

NORTHERN MICHIGAN TURF MANAGERS ASSOCIATION

C. E. "TUCK" TATE, PRESIDENT
MICHAEL T. GARVALE, VICE-PRESIDENT

THOS. J. REED, SECRETARY-TREAS.

3733 APOLLO DRIVE
TRAVERSE CITY, MI. 49684

PHONE: 616/943- 8343

MONDAY, MAY 16th, 1984
SHUSS MOUNTAIN GOLF CLUB
Just off of M-88, west of MANCELONA



Our first meeting of this Association will be held at the above indicated place. We will be the guests of three members on this occasion and we thank them in advance for their gratefulness and hospitality. They are, Gary Livingston, the Superintendent, Rodger Jabara, the P.G.A. Golf Professional and Victor Zucco, the Owner.

For those of you that do not know how to get there, Mancelona is on U.S. 131 and M-66. When one gets to the traffic light at Mancelona, turn west a couple of miles on M-88 and on your north side, you will see the big entrance sign to Shuss Mountain.

Shuss Mountain golf course is a beautiful 18 hole layout that you will find very interesting to play. It is very demanding due to the woods and trees, the beautiful dog legs not to mention the length of some of the holes. It is definitely not a pushover and considered by the Northern Section of the P.G.A. as one of its best tests of golf. We are very grateful to the above gentlemen for the opportunity to be permitted to play.

Like most of our meetings, it is a dinner meeting and dinner will be served at 6:15 P.M. We mention this for those of you that may come for the dinner and the business meeting afterward. For those of you wanting to play golf, please arrange your time schedule so that you will have your details like golf and "Happy Hour" behind you by this appointed time. If you wish to play golf, it will not be necessary so early in the season to get starting times or reserve a golf cart. If you wish to check with the Pro Shop there the phone number is 616/587-9232.

Dinner will be served in the Restaurant and Shuss Mountain has an excellent reputation for serving good food. This has been the experience with the many parties and meetings held there in the past. We must tell them of the number that will be there for dinner so as usual, we are enclosing a postcard for your "YES" or "NO". We would also like to remind you that if you know someone, a friend, an assistant a co-worker who is interested in our association..... be sure to bring him or her along to this meeting. Again we will be giving a prize for returning postcards and you do not have to be present to win. If you don't send in your card, there is no chance of winning, like a putt that never gets to the hole. So get that card in the mail TODAY.

We are fortunate in having as our speaker this year, Dr. Harold Davidson, Professor of Horticulture at Michigan State University. Dr. Davidson is in his consulting year which means that he will probably retire sometime in 1984. He is considered one of the experts in Nursery Management and has a successful book on the subject. He has previously spoken to several other organizations like ours and so his message should be most interesting to us that not only worry about turfgrass but also have the problem of trees to content with. Dr. Davidson will speak after dinner as is the normal program that we follow.

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Photographs by TOM MEEKS

(Above, left) In discussing the options open to a player who has hit his ball into a water hazard, one is usually overlooked. The player can always play the shot from within the hazard. (Above, right) Mike Butz, our model, has played the ball from the hazard, but, unfortunately, he's hit it out of bounds. Now he is using the new method of dropping to put another ball into play. Notice the club in his left hand, though. One hopes he lifts it before the ball hits the ground, or else he'll have more problems.

On Becoming A Rules Expert

Two-and-a-half days of mind-numbing lectures might turn some people into authorities, but to others it's like staring into the sun.

by ROBERT SOMMERS

SNOW HAD TURNED to grimy slush on the streets of New York one crisp December morning some years ago when I stepped shiny-eyed through the doors of the USGA for my first day with GOLF JOURNAL. The office was located in an old brownstone that once belonged to the Morgan family, on East 38th Street, a few steps from Park Avenue in the Murray Hill section of Manhattan. It was an elegant house. A black, wrought-iron grate covered the beveled glass front door that opened into a tiny vestibule, and two swinging glass doors led into the small lobby. The floor was covered in black and white marble tiles, and off to the right a graceful stairway covered by bland carpeting led to the second floor.

Entering for the first time, I was struck by the silence. People moved about quietly and spoke in hushed tone as if somewhere inside monks were at prayer.

Joe Dey was Executive Director in those dimly remembered times. His office, near the head of the stairway, was paneled in a tawny colored oak and his desk sat near a brown marble fireplace. Drapes with a golf

motif hung in front of windows of ripply leaded glass that let in the light while they obscured a rather disagreeable view of brick walls behind the USGA building. It was a pleasant office, one that I was to use for a short period when Joe moved to larger quarters upstairs.

