

Expect the Unexpected — It's Winter (Concluded)

neously they ask, "How does it look out there, are we ready to go?" As your grip tightens on your coffee cup, you smile and say, "I'll let you know."

Tuesday — The annual leaf drop has begun in earnest. It's a process you have become all too familiar with at Fallenleaf Country Club. During your morning staff meeting, you instruct four employees to blow leaves from the fairways and greens, it's critical that they are removed to accommodate early morning play and so mowing can occur. By six o'clock your blowers are in action. After a morning trip around the golf course you're back in your office, "might as well start organizing those files," you say. "Tomorrow I'm going to organize those pictures, they've been on my desk all summer." Stopping only briefly to check your phone messages you quickly realize your morning plans have changed. It's an angry resident who was awakened shortly after 6:00 by the sound of "those damn blowers". He wants it stopped. Nothing before eight o'clock he screams. "I'll call the county," he threatens, as the call abruptly ends. Next message, it's the head professional. "Just wanted to let you know," he says, "We've had a few complaints from some of the members the last week or so, the leaves are starting to become a problem." Attempting to gain your composure you nervously run your hands through your hair, not much there you think.

Wednesday — You are awakened by the sound of water running through your gutters. Startled, you think, "I thought the rain wasn't supposed to begin until late afternoon." Squinting at the clock you realize it's only 3:00 a.m. Am I dreaming? Glancing at the clock again, you realized it's now four o'clock and you haven't slept a wink. It's raining harder and all you can think about is that tee that you were supposed to sod this morning. You've got 3,000 square feet of sod at the shop ready to install. Everything was ready, now it's all mud. "I can't sleep," you mumble, "I might as well just take a shower and go in early." As you bend over to kiss your wife good bye, she says, "What time is it?" "4:30," you say. "Didn't you promise me that as soon as winter arrived there would be no more early days?" She says. "I promise, this is the last time," you respond as you gently close the door.

Thursday — As you read the morning paper, you shake your head. The headlines read, "Biggest Storm of Season Surprises

Forecasters" Two inches of rain in 24 hours, and the forecast was for around a half inch. "How do these guys keep their jobs?" you wonder. Three hours later your worst fears have been confirmed. Eight trees are down, branches and leaves are strewn everywhere, everyone of the sixty-five bunkers have water in them and much of the sand has been washed from the face. The tee that you had spent \$2,000 dollars to laser level eroded so badly, the drainage is exposed. Shaking your head in disbelief, you try to regain your composure as you lean up against one of the six pallets of sod that rest nearby.

Friday — It's decision time. There is a break in the weather. The long range forecast calls for clear skies today and Saturday, but more rain is due to arrive late Sunday. Glancing at the tournament schedule you note that the Holiday Classic is scheduled for Sunday. Your dilemma is that much of the course is still too wet to mow. Ideally you would like to wait another day, yet you know Saturday is likely to be busy. A short walk on the course confirms your decision. You decide to delay all fairway mowing until Saturday, greens won't be mowed until Sunday. In a move that is guaranteed to cost you a few percentage points in the latest job approval ratings you decide to install temporary greens on four holes. Your objective — to try to have the course in the best possible shape for Sunday.

Saturday — It's your weekend off, you deserve it. While cooking breakfast for your family, the phone rings. Your daughter, as is usually the case, races to answer it. "Dad, it's for you," she says. "It's the golf course." "Don't mean to bother you at home," your assistant says, "but I thought you would want to know the fairway mower got stuck at the top of the hill on #1. We tried to pull it out with the Tractor, but it got stuck too, so then . . ."

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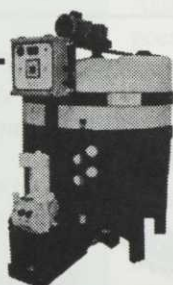
Turf Program Added At January Show

If summer represents the time of year to focus on getting the job done, winter is the time for professional development. Beginning with the Institute in November, and ending with a GCSAA regional seminar in May, Nor Cal Superintendents have plenty of opportunities for continuing education, and now there is more!

Beginning this January, The GCSANC will be participating in the Northern California Turf and Landscape Council's annual show in Santa Clara. The educational program is scheduled for Thursday, January 21st and will include three sessions.

"We were looking for opportunities to partner with the allied associations," said program chairman, Gary Carls, CGCS. "This just seemed like a natural. The NCTLC has historically not been an event that superintendents attend, we're hoping a program designed specifically for golf will provide some additional incentive." Carl's, who was instrumental in putting the program together says the show and the educational sessions are available to all golf industry personnel at no charge.

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