



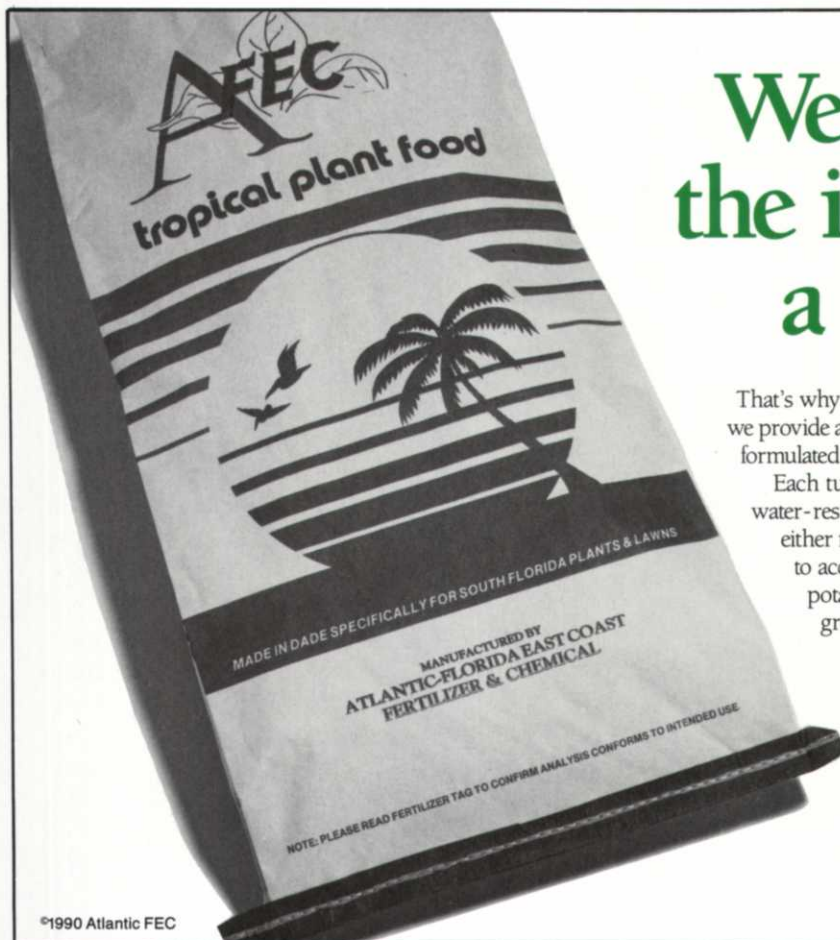
Prevention of blue-green algae with fungicide treatments. Mancozeb fungicide (left) vs. control with no fungicide (right).

were used in the minimum amount of water permissible by the label - 5 gallons per 1000 sq. ft.

The high rate was distinctly phytotoxic to the bermudagrass. The low rate also caused some phytotoxicity but was not consistent in this characteristic. The product did not prevent the development of blue-green algae. This was not expected as it is strictly a curative product. However, even after the blue-green algae developed, there was no observable algal control in either 1993 or 1994.

Summary

1. Both chlorothalonil and mancozeb were effective for controlling blue-green algae on bermudagrass putting greens.
2. The chlorothalonil rate required for control will depend on the level of algae present and environmental conditions.



We understand the importance of a good mix.

That's why it's important that you get to know Atlantic FEC. Because we provide a variety of specialty mixes and related products specifically formulated for the South Florida turfgrass industry.

Each turfgrass mix is delivered by Spyder equipped trucks in water-resistant paper or plastic bags. Bulk material is available in either normal size Killebrews or "small door" (24") Killebrews to accommodate your turf spreader. Drop trailers, sulfur coated potash, and new Micro Prill Greenskote, a quality putting green blend, also available.

Call us toll free at 1-800-432-3413 or visit us at 18375 S.W. 260th Street in Homestead to find out how you can benefit from quality mix from the Atlantic FEC turfgrass professionals.

