

## **Editorial**

### **... AND WE WISH TO THANK**

It would be almost impossible to calculate the tremendous impact television has given to the game of golf. Starting with the Bing Crosby Tournament in January, some part of nearly every weekend is filled with golf of the finest caliber. It serves as a special pleasure for the sports enthusiast but most of all it stimulates a desire for every viewer to become a participant.

The professional golfer reaps the harvest of tournament winnings, endorsements, and other sources of income. And, justly so, for he has given millions of people hours of entertainment and a great boost to the game of golf. His image has helped create new courses, new golfers and new jobs. We wish that each could be successful, but the professional tour can be a heartbreaking, painful experience.

Most golfing telecasts are performed with the precision of a fine watch. Very few key situations are ever missed and with the marvel of the split screen it is not unusual to watch two contenders performing simultaneously on separate greens. These masters of the telecast leave little to chance and the viewer generally has a better view than the front row gallery. But, as the tournament draws to a conclusion and the winner becomes evident the commentator starts passing out the plaudits.

"We wish to thank good old Charlie Chester and his wonderful staff for such cordial treatment; the ladies of the N.R.A.; Buzz Brown and all of the folks at the P.P.A. for their usual tremendous job; Hector Hankins, the president of this elegant 7,000 yard layout; the gallant ladies who contributed their time by carrying the large score cards; Frank Fineline and the boys who did such a magnificent job over in the parking lot." The list is endless and anonymous to most viewers. But, as the cameras fade slowly into the sunset the one man who was responsible for the total beauty and playability of the course is seldom mentioned.

During the recent U. S. Open at Pebble Beach there were continuous "huzzahs" for the magnificent condition of the course. But, never were the magnificent few who spent months in preparation ever thanked, acknowledged or even recognized. From the moment a major tournament is scheduled, the superintendent is plagued with constant problems and worries. Pebble Beach problems were even more difficult because as a public course, all preparations were made in the midst of day to day play.

Yes, Mr. Commentator, let's not only thank the people who preceded the tournament by several weeks, but also the people who have shed sweat and tears to make the course a source of pride. And, please, Mr. Commentator, let's put a final professional touch to your job and not refer to this man as a club superintendent, a greenskeeper, a groundskeeper, or whatever comes to mind. Give him the title he deserves — "golf course superintendent". Most of all let's acknowledge, just as the golfers do, that his contributions were exceptional.

Jim Converse, Editor

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