The Editor's Notebook



A Beautiful Autumn leads to an "Average" Year

By Monroe S. Miller

Everybody says it, and it is generally true: a year tends to "even out", making most of them "normal". The days we lost for golf and for work this spring were pretty much returned to us this fall.

Generally speaking, I will remember autumn 1996 as one of calm and tranquillity. It was totally pleasant and peaceful.

And dry. Contrasted with last fall, it was really dry. Or maybe autumn 1995 was really wet. The reason I am acutely aware of each is that we chose last fall for a fairly formidable construction project, and the wet weather bedeviled us the whole time. The miserable spring only made it worse and the less-than-satisfying result was around all summer. They say timing is everything and, too often, timing is a matter of sheer luck.

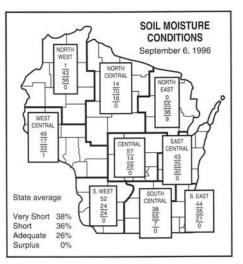
Those who had work to do this fall, on the other hand, had a real go of it. The construction and grow-in weather was superb.

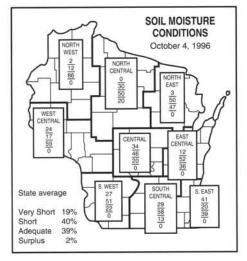
The season was great for Wisconsin sports, too. How about the Pack and Monday Night Football?! I think the WGCSA committee responsible for chapter meetings should call Mike Holmgren before next year's schedule is planned so we don't end up with two conflicts next year!

This autumn will also be one I will remember as the one when our Symposium left downtown Milwaukee. Will the move enhance the meeting or harm it? I have my own prediction. Either way, for our chapter, the Symposium is a highlight of any year.

The attending stats from the Wisconsin Agricultural Statistics Service are offered, as usual, for your comparison and records of the past two months.

I took my annual leafpeekers trip to the northeast again this fall, and on my way out I spent a few days in the beautiful Finger Lakes Region of New York. I also spent a couple of





nights at Frank and Barb Rossi's farm in rural Trumansburg, New York. Here is a brief report.

They purchased a worn 1820 farm house in less than good repair and completely renovated it. There are four bedrooms — a master, one for each girl (Danielle and Nicole) and mine. Theirs are all on the second floor; my room was on the first, just off the living room. There is also a dining room area (very large), an office, a great kitchen and a laundry room. Their renovation included construction of a new garage and connecting vestibule.

Outbuildings include a Quonset shop, a small horse barn, a chicken coop and an outdoor privy. I am guessing that they have about five acres, and it is completely flat land surrounded by hills not unlike those of southwest Wisconsin. It is also completely rocky, which explains why it is pasture rather than crop land.

The Rossi's have two horses, about 20 chickens, one huge dog (a Newfoundland) and a house cat.



Their style of living couldn't be more different than that they enjoyed on Knickerbocker Street in Madison!

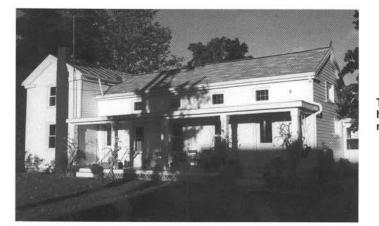
They are in the Trumansburg school system, the same one that produced USGA Green Section National Director Jim Snow.

They were very gracious hosts and Frank squired me all through Cornell University and Ithaca on one long day. It is a beautiful campus, located on a promontory overlooking a lake (Cayuga), somewhat like the UW-Madison campus.

Among the many things we did (checked out libraries, used bookstores, lunch at the campus Statler Hotel - part of their Hotel Management Program) was visit the turfgrass research facility. It is located next to the Robert Trent Jones Golf Course, a university facility. The similarity to the Noer Facility, next to the Robert Trent Jones Jr. golf course didn't escape me. But the similarity ended there. The Cornell facility is kind of a dump. But already Frank is thinking and talking and I'd bet in not many years theirs will be a new one.

The turf program at Cornell isn't in the best of shape, or so it seemed to me. Like Wisconsin, there is no two-year program. But unlike the robust Wisconsin program run by Wayne Kussow (which often has over 30 undergrads), Cornell has only three undergraduate students. The department (Floriculture and Ornamental Horticulture) is undergoing some soul searching and master planning, which I am sure Professor Rossi will input.

I better understand, now that I have visited there, why the move was made. Barb's family, a lot of them anyway, are close in Watkin's Glen. Frank's parents are only a few hours away. They are native New Yorkers who simply went home. And not everyone remembers Frank's connection to Cornell - he got his PhD degree there. There are lots of Wisconsin connections at Cornell. Both of these universities are premier institutions and a number of the faculty at Cornell attended Wisconsin at one time or another or worked at the UW-Madison. The Cornell CALS dean, Daryl Lund, is a good example. He was on the UW-Madison faculty for 13 years and chaired the Food Science (Continued on page 11)





Home of the riding horses the Rossi family enjoys.