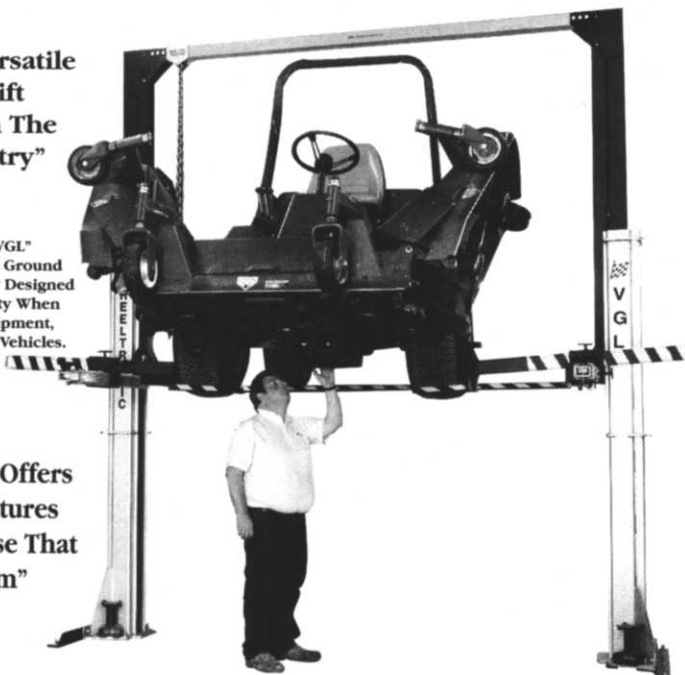
Atlantic FEC
Better Mixes Since 1923.



**"The Most Versatile
Service Lift
Available In The
Turf Industry"**

Wheeltronic's "VGL"
Multipurpose Above Ground
Lifts Were Specifically Designed
To Provide Flexibility When
Servicing Turf Equipment,
Golf Carts And Road Vehicles.

**No Other Lift Offers
So Many Features
"Just Ask Those That
Have Them"**



For More Information Call 1-800-382-6735

Distributed by: Du Cor International • 1011 W. Lancaster Rd., Orlando, FL 32809
Tel: 407/859-4390 • Fax 407/851-8430

ALGAE ON TURFGRASS A PROBLEM?

TRY



TRIPLE ACTION 20

**E.P.A. REGISTERED ALGAEICIDE
AND FUNGICIDE FOR TURFGRASS**

- EFFECTIVE ● ECONOMICAL
- CURATIVE ● BIODEGRADABLE

For a Free Sample Write or Call:



**PARKWAY
RESEARCH**

PARKWAY RESEARCH CORPORATION
1-800-256-FOOT

13802 Chrisman Rd. 713-442-9821
Houston, Texas 77039 FAX 713-590-3353

3. The application intervals used for chlorothalonil and mancozeb will vary with environmental conditions. During periods of high stress, the 14-day interval will probably be most effective.
4. There were no differences in turfgrass quality between different formulations of mancozeb or in the use of a surfactant with mancozeb.
5. Quaternary ammonium salts were not effective under the conditions used for evaluation in this study. Research at Texas A&M indicates these products are only effective when they are used as drenches.
6. Initiate use of the fungicides before or shortly after a weather pattern is established that is conducive for algal development. Do not wait until there is a significant algal population on the turf area to initiate treatments.
7. Never, ever start a fungicide program without initiating cultural control practices also! Use good integrated pest management strategies and safe chemical practices for controlling blue-green algae on the golf course.

Literature Cited

- Maddox, V., and J. V. Krans. 1991. The effect of algae and cyanobacterium composition and density on putting greens in Mississippi. Agron. Abstr. p. 179.
- Spear, G. T., and N. E. Christians. 1991. Creeping bentgrass response to zinc in modified soil. Commun. Soil. Sci. Plant Anal. 22:2005-2016.

Acknowledgements

We thank Dr. Carol Bourne for identification of the algae samples and information on maintaining algae in culture. We also thank those suppliers who participate in the South Florida Turfgrass Exposition as the funds raised are used to pay the salary of Marcus Prevatte who maintains the FGCSA research greens.

Storage Tanks from A to Z



Orchid Island G.C

- * *"Get a good, reputable tank company . . ."*
- * *" . . . Knowledge and guidance ultimately saved me \$30,000."*
Scott Bell, Bent Pine G.C.
- * *"First Rate. Couldn't have asked for more."*
Jack Orr, Orchid Island G.C.

- Underground Tank Removals
- Aboveground Tank Installations
- Remedial Actions
- Statewide Service

Brevard Oil Equipment, Inc.

