

Those Dog-Days in August

There are times I wonder why I ever got into this business, and the last two weeks in August (those dog-days) are one of the times when I wonder most.

I don't have to look at a calendar to know when the August dog-days are here, all I have to do is go to work. I know it's dog-days when there has been 40 to 50 90° plus days (mostly in a row), and there has been at least an inch of rain in the past 45 to 60 days, unfortunately it all came in five minutes. Also during dog-days greens tend to get a little firm on the mounds (it takes dynamite to set a cup) and a little soft (the greens mower needs pontoons) in the swails.

The low areas in the fairways also tend to get a little on the damp side. They team with water fowl, and possibly reptiles, plus there is speculation that a drag line should be employed to look for last year's men's club champion and his cart, believed somewhere on the back nine. Fortunately there are just as many dry areas in the fairways as wet. I figure that about the time these dry areas are too hard to drive in a 16 penny nail it's time to try and talk one of my employees into dragging a hose over and running a little extra water. That is assuming 1) I have water, 2) I have an employee.

Speaking of employees, they often highlight dog-days with items like—all the night watermen quitting the same week, all the intellectuals deciding they need to leave for school two weeks before it starts, and all the unintellectuals caring less whether they work or get fired, as welfare and unemployment pay about the same; and don't try to hire anybody during dog-days, there isn't anybody.

The golfers are also happy to add their two cents to dog-days by pointing out little items that are out of line. You know those items, like greens which have been chewed up by thousands of golfers leaving their ball marks and dragging their feet; fairways which have been beaten into prairie roads by thousands of golf carts and tees that look like the Lowry Bombing Range thanks to these observant and helpful golfers.

Last but not least, are the dog-days equipment dulldrums. Dog-days are here the day the stunt driver you've been threatening to fire all summer wraps one

cushman around a tree (he lives, the cushman and the tree are both killed) and the wiring harness burns up in another. Persons unknown let the tee mower run out of oil and the engine freezes up, and a greensmower breaks a hydraulic line. But that's not all, it takes longer to get the rotaries started than it takes to mow, there are no new aerating tines in town, in fact there are no new parts for anything in town, the belts are broken on the top dresser, the roller bearings are shot in the fairway unit and the mechanic is gone to Iowa for his annual family reunion.

Yes, these August dog-days make me wonder if I might not be better off sorting mail at the bulk mail center, but then again with what the federal government pays, I wouldn't know what to do with the extra money.

Denny Lyon

Editor - Rocky Mountain Reporter

Update on Cool Weather Brown Patch - A Continuing Problem

H. Cole, Jr., L.L. Burpee and P.O. Sanders

A Brief History

For years Brown Patch has been recognized as a warm temperature, humid weather disease of colonial bents and the older mixed creeping bentgrasses of greens and tees. Typically the disease would smolder causing patches of brownish discolored grasses until the weather became especially "muggy" and warm when smoke rings and active patches would appear overnight.

Older writings about golf courses diseases contain references to winter Brown Patch but these brownish rings or patches were little more than curiosities. In the mid 1970's, however, persistent reports of brown rings or yellowish brown rings or patches were being made from golf courses throughout the East. Often these symptoms occurred when temperatures were in the 50's, 60's, or 70's. Superficially, they resembled typical Brown Patch, but in many instances symptoms were not controlled by the common Brown Patch fungicides or at

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