



## Editorial

### READINGS

While catching up on some of my reading, I came across the following from the Hudson Valley GCSA newsletter **The Foreground**. It was written by the creative genius of editor Bill Smart.

### YEA FOR THE SUNNY SIDE

I get a little tired of continually reading about how the poor Golf Course Superintendent is underpaid, overworked and continually harassed by every problem known to any other craft and some peculiar to golf courses. How about the sunny side?

Nobody is ever going to make a fortune as a GCS. The really big paying jobs are in high cost of living areas. No one on a salary can take home big money anyway, taxes being what they are. So if big money is what you are after go be a landscape contractor and put in lawns, tax benefits derived from your own business and a little hanky panky with the books, you can make a buck. You may go broke too.

OK, we have 100 days of real headaches — June thru September, many people have the headaches 365 days of the year — day in and day out. No let up come October thru February. Even on the Southern layouts it eases up in the Winter and no snow mold.

You get sick when your turf goes bad? A farmer gets feeling poorly too when his crop goes — sometimes thru no fault of his. Then he goes to the bank with his hat in his hand and puts his livelihood on the line for enough to get thru another year. And if that year's crop goes too, there goes the farm and he gets a job on a farm as a laborer or in a factory. I never heard of a course where the paycheck stopped when the "crop" failed. Sure, you can get fired, that is a risk **all** wage earners have in common.

You don't have the benefits of union or big corporations? You don't have the regimenta-

tion either or enforced retirement at 65, or a zillion little petty rules to live by, or somebody who will gladly step on your head to get to the next rung, or strikes that never gain what you have lost, time clocks or someone saying "Where the hell were you yesterday?"

Long hours. Most Superintendents do put in long hours at times, but they tend to overlook the short days in winter, attendance at conferences, field days, personal business, visits to other courses, local meetings and so on. The educational sessions are "in line of duty", huh? If you attend with that attitude, I haven't met you. Most enjoy themselves with no expense to themselves.

No chance for advancement. You **are** top man at your course, you are Mr. Golf Course and if you've really got what it takes, this is one of the easiest businesses to get ahead in, I know. Ask the men at the top of the heap. Every year jobs are open with more money, and more challenge than your present position. Do you want in? Can you cut it? Do you need it? It's up to you! !

A golf course Superintendent is almost a free agent, as close to owning your own business as you can get, with none of the risks, and that is something.

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On Sunday, July 22, I was sifting through the Chicago Tribune (an all day job) and saw in big headlines "The Music That Kills Plants". Intrigued, I read on. It seems that considerable research has been done on the effect of noise on plants. This particular article dealt with musical effects. Many types of music and plants were used with the following results. Plants which "listened" to soft, gentle music showed a marked lean toward the speaker and a slightly faster growth. The plants which encountered harsh, or even worse, hard rock music showed an extreme lean away from the speaker, then withered and died. One must at least admire their taste. There were no reported results on **Poa annua** but I can't help but wonder what effect the noise from the adjacent expressway and railroad tracks has on my course.

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Due to the delay from mailing time to receiving the July **Bullsheets**, perhaps many did not have time to send in entries to the picture identification contest. The contest will, therefore, be continued until Sept. 15, 1970. I have heard that it is quite difficult. Balderdash! If the pictures are not too clear, remember that it is hard to penetrate the smog.

### A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Roger:

Thanks for carrying my equipment ad in the last three issues of the **Bullsheets**. Now please desist. We have sold everything twice and one prize item—four times. This, unhappily, has caused some problems but our club lawyer assures me that he will have everything straightened out by contract renewal time.