1557 Cooling Avenue
Melbourne, Florida 32935
800-472-7670 • (407) 259-4181

"The Golf Course Specialists"



THE MASTER BLEND

**HAND-IN-HAND, LIQUID AG AND IT'S VALUED CUSTOMERS
CREATE POWERFUL ALLIANCES**

BY ESTABLISHING PERSONAL PARTNERSHIPS, LIQUID AG SYSTEMS, INC. STRIVES TO DEVELOP UNIQUE, ENVIRONMENTALLY-RESPONSIBLE METHODS FOR DELIVERING PLANT NUTRITION. STAY ON THE LEADING EDGE OF ENVIRO-AGRICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY.

OUR NEW ENVIRO-PRODUCTS:

- ENVIRO-SE
- ENVIRO-ZEST
- ENVIRO-PHOS
- ENVIRO-START
- ENVIRO-RESTORE
- ENVIRO-GREEN
PREMIUM FERTILIZER



Liquid Ag  Systems, inc.

OTHER VALUABLE SERVICES

- Collaboration for nutritional programs
- Soil, water and tissue sampling/analysis
- Plant nutrition products through your irrigation systems
- Irrigation water treatment
- Environmentally sensitive alternatives for reducing harsh chemical use

1010 N. W. 15th Avenue
Pompano Beach, Florida 33069
(305) 971-0022 • (800) 432-2249 • Fax: (305) 977-0031

3281 Metro Parkway
Fort Myers, Florida 33916
(813) 332-5565 • Fax (813) 332-1319

We Never Heard the Bullet Coming...

Death Lurks in the Sunshine

BY CHERYL JONES

A doctor's examining room. The doctor enters, sits down, foregoing the usual pleasantries, and flatly states, "This is serious. You cannot wait. It's malignant. You'll be seen at Shands Hospital in Gainesville on Monday morning." With these few words, our world changed. The hopes, dreams and plans were all now on hold. There might not be a tomorrow.

It was the usual summer, at least for our family. We've always been mobile, and when my husband Tim got a new job in May, the future looked promising. We needed to move closer to work and scoured the area for rentals. Tim found the perfect house.

Late July saw him working all day at Pine Meadows in Eustis, then unloading the car at the new house after work so I could reload it every evening. Unfinished remodeling of our new home made the big move both prolonged and stressful. Tim noticed that the mole on his stomach was raised, a definite change, but he assumed that it was from toting around heavy boxes in the 99-degree heat.

We survived the big move fairly well and began to settle in at our new house. One evening, out of the blue, Tim announced to me that his mole had changed, and he didn't think it was an infected hair. Right away my red flags went up — this was a major statement from a man who is by nature very quiet and psychologically allergic to doctors.

There was not big scene, no major nagging. He thought that maybe he should get it looked at. Out of three dermatologists in Lake County, the soonest he could be seen was a month away. This brought out a bit of verbal objection from me. I announced that I was going to take him to Orlando, because we weren't going to wait on this thing. He assured me that he was on a waiting list for any cancellation in Leesburg. I planned to wait one week, then haul him to Orange County.

Three days later, the phone rang. Would Tim like an appointment next Tuesday at 9:30? You bet he would. The dermatologist excised the mole and sent it to a lab, a standard procedure for anything that looked at all suspicious. We'd hear back in one week.

The following Monday was Labor Day. We took the kids to a nice park, acting normal on the outside while we both felt uneasy inside, waiting for the report that all was well.

Tuesday morning passed quietly. Tim called at noon — had I heard from the doctor? No. We both relaxed a bit. No news is good news. An hour later, the phone rang. "Dr. Chun wants to see Tim in his office tomorrow." Could it wait until next week? He had an appointment to get his stitches out then. "No. The doctor wants to see him tomorrow to discuss the lab results."

I knew. From the instant she said those words, I knew. The tears, the terrible fear, the pain all forced their way out of my subconscious. What was wrong with my husband?

The next day, Tim came home after his appointment to take us to Tavares. He wore his sunglasses inside the house. I knew, without a terrible doubt, that it was bad news.



Tim Jones

Our outing was quiet. He didn't want to discuss anything in front of the children. I was too petrified to ask — my mind did not want to hear those words. They came, however, when we returned home, settled the children in with a video, and he asked me to go outside and talk.