Through many years of experience Dey had developed a ritual. As each new employee reported for his first day of duty he would be led to Joe's office, and after a brief greeting he would be taken to the library for a discussion of his responsibilities. The two would sit facing each other in green leather lounge chairs placed beside another old fireplace beneath a portrait of Bob Jones at the finish of his swing. Glass-fronted bookcases lined the walls and a bow window looked out onto the city. I never tired of being in that room; it was full of grace and elegance.

The conversation with Joe lasted only a short time. He went over my duties, and outlined some of the benefits, including vacation time, which had to be in the winter. As we were about to part, he slapped me on the knee and said, "It's good to have you with us."

Then, as he walked toward his office and I headed for mine, he turned and said abruptly:

"By the way; don't answer any Rules questions!"

WHILE I CAN'T SAY my pride was dealt a mortal blow, I wondered to myself who he thought he was dealing with. I was not exactly new to the game; after all, my father and my uncle had taken me and my toy clubs around the golf course many times before I entered kindergarten. I knew the difference between a sand trap and a parallel water hazard, and I had even helped conduct a few tournaments before I joined the USGA, handing down rulings with the aplomb of Talleyrand.

As I sit here at my typewriter it is now many years later and I am many times wiser. In the interval I have learned many things, among them:

1. It's a bunker, not a sand trap;
2. It's a lateral, not parallel, water hazard;
3. I'm not fit to officiate at a golf tournament.

While I was a bit put out at Joe's warning so long ago, I was further irritated more recently when Harry Easterly, then the Senior Executive Director, on learning that I had answered a Rules question for a friend, remarked, "What's he doing answering Rules questions?"

I will no longer sulk at such treatment. I will tell you why.

In mid-January I attended what is called a Rules Workshop. In reality it is two-and-a-half days of dawn-to-darkness, mind-numbing lectures delivered with the

Tom Watson, who's always ready to help with the Rules, ponders over his nearest point of relief from ground under repair. See the two tee pegs on Watson's side of the white line? The peg nearest to him is Tom's nearest relief point. He may drop a ball within one club length of that peg, without penalty.



intensity of men gone mad. The lecturers were Tom Meeks, of the USGA staff, who answers the telephone with a bellow that can splinter glass, and Joe Black, of the PGA, who, while officiating at a Tour tournament called the Eastern Open years ago, drove a golf cart directly into a tree while looking straight ahead. I watched him do it. Black is perhaps better known as the man who penalized Jack Nicklaus two strokes for slow play early in Nicklaus's career and lived to see it have no effect.

Regardless of their idiosyncrasies, however, Meeks and Black are as expert in the Rules of Golf as one can get south of those who write them in the first place.

Before we go further, I should explain the genesis of the Rules Workshops. They were initiated as a means of providing formal instruction in a field in which, until then, one learned through osmosis; if you hung around long enough you were bound to learn a few things. Whether what you learned was right or wrong was another matter. Realizing that the game needed something better, the USGA and the PGA of America jointly created a series of workshops. As near as anybody can recall, about 50 students turned out for the first one, conducted in Atlanta, in 1975.

Each year the project seems to grow. This year, because of the extensive revision of the Rules, the two groups will conduct 10 workshops, each with 75 students. So, 750 golfers and golf administrators will have been exposed to these maniacal sessions.

IRATIONALIZED my choice of the first session of the year — which happened to be in Florida in January — by telling everyone who asked that I thought it was wise to learn the new Rules as early as I could. So what if I went to Palm Beach in January rather than Philadelphia in March? Lots of others had the same idea; the USGA and the PGA agreed to limit classes to 75, and so when the applications for the Palm Beach session climbed well past 100, they added a second section — just like the New York-to-Washington air shuttle.

I should also explain that these workshops are designed primarily for those familiar with the Rules, not for beginners. Most of those in my class had connections with golf associations. For example, down in the first row sat Wm. Ward Foshay, a man with some experience officiating golf competitions — he was the referee during those tense moments in 1966 when Arnold Palmer was losing seven strokes to Bill Casper during the last round of the Open at the Olympic Club, in San Francisco, and again the next day when Casper won the playoff. Foshay was President of the USGA then and had already served as Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee. Beside him sat Mrs. Foshay, herself a former Chairman of the USGA Women's Committee and Captain of the 1982 United States Team in the Women's World Amateur Team Championship.

