



STUDENT LIFE

By Michael Lee



On December 22, 1987 at 10:05 a.m. I will take my last college exam. Much more exciting is the thought that 2 hours later, I'll be finished writing the exam! It's exciting because graduating from UW-Madison has been my primary goal for the past 4½ years. As a beginning freshman, it took me two weeks of consuming Kraft Macaroni and Cheese (33 cents a box at the time) and cheap beer to realize that attending college is more than working towards a degree; it's a unique lifestyle. Like most things, student life has its frustrations and rewards.

Clearly, the most significant reward of student life is receiving a higher level of education. It's my experience that the majority of professors present interesting and well organized lectures. And logically so since they spend a good share of their life researching the subjects they teach. An important component of the quality of education is the diversity of courses available to students. UW-Madison's 142 page timetable lists thousands of courses available to students each semester. This motivates students to achieve a well rounded and diverse education as well as a specialty.

Jumping out of the parental nest into student life affords students first hand experience managing time, money and self-discipline. The first test to see if you will fly usually comes during the first set of exams. A typical scenario might be: the Badgers play on Saturday, the Packers play on Sunday and you have two exams and a speech due on Monday. Today's college student employs a combination of three financial strategies to obtain money. The first, working, is the old-fashioned way and requires that you find enough time in your schedule to work in order to make ends meet. The second, a part-time job in itself, is to apply for financial aid, grants and scholarships. The last strategy, a popular one, is to entice the cash from your parents. Once the money is obtained, students must skillfully regulate its distribution

to pay for tuition, books, housing and pizza.

College seems to have something to offer everyone. For the student who prefers not to subject him or herself to "the real world" college provides an excellent shelter because it's very hard to argue against education. For the student who attempts the "real world" but finds it unsatisfactory, he or she can go to graduate school and collect college degrees. For advanced students there are graduate level courses and honors programs. If you would like to meet an advanced student, visit the college library on a Friday or Saturday night. For the student who is less concerned with classes but enjoys student life there are physical education electives and the Memorial Union. If you would like to meet one of these students, try the local nightclub during final exam week.

A valuable feature of our university is that somebody always has in-depth knowledge of any subject that you could possibly imagine. I first realized this during a Forestry 100 lecture. The lecture was devoted entirely to presenting research that had been done on how to stack logs in the fireplace to achieve the hottest fire possible. Our university is truly a source of diverse information for all members of society.

The nicest rewards of student life are often subtle. They include increased awareness, problem solving skills, and learning how to learn and to accept learning as a life long process.

Students at UW-Madison have long been recognized as those who work hard and play hard. Receiving a high exam score is a great sense of relief and accomplishment. The obvious reaction is to do some serious celebrating. I believe this attitude makes student life downright fun. This attitude sets in Thursday evening and lasts to Sunday morning. Student life is rewarding and fun, but it's not without its frustrations.

The frustrating thing about going to school is that you can never get away

from it. Have you noticed that all students carry backpacks? Actually, they are not backpacks at all; they are monkeys disguised as backpacks and they cling to students wherever they go. The process of learning is very time consuming. The rule of thumb is three hours of studying per credit per week. Therefore, an average fifteen credit semester requires 62 hours per week of time (17 hours of lecture plus 3 times 15 credits).

When students interact with the UW's administration, a severe headache usually results. In my class, I had a headache from the very beginning. My story goes as follows: In the spring of 1983 I submitted my application to attend UW-Madison. During the summer I received a letter back informing me that they were going to defer their decision to accept me until a later date. That date passed and I quickly sent an application to UW-Stevens Point; I was accepted and made all the arrangements. Two weeks before I was supposed to leave for Stevens Point, I receive a letter from UW-Madison. The letter describes how my letter of acceptance was lost because it fell to the bottom of the elevator shaft via the mail chute that runs along beside it. Fortunately for me, the elevator broke and the repairman found my letter.

Then there was the time I went from a B to a C on a zoology exam because the last two pages of the exam were missing. Or how about a registration system so primitive that getting the classes you need may literally depend on how fast you can run. New to this semester, the administration has scheduled the graduation ceremony during the middle of the final examination period. In fairness, I'm sure students give the administration a headache too.

A well known campus question is "what is your major?" When I am asked this question, 9 times out of 10 the conversation goes something like this:

Moron: What's your major?

Me: Soil Science. I'm specializing in

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Moron: Blank look.

Me: I'm studying to be a golf course superintendent.

Moron: Oh, oh yeah, like Bill Murray in Caddy Shack, right?