Tim got right to the point. No warm-up, no sugar-coated break-it-to-her-gently tactics. "The doctor says it's malignant..." The rest of his words were drowned out by the blood

rushing in my ears. I saw tears spill from his terror-filled eyes, and my world — my cozy, settled world — disintegrated.

That evening was the toughest to handle. We took turns retreating to the back of the house to cry, so as not to alarm the children. It was mainly a blur, but one memory stand out in particular. Our little girls were crawling on Tim's lap, happily going about their baby business near Daddy. I saw the look he gave them, one that wondered if he could be there as they grew up — would he be around to walk them down the aisle on their wedding days? He walked out of the room with tears in his eyes. Could this really be happening?

The days that followed were also a blur. I arranged for child care for our two boys, ages 9 and 11, and for the twins, who were 16 months old. Phone calls flew from coast to coast as I enlisted the help of every prayer chain, church, bible study group and Christian prayer warrior we knew. The Lord could provide a miracle, and I needed a miracle now. I could not face the possibility of life without my husband. If the Lord could raise Lazarus from the dead, surely He could get rid of these cancer cells in my husband's body!

Monday morning came. More in control and with the initial shock partially worn off, we drove to Gainesville. Perhaps the surgeon could excise this under local anesthesia and could go home the same day. We clung to each other.

The plan was changed to general anesthesia/let's do it big and get it all. The rest of this day was spent in Shands Hospital, doing the necessary pre-op tests. Tim's Uncle Andy and Aunt Jean, who'd driven over to be with us, left with a promise to return the next morning when surgery was scheduled. We drove home, picked up the twins, and spent another sleepless night. I searched my bible for comfort — reassurance — any word from God to indicate that my most fervent desire would be granted.

Matthew Chapter 21, Verse 22 kept popping up: "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." This was my message from God. Letting Tim go, in faith, was hard. But I believed...

Tuesday came. We drove to Gainesville. We waited. I cried a river, then an ocean. Would God give me a second chance with this man, this dear, sweet man whom I'd for so long taken for granted? Lord, please give me more time with him. I love him so

Real men do wear sunscreen — at least those who love their wives and children and staying alive.

much. All the hurts and repressed grievances and marital problems of the past dozen years melted into nothingness. They were so petty, so insignificant. All that mattered to me on this earth was having the honor and blessing of having my husband at my side. Priorities straightened out fast.

During the previous week, as I had gone about mechanically doing "normal people" errands, a song had come on in the drugstore. It was John Denver's voice, but eerily it could have been Tim's words. "Lady, are you crying? Do the tears belong to me? Did you think our time together was all gone? Lady, you've been dreaming. I'm as close as I can be, and I swear to you our time has just begun..."

As the song went on to "promise to say right here beside me," I felt a panic well up inside of me and cut my shopping trip short. I wasn't dreaming, although I wished often to wake from this hellish nightmare. As I drove home, though, I wondered in this could possibly be God's way of telling me that Tim would survive this ordeal. I begged — I pleaded — I praised god for the time I had with Tim, and humbly relinquished my husband to God with a heart filled with desperate prayers too deep to voice.

Those same prayers, spoken with the bare emotion of my soul instead of words, flowed upwards to the heavens on the day that would change our lives forever.

Tim went into surgery at 12:30 p.m. The surgeon planned to take one centimeter radiating from each side of the excised mole site, tapering the nine inch incision near the ends in an elongated

football shape, removing all tissue down to the muscle layer. I cried still more, prayed even harder during the time Tim was in the operating room.

Then, suddenly, amidst my inner turmoil and anguish, the peace of God which passes all human understanding descended on me like a warm blanket. I knew Tim was going to be all right. Praise God from whom all blessings flow! The surgeon was the best at Shands, and he specialized in oncology. He was also a Christian. With Tim and Dr. Copeland in that operating room was the Lord, the Great Physician, protecting my husband and guiding the surgeon's hands.

A week later, we returned to Gainesville to have Tim's drainage tube removed and get the report from pathology. What a sweet, wonderful relief to hear that although the melanoma went deeper than they had thought, no cells were found to be straying towards Tim's lymph nodes. The Lord again had heard my plea.

