

## LANDSCAPE MANAGEMENT

is a proud member of these green  
industry professional organizations:



**Associated Landscape Contractors of America,**  
12200 Sunrise Valley Dr., Suite 150, Reston, VA;  
(703) 620-6363.

**American Association of Nurserymen (National  
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500, Washington, DC 20005; (202) 789-2900.

**American Sod Producers Association,** 1855-A  
Hicks Rd., Rolling Meadows, IL 60008; (708) 705-  
9898.

**Golf Course Superintendents Association of  
America,** 1421 Research Park Dr., Lawrence, KS  
66049-3859; (913) 841-2240.

**International Society of Arboriculture,** P.O. Box  
908, Urbana, IL 61801; (217) 328-2032.

**International Turfgrass Society,** Crop & Soil  
Environmental Sciences, VPI-SU, Blacksburg, VA  
24061-0403; (703) 231-9796.



**National Arborist Association,** The Meeting  
Place Mall, P.O. Box 1094, Amherst, NH 03031-  
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**National Golf Foundation,** 1150 South U.S.  
Highway One, Jupiter, FL 33477; (407) 744-6006.

**Ohio Turfgrass Foundation,** 2021 Coffey Rd.,  
Columbus, OH 43210; (614) 292-2601.



**Professional Grounds Management Society,** 120  
Cockeysville Rd., Suite 104, Hunt Valley, MD  
21031; (410) 584-9754.



**Professional Lawn Care Association of America,**  
1000 Johnson Ferry Rd., NE, Suite C-135,  
Marietta, GA 30068-2112; (404) 977-5222.

**Responsible Industry for a Sound Environment,**  
1155 15th St. NW, Suite 900, Washington, D.C.  
20005; (202) 872-3860.



**Sports Turf Managers Association,** 401 N.  
Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611-4267; (312)  
644-6610.

**Turf and Ornamental Communicators  
Association,** 8400 Normandale Lake Blvd., Suite  
500, Bloomington, MN 55437; (612) 832-5000.

## AS WE SEE IT

TERRY McIVER, MANAGING EDITOR



### Expect the little mistakes, even if you hire the best

Of the three jobs I had during high school, the best one was assistant greenskeeper at a public golf course.

It was the best job a kid could want; outdoors all day using equipment I'd never before seen or operated, and the pay was good. There was even time for a little excitement.

Some days into the job, my partner and I were riding in a utility vehicle (called a 'Cony'; do they still make those?) across the number two fairway. We were goofing off as we rode, laughing over the way he impersonated one of our bosses, an old-timer whose mission in life that summer was to make sure we stored the hoses correctly (this course had no underground irrigation system).

We were distracted and didn't see a long ditch—it was a creek if there was rain—dead ahead, running through the middle of the fairway. The vehicle plunged down and I went flying through its makeshift, plexiglass windshield and plywood frame (this was one well-used machine).

We watched as the vehicle, now imbedded in the landscape, leaked oil onto a patch of fairway. We were addled, afraid (what if the guy who got me this job found out?), looking around for witnesses. This was one of those moments you never forget, like the time you were stung by a swarm of bees or had dirty creek water poured over your head by a bigger, much nastier kid down in the neighborhood woods. (Ever happen to you? Be glad it didn't.)

We were called in front of some city hall bigwigs (this was a city-owned course) and, as nearly as I can remember, struggled through a few clumsy minutes trying to explain what had happened. Try as we might to explain otherwise, they insisted we were goof-offs. It's true we weren't being alert, but we certainly weren't looking to cause a wreck.

We were suspended a week without pay.

The rest of the season passed without incident; just a scolding from the club pro some time later when I drove the same truck onto a tee.

But as I compare myself to some of the other guys who worked there that summer, I was one of the best. They were right to keep me.

- I was always on time.
- I learned quickly, and became a pretty good greens mower.
- I looked presentable, unlike a couple guys who helped destroy the super's faith in "the kids of today." But even metal heads needed to work.

- I did what I was told, which was a lot better than trying to look busy.

- I didn't drive yet, or own a car, so I had to eat lunch at the course, which meant I never came back late from "tooling' around."

- Most importantly, I knew when to keep my mouth shut, and what not to do.

The work we had to do wasn't very complicated. The super's always been the one with the tough job.

Still, there's no sense in asking for trouble. Three months can seem like three years with bad help.

So, when you look for high school or college age help this summer, look for someone who you think has an understanding of the responsibility involved.

Someone like...me.

And remember: cut them some slack for the little mistakes.

Accidents *will* happen.