Me: Ah, yeah right.

Moron: Well at least you won't have to work during the winter.

Me: (thinking to myself) you \$&! What do you mean by "at least?"

Actually, there's a lot to do in the winter. . . and so on.

It is annoying when people degrade our profession. This frustration is not related to student life, but I am sure all turfgrass managers can relate to it. It is without a doubt in my mind that the frustrations of student life are dwarfed by its rich rewards that last a lifetime.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Michael Lee began his golf course work experience at Blackhawk Country Club in 1980. In 1985 he spent the summer working at Cherokee Country Club. Since then he has worked with professor Gayle Worf as a technical assistant in turfgrass research. In March of 1988 he will assume the responsibilities of assistant superintendent at Blue Mound Golf and Country Club. Mike thanks James Berbee for sparking his interest in the golf course management profession and Monroe Miller for fostering that interest.

Wisconsin Department of Agriculture, Trade and Consumer Protection Clarifies Licensing and Certification Requirements for Pesticide Applicators

The following memo has crossed the Editor's desk with a request to pass it along to WGCSA members. It is from Mr. Nick Neher, Director of the Groundwater and Regulatory Services Section in the Agricultural Resource Management Division of the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture, Trade and Consumer Protection.

"As a result of comments received from Wisconsin's commercial pest control industry and upon further review of the new provisions of the Wisconsin Pesticide Law, the Department has reinterpreted the certification and licensing provisions of the law.

As you probably recall, the initial interpretation of the new law by the Department was that all commercial applicators using any pesticide had to be licensed and certified.

Under the new interpretation, commercial applicators not for hire who use or direct the use of restricted-use pesticides and all commercial applicators for hire who use or direct the use of any pesticide must be licensed by January 1, 1988.

Commercial applicators for hire or not for hire using or directing the use of restricted-use pesticides must be certified by January 1, 1988 or prior to the use of restricted-use pesticides. Commercial applicators for hire who use only general-use pesticides must be certified prior to June 1, 1988."

Should you have any questions on the Pesticide Law, contact Nick Neher at 608-266-7129 or Ed Bergman at 608-266-0197. Also, be sure to attend the Wisconsin Turfgrass Association Winter Turfgrass Conference; an official from the DATCP will be there as a speaker.

It is worth noting that our good friend from the FROWT Coalition, Russ Weisensel, has met with DATCP officials in an effort to clarify the new regulations and to point out shortcomings in the initial interpretation. As noted, the first interpretation would have required certification of anyone who used a product like "Raid" or applied a "Weed and Feed" product to his lawn. We all should sleep better at night knowing that Russel keeps an eye on things like this!

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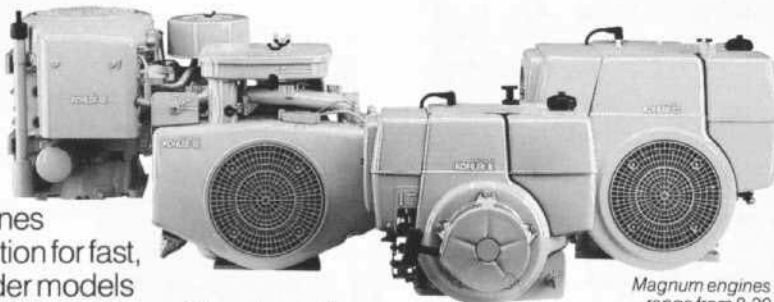
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WGCSA Participates in The North Central Turf Exposition Program For The First Time

For the first time ever, the Wisconsin Golf Course Superintendents Association formally participated in the North Central Turf Expo. This year's meeting was held for three consecutive days, December 8 through December 10, at the Pheasant Run Resort outside of St. Charles, Illinois. This excellent meeting has been well attended by Wisconsin golf course superintendents over the years. Members of the WGCSA and faculty from the University of Wisconsin-Madison have served as speakers. Individuals in the turfgrass industry in the state have also accepted invitations to address the Expo. But 1987 was the first time that a part of the program was formally dedicated to the Wisconsin Golf Course Superintendents Association.

Carl Grassl had been approached about the prospect of a WGCSA section in the educational program earlier in the year. Carl, who spent many years as a golf course superintendent in the Chicago area, responded favorably to the idea after it was warmly received by the directors of the WGCSA at the March board meeting. As the chair of the education committee, Carl designed the program that was presented and chose the speakers.

