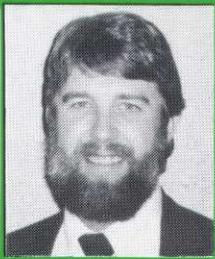


EDITOR'S CORNER

By Tom Parent
River Oaks Golf Course



I am sitting in my new study at my family's new home in River Falls, Wis. We are surrounded by boxes and furniture that we are not sure we even want anymore, much less where to put it. We're dead tired but happier than we can imagine. We're home! My wife and I both grew up in cities, she in St. Paul and myself in Madison, Wis.

For six years we lived in Cottage Grove, Minn. It is a great community, lots of kids, good schools and neighbors that would give the shirts off their backs. Yet something was missing. I called my old city a city without a soul, a lot of great neighborhoods that did not add up to a whole.

Maybe it was that our "downtown" was a shopping mall. Maybe it was because there were no sidewalks to link the city together. Or maybe it was the transient nature of a large percentage of the residents. A lot of people going places and never planning on staying long.

Our new house was built in 1915 and is a block and a half from a real downtown. I walk around it, and even when our house is nowhere near as large, the movie *The Money Pit* comes to mind. My family and I can take walks together without having to be afraid of getting mowed down by cars because we're walking on the sidewalks.

The city seems to have some kind of magic. Everyone we've talked to loves this place. It's almost scary. You kind of get the feeling you should be looking for body snatcher pods in your bedroom because everyone seems so happy, including us.

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I hate to put this so bluntly but has this spring stunk or what? argh!!! When is it going to warm up? I'm writing this on the 6th of June and I don't think it hit 65 today with an on and off rain that doesn't do the soil moisture much good and kills revenue every bit as much as a three-inch soaker.

I fully anticipate that when you read this in July, it will have been our third week of 90 degrees plus and that we will be looking back on the cool weather we're grumbling about now with fond memories.

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E-mail address change. My mailbox is now: tparent@presenter.com . . . I will hold my old address for a month or so until I get new business cards printed. Being a cheddarhead by birth and education, I have been invited to join a news group for Wisconsin superintendents and turf educators. After a slow start the traffic of e-mail is picking up. Superintendents are asking each other questions ranging from the extent of winter kill to whether garlic sprays work for mosquitos (rumor has it that they do).

Speaking of computers, guess whose hard drive crashed as I started to put this month's edition together? Sounds like the dog at my homework, doesn't it? Fortunately for me the city of Cottage Grove has a computer expert on staff and she saved most of my files. At first we thought it was a virus as my system slowly went to pieces. Fortunately, most of the files that were lost were parts of my programs and not my work.

I keep telling myself to back-up my system and I keep putting it off. At home I have a 135 megabyte removable drive. It automatically backs-up my work every time I close down. Unfortunately, the city chooses not to afford such luxuries. Thus, a last minute *One Guy's Opinion* and a hastily prepared *Low Input*, doing the best I can from memory.

I do struggle over what I write and once I get it close to the way I want, I try not to even look at it. I will muck with an article forever if I don't draw the line. I had to learn this lesson the hard way. One of the companies I work with wanted me to write a two-page article on wetting agents and humates. I charge 75 dollars a page for this type of work and was happy for the diversion in mid-winter and the money.

I asked the supplier when he wanted it and his response was "Is a couple of hours enough time?" as he was leaving for England that day and wanted it for a publication over there.

Two hours later I faxed him an article that I considered good but needed a lot of work (like this *Editor's Corner*). He immediately called me back and said it was the best article I'd ever written bar none. After re-reading it a few times and trying to fix what I considered problems, I realized I was just mucking it up and the supplier was right.

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With the golf season in full swing, the chronic fatigue of summer, topped off by a move, a massive case of writer's block has moved into my house. I look at my very sick computer and look for the UPS truck to bring me a new drive and a winter's worth of writing locked away on several floppy discs.

JOB OPENING

Applications are now being accepted at LeSueur CC for the position of HEAD MECHANIC.

Responsibilities: Repair and maintain all equipment, keep accurate records of all maintenance and must be willing to participate in all golf course maintenance when necessary.

We are looking for someone with good mechanical aptitude, some golf course experience, and an aggressive approach to learning all aspects of all golf equipment maintenance. Compensation \$15,000-\$16,000 per year. \$100 per month insurance allowance and two weeks paid vacation.

Send applications to Barry Provo, P.O. Box 163, LeSueur, MN 56058.