

I thought it was a scab. But when it wouldn't heal, I knew my fate. I'd seen this situation played out many times before. My 79-year-old dad has battled basal cell skin cancer for nearly 30 years. He's had countless chunks removed from his face, arms, legs, chest and back. It hasn't been fun for him.

I was 28 when I discovered the spot of basal cell on my chest. I thought it was fluke at the time. "I'm too young to get this *now*," I told myself. "This is something you get when you're 50 and older."

I had four more masses removed from my arm and back about six years later. I have an ugly spot on my arm now that I'm sure is cancerous.

I think about how stupid I was not to protect myself from the sun when I was in my teens and 20s. My heritage is more than 50 percent Irish, which means I'm as fair-skinned as Casper the Friendly Ghost. But when I was young, I worshiped the sun — from rooftops in northeast Ohio and beaches in southern Florida. If I used sunscreen, it was always an SPF factor of eight or below. Sometimes, I splashed on baby oil. I've suffered some hellacious sunburns.

A lot of my ignorance had to do with ego. I was stupid enough to think I'd get more dates if I had a George Hamilton-like tan.

The moral of this story is: Don't be a fool like me, especially if you're a young superintendent who spends a lot of time outdoors. Rub on the sunscreen — and make it a double-digit SPF. Don't mess with that fiery star in the sky.

For more information on the perils of skin cancer and how to combat it, check out our cover story, which begins on page 26.

Turf and marriage

Golfdom's July cover story explored how to maintain a demanding career and healthy family life in a profession with a perceived high divorce rate.

In one of my interviews to gather information for the story, I was told that a prominent turf professor taught students that marriage is a roll of the dice if they aspire to be stars in the golf course maintenance industry. The superintendent, who asked not to be named or for the teacher to be identified, said the professor told students, "If you want to get to the top of the

Watch Out for That Fireball in the Sky

BY LARRY AYLWARD



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profession, you need to work numerous hours — and that conflicts with marriage."

I've got no problem with turf teachers expressing their views on growth regulators and biological fertilizers. But when it comes to marriage and family issues, they should keep their traps shut.

The last thing a young superintendent needs to think is that his upcoming marriage is doomed from the start because of the time he must devote to his demanding career. What kind of crap is that to hang over somebody's head?

Pascuzzo's priority

The American Society of Golf Course Architects.

The name exudes elegance and importance. If you're a member of this elite group, you're probably designing some of the most expensive golf courses on the planet.

That may be true, but Damian Pascuzzo, the ASGCA's new president, has placed affordable golf high on his priority list. Give the man a cigar.

"I'm more sensitive to [affordable golf] because I have three children," says the 42-year-old Californian, a partner with architect Robert Muir Graves. "Try taking a family of that size to play golf when the green fees are \$50. It's ridiculous."

Pascuzzo wants more par-3 courses built on 30 acres. But for that to happen, the public sector must get involved, he states. "I don't see it happening in the private sector because there's not a lot of profit motive," he adds.

Pascuzzo says city parks and recreation personnel, and public works directors must lead the charge. "They need to understand the economic and recreational benefits these facilities can have on their cities," he adds.

Here's betting the passionate Pascuzzo helps make it happen.

Golfdom editor Larry Aylward can be reached at 440-891-2770 or l aylward@advanstar.com.