



New Jersey Golf Course Report

Vol. V, No. 2

July, 1972

President's Message

As we approach the half year mark for 1972, we should take a moment to analyze our Association. At this time the New Jersey Golf Course Superintendents are experiencing one of their most progressive years to date. Let's take a closer look — we have:

1. Re-written the By-Laws.
2. Started a research program at Rutgers.
3. Had more votes at the National than ever before.
4. Acquired a professional management organization (A.M.C.).
5. Presented plaques to Past Presidents.

At the last Board meeting (May 11, 1972) it was decided that the New Jersey Turfgrass Association in conjunction with the Farm Bureau could better investigate our "Legislative Counseling Service" idea. It was also unanimously decided to continue with Associated Management Corporation. A "Course Superintendent" survey has been prepared and you should receive it shortly. Please complete it and send it back so that we can obtain an accurate composite. Your Officers and Board have been performing to capacity as committee chairmen. The education program has been excellent and most meeting sites for the remainder of the year have been confirmed. The Treasury is in a very sound condition at this time, and we continue to bring in new members.

The highlight of the season thus far has been the Baltusrol meeting. I should just like to briefly report on that meeting for the benefit of those members not in attendance. It was a joint meeting with Green Chairmen with over 125 people playing golf. Naturally, the course was in outstanding condition due to the efforts of our host, Joe Flaherty, Jr. The featured speaker of the evening was Dean Charles Hesse, Acting Dean of Rutgers College of Agriculture. He gave an excellent visual presentation of the school's progress and future. The high point of the evening, however, was our presentation of a one thousand dollar (\$1,000) check to Dr. Steven Lund, Chairman of the Soils and Crops Department. This money is to be the start of a "Fairway Bentgrass Development Fund," a re-



President Jack Martin presents a check for \$1,000 to Dr. Stephen Lund, Head of the Soils and Crops Dept. of Rutgers University. The check represents the founding of a "Fairway Bentgrass Research Fund," a study to be undertaken by Dr. Reed Funk, Jr.

search program to be conducted by Dr. Reed Funk, Jr., one of a very few top grass breeders in the country.

The latter part of the meeting featured the Past Presidents of the N.J.-G.C.S.A. with all present receiving a plaque for their service and dedication.

With your support we anticipate continued success for our Association. We look forward to seeing all of you at the new "Pro-Superintendent" Tournament to be held at the Montclair Golf Club on Tuesday, July 18.

Jack Martin,
President

Why Should Superintendents Know About the Rules of Golf?

By W. R. King
Mohawk Golf Club

The answer is really pretty simple: Because they create the *conditions* to which a great many of the Rules are directed. Sure, Superintendents have help (????) from many sources — like the weather, insects, disease, vandals and even members! But fundamentally the Superintendent is responsible for every aspect of the condition of the golf course and since many of the Rules

of Golf are intended to provide relief to the player from those "conditions," he should know the relation between the Rules and the "conditions."

"Why are the Rules of Golf so strict?"

"Why, oh why, are they so complex?"

"After all, isn't it just a game?"

Questions like these are heard almost any day around any Club. Richard Tufts, of Pinehurst fame, long a member of the U.S.G.A. Rules Committee, espouses in his book, "The Principles Behind the Rules of Golf," the belief that there would be a far more sympathetic appreciation of the Rules if more golfers *really understood* the principles behind the Rules — especially what he calls the *two great* principles. These are:

"1. You play the course as you find it."

"2. You put the ball in play at the start of the hole, play only your own ball and do not touch it until you lift it from the hole."

Examined on the basis of these principles, the Rules of Golf consist almost entirely of statements that either afford the player relief where it would be un-

fair or impossible for him to follow the "principles" exactly, or penalize him when he violates the "principles" — plus, of course, a few statements regarding procedures.

It would appear from this that the reason the Rules have become so complex and so strict is that golfers, through the centuries, have either demanded more and more relief, or devised so many ways to violate the principles that lots of penalties have had to be established — probably both!

Consider that if it were not for the Rules of Golf and the relief they afford, every time a player put his ball in some trouble spot, HE WOULD HAVE TO FIND SOME WAY TO PLAY THAT BALL FROM THAT SPOT NO MATTER HOW MANY STROKES IT TOOK HIM! And if he lost it, or knocked it out of bounds, he could go home and come back another day! I think Rules are better, don't you?

Now, let's examine how the relief afforded the player by the Rules relates to the Golf Course Superintendent. There are many sets of circumstances and I will discuss just a few of them in some detail.

Out of Bounds. When a player hits his ball out of bounds, the Rules permit him to play another ball, adding a penalty stroke to the one already taken, so he lies three after playing the second ball. But — was the first ball really out of bounds? If it came to rest near the boundary, and the boundary was not positively defined, it could be either inside or outside — and the difference to the player could be one stroke, or possibly two, which is not unimportant to him — and the debates could create acrimony and even destroy friendships! The point is obvious: The Superintendent should see to it that out of bounds lines are marked so clearly that there can be no doubt as to whether the ball is in or out.