This particular melanoma is gone. Tim will return every three months to be checked. The doctor explained that the skin is one large organ, and the cumulative effects of exposure can pop out anywhere on the body. Then the doctor said three important words: sunscreen, sunscreen and sunscreen. It's amazing how a person will pay attention when his life is on the line. For years I'd nagged, and I suspect for years he'd ignored.

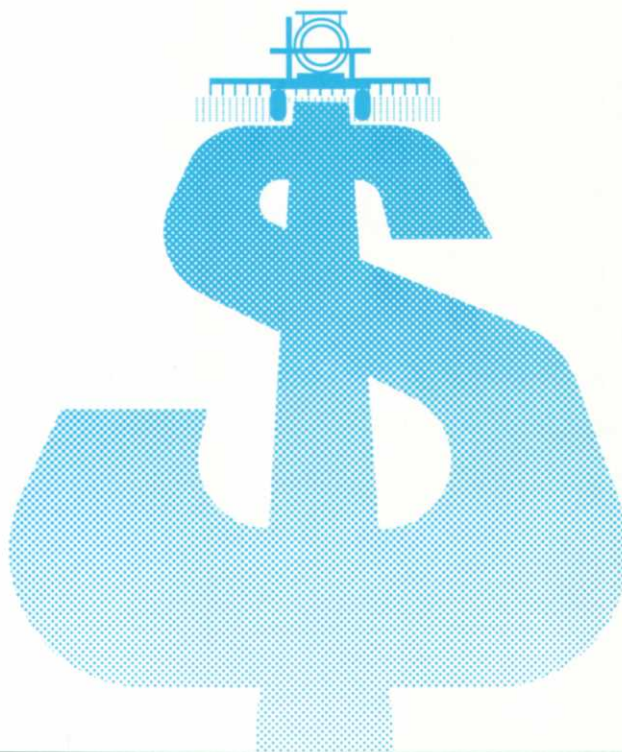
Continued on Page 87

GOLF MAINTENANCE BUDGET BLUES?

Are your Spray
Pattern Indicators
costing too much
money?

Switch to
SIGNAL™ and
Save money!!

Get more color
for your Spray
Pattern Indicator
Dollars - use
SIGNAL.



SIGNAL distributors:
GOLD KIST, INC.
Bradenton, Robert Giehls
813-730-2308
Gulf Breeze, Nelson Murdock
904-934-1707
Chuluota, Roger Widrig
407-365-7076
Cairo, Mike Bishop
912-377-8306
HARRELL'S, INC.
Lake Wales, Bill Fowler
813-325-6904
Lakeland, Dick Harrell
813-660-5989
Dunedin, Joe Clay
813-660-5988
W. Palm Beach, Bill Rayside
407-371-2544
Vero Beach, Matt Shook
407-563-7488
Lake Worth, Butch Singo
407-399-2242

PRECISION
LABORATORIES, INCORPORATED
800-323-6280

About a year ago I was pretty depressed about the state of our industry, what with people like Paul Harvey riding the airwaves and Carol Browner riding herd over EPA. Though I'd be first to warn against too much optimism, since it often leads to complacency, I do think we have plenty of reasons

to feel better about the future of the golf industry, independent of recent political changes.

The most encouraging of the past year's developments include the ongoing changes in GCSAA; the risk assessment legislation; the recent environmental summit in California; significant new developments in organics and biotechnology; the DNA research on bermudagrass soon to be started; the FTGA's turfgrass certification program; the continued growth of the Audubon Cooperative Sanctuary Program; and the continued growth, interest, and professionalism of the superintendent associations around the state.

A good example of the latter was the Spring Turfgrass Seminar put on by the Everglades GCSA this past March 10.

This was a real blockbuster of an educational program, featuring such noted speakers as Dr. Joe Duich, Dr. Jim Watson, Dr. Al Dudeck, Dr. Charles Throssell, Ron Dodson, and Shelly Foy. Recently elected President of GCSAA, Gary Grigg, also was there to give an update on the many good things going on with our national association.

Mike Mongoven has covered the highlights of the seminar in the News Section of this issue. As moderator of the event, I have a few additional comments on the speakers presentations:

◆ **Shelly Foy** - Taking the ACSP message to the schools will help educate our kids who are being brainwashed by Captain Planet, Ranger Rick, and other eco-nonsense. Hats off to the Everglades Chapter for their commitment of seminar funds to help this effort.