A number of other prominent golf officials were scattered throughout the room — Lester Varn, President of the Southern Golf Association; Steve Mona, Executive Director of the Georgia Golf Association; Tim Moss,

tournament director of the Women's International, at Moss Creek, South Carolina; Jim Hart, tournament director of the Carolinas PGA; Mrs. Bonnie Farnsworth, Rules committee chairman of the Chicago District Women's Golf Association; and Mrs. Charles Becker, of the Women's Western Golf Association.

When the sessions began and everyone stood in turn and told the class his name and affiliation, I began to wonder what in the world I was doing in this company.

The room was arranged as a college lecture hall — about five tiers of seats, each with a desk. Since I was delayed in arriving at the lecture hall because of hitting two balls into the lake on the 15th at Seminole that morning, I had to take whatever seat was left. I found myself in the last row, seated between Dave Cookson, a doctor of internal medicine from Madison, Wisconsin, and C. A. (Tony) Wimpfheimer, a high kookolorum at Random House, the publisher. For the last few years, Tony has edited the book *The Rules of Golf Illustrated and Explained*, by Tom Watson with Frank Hannigan. I assumed that after years of slashing the precious words of authors with rapier thrusts of sharp pencils — like the heroic Errol Flynn skewering the evil Basil Rathbone — he felt a little instruction in the Rules couldn't hurt. Tony spent a good part of the two-and-a-half days barking at Professors Meeks and Black that we in the back row couldn't hear when they put aside their microphones and spoke *au natural*.

Dave, on the other hand, said nothing, and when the exercise ended he scored 94 on the examination. Tony didn't.

WE WERE in for a treat: for months Meeks had worked on a series of slides that illustrate the Rules, and they were to be used for the first time with our group. The slides were a spectacular success. Slide followed slide as we went first through etiquette and then into Definitions.

The whole operation was moving along smoothly until we reached the definition of caddie. At that point we were thrown into a philosophical dispute about why, in both the United States Junior Amateur and the United States Girls' Junior, the USGA prohibits close relatives from acting as caddies. The issue was raised and the debate kept alive by a young man not long out of junior ranks. While most of us squirmed in our chairs and grumbled, minutes flew by and the argument droned on.

At dinner that night I saw the young man waiting tables in a restaurant, and I learned that he is the son of a golf professional and often plays in tournaments where fathers and brothers of his opponents caddie and give advice. He feels the USGA should permit this in its competitions. Evidently all he wants is an advantage. What's the game coming to?

Anyway, before the session began we were given a schedule that charted our paths through the rocks and shoals of the workshop. The first session began at 1 o'clock; when it ended, at 6:15 that evening, we were to have completed Rule 3. Because of some long and fruitless

discussions, like the caddie problem, we didn't have a chance. We broke up at 6:45 with four more definitions to go.

At 8:15 the next morning we were back in place, Dave Cookson still not saying a word and Wimpfheimer and I growling that we couldn't hear. (Never mind, because by now I was beginning to feel much more comfortable. Some of the comments convinced me I had as good a knowledge of them as many of my colleagues. This still leaves us well shy of being experts, I hasten to say.)

During the morning we were embroiled in the nuances of Rule 1-2, which says, "No player or caddie shall take any action to influence the position or the movement of a ball except in accordance with the Rules."

Someone leaped into the discussion by asking if that meant a player couldn't stand in such a way that his shadow covered the grass at the edge of the hole while his ball overhung the lip. As fast as the questioner leaped in, another leaped in behind him.

"Nonsense," said Bill Buchanan, an agronomist and a member of the USGA Green Section staff, a man who knows about grass. He told us that casting one's shadow for the 10 seconds the Rules allow for determining if a ball is at rest or moving will have no effect whatever.

I didn't know that. As many another of us, I thought I was being shrewd. I could imagine the blade of grass realizing in his tiny little brain that he had been cut off from the sunlight and that he had better wiggle around until he found it again, while casually flicking aside that round lump resting on his back. Alas, those grass blades aren't that alert. Maybe if you waited an hour-and-a-half the grass might shift, Buchanan said, but by then you'd have been escorted from the course by howling mobs.

WE HAD other moments, too. Some years ago the USGA was asked to rule on a predicament involving two women golfers and a snake. The snake was catching some rays in a bunker where one of the women hit her ball. A question of procedure was involved, which was decided by the Rule of Equity. The player could move her ball from harm's way.

