

LANDSCAPE MANAGEMENT

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Associated Landscape Contractors of America,
12200 Sunrise Valley Dr., Suite 150, Reston,
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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,
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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

TERRY McIVER, MANAGING EDITOR



Landscapes often spoiled by so-called progress

They're widening Route 82—a major east-west road out where I live—to accommodate a shopping mall that's being built in a neighboring city.

It's a two-lane road, too narrow for the heavy east-west traffic, even without the mall. The project is nearing that section of the road I use for my daily commute, so now I have to find a way around the construction.

The Cleveland Metroparks will be my Rock Island Line, my B&O, my Union Pacific! I'll head south about half a mile, catch the parkway going west, and then double-back to where I usually pick it up off of 82.

The Cleveland parkway system—also known as "The Emerald Necklace"—is a blessing. There's no better way to get to work than a drive through turf- and tree-lined roads, with an occasional deer sighting or goose-crossing. For the next few weeks I can still see through the bare trees and trace the contour of the inner forest.

The comparison between noisy construction and serene park land brings to mind how we're constantly building and expanding, as if we just can't leave the land the way it is. Recessions or "housing downturns" notwithstanding, we're always adding on.

When I moved to my current home, I thought I had found a refuge from heavy traffic and construction. Now, there's an increasing amount of commercial building going up in what, for years, had been open land. City council wants to rezone some sections for still *more* commercial property. They say it will help keep taxes and sewer rates low and increase property values and competition. (But wait a minute. Don't *higher* property values mean *higher* taxes?)

Progress, schmogress! Yes, that road should be widened, shopping mall or no shopping mall. But it's not progressive—nor is it competitive—to have a Super K-Mart or other multi-million dollar chain

store set up shop to crush small entrepreneurs with unfairly low prices. And there's not much a landscaper can do with acres of asphalt parking lots.

Just as the new construction is a sign of spring, so are the tulips I planted last fall, which are now in bloom. They're a bright spot in an otherwise unremarkable landscape around my condo development. The parking lot is starting to crack in spots, less than a year after it was resurfaced. It looks to me as if the people who spend our maintenance fees went for the notorious low bid, and I don't like it!

Vandals recently ruined the basketball assembly on the condo grounds. Twice the supporting post was badly bent, twice repaired. Then the senseless Huns broke it clean in two.

A new one's being installed; let's hope it stands the test of time.

Which brings me to my car—which has certainly stood the test of time. Soon I'll need another one. My Pontiac's on its 106-thousandth mile, and rust is finally doing it's hungry best on the body. It needs a fuel pump, the heater's busted and there's an oil leak that wants plugging.

My dad found that car for me. He spotted it while strolling by a dealership at a time when my Chevy was on extended life support. It's been a good ride for five years, and soon the ride will end. But at this point, I don't know what I'll end up buying.

Hmm...maybe an earthmover...