Loose Impediments. These are defined as natural objects, not fixed or growing, like leaves, twigs, acorns, worms or their casts, etc. Such things may be moved by the player without penalty, except when both the impediment and the player's ball lie in a hazard. So the poor fellow whose ball comes to rest against an acorn or a twig in a bunker has no relief — he must play it "as is," acorn and all! Or he may call it an unplayable lie, take a penalty stroke and drop the ball elsewhere in the bunker. And he's pretty sure to be unhappy about it, especially if such loose impediments are regularly allowed to accumulate in the bunker by the — you guessed it — Superintendent.

Movable Obstructions. These are defined as anything artificial that may

be placed or left on the course, e.g., beverage containers, package wraps, tools, a golf club, a sweater, etc. Such things may be moved by the player anywhere on the course. There seems to be a bit of grim injustice here — if a player's ball comes to rest against a beer can in a bunker, he may move the can without penalty, something he couldn't do with the acorn. And the myth about the player who put a match to the paper bag into which his ball had rolled in a bunker is just that — a myth. So cans and cigarette packages are better than acorns or twigs? Well, yes, in terms of the player, but I'm sure no self-respecting Superintendent would allow them to accumulate — and my opinion of the player or spectator who tosses away such trash on the course would have to be rated "X." Campaign against him!

Immovable Obstruction. Defined as artificial objects which can't be moved, like a ball washer, a tee bench or a rain shelter. The Rules permit the player to pick up his ball and drop it within two club lengths of such an obstruction when it interferes with his stance or the area of his intended swing. But when such obstructions are, perforce, in an area where a ball might frequently be played, it would sure help if there were at least some grass within the two club lengths where he has to drop it.

Ground Under Repair. I am sure no Superintendent likes to have areas of his golf course considered to be "ground under repair." But I am equally sure that you all have them, from time to time. Through the green, the player whose ball comes to rest in ground under repair may lift and drop it within two club lengths, or he may play it where it lies. But if the boundaries of the ground under repair are not clearly defined and the ball comes to rest in a bad lie near the boundary, then the question becomes, "Is the ball really in ground under repair?" If it is, the player may drop it out without penalty; if it is not, he either plays the bad lie or calls it an unplayable lie and takes a penalty stroke. So, except for cases where the boundary is obvious, like an open construction ditch or a pile of dirt, the boundaries should be clearly marked. Fortunately, some new equipment has recently appeared on the market to facilitate the marking of such boundaries at a reasonable cost; use of it is recommended.

Hazards. Bunkers and water hazards are clearly defined in the Rules and since the Rules governing play of the ball, or the relief that may be afforded, are different when it is in the hazard from when it is not, it becomes



*Your Board of Directors in action.
... A meeting at "Headquarters,"
66 Morris Avenue, Springfield.*

important that the boundaries of the hazards also be clearly marked.

The Committee. The Rules say that "The Committee shall define accurately . . ." all these boundaries, and so forth, but let's not kid ourselves — it's the Superintendent who has to get it done. If his Club Committees don't seek him out to get such things done, then he should seek them out and, by cooperative efforts and understanding, make the conditions he creates the best that circumstances permit.

Discussions of this character could be continued ad infinitum, but I will conclude before my Superintendent friends get the idea that I am totally "agin 'em" — when just the opposite is true. Having played golf for fifty-two years, and on many courses — all the way from the oiled sand or cottonseed greens, and clay tees for placing mounds of sand to tee the ball, to the lush, carefully manicured feats of agronomy we call golf courses today — I have nothing but the highest admiration for you gentlemen and the progress you have made, and especially for the degree of professionalism that has come to your ranks. And I hope that this little article will contribute to your further progress by creating more awareness of the relation of the Rules of Golf to your fine efforts.

* * *

NOTES ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr. King is Secretary of the Mohawk Golf Club in Schenectady. Long interested in the affairs of Golf Clubs and Associations, as well as a student of the Rules of Golf, he has been a Governor of Mohawk, a Director and President of the Edison Club, President of the Eastern New York Golf Association, President of the Senior Golfers Association of Eastern New York and a member and chairman of innumerable committees.

"Our Collaborator"
Northeastern Chapter
4/72

Report to the Chairman

April-May-June, 1972

Dear Mr. Chairman:

I witnessed something today that I think you ought to know about, especially since my monthly reports have been somewhat overdue anyway, but then again as you know that must mean I have been busy, which of course you know, because your long weekly notes to me on the back of a "gin" scorecard have *not* been late! By the way, we have almost achieved all you requested with the exception of a few items on which questions have arisen:

1. Your request relayed from the Tennis Committee to open the Tennis Courts by April 1st, and yet not close the Paddle Courts till May 1st has caused us some consternation. Those "funny looking monuments" you refer to as "stumps" in the middle of the tennis courts are actually four pairs of empty boots lost there by a crew sent to "open the courts." They opened them, but unfortunately from the top down!