In setting up his slides, Meeks wanted to use this Decision, but that brought up a problem. Where would he find an obliging snake? Meeks pondered the question for a time, and then one warm, sunny day last summer he was playing golf with a friend when what to his amazed eyes did he see but a venomous reptile wriggling its way across the fairway.

Trumpeting like an angry elephant, Meeks cried, "Get that snake! I need him!"

His companion wrenched the wheel of the cart to the left and caught Sir Snake with his left front tire. Far from being squashed, the snake shrugged it off as a minor inconvenience. All the same he increased his pace toward the woods and safety. With a cry like Tarzan, Meeks leaped from the cart and chased after him, waving a sand iron over his head. As Tom was about to deliver the mortal blow, the snake decided he'd had enough. He turned, glared at his tormentor, and showed him his



fangs. Realizing a sand iron wasn't nearly enough club in this situation, Meeks leaped back into the cart and sped off toward safety. Someone lent him a rubber snake to photograph.

Meeks told the story to a small group one afternoon. "The snake was a little upset, wasn't he?" someone asked.

"He didn't act friendly," Meeks said.

"What kind was it?" another asked.

"A big one," Meeks answered. No naturalist he.

As the days droned on it seemed to a few of us that something is missing in the Rules, something that would simplify things. In the spirit of brotherhood we offer this advice to the Rules of Golf Committees of the USGA and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, the organizations that have laid out this labyrinth.

Please, gentlemen, when next you meet see if you can work out some keys, a formula, that would tell us:

1. When you drop a ball and when you place it;
2. When you replace a ball you've caused to move and when you play the ball as it lies;
3. When one incurs a one-stroke penalty and when two strokes (in stroke play) or loss of hole (in match play);
4. When a ball is in play when it is dropped and when it is in play only when it's hit.

It seemed to me and a few of my muddle-minded colleagues that the Rules could stand a little uniformity in those areas. Of course it was all perfectly clear to Dave Cookson.

As the final day ran its course, something else became clear. These workshops are not for those of us with short attention spans. They take long periods of concentration. On the final afternoon, when we were catching up to the ambitious schedule, I began to feel as if for two-and-a-half days I had been staring into the sun.

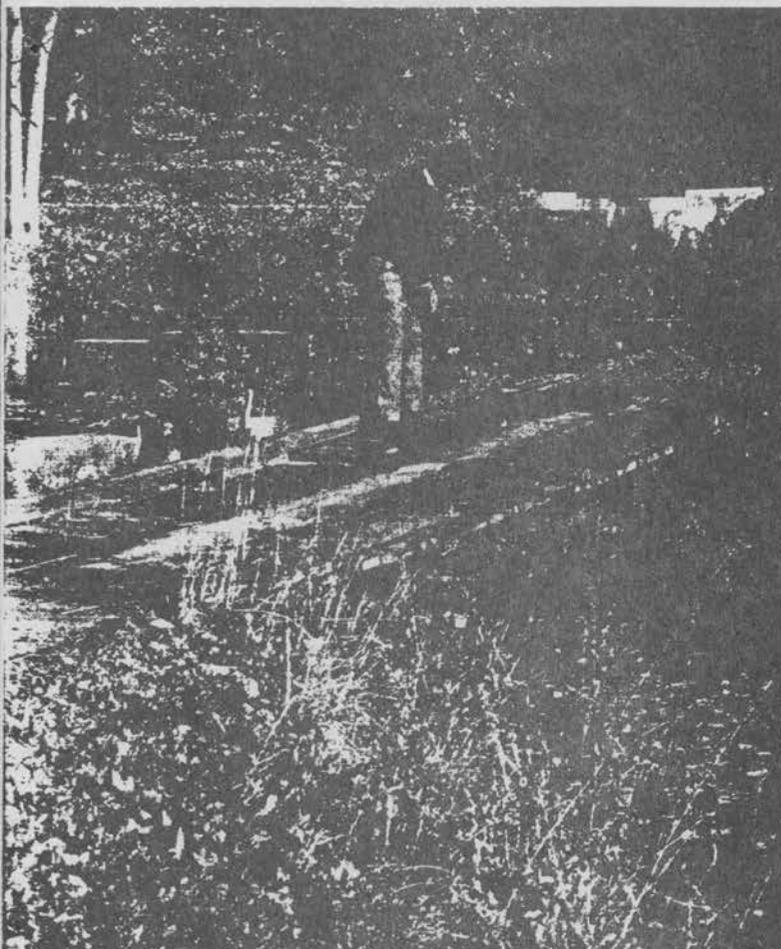
At the same time, I can also say that I survived, and I had a stronger feel for the Rules than I've ever had.

