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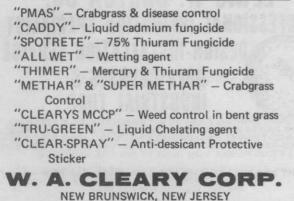
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GOLF COURSE EQUIPMENT

FUNGICIDES — SPRINKLERS — INSECTICIDES MISCELLANEOUS GOLF SUPPLIES

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Another opening is at Ocean Pines near Ocean City. This is a new course just under construction. Interested parties should contact Mr. Roseman at the Lake-of-the-Woods project in Virginia at 703 972-2241.

All the fellows who have moved have got a new set of challenges ahead of them and we wish them the best. Oh yes, and be sure to notify us of your new address.

BACK FROM THE ARMY

Whether you know it or not if you've had a boy working for you who was drafted and he is now or soon will be out of the service, he is eligible to come back to work for you with seniority, pay raises, hospitalization, sick leave and all other benefits he would have if he had never left. The U.S. Department of Labor is who to contact if you have questions

SURVEY

The employment questionnaire should now be in the hands of all A and B members. If you don't have a copy, call any of the fellows on the back of the newsletter and if you do have a copy, please please please send it back. As we stated last month, all information will be kept confidential from the individual forms. The final talley will be published of course, but nothing else will. All we are interested in is having all the blanks filled in and the forms returned as soon as possible. By cooperating in this survey, you are helping yourself, your club, and everyone else in the association.

EDITORIAL

This is the year of the job change, or so it seems. This is good to a point, that supers are bettering themselves by changing jobs, but it is leaving some clubs high and dry at a critical time of the year with no one to handle the job of superintending. Naturally, the club officials feel a terrific pang of anxiety and fear in the pit of their tum tums and wonder "Now what are we gonna' do? Where will we get a superintendent at this time of year?"

Well their point is well taken. Where do they turn? The answer in some cases is really scarey. They ask men who own construction companies, hardware stores, truck drivers, golf pros equipment salesmen, irrigation installers. and many other people who many times aren't even remotely connected with the profession. They ask everyone but the right people, the golf course superintendents!!! If you go shopping for a new car, you sure don't go looking for one at a bakery. Finding out clubs are asking the wrong people for help is not a new discovery, that's for sure. Maybe this will shed some light on some troubled officials at this time of transition at their clubs

If the club is a member of the National (most clubs are), this is the "world wide" placement service in our profession. The national dues entitle both the club and their super to the benefits of a placement service for both. If the super is thoughtful enough, he will recommend this to the club and help them screen the applicants as they may apply. The only problem with using this service is that since the coverage is nation wide, applicants come from all geographic regions in the country. This could be bad in as much as someone from Arizona might not be able to cope with the problems on a golf course in Maine.

So ideally, whenever possible, the first place to start is with the local superintdents association. By attempting to locate someone from the local area, many problems are liable to be eliminated. We know from comparing our standard wage that since we are in a rather metropolitan area, our scale is much higher than a more rural situation. Therefore, if a man who is making \$7,000 in Podunk is hired in our area, for example, for \$9,000, a huge gain for him of \$2,000, he pulls our old average of \$12,500 way down because of his "increase". Who gains? No one, that's for sure. Of course, a super, if he is any kind of a person, should check around and be aware of the going wage in the area he is considering moving into. It surely seems a shame for one man to cause a lot of hard feelings just because he is interested in making a few more dollars.

A possible aid in this problem of job referral and placement might be handled by an executive secretary hired by the local association. Other matters that might fall into this job might be billings, newsletter ads, award buying, some public relation work and other items that are now delegated to association officials.

Some of the Northeastern associations have such a person they employ on a "part- time" basis Usually this person is involved in this line of work for his livelihood and does a much better job of handling it than a man here and there within the local chapter. The idea does bear some thought and any ideas, pro or con, will be welcome.

WOE IS ME!

The following article came from a past issue of the "Northern Ohio Turfgrass News" (date unknown) and was written by Jim Bishop, a reporter for the Youngstown Vindicator. The article has a rather "springy" air about it for this time of year and seems to demand some space.

LAMENT OF A BLADE OF GRASS

I am a blade of grass one inch tall and an eighth of an inch wide. Sometimes there are 50 of us to the square inch. And yet, few people admire us except with a brief glance. They step on us, cut us curse us drown us, turn us upside down and, on occasion, we brown off with neglect. People expect the most from us with the least attention. They will nourish zinnias trim rose bushes, prune trees, edge hedges and mulch forsythia, but us? Comes spring and the man of the house just looks out the door and says: "Where the hell's the grass?"

We are supposed to be self-perpetuating. Well permit me to give you a short flash. Without us, youldn't be here. The steak you eat is several million blades of us transmuted into a protein. How would you feel -- if you were as small and inoffensive as I -- and you saw the big wet ugly snout of a steer chewing his way down your street? We face it every day. With a slight shiver of course.

My ancestors and I hold your world together. Where would your topsoil be if it wasn't for us? It would blow away like brown talcum powder, that's what. There is lots you do not know about us We are a cereal, for instance. We belong to a large family called gramineae and if you totalled all of you, and all of the animals in the world, and all the trees and flowers, there would still be more of us.

Much more. So why be mean because we're so sommon? I mean, why? You spend hours in the evening crouching over flower beds. Let's face it, they can't do better than to bloom for a week or two. We're with you most of the year. Sometimes you deign to throw a little topsoil on us as though you were doing a large favor. All you get from the topsoil is weeds.

Watering us is usually a punishment chore. The kids come bounding out, grab the hose, glance at the hot sun, and give us the works. It's a once-over and grab - yours - while-it's-falling or you're dead. The kid drops the hose and runs back inside. And mowing? That's instant decapitation. The boys mow us as though they were giving themselves a haircut Right to the bone.

