

The 19th Hole with...

Paul Grogan, CGCS

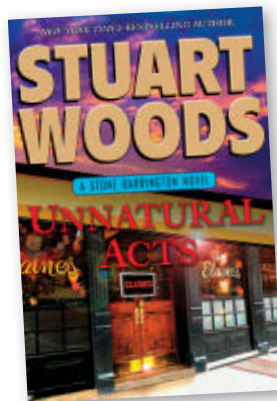
TPC Deere Run, Silvis, Ill.



I'll order a beer, as long as we're not playing Deere Run! Coors Light, or whatever is good on draft. And we can settle up all the bets.

The first year after I graduated from high school, 1966, I started working at a small 9-hole course in Marion, Ind., called the Elks Country Club. It's where I played golf. My dad had a 30-year membership there. I've been in the business since then.

They gave me a push mower and a weed-eater. Well, there was no such animal as a weed-eater back then, it was an idiot stick. I still call them idiot sticks. It was an old sickle-bar. Any idiot can swing a sickle-bar.



I went to Purdue. It's a fine turf school now, but in the '60s, the early '70s, they only had one turf class — it was all ag related.

I don't watch a lot of golf on TV. After being at a golf course all day, that's the last thing I want to see.

I don't think people mean to do something wrong. Things just happen. I used to yell and scream a lot. Now, I've got to the point that I just shake my head and ask them what they were thinking. The work can be monotonous. Some people just fall asleep at it.

We used to call people. Now we send email. It's crazy. I've gotten back into calling people. I like to hear people talk.

In the winter I read books. Historical fiction, mysteries, some type of action. Stuart Woods does a good series with a character called Stone Barrington. He's done 15 or 16 books in that series. You get hooked on it, and then you're like, "When's the next one coming out?"

We're still banging around what to do when I retire. Probably move closer to our two girls in Indiana. I'll try to find a job at a golf course, mowing rough, so I can be one of those guys that gets yelled at by a guy in a suit for doing something dumb.

As interviewed by Seth Jones, February 15th, 2012.