As I walked down the steps after the workshop mercifully adjourned, I saw Meeks and Black grinning at me like the Marquis de Sade in mid-orgy.

"Congratulations," Meeks giggled. "You're now a Rules official."

Oh no I'm not.

If any of you out there have visions of laying your Rules problems on me, don't. Joe Dey was right. I don't answer Rules questions.



(Above, left) Having failed to bring a live snake to heel, our great white hunter had to settle for a synthetic reptile for his illustration of the Rule of equity. He may soon change this slide, however; he's just remembered that the guy next door has a pet boa constrictor. There goes the neighborhood. (Left) Jay Sigel, another quality player, has a problem, too. Since the new Rules eliminate relief from an obstruction within a hazard, he either plays the ball from the bridge, drops behind the hazard with a penalty of one stroke, or goes back to where he played the original shot. He may, however, ground his club on the obstruction.

Thoughts on the Business of Life

Whether we find pleasure in our work or whether we find it a bore, depends entirely upon our mental attitude toward it, not upon the task itself.

Almost every conspicuously successful American owes his rise to having thrown himself heartily into his work and to having done it better than ordinary. To get the best and most out of life, put the best and most of yourself into it.

B.C. FORBES

* * *
There is nothing like a dish towel for wiping that contented look off a husband's face.

* * *
Do you feel you belong to the "older generation" these days? Don't be alarmed if you do. Over 60% of the people in the United States can't tell you what the Great Depression was like . . . they weren't even born in 1929!

* * *
The cowboy's horse stopped suddenly. Injun trouble!

* * *
"Doctor, was my operation a success?"
"Who's a doctor? I'm St. Peter."

* * *
Did you hear about the psychiatrist who hit upon a new kind of shock treatment? He sends his bill in advance.

* * *
"Dad, what do you call the person who brings you into contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender, my son."

* * *
We all have heard gags about the used car ads which read: "Driven by little old lady only to church and grocery store."

But maybe you haven't seen the music store ad which read: "For sale at Bargain — Practically new, small organ used to play light hymns only on Sunday by elderly lady in her stocking feet."

* * *
Now-a-days, the three R's stand for Readin', Ritin', and Riotin'.

* * *
Men are just the opposite of guns — the smaller the caliber, the larger the bore.

* * *
Wife to inebriated husband. "If it were the first time, Clyde, I could forgive you. But it happened before in 1954."

Letters

Salaries and CMAA

The special feature, "Club Management Salary Survey," in the December 1983 issue of CLUB MANAGEMENT is only part of the story. As executive director of the Club Managers Association of America it appears appropriate to make some comments which may help CMAA members as well as some club officials view the report in broader perspective.

As stated in the narrative, the random survey was done among CM readers. Considering that the circulation of CM approximates 10,000, it's noteworthy that only 4,149 of that number are members of CMAA. Thus, the salary levels reflected in the article are probably not fully representative of the members of our association.

When CMAA conducts a survey, we feel that a response of at least one-third of the membership is needed in order to claim validity and credibility to the figures collected. For example, in 1982 CMAA, with assistance in compilation and tabulation by the national accounting firm of Pannell Kerr Forster, conducted its Compensation Survey dealing with the "Club Managers' Profile." Out of approximately 2,656 active and provisional members surveyed, 1,084 questionnaires were tabulated. This represented 40.8 per cent of the total mailing. The outside firm of PKF was used to ensure independence and confidentiality of the data provided by individual managers. In the CM survey, only 272 responses were tabulated from a market in excess of 10,000.

The average weekly salary for managers which was reflected in the CM study was \$683, which extends to \$35,516 annually. Well over a year ago the average cash income for a manager reflected in the CMAA survey was \$39,000. Salaries for Certified Club Managers nationwide amounted to an average of \$45,500.

The CMAA survey was published in
CLUB MANAGEMENT
Credit: Verdure

September of 1982 and the CM survey was published in December 1983. Figures compared more than a year later should, by all logic, be higher.

