On Board: Q & A with a member of your BOD

Describe your most amazing event on your course...the worst or best? Brian Brown, Superintendent at Chisago Golf Club



The worst thing that happened to me occurred when I was young in my career. I was employed as an Assistant Superintendent and it was the summer between my first and second year of Turf School. I was instructed to load up the fertilize spreader and fertilizer. I was to fertilize greens heavy especially the 3 worst greens that were surrounded by trees. I fertilized all the greens and those three bad ones I fertilized in two directions so I knew that I got

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On Board: continued.the worst or best.

it "Heavy". After a light watering I went about my day and didn't think another thing about it. The day had very little wind and temperatures reached 90 degrees. I am sure everyone knows where this is going but I didn't until a day or two later when I noticed through my sunglasses that there looks to be checkerboard lines on those three greens. I told the Superintendent what I saw and he told me to immediately water the greens. As you can imagine the turf completely died in a distinctive checkerboard pattern on the three greens. The Superintendent took the most of the heat from the owner but I will not forget the ride out to view my destruction. I was devastated and I couldn't sleep for weeks. I did get to spend plenty of time with those greens that summer spiking, seeding and watering those greens. This was a lesson I will never forget.

My best experience was at my prior position at Ferndale Country Club in Rushford, MN. Even though it was ten years ago I can remember Page 28 it like it was yesterday. Ferndale is located at the base of a bluff and above the Root River Valley. In the morning I would grab

a fresh cup of coffee and head out on the greens mower. With so few employees I mounted a rack on the greens mower to carry the cup cutter and bucket with supplies. Hole 6 is a sharp dogleg that rises into a coulee of the bluff and overlooks the valley. My favorite spot to park and breathe in the view was behind this green. One of these spectacular mornings the sun was rising above the thick blanket of fog that covered the Root River Valley. Just as if I were in the peaks of a mountain. Deer meandered across the fairway, turkeys were clucking from a nearby field and birds were soaring above. To me it was a spiritual experience of God's great creation

"The Championship" New Richmond Golf Club August 27th *See YOU there!!!*



On Board: continued.the worst or best.

Paul Diegnau, CGCS, Keller GC



Remember the old adage "haste makes waste?" Well, back in 1997, in my second year at Keller GC, haste almost cost me my life. It was a late afternoon in late October and the sun was dipping below the barren trees. I had been spraying snow mold chemical all day and was racing the sun in the hopes of finishing my last tank and the job.

The spray rig at the time was a platform-mounted unit that rode in the bed of a three-wheel Cushman. The tank was half full and I could see the end in sight. Rather than take the cart path from the tee I had just finished spraying, I opted on a short cut down the hill to a nearby green. What an idiot! Needless to say, as I started down the hill one of the rear tires hit a depression in the ground and the load shifted. In the blink of an eye the unit rolled and flipped over upside down.

The first thing I remember as I gathered my hazy thoughts was the unmistakable smell of gasoline as it dripped on my back. The vehicle continued to run for a while but eventually died. As I tried to orient myself I realized I was pinned under the utility vehicle in the space between the bench seat and the steering wheel. The amazing thing was how close I came to a broken neck. The metal handle on the edge of the bench seat was just inches from my neck.

I remained under the vehicle for five or ten minutes while I cleared my head. Light was fading fast and the temperature was inching downward. I was eventually able to extricate myself with a lot of wriggling back and forth. Considering I had a broken collar bone and multiple cracked ribs, that was quite a feat in itself. I ended up in the emergency room and spent several weeks recuperating.

We purchased a dedicated, lowprofile sprayer the following year. That was a tough way to get a new sprayer! To this day I still think about the day I almost died on a golf course. My accident helped me to realize that most things in life can wait until tomorrow. Haste does truly make waste!

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