

## EDITOR'S CORNER

**BRAD KLEIN, CGCS** 

Oh, the HOT weather of July! Who could have predicted that summer would start in April and just keep it up without any relief in sight. We can complain and get depressed and wonder why we're in the business of keeping grass green, but then we're too stoic a group to be over-come with remorse. Well, we can be overcome with the responsibility of making this world greener but you know what? The grass species in this supposedly cool season region is burned out, too! Almost daily our Agrostiso, Poas, Festuca and Loliums want to hang it up and become quack grass and crab grass. They won't though because their guardians are busy keeping them alive. The word here isn't growing but rather alive.

The tendency now is to over due our inputs such as water, fertilizer and pesticides to maintain some degree of color and growth. Our plants are losing their root systems like gang busters now and only need moisture to cool and replace evapotransportion lost in the cooling process. Fertilizer will only back through that diminish root system so maybe spoon feeding is the most efficient method this season. Pesticides have tremendous burn potential in hot weather so be careful.

Probably one hazard the EPA or MPCA has never considered was that of staff burn out. It probably will never get as bad as an oil slick on the lake but it has to be dealt with carefully. It's funny how you can tell who has airconditioning at six in the morning and those that don't. We still have a job to get done, but pushing too hard during July might make August even harder training a bunch of new crew members.

I missed the picnic but I have heard fun was had by all. Those involved deserve a great big thanks. The August meeting will give many of us an opportunity to honor one of the real contributors to our profession. Even if you've never met Kurt Erdman, this is a wonderful opportunity to share a day on a beautiful course with a true gentleman.

One last thought. Just think how much fun we'll have next December at the Sheraton Inn Northwest slapping each other on the back and talking about the summer of 1988. One thing we'll all have in common is a heckuva suntan.

