in saintly, sparkling condition.

Campbell's position as links supervisor is a lofty one. His predecessors at St. Andrews were called course managers, superintendents, greenkeepers or foremen. When Campbell was lured to the celestial grounds nine years ago, the R & A took special pride in its catch; and so was established the rank of links supervisor.

He is also the first of his breed to be knighted by the Royal and Ancient.

The baldish Campbell, who seems to beam with every breath, recently completed a whirlwind 10-day tour of New England and Canada during which he served as guest lecturer for a series of turf conferences. He brought with him such warmth and infectious charm that he enchanted audiences wherever he spoke. "For a moment I thought the British had sent him over to recapture the Massachusetts Bay Colony," quipped Dr. Joseph Troll, who was instrumental in landing Campbell for a spot on his University of Massachusetts Fine Turf Conference program.

Naturally, Campbell reciprocated with a first-class chamber of commerce description of his reception in the United States. "I am thrilled by the hospitality

of America," choosing his words flawlessly, "I have learned that the problems of the golf course superintendent are universal. Hopefully, this exchange of ideas will drive us closer to the profession's international goal . . . that of making available to golfers the best possible playing conditions. We all strive for perfection, even though our methods vary."

There is a bit of the old and new in Campbell's approach to putting a spit and a shine on the four layouts under his supervision at St. Andrews. "I am not against progress," he declares. "However, sometimes the old or ancient method is the sound method. I integrate the established form with the modern. It seems to work out most satisfactorily."

For instance, Campbell still relies on the hand method of fertilizing greens. He directs three- or

Continued

Guardian of golf's shrine

Continued

four-man crews in this intricate operation during which his workers wear holstered baskets in a dusting maneuver designed to give the huge putting surfaces a uniform application.

Campbell also is a devout disciple of Mother Nature. "I am over fearful of introducing man-made remedies for the grass's ills," he reveals. "There is always in my mind the horrible feeling that perhaps I will put too much fertilizer on a green. Maybe that's why I'm so careful and use the hand method. I guess I just don't trust a machine."

The machine age, which has caught up most of the superintendents in the United States, has barely touched Campbell. Although he is aware of the advantages of mechanical aids in aerating greens, he refuses to use the machine for the job. "Anyway, I am not overly impressed with aerating. I do as little as possible. I don't like to stir up trouble. And aerating can lead to new problems. When that ground is laid wide open, it's an introduction to turf disease. Maybe I'm old-fashioned in my thinking on this matter, but I have to have faith in my convictions."

As a seaside links, St. Andrews poses many different problems than those on inland courses. For example, wind erosion is the special monster as far as Campbell is concerned. "The winds raise havoc with the sand," he tells. "Sometimes an entire fairway gets covered during a storm. There is little we can do about it, other than to plant sea-lyme grass along the borders of the troubled areas. This is a thick, high-rise type of growth. It serves as a barrier and is very effective. However, there is only so much one can do. If I don't watch myself, I could end up planting sea-lyme all over the place. This would detract from the natural setting. This is what we are dedicated to avoid."

Natural topography is the hallmark of St. Andrews' darling of the four playing areas—the Old Course. "She is untouched by human hands in a manner of

speaking," Campbell bursts proudly. "Mother Nature is her architect along with the animals that used to graze on her grasses. Our records go back to the 15th century and there's nothing to reveal any occurrence of man-made design. Even the bunkers are a product of the elements. The sheep, huddled together, burrowed themselves into the sand for shelter from the winds. In a matter of time these were her bunkers."

Right now Campbell is in the midst of preparing the Old Course for England's version of the World Series and Super Bowl—the British Open, which will be played there in 1970. In Campbell's case, the task is simply one of conditioning and arranging spectator sites.

"We are very much against doctoring a course for a championship," John raves. "I know this is not so in the United States where some of your Open courses go through a series of glaring

"The links are as sacred to . . . St. Andrews . . . as the Vatican is to . . . Rome."

changes. For the British Open we do nothing to make the course play more difficult. Gary Player uses the same championship tees as a visiting American in the middle of our tourist season. We don't allow the rough to grow any higher, nor do we tighten the fairways. The Old Course never changeth."

The British Open has a permanent call on Campbell's services. Although it is switched around to different course, like the United States Golf Assn. Open, all the equipment—scoreboards, bleachers and fencing—is stored at St. Andrews where Campbell is in charge of refurbishing it and transporting it to the British Open site of the moment.

