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MAYOR MCTURF

One of the many pals I bumped into at last month's Carolinas GCSA Conference & Show gave me a new – and hopefully temporary – nickname. We were chatting on the show floor and he was picking my brain about what's going on around the industry. As always, I invented some credible-sounding information out of thin air and he eagerly...and foolishly...believed every word.

He said, "Dude...you know a lot of stuff...you're like the Mayor of Turftown."

Unfortunately, he spat that little gem out in front of a bunch of folks and soon perfect strangers were approaching me and saying, "Hey, I hear you're the Mayor of Turftown."

Well...*har-dee-har-har*.

My unease at having been being elected Mayor McTurf (as one Golden-Arches-loving guy who'd had a couple of beers later called me) gradually evolved into a question in the back of my goofy little brain: What would I do if I was in charge of all of Turftown for a day?

Thus, by the power invested in me by a couple of drunks in Myrtle Beach, I hereby decree the following:

Henceforth, all turfheads shall live in peace and cooperation. For example, superintendent groups shall not throw their lawncare brethren under the bus when regulatory or legislative issues threaten to divide us. This happens all-too-often when cosmetic use restrictions, drought regulations or other proposed rules have the potential to divide us because golf can often get an exemption. I'm not saying you shouldn't work hard against onerous regulations... I'm just saying we shouldn't do so by pointing fingers at other turf professionals.

December 23 shall forevermore be known as "Official Crew Appreciation Day." This shall be the day when the facility ownership provides them with a nice little bonus, a spiral-cut ham or some other token of appreciation in recognition of the other 364 days they work their butts off for \$11.50 an hour. This would be a good day to distribute the dollars raised during your "Greenkeeper's Revenge" tournament or other club-wide staff appreciation fundraiser. Residents of Turftown need to take better care of the folks who work for them.

"dark side" of industry sales must first spend a week shadowing a local sales rep. If you think it's a cushy alternative to growing grass on a golf course, you need a reality check. There are more reps selling more different products out there than ever before, price competition is fierce and it's not fun to be the new guy, no matter how well-connected and sales-oriented you think you might be. You have been warned by the Mayor.

Citizens who participate in fantasy football leagues are strictly prohibited from boring the living crap

"He said, 'Dude...you know a lot of stuff... you're like the Mayor of Turftown.'"

All citizens of Turftown are required to know the economic, environmental and social benefits of turfgrass. Everyone in the city limits should be able to recite the facts about these plants we grow any place, any time, at any opportunity. It's like picking up litter and using your damned turn signal: It's everyone's job.

From this day forth, it is mandatory for residents who attend industry conferences to set aside time to visit with the trade show exhibitors. You say you don't like wasting your time by going to the trade show for a couple of hours? Don't worry, it'll go away. And with it will go lower dues, affordable education, lobbying and everything else that industry helps to subsidize by buying booth space.

Turftown municipal taxes – in the form of a nice logo golf shirt from the taxpayer's facility – shall be remitted annually to the Mayor's office. Size medium, please.

Any superintendent who is considering crossing over to "the

out of everyone with details. Anyone who violates the rule by spewing endlessly about their last-minute trade for Wes Welker will be confined to the Turftown Correctional Facility for 30 days and forced to watch gymnastics and ice dancing.

All citizens are urged to support their local Turftown businesses.

Remember to buy from the companies that support our community, our chapters and our profession. They can be easily identified by looking at the ads in this magazine.

During my brief tenure as Mayor McTurf, I've tried hard to make Turftown a better place. Unfortunately, my scandal-plagued administration must come to an end due to some misunderstanding about donations to the "Mayor's Las Vegas Fund." So, with that, I resign as your leader to devote more time to my family and my real job.

Oh, you still have to pay those municipal taxes though! Even ex-mayors need new golf shirts. **GCI**