Prevention of blue-green algae with fungicide treatments. Mancozeb fungicide (left) vs. control with no fungicide (right).

were used in the minimum amount of water permissible by the label - 5 gallons per 1000 sq. ft.

The high rate was distinctly phytotoxic to the bermudagrass. The low rate also caused some phytotoxicity but was not consistent in this characteristic. The product did not prevent the development of blue-green algae. This was not expected as it is strictly a curative product. However, even after the blue-green algae developed, there was no observable algal control in either 1993 or 1994.

Summary
1. Both chlorothalonil and mancozeb were effective for controlling blue-green algae on bermudagrass putting greens.
2. The chlorothalonil rate required for control will depend on the level of algae present and environmental conditions.

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3. The application intervals used for chlorothalonil and mancozeb will vary with environmental conditions. During periods of high stress, the 14-day interval will probably be most effective.

4. There were no differences in turfgrass quality between different formulations of mancozeb or in the use of a surfactant with mancozeb.

5. Quaternary ammonium salts were not effective under the conditions used for evaluation in this study. Research at Texas A&M indicates these products are only effective when they are used as drenches.

6. Initiate use of the fungicides before or shortly after a weather pattern is established that is conducive for algal development. Do not wait until there is a significant algal population on the turf area to initiate treatments.

7. Never, ever start a fungicide program without initiating cultural control practices also! Use good integrated pest management strategies and safe chemical practices for controlling blue-green algae on the golf course.

Literature Cited

Acknowledgements
We thank Dr. Carol Bourne for identification of the algae samples and information on maintaining algae in culture. We also thank those suppliers who participate in the South Florida Turfgrass Exposition as the funds raised are used to pay the salary of Marcus Prevatt who maintains the FGCSA research greens.
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SPRING 1995
Death Lurks in the Sunshine

BY CHERYL JONES

A doctor’s examining room. The doctor enters, sits down, foregoing the usual pleasantries, and flatly states, “This is serious. You cannot wait. It’s malignant. You’ll be seen at Shands Hospital in Gainesville on Monday morning.” With these few words, our world changed. The hopes, dreams and plans were all now on hold. There might not be a tomorrow.

It was the usual summer, at least for our family. We’ve always been mobile, and when my husband Tim got a new job in May, the future looked promising. We needed to move closer to work and scoured the area for rentals. Tim found the perfect house. Late July saw him working all day at Pine Meadows in Eustis, then unloading the car at the new house after work so I could reload it every evening. Unfinished remodeling of our new home made the big move both prolonged and stressful. Tim noticed that the mole on his stomach was raised, a definite change, but he assumed that it was from toting around heavy boxes in the 99-degree heat.

We survived the big move fairly well and began to settle in at our new house. One evening, out of the blue, Tim announced to me that his mole had changed, and he didn’t think it was an infected hair. Right away my red flags went up — this was a major statement from a man who is by nature very quiet and psychologically allergic to doctors.

There was not big scene, no major nagging. He thought that maybe he should get it looked at. Out of three dermatologists in Lake County, the soonest he could be seen was a month away. This brought out a bit of verbal objection from me. I announced that I was going to take him to Orlando, because we weren’t going to wait on this thing. He assured me that he was on a waiting list for any cancellation in Leesburg. I planned to wait one week, then haul him to Orange County.

Three days later, the phone rang. Would Tim like an appointment next Tuesday at 9:30? You bet he would. The dermatologist excised the mole and sent it to a lab, a standard procedure for anything that looked at all suspicious. We’d hear back in one week.

The following Monday was Labor Day. We took the kids to a nice park, acting normal on the outside while we both felt uneasy inside, waiting for the report that all was well.

Tuesday morning passed quietly. Tim called at noon — had I heard from the doctor? No. We both relaxed a bit. The dermatologist excised the mole and sent it to a lab, a standard procedure for anything that looked at all suspicious. We’d hear back in one week.