It probably would be more helpful for the average reader to examine figures that exhibit more information than reflected in the CM survey. For example, there is a substantial difference in salaries paid to Certified Club Managers than non-certified club managers. General managers earn more than club managers and/or clubhouse managers. The "Club Managers' Profile" done by CMAA reflects substantially more information than contained in the CM report. It deals not only with compensation by type of club, years as a club manager, geographic regions, size of club and gross revenue of clubs, but it also reflects substantial information which addresses benefits for and personal data about club managers and other top management personnel.

It is stated in the CM report that assistant managers average \$409 per week — or \$21,268 per year. In the 1982 CMAA survey, the rate is \$31,851 per year for assistant managers.

Salaries for the top 10 per cent of the managers were from a high \$86,000 to \$51,000. The average remuneration for Certified Club Managers in the top 10 per cent was \$60,501 compared to \$59,932 for the non-CCM.

It appears that club managers who belong to CMAA experience more financially rewarding careers than those who do not belong. Managers and assistant managers who would like to have more information about CMAA membership and all persons interested in additional salary, benefits and personal data should call or write: Club Managers Association of America, 7615 Winterberry Place, P. O. Box 34482, Bethesda, MD 20817 (301/229-3600).

Membership in the association may be extended to a person who at the time of applying for and election to membership is employed as an executive, manager or assistant manager of an entity defined as a private membership club(s). Applicants simultaneously apply for membership in both the national association and the local chapter having jurisdiction over the area in which the club is located.

At the CMAA national headquarters, we will be pleased to assist qualified applicants who would be interested in sharing and participating in the opportunities for professionalism and career advancement in club management.

Horace G. Duncan, CAE
Executive Director, CMAA

DIRECTOR'S COLUMN

A WHOLE NEW LOOK FOR OUR CERTIFICATION PROGRAM

The G.C.S.A.A. Certification Committee unveiled in Las Vegas their first rough draft for upgrading the certification program. It was easy to see after reading their twenty-nine draft, that many hours of hard work and serious thought went into their proposal. This rough draft should be required reading for anyone considering entering the program, and especially those who have been opposed to certification.

In their first draft, the committee attempted to make major changes in the program, respective to the criticism that many members have voiced over the young life of the certification program. They proposed future minimum education requirements beginning with an associates degree or equivalent, escalating to a bachelor of science degree or its equivalent by the year 2005. This approach should end the criticism of no educational requirements. Another criticism has been that only "textbook" knowledge is necessary to become certified. The G.C.S.A.A. Committee has come up with some changes to make entering the program a little tougher. One area where they suggest a change is eligibility. Their plan is to, in the future, require an applicant to have completed an internship under a class "A" professional superintendent, and in the year 1995 making only C.G.C.S.'s mentors of interns.

There is also a requirement in the rough draft that each applicant be attested and recommended by two current C.G.C.S. or by two club officials. This is one part of the draft that I believe will be dropped or changed prior to approval. I do not think it is workable to have superintendents inspecting other superintendents to see if their course is good enough for them to enter the certification program.

For those of you who are currently C.G.C.S.'s, they propose dropping the renewal exam and requiring 15 C.E.U.'s every five years. Not only are they planning to make the entrance requirements tougher, but you have to work to stay in the program.

There are many other points mentioned in their rough draft that I didn't touch on, that are equally important, such as:

- 1) Going to a closed book exam
- 2) G.C.S.A.A. offering all of the C.E.U.'s needed to enter the program and continue in the program
- 3) Regional and chapter educational programs will be assigned a C.E.U. value
- 4) College credits can be transferred to the program
- 5) The G.C.S.A.A. educational programs are to be submitted for accreditation, which will assure the universal acceptance of our C.E.U.'s

The entire certification will be, in the very near future, going through a face lift. The look may not be exactly as proposed in the rough draft, but it will definitely be improved. When all changes are in place there will be a media blitz to promote the program so anyone connected with golf will know about the program.

Our certification program has been the subject of much criticism, some of it was justified, however, I believe that the forth coming changes in education and eligibility requirements, will successfully put to rest most of the criticism I have heard.

You must remember that no matter what requirements are finally decided upon, no matter how strict they are, being a Certified Golf Course Superintendent does not guarantee performance and only the superintendent's employer will be the judge of his, or her, performance. I strongly believe that, if given the chance, this revised program will benefit us all by providing the means that a superintendent can use to help make himself more valuable to his employer and a better professional turfgrass manager.