Bill Roberts, appropriately, was the lead speaker on the Wisconsin program. As the new past president of the

WGCSA and current director of the GCSAA, Bill addressed the subject of "How Involved Are We - Or - Should We Be?" Obviously, Roberts is committed to many causes within the profession and took this potentially deadly and boring subject to a level that captured everyone's attention. Bill's ever increasing experience as a speaker is really starting to show—his words sparked with clarity, vision and inspiration.

The subject of the environment was addressed by Monroe S. Miller. He drew on his experience as a member of the Forestry/Rights-Of-Way/Turf Coalition and as a citizen in the capital city of Madison where there is always some flap about the environment. Miller's rather blunt opinions regarding environmental zealots were well received by the audience.

It has not taken the turfgrass industry in the Great Lakes Region and the Upper Midwest very long to discover Dr. Wayne R. Kussow, faculty member in the Department of Soil Science at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Wayne spoke on a subject we haven't heard much about in recent years—"Organic Matter in Turf". Per usual, he did an excellent job of covering his subject material. Wayne was also a speaker on Wednesday afternoon at the invitation of the Central Illinois Golf

Course Superintendents Association, and again on Thursday in the Sports Turf Managers Association. All three talks were on completely different topics but well within Dr. Kussow's expertise. Wisconsin has a lot to be proud of in this man.

Grassl decided to finish the program with another subject that has become an infrequent part of educational golf turf programs in recent years—sand topdressing. Carl asked Jerry Kershasky, Wayne Otto and Ray Knapp—all WGCSA members—to take a look at "Ten Years of Sand Topdressing Greens". These three superintendents, with Carl serving as moderator, did a classic job of thoroughly covering the subject with their own experiences. Few could have given the perspective these men did simply because they had Westmoor, Ozaukee and Tuckaway on sand programs before most others jumped on the bandwagon.

Of the feedback received to date about our efforts in St. Charles, all have been very favorable. Give most credit to Carl Grassl. As for next year, although no invitations have been made, a betting man would expect to see another WGCSA session at the 1988 North Central Turf Exposition.

—Monroe S. Miller

WGCSA SPEAKER LINE-UP AT 1987 NCTE



Ray Knapp



Wayne Otto



Carl Grassl



Wayne Kussow



Jerry Kershasky



Bill Roberts



Monroe S. Miller

TWENTY (PLUS THREE)

From the Sunday, April 18, 1965 Wisconsin State Journal comes the following story about our profession.

Forgotten Man of Golfdom

Ever since golf was born in America on Nov. 14, 1888, at the home of John Reid in Yonkers, N.Y., the game's forgotten man has been the greenskeeper. Upon him went the burden of building and maintaining golf courses with the delicate touch of a doctor and the attentiveness of a nursemaid.

Greenskeeping was in the beginning a job of muscle, not mind, a chore done by physical strength alone—the hand hauling of mowers, the sanding and upkeep of bunkers, the planting of greens, flags, and the like.

Time brought research and agronomy, the study of plant and turf life akin to golf course upkeep. It brought chemicals to preserve grass and help it resist disease. It brought automation, machinery that gave added skill to the greenskeeper and finer grooming to the links.

TAUGHT IN COLLEGE

The greenskeeper became the course superintendent, a dignified title more in keeping with his work. The value of the superintendent became a little more pronounced, and with it came the urge for greater knowledge.

"Today, golf course maintenance is taught in many colleges," says Peter

LIFE IN THE "PAST" LANE



From L to R: Jerry Murphy-Director GCSAA, Jack Soderberg, Dennis Thorp and Robert Musbach-WGCSA President.

Two UW students, Jack Soderberg and Dennis Thorp, received scholarships from the National Golf Course Superintendents Association at the April meeting of the WGCSA.

GCSAA scholarships originated 14 years ago when the need for qualified golf superintendents became apparent due to the increase in the number of golf courses, technological advancements, and retirements. Since that time, \$146,000 has been distributed to deserving students.



A glimpse of Tom's workbench and a few of his trucks and tractors. Als, notice the picture on the right side of the shelf—Harrison was a freshman UW basketball player in 1965.



A couple of lucky kids with their dad, the toy collector!

Hobbies

COLLECTING TOYS

"Fortunate is the man who can carry some of the freshness, eagerness and simplicity of youth into his later years, who can have a boy's heart below a man's head."

