

too often this man leaves, and, only when they try to replace him, does the club find that in the past five years salaries in this profession have risen rapidly. They then have to pay more for a new superintendent, and many times he is a less competent man than the original one.

We are not mercenary in our aims, but if the clubs would only compare salaries to industry, they would see that the superintendent is not an overly well-paid man. A recent check of industry shows an average expenditure by the firms of 32 cents per hour for fringe benefits such as insurance and retirement plans. These are benefits very few clubs provide. The superintendent has never been a forty hour a week man nor has he had a union looking after him to see that he gets good wages.

The Superintendent Associations are professional groups and have no need for unions, but let us get behind a drive for finding out what our salary scale is and see if it needs to be raised. This will take everyone's help and cooperation. It will benefit us all so let's get the ball rolling.

The following poem was reprinted from Our Collaborator, which is published by the Northeastern Golf Course Superintendents Association. The name of the contributor was withheld at his request.

MY GET UP AND GO HAS GOT UP AND WENT

How do I know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my get up and go has got up and went.
But in spite of it all --- I'm able to grin
When I think of where my get up has been.

Old age is golden, so I've heard it said
But sometimes I wonder as I get into bed
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
Ere sleep dims my eyes I say to myself
Is there anything else I should have laid on the shelf?

I am happy to say as I close my door
My friends are the same only perhaps even more.
When I was young, my slippers were red,
I could kick my heels right over my head.
When I grew older my slippers were blue
But still I could dance the whole night thru.
Now I am old, my slippers are black
I walk to the store and puff my way back.
The reason I know my youth is all spent
My get up and go has got up and went.

But I really don't mind, when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my get up has been.
Since I've retired from life's competition
I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning --- I dust off my wits,
Pick up the papers and read the "Obits"
If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.