◆ **Ron Dodson** - Ron hopes to see golf thought of one day as "the conservation arm of the free enterprise system." He wants golf to lead the way for the involvement of schools, businesses, and local communities in the

ACSP. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that if we grasp this opportunity, it must surely lead to a reversal of our poor environmental image in the minds of the public.

◆ **Dr. Al Dudeck** - He also shared his findings on "FloraDwarf," the selection he brought back from Hawaii a few years ago and has been evaluating ever since as a potential putting green quality turfgrass. FloraDwarf has received its patent and is beginning the process for certification.

Dr. Dudeck hasn't yet published a technical bulletin on this selection, but the grass has a lot of potential based on the data he presented.

"FloraDwarf" retained its color much better than "Tifdwarf" in Gainesville throughout the winter; it produces only about half the top growth; has shorter internodes; and gives a greater ball speed on the stimpmeter. On the negative side, sting nematodes seem to love it; it produces a lot of thatch in a short period of time; and it is difficult to overseed into with perennial rye (*Poa trivialis* was better; bentgrass not yet tested).

Thatch control is better achieved with light frequent topdressings than with verticutting, due to the severe loss of turf quality following verticutting. All of Dr. Dudeck's data is based on plots maintained at 3/16-inch, mowed Monday through Friday.

Some superintendents perceive Dr. Dudeck's refusal to evaluate at lower heights as stubbornness and not responsive to industry's needs. I suggest, however, that you give him credit for trying to help all superintendents.

I think it is up to us to evaluate the limits of cutting heights of this grass on our own plots in Fort Lauderdale and on our own golf courses. I think Dr. Dudeck understands the "real" world better than some of us, realizing the danger of publishing claims that green committee chairmen can use to hang their superintendents.

◆ **Dr. Clark Throssell** - He believes acid injection systems are not helpful for salinity problems, but probably very helpful for high bicarbonate problems. It had also slipped my mind that Dr. Throssell was one of Dr. Duich's students, and had participated in Joe's green speed research as a graduate student.

◆ **Dr. Joe Duich** - Though his green speed talk was similar to one I had heard him give a couple of years ago, it was great to see and hear a man who has given so much to our industry. Of course, the talk was updated and embellished with recent stories of his stimping duties at the Masters, and I must admit, I had forgotten that Wiehle rollers were so much worse than solid rollers on the

Reasons to feel optimistic about our industry

Mark My Words



Mark Jarrell

Mark Jarrell, CGCS
Assistant Editor

cleanup pass around greens. I wish I had the space to chronicle Dr. Duich's contributions to our industry for the younger members of our association, because everyone of us has benefited from his work, and owe him our gratitude.

◆ **Dr. James Watson** - Another giant in our industry, and this year's winner of GCSAA's "Old Tom Morris Award." He echoed the need for the golf industry to take their environmental story to the public. He cited GCSAA's superintendent promotional efforts (*Par For The Course* on ESPN), and Ron Dodson's ACSP program as effective ways of doing this.

This was a super program, and the Everglades group did a great job putting it together. My thanks to Wayne Kappauf, Dale Walters, and the rest of the Everglades Chapter for the privilege of serving as moderator, and to Wendy Hamilton for her many courtesies (Wendy is the new Executive Director of the EGSCA).

Returning to the theme of this article, I think we have every right to feel good about the direction our industry is headed, thanks to the talents and dedication of people like those mentioned above. Let's just not get complacent and slack off when there is still so much to do!

Death Lurks in the Sunshine

from Page 85

After all, I was merely a meddlesome wife. Real men don't need sissy sunscreen. They're tough. They're invincible. They're too busy. It's too hot and greasy — a million excuses. But you know what, guys? Real men do wear sunscreen — at least those who love their wives and children and staying alive. Tim is 36 years old. He's young, he's strong, he's incredibly intelligent — and he could have died. But for the grace of God...

Please, if not for yourselves, then for your loved ones, use protection. Wear a panama-style hat and sunblock every day, be it sunny or cloudy. You don't want your wife going through the soul-shattering agony of losing you.

Years ago in *The Florida Green*, I concluded an article about life at Lake City Community College by describing our marriage as "scarred, tested, strong." I didn't know then what those words truly meant. Now I do. I feel closer to my husband than I did on our wedding day. His being here is the greatest gift from God in my life. Every day I will thank God for this precious second chance with my husband.

