

## 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  
Landscape Association), 1250 I St. NW, Suite  
500, Washington, DC 20005; (202) 789-2900.

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-  
1094; (603) 673-3311.

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 Associa-  
tion, 421 West Travelers Trail, Burnsville, MN  
55337; (612) 894-2414.

## AS WE SEE IT

RON HALL, SENIOR EDITOR



### Just another banana split?

I almost felt like reaching over the counter, snatching the waxed pint cup from her hands and thundering, "Here, this is how you're supposed to make a banana split."

Biting my lip, I kept my mouth shut on the other side of the glass counter.

The keen anticipation I'd felt when I'd finished my lunch salad ("Fat-free dressing please.") in a nearby burger joint faded by degrees.

Probably, few people have watched a banana split being built with more interest than I did that particular Sunday afternoon. In my short drive to the dairy, an almost weekly ritual in the summer, I'd worked up an unholy passion for that godly concoction of sliced, firm bananas, ice cream, strawberries and syrups. I hadn't treated myself to one for two full months.

So you can imagine the silly grin that lifted my ears when I marched into the dairy and saw the counter in front of me empty. The first nice weekends of the spring find the whole town lined up almost out the door here. You can wait 40 minutes to get a banana split. It's worth it, too.

Something didn't seem quite right this time, though.

I don't know exactly what it was. Maybe it was the attitude of the young woman who took my order. Yea, that's it. To her, it seemed to be only another banana split.

Had she looked up from her job, she would have recognized the anxious look in my face. I tried to make it read: don't you understand, if I'd wanted *just* a banana split, I would have stopped at *just* another dairy. I want a banana split like I always get here, a "you're-not-going-to-eat-all-that-are-you?" banana split.

As I watched, my apprehension grew.

The dairy worker was polite and nice and all that, but she didn't construct this banana split with the same reckless enthusiasm that has always made this particular dairy special.

The policy here has always been to keep piling on the ice cream, syrup and nuts until it starts tumbling off.

This time, though, she measured each scoop of ice cream, each dollop of strawberries. She even leveled off the spoonful of nuts, the excess falling back into a can, and not onto the top of my banana split.

Then, when she didn't crisply *rap, rap, rap* the bottom of the huge paper cup against the counter top so that everything would settle and she could pack even more bananas, ice cream and syrup into my banana split, that's when I wanted to reach over the counter and grab the cup out of her hands.

"Hey, this is how you do it!" I wanted to yell as I saw myself plunging the stainless steel ice cream scoop into the freezer. Again and again.

But, of course, I didn't.

Instead, I paid her the \$2.70, squeaked a feeble thanks and retreated toward a tiny booth along the wall.

No need to stick out my tongue anteater-style this time to lap up nuts and syrup so it wouldn't spill to the floor.

She had filled the banana split to the line on the paper cup indicating I'd received a full portion, never mind that the line is just two-thirds the way up the cup.

I don't know if this is a new company policy. I hope not. If it is, there's no reason for me to stop here anymore.

I can get *just* a banana split *just* about anywhere.