There are four national-level funding agencies for turfgrass research: the U.S.G.A. Green Section provides the most money, followed by the G.C.S.A.A. Research and Education Fund, the Noer Foundation and Musser Foundation. Most G.C.S.A.A. projects are, and rightly so, on a more practical plane, such as the Toronto bent problem in Chicago last year when G.C.S.A.A. and the Green Section went to the aid of members to try to solve a local, but vexing problem.

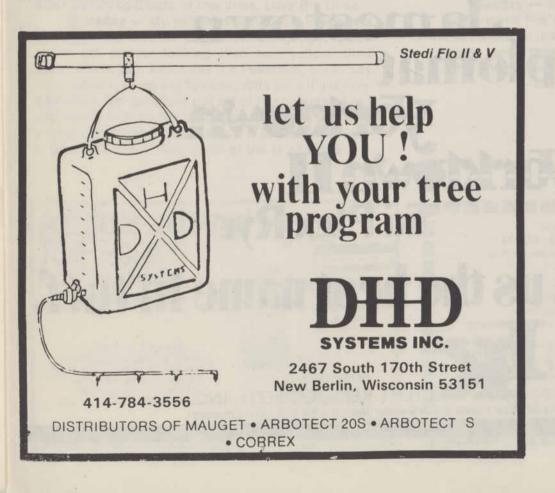
There are many local or regional support systems for research. Michigan and Ohio are nearby examples of strong local support. The Midwest Turf Foundation gives regional support to Purdue. The South Florida G.C.S.A. primarily supports the South Florida Experiment Station now that a strong research staff has been assembled there.

One final word. Noer Foundation grants are made from investment profits. Thus, any donations continue to bring dividends from now on. In addition, since there are no paid employees, there is a minimum overhead. In 1980, the management cost of managing the \$164,000 fund amounted to only 2%. Officers and Directors receive no pay, no transportation or living expenses at meetings. They serve because of their remembrance of O.J. Noer and their committment to the field from which their livelihood comes. That's how the Foundation has generated \$180,000 for turf research in the last twenty years. The outlook for the future is even brighter, with the continued support of organizations like Wisconsin Golf Course Superintendents and individuals like Danny Quast and Wayne Otto who are Foundation members.

## This is the Week That Was - Greenkeeper's Diary

Monday - Want to spray bad dollar spot on greens, Cushman won't work, Sprayer won't work, I don't want to work. Nobody else wants to work. Two of the crew staved home and did not work. Just had a phone call that the Junior Golfers are to have a shotgun start on both nines at 8:30. Hung up in the caller's face. Should not have had that last beer last night. Mowed greens and tried not to notice that the cups needed changing and the dollar spot is even worse than I thought. Did not mow 13. Hate it. Between the winterkill, oil-spillkill and the disease, we ought to tow it to the SPCA and have them put it to sleep. Chairman left message at the Pro Shop to get in touch with him at once. He better not hold his breath. Hit 95 by late afternoon. Late for supper, wife mad, supper lousy, I'm mad. Watered 'till dark. Showered and went to bed. Wife sexy - I'm not.

Tuesday — Went in at daylight — the air feels like a police dog's breath. Got the sprayer working. Can't figure out why the chemical companies package dusty chemicals in bags that are impossible to open without getting it all over yourself and the sprayer, not to mention breathing it. The cheapest cereal on the market is packaged in easy-to-open-and-close containers. We all should go granular — that would snap their eyes open. Eairway





tractor stuck in wet spot right next to the huge localized dry spot the crew calls Iran. Why are there so many cars in the club lot? The Pro Shop says it is a ladies' member-guest transferred from another club that had a fire in their kitchen. I think I'll set one in ours and let them eat at Burger King. Go home early — sleep thru supper. Wife mad again, too tired to be mad. Mow rough 'till dark. Showered and ate cold left-over supper. Felt sexy — wife still mad from early evening. Lost interest.

Wednesday - Slept late, went in at 7:00. Changed cups 18 greens, hit 14 rocks. No record, but close. Thirteen green has disease that looks like vomit - on close inspection it is vomit - what a relief! You can always hose off vomit. Birds working on greens - how many cutworm does it take to fill up a crow! I think their mother was raped by a rooster the way they scratch with black toenails and dig with their beaks. The member who owns the ice cream plant told me we need more sand in the traps - I told him his maple walnut needs more nuts. He said, "Times are Tough" - I agree. Went in the club for a cup of coffee and the manager asked me if I knew anything about the septic backing up. Left without getting the coffee. Fairly normal afternoon except we are down to one cushman. Are flat tires contagious? Home for supper at the right time for a change - no one is home. Note says heat a TV dinner. Go down to the Old Eagle Inn and wash a steak down with a half-dozen hinnies. Finish mowing rough. Wife mad. Don't care, sleep on floor after watching Sands of low Jima. Love Big Duke.

Thursday — My yellow crud is back. Every year it comes the end of July. Interesting light green spots get weaker looking then turn yellow...then gray...then dead. Some say it's Fusarium, some say anthraznose, some say fu-nose. Wife says it's my imagination. My assistant got rid of the persistent red leaf spot patch on the practice green, he cut it with an eight-inch patcher and threw it in the pond. Sure is wonderful what they teach at the U. of Mass....

Friday - In at dawn again and fell over the barn dog before I could get a light on. Friday is the day we do EVERYTHING, Assistant late again, sometimes I wonder about him. He wouldn't even hold still when I had to cut the bubble gum out of his hair, got mad because I cut his headband. This is the day I was going to spray because I missed last Friday that should have gone on the Friday before that. Maybe Monday. Maybe by then the cutworms will have turned to moths and flown away. Looped around the course in the pre-dawn light and saw four joggers, a mushroom picker, two ball hoppers in the pond, three members walking on dogs, an old Italian lady cutting dandelions and a partridge in a pear tree. Threw a rock at the last mentioned. I love the course early in the morning - so quite, so peaceful and tranguil. I think I'll call the state troopers and have all these people arrested. Picked up the remains of a big beer party by the 15th then went to work.

Saturday — Everybody in the world loves weekends but Greenkeepers. More turf disasters have happened on Saturday and Sunday than all the Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays put together. Right off the bat four pins and a dozen markers missing and the usual moronic messages written in the sand traps...why can't they write inspirational thoughts or the weather report? A neat group artied last night. All imported beer, an empty Southern Comfort bottle and two Cutty Sarks — members' kids.

Sunday — Greens mower failed to show 'till I had mowed five greens, I would have fired him, but then I would have had to finish. Things looking pretty good today. Can't wait 'till Monday to see what the hell will happen next.

-Bill Smart, Hudson Valley Foreground