The days that followed were also a blur. I arranged for child care for our two boys, ages 9 and 11, and for the twins, who were 16 months old. Phone calls flew from coast to coast as I enlisted the help of every prayer chain, church, bible study group and Christian prayer warrior we knew. The Lord could provide a miracle, and I needed a miracle now. I could not face the possibility of life without my husband. If the Lord could raise Lazarus from the dead, surely He could get rid of these cancer cells in my husband’s body!

Monday morning came. More in control and with the initial shock partially worn off, we drove to Gainesville. Perhaps the surgeon could excise this under local anesthesia and could go home the same day. We clung to each other.

The plan was changed to general anesthesia/let’s do it all. The rest of this day was spent in Shands Hospital, doing the necessary pre-op tests. Tim’s Uncle Andy and Aunt Jean, who’d driven over to be with us, left with a promise to return the next morning when surgery was scheduled. We drove home, picked up the twins, and spent another sleepless night. I searched my bible for comfort — reassurance — any word from God to indicate that my most fervent desire would be granted.

Matthew Chapter 21, Verse 22 kept popping up: “And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” This was my message from God. Letting Tim go, in faith, was hard. But I believed...

Tuesday came. We drove to Gainesville. We waited. I cried a river, then an ocean. Would God give me a second chance with this man, this dear, sweet man whom I’d for so long taken for granted? Lord, please give me more time with him. I love him so...
Real men do wear sunscreen
— at least those who love their wives and children and staying alive.

much. All the hurts and repressed grievances and marital problems of the past dozen years melted into nothingness. They were so petty, so insignificant. All that mattered to me on this earth was having the honor and blessing of having my husband at my side. Priorities straightened out fast.

During the previous week, as I had gone about mechanically doing "normal people" errands, a song had come on in the drugstore. It was John Denver's voice, but eerily it could have been Tim's words. "Lady, are you crying? Do the tears belong to me? Did you think our time together was all gone? Lady, you've been dreaming. I'm as close as I can be, and I swear to you our time has just begun..."

As the song went on to "promise to say right here beside me," I felt a panic well up inside of me and cut my shopping trip short. I wasn't dreaming, although I wished often to wake from this hellish nightmare. As I drove home, though, I wondered in this could possibly be God's way of telling me that Tim would survive this ordeal. I begged — I pleaded — I praised God for the time I had with Tim, and humbly relinquished my husband to God with a heart filled with desperate prayers too deep to voice.

Those same prayers, spoken with the bare emotion of my soul instead of words, flowed upwards to the heavens on the day that would change our lives forever.

Tim went into surgery at 12:30 p.m. The surgeon planned to take one centimeter radiating from each side of the excised mole site, tapering the nine inch incision near the ends in an elongated football shape, removing all tissue down to the muscle layer. I cried still more, prayed even harder during the time Tim was in the operating room.

Then, suddenly, amidst my inner turmoil and anguish, the peace of God which passes all human understanding descended on me like a warm blanket. I knew Tim was going to be all right. Praise God from whom all blessings flow! The surgeon was the best at Shands, and he specialized in oncology. He was also a Christian. With Tim and Dr. Copeland in that operating room was the Lord, the Great Physician, protecting my husband and guiding the surgeon's hands.

A week later, we returned to Gainesville to have Tim's drainage tube removed and get the report from pathology. What a sweet, wonderful relief to hear that although the melanoma went deeper than they had thought, no cells were found to be straying towards Tim's lymph nodes. The Lord again had heard my plea.

This particular melanoma is gone. Tim will return every three months to be checked. The doctor explained that the skin is one large organ, and the cumulative effects of exposure can pop out anywhere on the body. Then the doctor said three important words: sunscreen, sunscreen and sunscreen. It's amazing how a person will pay attention when his life is on the line. For years I'd nagged, and I suspect for years he'd ignored.

Continued on Page 87

Golf Maintenance Budget Blues?