The sun is not your friend. It may be great for your greens, but if you're not there to tend them, don't fool yourselves — another superintendent will take your place at work. But another husband and father can never fill your shoes at home. Take Dr. Copeland's advice to heart, and may God bless you all with a life free from the terrifying and possibly fatal disease of skin cancer.

Editor's Note: Recently Tim had another scare when he found some swollen lymph glands. Thankfully, examination determined that it was not a return of the cancer. I want to thank Cheryl and Tim for sharing their story of one of the real dangers of being a superintendent and the impact it can have on the lives of our families. Everyone, take care of yourselves out there!



**BREAK
THE
THATCH
BARRIER**

envirogenesis™
**Thatch
Biodigest**

Finally... biological thatch control that really works. In combination with good turf management practices, this product rapidly accelerates the breakdown of thatch. This powerful new formulation penetrates the core of thatch and aggressively converts it into beneficial humus.

Guaranteed CEC Increase

Independent lab testing demonstrated an increase in CEC (Cation Exchange Capacity) at every golf course treated with Thatch Biodigest.

Absolute money back guarantee if treated areas do not show CEC increase.

envirogenesis™
solutions for a cleaner environment

**Call Envirogenesis to place your order today:
1-800-814-1324**

Envirogenesis, Inc. • 5712-K General Washington Drive • Alexandria, VA 22312
703-941-3900 • FAX 703-941-1508

*Professionalism
is as
professionalism
does*

The precise nature of professionalism is sometimes difficult to get a handle on. So, I set out to find someone who saw things honestly and clearly. Someone who could put his finger on the very essence of professionalism, because he distilled daily life into its simplest truths. I found such a man at his brand new golf

club that he built from the profits of his seafood company. He called the club, The Forrest. And this is what he had to say:

“My Momma told me professionalism is like a box of chocolate-covered cherries. You should know what you’re going to get just about every time.”

But you know what? Everybody makes mistakes. Sometimes they make a mistake at the candy factory and the candy doesn’t always come out the same. Some have more filling. Or, sometimes the cherry is missing! But mostly if you buy chocolate-covered cherries, that’s what you get.

One time a man calling himself a professional tried to sell me a box of

candy he said was chocolate-covered cherries, but they wasn’t. They was chocolate-covered raisins. He tried to cheat me! Momma said there are people like that. She told me that I should never call those kind of people professionals.

Momma says you can tell a professional by the way he acts. He tells the truth. He admits mistakes and he fixes them. He’s nice to the people he works for and to the people who work for him. And if they’re professional, too, they’ll be nice back. He doesn’t break rules and never tries to steal another man’s job.

I could never trust a person who stole another man’s job. I would wonder what else he would steal from me if he worked for me? And you know what? People shouldn’t ask a man to take another man’s job without telling everybody about it first. That way everybody can help each other make changes.

I could really respect and trust people like that. Maybe they don’t care about me trusting them, but you know what? I bet they end up hiring people like the man who tried to sell me those chocolate-covered raisins.

I guess that’s why Momma always said, “Professionalism is as professionalism does.”

**Green
Side Up**



Joel D. Jackson

Joel D. Jackson, CGCS
Editor

BUILT TO LAST

DEPENDABILITY IS THE
CORNERSTONE OF OUR BUSINESS!



QUALITY. PERMANENCE. TIMELESSNESS.

THE NUCRANE FAMILY IS GRATEFUL TO REPRESENT JOHN DEERE AND OTHER FINE QUALITY PRODUCTS IN FLORIDA AND THE DESERT SOUTHWEST.

OUR SERVICE AND SUPPORT HAS EARNED US A LOYAL FOLLOWING OF THE BEST CUSTOMERS IN THE INDUSTRY.

CALL US. WE'LL BE THERE FOR YOU.

2020 SEABIRD WAY
RIVIERA BEACH, FL 33404
(407) 842-0440

417 CENTRAL PARK DR.
SANFORD, FL 32771
(407) 323-9555

11820 LACY LANE
FT. MYERS, FL 33912
(813) 275-4441

72104 CORPORATE WAY
THOUSAND PALMS, CA 92276
(619) 343-0270

3137 WEST POST RD.
LAS VEGAS, NV 89118
(702) 263-4512



NUCRANE MACHINERY