

followed by two and one half weeks of stagnant heat and humidity, knocked his Poa out almost overnight.

Dennis McCammon, of Springfield Country Club, also spoke of his total loss of Poa Annua, at application rates of no more than 2 lbs./m of actual material - not actual arsenate. Denny had two applications down before the crisis began, the first was last fall and the second this spring. Denny felt that one of the problems with Tri-Cal is that we don't have enough knowledge of the chemical itself, especially in relation to varying soil conditions. We don't know for sure how many actual pounds of arsenic are built up in the soil. Variations of sand, silt and clay differ in all greens and therefore different soils can hold, release, or change the chemical composition of arsenic to a rapid release material. These factors, connected with unpredictable weather, and unreliable phosphorus soil tests, compound the risk of starting a Poa eradication program.

Dr. Jack Hall, of the University of Maryland, capped off our discussion by stating that adequate research on tricalcium is not yet available and that the superintendents are far ahead of research and most often provide the proving grounds of many chemicals. Jack is presently preparing a report of tri-cal to relate the full scope of current test reports concerning the adverse effects of iron, phosphorus, and soil pH in relation to arsenic release patterns.

FUTURE MEETING DATES

- October 12th Eagles Nest Golf Course - Timonium, Md.
Host: Bill Emerson
SECOND THURSDAY - NOT TUESDAY
- November 14th Norbeck Country Club - Norbeck, Md.
Host: Bill Livingston
- December 12th Green Spring Valley Hunt Club - Garrison, Md.
Host: Jack McClenahan
ELECTION MEETING

A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

(The following article was written by Cynthia Lee, who has been working for four summers as an employee of the 36 hole golf course operation at Woodmont Country Club. Cynthia, daughter of Phil Lee, of G. L. Cornell Co., is presently a senior at Cornell University. Upon her graduation, she hopes to study law and obtain her master's degree.)

I sit on the tractor (watch the line, you have to roll the line) or on the planter (stuff that grass in there as fast as you can) and try to imagine what a twenty year old girl could possibly write that would be amusing or at least interesting to a group of men who read a newsletter about the golf business. There was this travelling superintendent . . . oops, my mind slipped.



I suppose I should start at the beginning (clever), the summer of 1968, when as a poor, inexperienced, sixteen year old girl who was thinking of money for college, I cajoled Bob Shields into hiring me for the grounds crew. And so began my illustrious career as a golf course worker, which has included everything from picking up trash (oh look, Rose, Woodmont is such an ingenious club. a little Daisy May) and picking crab grass off greens (are you paid by the hour or the basket, honey?) to planting Bermuda sprigs and mowing fairways.

During those four years at Woodmont I have been asked many times what I hope to gain from being a grounds maintenance worker. I began with only one thing in mind - money. But through the years I realized that I have gained much more. Perhaps I will never find use for the few skills I have acquired (driving a tractor and a fairway unit for example) but I have gained a certain mechanical confidence that will help and has helped me in changing a tire, checking the oil in a car, and even knowing how to operate a gas pump (a lot of aerospace engineers found that knowledge useful). As well I have gained the experience of working with men, with nothing but men. This means being the butt of every joke, being put down as incompetent and lazy (they never meant it), and being constantly reminded of ineptitude of my sex (Not bad, for a woman that is). All this without the comfort of an ally, or, when I am the center of attention, the problem of a competitor. Being a woman on the course also meant a little special attention from the men. Being helped down off the equipment, having the men carry heavy objects for me, starting equipment for me, and generally keeping an eye out for me were all a part of the kindness and caring of the twenty men I worked along side of.

I have learned from work on the golf course to respect people for what they are, not the job they hold or the amount of money they earn. I have learned that even in this day and age of equality there are still those who believe that the woman's place is in the home. One such man was a co-worker, who finally quit because he did not think it right for a girl to be on the golf course.

More important, however, is that I believe that I HAVE TAUGHT the men something - that a woman can compete with a man and develop the same abilities and deserve the same amount of money as a man. I believe that the men at Woodmont, Mr. Shields included, thought I would never last in the kind of job I had undertaken, especially working with a crew which demands perseverance and the ability to take an endless joke. But I think that I have proved to the men at work, as well as to myself, that at least one female in this world can compete in a man's world and come out on top.