The people of St. Andrews (there are 10,000 residents) are just as dedicated to the propagation of the golf shrine's reputation as is Campbell and the captain or president of the Royal and Ancient Club. "There is a great respect

for the links," Campbell glows. "We don't have any vandalism on the course. I guess you might say the links are as sacred to the St. Andrews populace as the Vatican is to the people of Rome."

While the St. Andrews residents reek of reverence at the very mention of the Old Course and her sisters—the New, Eden and Jubilee—oftentimes they are just as demanding as the country club extremist in the United States.

"We have our complainers," Campbell laughs. "Doesn't everyone? Most of ours are the old Scots. Frankly speaking, they are somewhat spoiled. Their reaction is typical. If they're putting well, the greens are pronounced fit. If they're missing putts, we haven't done our job. I guess we are very much alike in this area of our work, and I'm afraid the situation never will change. But it does tend to keep us on our toes. Right?"

Campbell, who has a 30-man work force making the rounds of the 72 holes, is a born son of the turf. His father was in the profession, and John followed in his footsteps. He held several positions before his reputation spread to St. Andrews where the R & A engaged his services for what is perhaps the world's most famous superintendent's berth.

Being the charmer that he is and an avowed enemy of inviting flattering reaction, Campbell must be verbally set upon to unglue the personal facts of his life which raise him above the crowd. For example, he survived the terrible ordeal of being a prisoner of war for five years during the last great world confrontation. Then, he is a well-known cartoonist whose works often appear in the British publication, "Golf Illustrated." On top of this, John carries an eight-handicap to the first tee . . . "with no questions asked."

"I couldn't be happier anywhere than I am at St. Andrews," he bubbles. "It is a wonderful life when you are doing something you like. At St. Andrews the feeling grows deeper. As far as my ambitions go, I feel there are no more mountains to climb." □

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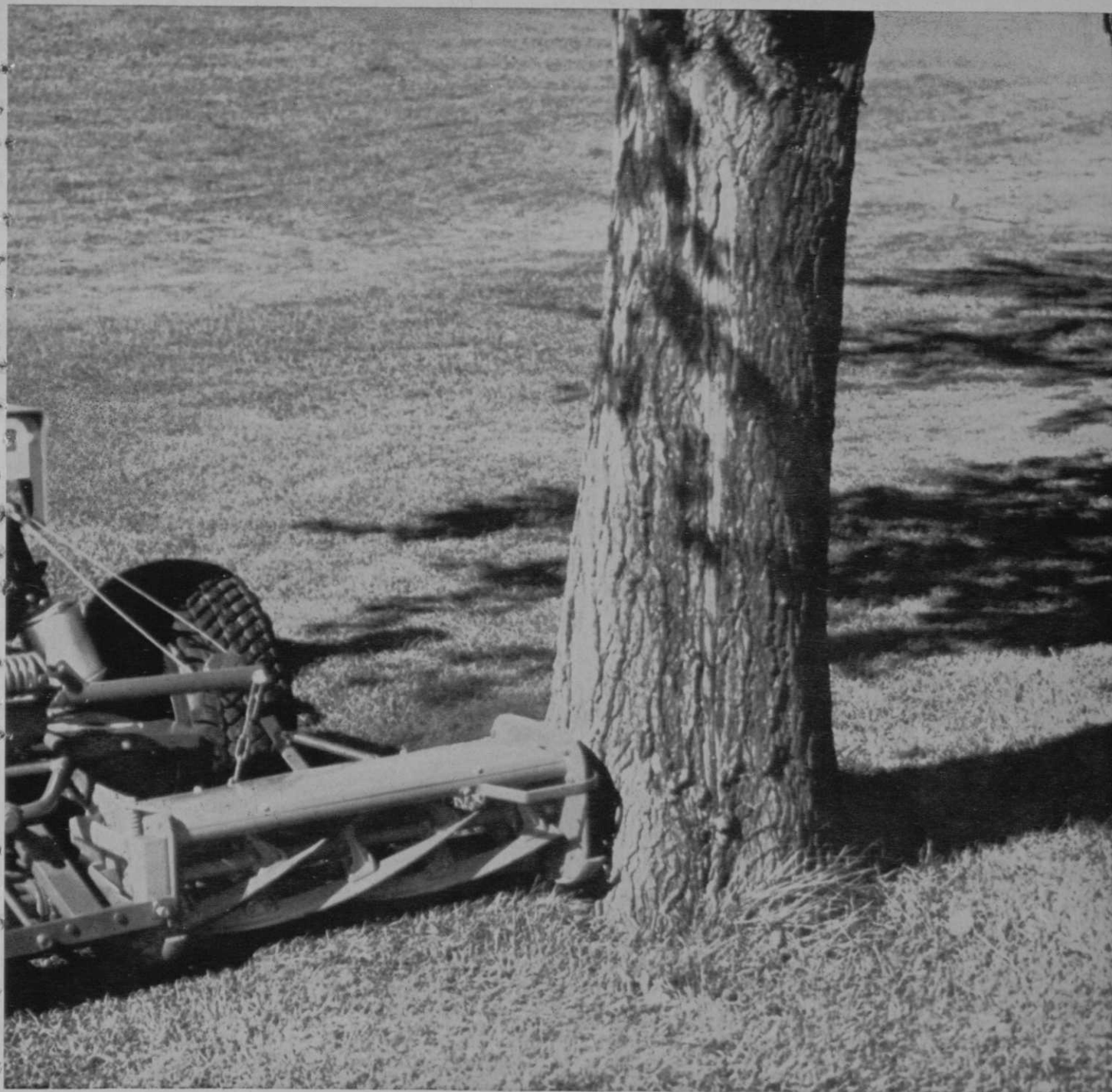
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Confessions of a superintendent