J. Michael Hart, C.G.C.S.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR TREES?

The loss of vigor, or death of a plant is usually the result of one or more of the following conditions. Disease, insects, mechanical damage, drought or flooding. This is true of all vegetation that exist on the golf course.

As golf course superintendents we are primarily concerned with the plants that are predominant on the golf course; Grass! That is unless you have devised a mode of existence where the necessities of life are eliminated or have a wife, girlfriend or combination thereof that will support you when your unemployment compensation expires.

A plant whose health and general condition is often overlooked until it has deteriorated into a dangerous state is a tree. This in spite of the fact the high wind and lightning are additional perils to those mentioned previously. It is not unusual when faced with conditions as hostile as was last summer that we tend to be concerned only about the grass and realize too late that many of the trees on the course were also adversely affected by the same conditions. The big difference is that there is no quick fix for a tree that has succumbed to conditions. A couple of yards of sod or a few pounds of seed will not replace a tree by the next season. It was with this in mind that we at Arrowhead contacted Dr. Thomas Green, plant pathologist at the Morton Arboretum.

Dr. Green has devised a system to rate trees as to size, shape, age, and general health on a scale from one to six. He also provides a service, at a cost that is nominal, that surveys all trees and furnishes a report that includes a reference number for each tree, identifies to species, height, shape, as well as plotting all trees on a plan of the golf course.

The report covers the condition of each tree and rates it on a scale that covers the entire spectrum from 1, a tree recently planted in good condition that has not yet reached its full height or shape; to 6, a tree that needs to be removed. Dr. Green also furnishes a plastic overlay that shows what any area will look like when the 5 and 6 are removed. Suggestions as to replanting are included with regard to both species and density.

The dimension of such a report coming from an acknowledged expert is more than enough to get a tree program out of the talking stage into reality as well as creating an awareness of the problems that can still be corrected and prolong the life of existing trees.

(CREDIT: THE BULL SHEET) **Robert K. Breen**

1984 membership booklets have been mailed under separate cover by "Special 4th class mail". You should have received your copy before this meeting however if you have not received, there will be plenty available at the meeting. If you do not come to the meeting, have not received your copy, please either contact

Sec.-Treas Tom Reed or Tuck Tate. Toms phone number is shown on the first page whereas Tuck's number is 616/352-4101.

We would be remiss if we did not remind you that this booklet was made possible only, by the people that have advertised in it. Without their cooperation and help there would be no membership booklet. We suggest therefore, that when you are contemplating your purchases in 1984, that you will keep these people uppermost in your mind, in appreciation, for their gracious cooperation.

Dues for 1984 should already have been paid and if you have not paid your dues, will you please get your check in the mail to our Sec.-Treas. If you have already paid your dues and have not received your plaque to hang on the wall or a new membership card, please advise immediately. We are human, we make mistakes however these are instances where we would like to correct the errors. Please notify either Tom Reed or Tuck Tate and you will receive what you are desering for 1984.

We would also like feedback on the membership publication and would welcome any suggestions to improve it. If you would like to write an article to be placed in our newsletter, we would be most happy for the input. We are open to all suggestions and every one will be given deep consideration. Remember this is your Association and we want it to improve year after year.

The turfgrass program at M.S.U. has announced the "HotLine" for 1984 is now in operation and the number is the same as before, 517/355-5221. This phone will remain in service during the entire growing season and if you have any problems or need further information, may we suggest that you contact either Dr. Paul E. Rieke or Dr. Jos. M. Vargas, Jr. Phone numbers are in the membership booklet.

* * * * *
At a Communist meeting, one of the attending comrades suddenly arose during the debate and addressed the chairman.
"Comrade Speaker," he said, "there's just one thing I want to know: What happens to my unemployment compensation checks when we overthrow the Government?"
* * * * *



Just before leaving on her vacation, Blondie, up on five, confided that if a girl's physical charms are her chief weapon, when they see her on the beach in her new bathing suit nobody can accuse her of carrying concealed weapons.
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There are a few that have not paid their 1984 dues. If you are one of these your fellow Directors would appreciate your so doing because it places a burden on someone that must remind you. If there is any question whether you have paid or not, the answer is that you will have a 1984 membership card. There are a few exceptions who have not received their card. however the number can be counted on one hand. So please not make us remind you again, send your check NOW to our Sec.-Treas. Tom Reed. Our sincere thanks.

MAIL THAT POSTCARD TODAY AND REMEMBER TO BRING ALONG A PROSPECTIVE MEMBER.