I am also having trouble getting the local Rescue Squad to stand-by for "lively ball" fatigue cases due to the warm weather on the Paddle Courts. I did have one crew member call me at 3 A.M. last Sunday with the following direct statement: "Why the hell don't you call me in to clear the 'rich man's ping pong table' today? You had me on call all winter wasting my one day off, so what's so different about now?" I think you can see this past winter developed a bad case of low morale caused by low-grade "athletes" allergic to a snowshovel, but happy to prance in the cold morning air, flapping a paddle for 30 minutes or so to prove their virility and cure their hang-over.

2. Your strongly phrased desire that we "stop spreading crap on the greens" just doesn't seem to us to tie in with your comment passed from the locker room that at our club there's always some good news and some bad news — "You got it up off the fairway, but unfortunately you made the green."

We have been trying to topdress the greens just as fast as we can. You remember when I explained topdressing last fall at that meeting you wanted after the Trustees' Cocktail Party — that's when we spread the "crap" on the greens. Unfortunately, it is taking a lot more time and material than some years due to the footprints from winter play under soggy conditions. (I know you won't agree, but I promised myself in church last Sunday I'd say it anyway.)

3. I think your comment that the auditors want two people to collect the quarters from the ball machine at the

Practice Range could be interpreted as a personal insult. Let us close the question with the agreement that I will welcome *anyone's* company at 7:30 A.M. any morning when I empty the machine.

Now what I started to tell you about — this morning I was on my usual rounds of the course about 10 A.M. (Yes, right after coffee.) when I came upon a foursome followed by monster yellow beetles on a leash. Upon closer examination I discovered there wasn't even a leash, but these things were following along carrying the players' golf bags. When I saw two of the walking electronic parts bins cross a green I approached the player walking ahead of it and brazenly inquired "What the hell is that?!" He said with cool aplomb "It's a Maynard." I then requested very coolly, I thought, what this poor dumb animal was doing on my green. The owner replied — now get this — "It's not Maynard's fault, he's following me by radio control. Whatever I do he does."

Mr. Chairman, we've got some dumb golfers as even you have admitted, but just who invented a machine that can duplicate all the stupid movements these animals make? I suppose the next thing will be a riding cart transporting a foursome followed by the "drone bearer" cart carrying the bags, preceded by the "fore-caddie cart" equipped with some sort of electronic lookout. There will come a day when *golf* is only known in the dictionary, and there to be found only as "a game played in ancient times by athletic environmental protectionists."

Best wishes on your handicap,
Peter Poa

The Great Greens-Cutting Caper

by Chet Huey

Turf Products Co. Inc.

Well, you know, having been around in this business for what sometimes feels like an eternity the usual becomes commonplace. This little scene occurred in July; warm, humid, Poa-destroying, short tempered July. As any good golf course supply salesman knows you tread lightly in July. Therefore I was somewhat taken aback when I entered the maintenance building and was stamped upon by two of the crew. They were hippyish, young, 20-ish, long hair, shoulder length, bearded, well anyway a lot of hair. Their fingernails were even hairy. Bronzed and muscular, lithe bodies. One wore an Indian type headband. Faded levis, sneakers, peace symbols. They talked like — "Man, Zap, Daddy-O, Put Down, The Action, What's the Scene, Chicks, Cool." They approached me,

sails billowing, full head, parting the currents. They speak (?).

"Hey, Chet Daddy, we got a quiz, man."

I reply, idiomatically, to develop a rapport.

"Yeah, Papa, I feel your vibrations. Put it on me. What's the tempest?"

"Mike tells us that the N. J. Superintendents Association has a greens cutting contest once a year and the top cat picks up a big note, (\$500.) of bread. Is he putting us on or telling it like it is?"

I pause, electrons ricocheting off the sponge-like mass of my cerebrum. I answer, hesitatingly, not sure whether I'm being put on.

"Yeah, yeah, he's right. Why, are you studs trying for the winner's circle?"

"Yeah, Mike said to see you on all the data, give us the scene."

"Come on," I reply, "You guys are stiffing me. Are you really going for the roses?"

"Yeah, yeah, come on man, make with the data, and don't curl, spindle or mutilate us."

"You guys are level, aren't you? Well, let's see, — each Superintendent selects one man from his crew to represent his Club. It's usually held at Upper Montclair Country Club, on the last Tuesday in September. There are four judges, usually the President, Vice President and Secretary of the N.J.-C.G.S.A. and one Greens Chairman."

"Yeah, but what's to judge?"

