

Byron Nelson—Part-Time Golfer

(—→ FROM PAGE 23) ence with the tedious job of removing a fully grown and very determined honeysuckle vine from a wire fence. He never cared much for that type of plant anyway. This particular one was located so close to the master bedroom window that it aggravated the hay fever with which the great golfer's wife, the former Louise Shofner of Texarkana, was suffering.

"This is the only life, though," beams Byron with genuine satisfaction. "But," he cautions, "it's not all gold that glitters. There's plenty to do on a farm. For example, I almost worked myself to death carrying water down there to the hog pen my first few weeks. I knew there ought to be an easier way, so I studied until I found it."

Acquiring an old steel tank, he fashioned an automatic faucet along the principle employed in an ordinary bathroom commode. Now fresh water remains constantly at tank level, and his hog-watering worries have been eliminated.

YOU who know Nelson as the dapper idol of millions, swinging down the fairways, may find it difficult to transplant him to a ranch. But when I drove into the gravelled driveway and around to the back of the house where the open garage revealed three expensive automobiles, I found Lord Byron shovelling manure. He was straddled on top of a truckload he had just hauled from the cow lot, and was vigorously engaged in spreading it over a young orchard.

"Some day we're going to have plenty of preserves," he remarked, nodding to the long rows of peach, pear, and fig trees.

Byron gets good coaching, because his parents reside in a house he has provided separately for them on the ranch. His father assists with the work and gives his son the benefit of his own farming experience.

Young Nelson, who told me he has retired from big-time tournament golf, is deadly serious about his farm-ranch business. He's starting in on a sound, conservative basis. The ranch includes 500 acres of fine pasture land on which there are two good artificial lakes. When he first moved in, many people told him to take immediate advantage of so much good grass, and stock up with plenty of cattle. Byron isn't a foolish business man, however. Last Winter, with beef selling at an all-time high, it was no time to buy stock.

So Byron started out in a modest manner with five horses, ten hogs, and three cows. Eventually he plans to build up his herd to total 150 head of cattle, and to raise 50 hogs a year.

Two of his horses are the blueblood Tennessee walkers, Rex and Linda, which were given to Byron and Mrs. Nelson last year by admirers at Denton, Texas, where he once owned a farm. Linda now has a colt named Prince. An indication of the Nelson