The Italian farmer at the controls of a combine.

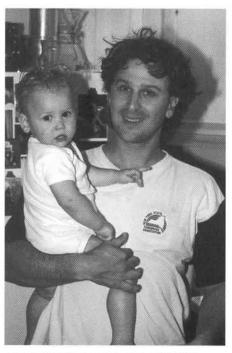


Prof. Rossi's new place of work—the Plant Science Building at Cornell University.

The remodeled farm house the Rossi's now call home.



Barb, Danielle and Frank getting ready for a country ride.



Frank and Nicole in their new kitchen.

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Department. He is also a golfer who played Winged Foot with Frank.

So I can report that they are happy and healthy, missing Wisconsin for sure, but also glad to be back home, nowadays in the country.

Vincent Noltner passed away on September 1st. Each time I think of that, I feel a little lonely.

I mention his passing because so many WGCSA members knew him. Wayne Kussow recently told me that over half of the graduates in the UW-Madison turf management program have worked at our course, reminding me how many young people Vince had touched.

Often, when I see people I have not been with for a while, the first thing they would ask was "how's Vincent?"

He was 80 years old and still as sharp as a tack. Maneuvering around wasn't easy for him, but four of his six children were minutes away from his house and he was well taken care of. He passed away at home. The visitation was very busy — he would have been pleased to see so many people he had worked with on the golf course. Professor Jim Love was there, too. The church was packed for his funeral the next day, too. When men like Vince pass away, their friends come to the service. It was harvest time, and from the open doors of the rural Ashton church we could all hear the farm machinery passing by. It was, in a way, a tribute to a hard working, retired farmer.

It was touching as we walked from the church to the cemetery behind it. The day was nice, and all who were important to him were there, and he was joining his wife at last.

Vincent took care of the church cemetery for years — who'd have been better? — and so when we went there for the last time, he did not go as a stranger. He knew many of them, as friends and neighbors and family and parishioners of his church.

His life, well lived by my standards, did not come to a sudden stop. Instead, it seemed to be rounded out and finished and complete. The rest of us should be that fortunate.

It is odd and I am almost guilty to say that his passing was not bitter. He had a full and good life and the respect of many. He lived in a way that warmed and brightened the hearts of a lot of people. I am among those, and I will think of him often. And I will miss him.

We all have some weird golf course problems once in awhile geese, earthworms, deer and the like — you name it. That is why I wasn't totally surprised when I learned about a battle between crows and golf players on a Massachusetts golf course.

What did surprise me was this: it was a front page story on the 10/4/96 edition of the Vineyard Gazette!

It seems that crows on the Farm Neck Golf Course are thieves. What they steal is food from the players.

The club sells sandwiches, potato chips and other snacks. If they are left unattended on a golf cart, crows feel they are free for the taking. So they take! They became so *(Continued on page 12)*



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accomplished that they have learned how to unzip or unbutton pockets where food is hidden from them.

They are able to open a bag of chips and, in a second, devour the content.

Observers say they are like urban gangs. They have a spotter who keeps an eye open while others in the flock to the theft.

Golfers aren't the only prey. At the annual Easter egg hunt a few years ago at an adjacent wildlife sanctuary, the crows got 98% of the eggs! They now have guards on crow duty for such events.

I was thinking, as I was reading along, that Martha's Vineyard, and maybe the rest of Massachusetts, needs a crow hunting season like Wisconsin. Then the story went on to say the Farm Neck Golf Club is a bird sanctuary, presumably part of the ASNY/USGA Cooperative Sanctuary Program. That would pretty much end any thoughts about a bird hunting season.

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The headline in an article in one of our Madison papers said *INS heads* off bluegrass at the pass.

The article started talking about "Euro Grass, one of Europe's premier bluegrass bands... " I read bands as "blends" and thought this was the work of a plant breeder and anticipated reading how a fantastic new European bluegrass was being kept from us. I envisioned one that was winter hardy, prosperous in shade and all of the other problems northern Europe would have that we have, too.

Turns out that "band" was just that — a bluegrass band! They were going to have a concert at the first Congo Church in Madison, except they ran into work-permit problems.

Oh, well, I don't like bluegrass music, anyway.

Like many of you, I have had a busy year and not seen many people. That is the great thing about this profession of ours in four-season country. We have a winter time when we have the opportunities to cross paths. Until that happens, as Garrison Keillor says, "be well, do good work and keep in touch."



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