"Well first thing is your greens machine, only hand jobs, no riding horses are allowed. Now, of course, the machine must be clean, set at exactly 1/4", sharp, no zerk fittings dripping grease. You get three chances to start your mower. More than that you're zapped. They time you, straightness of cut, how you make your turns, whether you are riding the mower or skipping. Oh, and take a piece of canvas to empty the clippings onto, don't throw them to the wind. Now, your personal appearance also counts. You know it's kind of a square scene. Clean shirt, slacks and Christ, no Keds. You know, your long hair could be a no-no. I mean like suppose you're leaning over to start your mower and your tresses get caught in the reel. Man, you guys could blow the whole bit before you hit the first turn."

"Do you really think the curls could zap us?"

"Search me man, clairvoyant I'm not. Have you guys been practicing? Did I ever tell you the one about practicing? It seems two guys are lost in New York City looking for directions. Along comes a hep cat padding down

the asphalt toting a cello. One of the fellows stops him and asks, 'Pardon me, sir, can you tell us how to get to Carnegie Hall?' To wit the cat replies, 'Practice man, practice.'

"Well, we told Mike that we wanted to cut all the greens ourselves, to shape up."

"Great."

"Yeah man, I could sure use the bread, I need a new bike," (motor-cycle).

End of dialogue.

Epilogue —

This "scene" continued on for about eight weeks when finally someone blew it and told them it was indeed a put-on. Nevertheless the Superintendent had two of the most eager, anxious greens men and some of the finest cut greens in the State.

Moral — (ours) — to use an old adage — There are more ways to skin a "cat" — hep or not.

Moral — (theirs) — Never trust anyone over 30.

Turf Clippings

Our first golf meeting of the year got off to a real wet start at Bamm Hollow; rain, rain . . . and more of the same. Not many "braved the elements," but those who did agreed Phil Scott had his course in beautiful shape. Sixty people praised the elegant buffet served that evening. Mr. Richard Henkel, Princeton Tree Nurseries was the speaker. His topic was "Tree Selection and Placement." It was an excellent talk and very informative.

Word has drifted out of South Jersey that Bey Lea's *Jim McCormick* has become a photographer par excellence. According to our source, Jim has done a terrific job documenting (by picture) the Bey Lea life story.

The N.J.G.C.S.A. Board of Directors recently voted to accept the following as new members of the Association: Class B — *Don Sarvis*, Supt., Pennbrook G.C.; *Bob Dwyer*, Supt., Fox Hollow C.C.; *Mike Brown*, Supt., Leisure Village East G.C. Class D — *John Richardson*, Asst. to Supt., *John Wantz*, Forsgate C.C. Class C — *Herb Mobus*, Double Eagle Golf and Industrial Sales; *Robert Lowery*, Methar Chemical Co. Director *Gene Tarulli*, Membership Chairman, informed us that these new members were the first to be accepted under the provisions outlined by our new By-Laws.

Billy Martin, formerly associated with *Phil Scott* at Bamm Hollow is now working as *Jack Montecalvo's* Asst. at Woodcrest C.C. Bill joined the Woodcrest staff soon after being graduated from the University of Maryland's two year course in turf management.

Canoe Brook's *Ted Roberts*, still caught up in the woes and throes of

highway construction, tells us they still haven't completed the connecting tunnel that will link the North and South courses. Consequently, members wishing to cross the highway must do so by getting on a "shuttle bus" that follows a prescribed route up and over the highway.

When *Peter Zimich* was named Supt. at Buena Vista C.C. he became the third member of the Zimich clan to join the ranks; older brother *Tom Zimich* is holding forth at Newton C.C., while middle brother *Walter* is Supt. at Central Valley C.C. in New York.

We are continually hearing about the fine job Supt. *Frank Leary* is doing at Echo Lake.

Dennis Shuster has been named Supt. at the Playboy Club. We have no knowledge of any factual evidence that a key to the "hutch" comes with the job!

Fertl-Soil's *Charlie Rankin* is pass-

ing out cigars — it was a girl.

"*Chuck*" *Wilson*, Supt. Woodlake C.C. informed us recently that the ribbon cutting ceremony was held June 1st. Located at Lakewood, N. J. this 7,000 yard beauty was designed by Edward Lawrence Packard of La-Grange, Ill. The two row, fully automatic irrigation system (Febco out of Buckner) was installed by *Phil De-Marco*. Woodlake's million dollar clubhouse was designed and built by Richard Hunter of Reading, Pa. Owned by Leisure Technology Corp., this eighteen hole layout is a real eye pleaser.

Dennis Wagner, Supt., Homestead G.C., spends his spare weekends racing Demolition Derby cars at Nazareth Speedway. What these "Supers" won't do for thrills!

Supt. *Arthur Elmers* held court on the Patio at Baltusrol. Fortunately he was surrounded by old friends.

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