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About a year ago I was pretty depressed about the state of our industry, what with people like Paul Harvey riding the airwaves and Carol Browner riding herd over EPA. Though I’d be first to warn against too much optimism, since it often leads to complacency, I do think we have plenty of reasons to feel better about the future of the golf industry, independent of recent political changes.

The most encouraging of the past year’s developments include the ongoing changes in GCSAA; the risk assessment legislation; the recent environmental summit in California; significant new developments in organics and biotechnology; the DNA research on bermudagrass soon to be started; the FTGA’s turfgrass certification program; the continued growth of the Audubon Cooperative Sanctuary Program; and the continued growth, interest, and professionalism of the superintendent associations around the state.

A good example of the latter was the Spring Turfgrass Seminar put on by the Everglades GCSA this past March 10.

This was a real blockbuster of an educational program, featuring such noted speakers as Dr. Joe Duich, Dr. Jim Watson, Dr. Al Dudeck, Dr. Charles Throssell, Ron Dodson, and Shelly Foy. Recently elected President of GCSAA, Gary Grigg, also was there to give an update on the many good things going on with our national association.

Mike Mongoven has covered the highlights of the seminar in the News Section of this issue. As moderator of the event, I have a few additional comments on the speakers presentations:

◆ Shelly Foy - Taking the ACSP message to the schools will help educate our kids who are being brainwashed by Captain Planet, Ranger Rick, and other eco-nonsense. Hats off to the Everglades Chapter for their commitment of seminar funds to help this effort.

◆ Ron Dodson - Ron hopes to see golf thought of one day as “the conservation arm of the free enterprise system.” He wants golf to lead the way for the involvement of schools, businesses, and local communities in the ACSP. It doesn’t take a genius to figure out that if we grasp this opportunity, it must surely lead to a reversal of our poor environmental image in the minds of the public.

◆ Dr. Al Dudeck - He also shared his findings on “FloraDwarf,” the selection he brought back from Hawaii a few years ago and has been evaluating ever since as a potential putting green quality turfgrass. FloraDwarf has received its patent and is beginning the process for certification.

Dr. Dudeck hasn’t yet published a technical bulletin on this selection, but the grass has a lot of potential based on the data he presented.

“FloraDwarf” retained its color much better than “Tifdwarf” in Gainesville throughout the winter; it produces only about half the top growth; has shorter internodes; and gives a greater ball speed on the stimpmeter. On the negative side, sting nematodes seem to love it; it produces a lot of thatch in a short period of time; and it is difficult to overseed into with perennial rye (Poa trivialis was better; bentgrass not yet tested).

Thatch control is better achieved with light frequent topdressings than with verticutting, due to the severe loss of turf quality following verticutting. All of Dr. Dudeck’s data is based on plots maintained at 3/16-inch, mowed Monday through Friday.

Some superintendents perceive Dr. Dudeck’s refusal to evaluate at lower heights as stubbornness and not responsive to industry’s needs. I suggest, however, that you give him credit for trying to help all superintendents.

I think it is up to us to evaluate the limits of cutting heights of this grass on our own plots in Fort Lauderdale and on our own golf courses. I think Dr. Dudeck understands the “real” world better than some of us, realizing the danger of publishing claims that green committee chairmen can use to hang their superintendents.

◆ Dr. Clark Throssell - He believes acid injection systems are not helpful for salinity problems, but probably very helpful for high bicarbonate problems. It had also slipped my mind that Dr. Throssell was one of Dr. Duich’s students, and had participated in Joe’s green speed research as a graduate student.

◆ Dr. Joe Duich - Though his green speed talk was similar to one I had heard him give a couple of years ago, it was great to see and hear a man who has given so much to our industry. Of course, the talk was updated and embellished with recent stories of his stimping duties at the Masters, and I must admit, I had forgotten that Wiehle rollers were so much worse than solid rollers on the

Mark Jarrell, CGCS
Assistant Editor
cleanup pass around greens. I wish I had the space to chronicle Dr. Duich's contributions to our industry for the younger members of our association, because everyone of us has benefitted from his work, and owe him our gratitude.

