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Oh, I've spent some exciting summers since I married into this wonderful world of golf. I figured being married to a golf course superintendent we would have, without a doubt, the most enviable lawn in the neighborhood. Boy, was I mistaken!

When I said, "Let's fertilize the lawn," he said, "Why? You only have to cut it more often." When I said, "Let's kill the weeds," he said, "Why kill them? They're green, aren't they?" And in the fall when I said, "Let's rake the leaves," he said, "Why rake them. I'll mulch them in the spring when I mow the grass."

The most enviable lawn in the neighborhood belongs to our neighbor. He's a school teacher!

I guess everyone of you gentlemen has had some kind of trouble with your night waterman. But they have personally become my most unnerving type of people. They have ruined so many Saturday nights for me that I figured if I can't beat 'em, I guess I'd better join 'em!

Every Saturday in the summer, I have my hair done, get a baby sitter and we go to the golf course. I end up watching television with the night watchman, or bouncing around in the jeep, ruining my hair-do with the mist from the sprinklers.

Well, at least it's a night out, and if I'm lucky, we stop for a beer and a hamburger on the way home, or between sets.

Saturday night isn't the only outing we have in the summer. We frequently take a ride in the country, supposedly to see nature's beauty, but it's really amazing how many golf courses we "just manage" to pass. I guess there's no getting away from it!

I bet I can tell you the name and superintendent of every golf course in the Chicago area! I might even be able to tell you whether they have watered fairways or not.

There are many advantages in being married to a golf course superintendent. The convention, for an example, is something I look forward to all year. At my first convention I found that there weren't too many wives that I knew. I felt sorry for poor Harold, because all the other guys were free in the evening to shoot the bull, play cards, or go out and view some of the local color—a red-headed belly dancer, if I remember right.

Last year more wives were there and there was always something for everybody to do. I hope that this year will be better than ever, and it will be if more of you fellas bring your better half along.

The convention isn't the only advantage in my position. Every Christmas we are given many lovely gifts from the firms and salesmen that Harold does business with. I'll admit one year they did present a problem though. We received three ten-pound hams. We had ham and eggs, baked ham, broiled ham, ham salad, and ham sandwiches. Not that I don't like ham, I love it, but I sure wish someone would have given us a turkey! That's not a hint, by the way, I don't know what I'd do with three turkeys!

Speaking of food, I have reduced so many good pieces of meat to lumps of charcoal because I've tried to keep dinner warm in the oven. I've often asked the question, "What time will you be home, honey," only to be answered with, "I'll be home when I get there." It's awfully hard to plan a meal that won't turn to stone when you try to keep it warm in the oven until nine o'clock in the evening. Usually we

have such a late dinner because of some problem out at the golf course. More than likely it's some kind of labor problem.

Lately Harold has been talking about female labor as an answer to his problem. I'm not too sure I'll like that, unless, of course, I can help select the crew. After all, it's the big, strong girls who are six feet tall and weigh 200 pounds that are going to be able to do the most work. A pretty face may prove to be a dangerous distraction to the male laborers.

I'm sure many of you have found that a camera is one of your most useful tools. I know we must have at least 3,000 slides. When Harold started to show an interest in photography, I encouraged him, all the while figuring how many pictures we would have of our offspring. We bought two of the best 35mm cameras, flash attachment, tripod, viewer, projector, sorter, visual screen, lenses, and a storage case for housing the slides.

As I said before, we have approximately 3,000 slides. We have slides of greens mowers, aerifiers, sprayers, stacks of fertilizer, holes in the ground, busted branches, not to mention puddles of water, and five smiling mexicans holding a dead deer.

We do have, however, one slide of our son, and guess where he is—on the nursery I referred to earlier—his father's sod nursery.

## HELP IN OUR AREA

This is the second resume of the men that are in our area that you can call on for help.

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Debrees: B. S. Ornamental Horticulture, University of Illinois, 1964. M. S. Plant Pathology, University of Illinois, 1966.

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Since people are incurring more and more leisure time during these days of automation, they are spending a great deal of this extra time working in their yards and enjoying more outdoor living along with more GOLFING. This increased outdoor living can readily be seen by the extensive landscaping of new shopping centers, malls, and city beautification programs.

As these people devote more time to their yard, they begin to realize there is more to having a picturesque yard than just cutting the grass every week or two. They begin to recognize the fact that many problems can and do arise in trying to maintain trees, shrubs, lawns, and flower beds properly.

Thus, part of my time will be allocated to working with these people which include the homeowner, the nurserymen, the garden center operator, the florist, and the golf course superintendent in DuPage County with their problems concerning plant material. Since my education, training and experience has been mostly with ornamental trees, shrubs, shade trees, and plant diseases, I would be most happy to render my services in the area of horticulture and plant pathology to the golf course superintendents in DuPage County.