Anonymous

Last year tremendous reader interest was generated by a series of "Confessions." This year begins a renewal of this series.

Right after I graduated from the turf management school at Penn State in 1953 I got a job as head superintendent of a nine-hole course in a town with a population of about 30,000 in southern Ohio. I stayed there for two years, then moved up to one of the better clubs in the Cleveland district.

I doubled my salary when I moved. In the 14 years I have been at the Cleveland club I've done well financially—better perhaps than 75 per cent of the superintendents in the district.

But many times, and more often in recent years, I wished I was back at my original club. The reason: there's too much pressure at a big city club—too much demand for excellence.

At the smaller club we had bluegrass fairways, bentgreens, of course, and very few traps. The club since has been expanded to 18 holes, but still retains its original characteristics. It's a good course, not a great one. The members want things nice, but they're not overly fastidious.

I used to maintain the course with two men. I was a working superintendent. Now, with 18 holes, they have a six-man crew. The last time I visited the club, about two years ago, the superintendent told me that he is a kind of part-time worker, but most of his time is devoted to supervision. He has been there seven years. The members, as far as he can see, aren't any harder to work for now than they were when he started. He says they seem to be satisfied that he gives them as much as he can with the money he has to work with. He doesn't

have any pressing labor problems. He looks happy.

I envy him. And, I'll let you in on a secret. I'm not the only superintendent at one of the metropolitan clubs that wouldn't be tempted to trade places with him. I've heard this discussed more than once, believe me.

As I see it, there are two things that make a difference between a big city club and a small town club. The primary one is the labor situation. The second is the demands of the membership.

At my old club, the superintendent has two men year-around besides himself. One has been with him for the seven years he has been at the club; the other for five years. Three of his four part-time employees have worked for him for at least two years. All of the latter are either high school or college students who are available not only through the summer but on weekends during the spring and fall. Every man in the crew is trained to do a variety of maintenance jobs. That is the advantage of having a stable staff. There is time to give each employee thorough training. The superintendent at my former club doesn't know what a labor problem is!

Contrast his situation with mine. I have 15 men working for me at the height of the season. Three of them are full-time employees, but only one has been with me continuously for as long as three years. I have gone out of my way to get more money and added fringe benefits for my full-time men in an effort to keep them. But with the exception of just the one, I have lost them to the

local labor market. Those who have left, usually after one or two years, have said that they like working on a golf course, but there is more money elsewhere. They can go into a factory and do routine, repetitive work and make 50 or 60 cents more an hour than they can at the course doing a variety of jobs that requires a good deal of skill and no little amount of resourcefulness.

A few years back I had the best mechanic I've ever seen. He could do anything. I got him two raises in six months, but with five kids he still had to moonlight to make a living. He stayed at the club for a little less than a year, then finally decided to work full-time for the company for which he was moonlighting. This firm offered him \$50 more a week than I could. I've never found a man who could come close to replacing him.

It's a pretty situation when you can't keep three full-time men as the nucleus of your labor staff. Ideally, it should be five, or one-third of the full summertime crew. For at least the last eight or nine years, I've had to train one or two so-called permanent employees every spring due to our turnover. In most cases the training period has been too short or some phases of it have been neglected because at the same time we've been getting ready to open the course for the season. And, of course, we recruit labor at this time of the year. A superintendent should have no less than three experienced men on hand in the spring to help train the newcomers.