• Dr. James Watson - Another giant in our industry, and this year's winner of GCSAA's "Old Tom Morris Award." He echoed the need for the golf industry to take their environmental story to the public. He cited GCSAA's superintendent promotional efforts (Par For The Course on ESPN), and Ron Dodson's ACSP program as effective ways of doing this.

This was a super program, and the Everglades group did a great job putting it together. My thanks to Wayne Kappauf, Dale Walters, and the rest of the Everglades Chapter for the privilege of serving as moderator, and to Wendy Hamilton for her many courtesies (Wendy is the new Executive Director of the EGSCA).

Returning to the theme of this article, I think we have every right to feel good about the direction our industry is headed, thanks to the talents and dedication of people like those mentioned above. Let's just not get complacent and slack off when there is still so much to do!

Death Lurks in the Sunshine
from Page 85

After all, I was merely a meddlesome wife. Real men don't need sissy sunscreen. They're tough. They're invincible. They're too busy. It's too hot and greasy — a million excuses. But you know what, guys? Real men do wear sunscreen — at least those who love their wives and children and staying alive. Tim is 36 years old. He's young, he's strong, he's incredibly intelligent — and he could have died. But for the grace of God...

Please, if not for yourselves, then for your loved ones, use protection. Wear a panama-style hat and sunblock every day, be it sunny or cloudy. You don't want your wife going through the soul-shattering agony of losing you.

Years ago in The Florida Green, I concluded an article about life at Lake City Community College by describing our marriage as "scarred, tested, strong." I didn't know then what those words truly meant. Now I do. I feel closer to my husband than I did on our wedding day. His being here is the greatest gift from God in my life. Every day I will thank God for this precious second chance with my husband.

The sun is not your friend. It may be great for your greens, but if you're not there to tend them, don't fool yourselves — another superintendent will take your place at work. But another husband and father can never fill your shoes at home. Take Dr. Copeland's advice to heart, and may God bless you all with a life free from the terrifying and possibly fatal disease of skin cancer.

Editor's Note: Recently Tim had another scare when he found some swollen lymph glands. Thankfully, examination determined that it was not a return of the cancer. I want to thank Cheryl and Tim for sharing their story of one of the real dangers of being a superintendent and the impact it can have on the lives of our families. Everyone, take care of yourselves out there!
The precise nature of professionalism is sometimes difficult to get a handle on. So, I set out to find someone who saw things honestly and clearly. Someone who could put his finger on the very essence of professionalism, because he distilled daily life into its simplest truths. I found such a man at his brand new golf club that he built from the profits of his seafood company. He called the club, The Forrest. And this is what he had to say:

“My Momma told me professionalism is like a box of chocolate-covered cherries. You should know what you’re going to get just about every time.”

But you know what? Everybody makes mistakes. Sometimes they make a mistake at the candy factory and the candy doesn’t always come out the same. Some have more filling. Or, sometimes the cherry is missing! But mostly if you buy chocolate-covered cherries, that’s what you get.

One time a man calling himself a professional tried to sell me a box of candy he said was chocolate-covered cherries, but they wasn’t. They was chocolate-covered raisins. He tried to cheat me! Momma said there are people like that. She told me that I should never call those kind of people professionals.

Momma says you can tell a professional by the way he acts. He tells the truth. He admits mistakes and he fixes them. He’s nice to the people he works for and to the people who work for him. And if they’re professional, too, they’ll be nice back. He doesn’t break rules and never tries to steal another man’s job.

I could never trust a person who stole another man’s job. I would wonder what else he would steal from me if he worked for me? And you know what? People shouldn’t ask a man to take another man’s job without telling everybody about it first. That way everybody can help each other make changes.

I could really respect and trust people like that. Maybe they don’t care about me trusting them, but you know what? I bet they end up hiring people like the man who tried to sell me those chocolate-covered raisins.

I guess that’s why Momma always said, “Professionalism is as professionalism does.”
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