Continued



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Confessions of a superintendent

Continued

Problems connected with the part-time or summertime staff are even greater than with the permanent staff. You hope to get three or four men back from the previous year. Five are too many to hope for. Then, you have to look for a half dozen more men to bring your labor force up to strength. The upshot is that if you get a total of five, including old and new, who stay with you through the season, you're lucky. The attrition goes on all summer. In desperation, you may hire two or three doubtful specimens just to have bodies present. They may stay on or disappear. Mature high-school kids and college kids work out pretty well, only they're not available until mid-June and many times they quit early in August to go with their families on vacation. Just when you need them most!

Once again, it is in the heat of the summer when you're fighting to keep your course from being ravaged by nature and your maintenance crew from being decimated, that you wish you were back in that town in southern Ohio, where the staff stays on and the members aren't so damn fussy about the upkeep of their course. Sometimes, in fact, you wish you were even farther back than that—at a nine-hole course where they have sand greens and are lucky if the fairways are mowed once a week. The grass there may be dormant already but it looks a lot greener than yours.

What people who belong to country clubs, metropolitan or otherwise, don't realize is that it takes a long time to train a man to become a competent course worker. You can explain this to many a green chairman or committeeman and get a pretty blank reaction. Many of them will raise an eyebrow or give you a kind of tentative "Is that so?" when you point out that it takes several months to teach a fellow the proper way to change a cup; or half a season for a man to

learn how to run a fairway mower; or at least a month for a new employee to acquire the skill to whip a green and run a mower in a straight line, and another month to teach him how to detect disease. Night watering certainly isn't learned in one night or a dozen. As for chemicals, neither I nor any superintendent is going to allow a man to apply them on his own for at least a year.

As I say, most people don't have any concept of how much training you have to give a person to fit him for working on a course. When he quits on you after having been trained for a month or so, you get that crushed feeling.

The fact that most people around a club look upon a course worker as nothing more than an unskilled laborer, who can be easily replaced, keeps the maintenance wage rate down. As a result, we aren't able to compete with industry for the type of capable and conscientious man we'd like to have. There isn't any doubt that golf clubs are hurt by it. Specifically, let's say the superintendent is hurt by it. With all the other demands on him, the labor problem is sometimes almost more than he can take. At least, it's that way in the big city clubs.

I mentioned earlier that I think the demands of the membership of a metropolitan club are a good deal more trying than at a smaller club. From my observation, we are called upon to keep our courses better conditioned than superintendents at the outlying clubs. Maybe this isn't true in all cases, but in a general way, I think it is. Statistics and economics, if nothing else, support my claim.

On the average we have almost twice as many employees as they do at smaller clubs. Our payrolls are nearly twice as high. This implies we have to do about twice as much work on our courses as they do. However, I'm not losing sight of the fact that part of the payroll differential is due to the higher wage rates in the cities versus those in smaller communities. And, because their labor is more stable than ours and probably better trained, courses at the

smaller clubs may be maintained more efficiently than those at the big city clubs on a per man basis. Still, with our larger staffs, I'm sure we're turning out a good deal more work than they are. We'd better be, or some day some of us big city superintendents are going to be investigated.

I think this reasoning can be extended to the purchase of such things as chemicals and fertilizers. The bills for these items, according to the figures I've seen, consistently run from 30 per cent to 40 per cent higher at metropolitan clubs than at smaller clubs. So, we must be fertilizing more and treating more turf, even if we are enjoying it less, because our members demand it. Our equipment investments, according to statistics, also are about 30 per cent to 40 per cent higher than those of small clubs.

I don't know why big city members demand more excellence than those who play at small town clubs. Perhaps it's because they pay higher dues or it costs them more to belong to their clubs. Maybe it's because they are more sophisticated, more competitive and more affluent. I am inclined to think they get around more and play more surrounding clubs than small town members. Then, when they return to their home clubs, they want something incorporated in their courses that they saw somewhere else. I've heard more than one metropolitan superintendent say that he wished there was a ban on members traveling around to other courses.

All I know is that it looks to be a lot tougher to be a superintendent at a big city course than one in the hinterland. The labor situation gets a little worse for us each year, and for the last seven or eight years the demands of our members have been growing. It seems that the pressure never ends. I envy the brethren at the smaller clubs. It looks like they're living in Camelot. One of these days I might decide to go back and join them. It may cost me a few thousand a year to do it, but I've got a hunch I'll get my money back in improved health and a better disposition. □