John Burroughs

I think that if I was a boy looking for a surrogate father, I'd pick Tom Harrison. He is fortunate and much like the man described by that old New Englander, John Burroughs. Like the rest of us in the WGCSA, Tom has an ideal job. I could spend time outside with him, riding on golf cars and in trucksters, driving tractors and other neat equipment, and enjoying the seasons as they come and go. After work we would ride home in his bright red Firebird (loud mufflers, big engine, fancy wheel covers), hitch the Blazer (4-wheel drive) to our boat and cruise the beautiful four lakes of Madison. Once in awhile we'd go to the Village Fire Department and ride on a fire truck—my adopted dad is a volunteer fireman! On weekends we would go to a UW football or basketball or hockey game together—Tom loves sports. On occasion we would go and see the Brewers or the Bucks or the Packers. Never a dull moment!

Tom's game for anything (except playing golf!). Maybe we'd go to the Dells or trip out to Dyersville for the day.

Dyersville? Where is that and why would anyone go there?

Dyersville is in Iowa, west of Dubuque twenty or thirty miles or so. The fact that Tom likes to visit Dyersville is another reason I would choose him for my dad. Dyersville is the home of the ERTL Company, the world's foremost and largest manufacturer of toy tractors and of plastic models. The Scale Models Company also calls Dyersville home. They make toy tractors, too. The National Farm Toy Museum, the National Farm Toy Show and any number of other events relating to toys happen to be in Dyersville. It's a great town for young boys and big boys who love toys. You see, Tom Harrison not only likes big toys like boats and cars. He likes model toys—cars, trucks, trains and tractors.

And he's been collecting these kinds of toys since he was a boy. Let's see. Tom is forty now, so he's been a toy collector for over a quarter of a century and almost for three decades. That is a long, long time to be collecting anything.

E) YEARS AGO...

Peter Miller, then the Golf Course Superintendent at the Nakoma Golf Club, was the focus of the story.

Miller, superintendent at the Nakoma club here and public relations head of the Wisconsin Golf Course Superintendents' Association. "Seminars are held regularly by the various superintendents' groups at which every phase of our work is discussed."

"A recent turf conference at the University of Wisconsin emphasized how intensely interested our members are in their work. More than 100 of our 110 members were present. Manufacturers and salesmen, who are welcome to these sessions, sent the attendance to more than 200."

MONTHLY MEETINGS

Conferences follow a pattern, Miller said. They are broken down into turf grass management, weeds and control, soils and structure, plant life, hot weather turf diseases, treatment of soils to assure fertility, and, topping it off, the specific study of Wisconsin turf.

There will be conferences each month at a different club in various areas, Miller said, so that during the busiest time of the season the superintendent can keep apace of his work and his problems.

The superintendent is like the mailman on vacation. The conferences are held on Mondays—the forgotten man's "day off."

THE "FUNNIES"

You Know You're A Golf Course Superintendent When...



You spend time in the winter months catching up on the finest literature available.

His collection of model cars is probably the most extensive since he's been at that the longest. He still has his first model car—a 1958 Chevrolet—and that was the year this wonderful hobby started. Many collectors are very secretive about the details of their collections. They won't share dollar value or number of pieces; they won't even let many people see their collections. This is a very private business for some. Tom isn't that way; he's open about the fact that his model collection numbers somewhere between 700 and 800 pieces. He's got more models than I have hats!

Tom and I've been friends since 1966 and over the years I have watched his collecting go through several stages. The first stage was the "model car" stage. After the Navy and about the time he started working at the Bluff, he started to expand his collection beyond cars. He entered what I refer to as the "truck" stage. He started to add vehicles (models) similar to those he had experience with. For example, his work as a volunteer fireman inspired his interest in firetrucks. To this day, he continues to add firefighting equipment to his display shelves. You wouldn't believe the numbers of these kinds of models he has! And they are really beautiful.

I've often thought that the reason Tom has so many different models is because he is interested in so many different things. Believe it or not, but T.H. absolutely loves to plow snow. Maybe I am astounded by that fact because I despise the job. Anyway, his love of snow plowing has resulted in shelves showing many pieces of snow removal equipment. Pickups with plows, deuce and a half trucks with sanding equipment and wing plows, and even large horsepower snowblower attachments are on display. This equipment also came during his "truck" stage.

Rounding out the equipment he added during the "truck" stage is construction equipment. He has dozens and dozens of pieces of front end loaders, tandem and triaxle dump trucks, backhoes, articulated loaders, dozers, packers and many others I do not even recognize.

Of course, the truck stage collection also includes ordinary trucks and tractor/trailer rigs for hauling everything from fuel oil to livestock.

Tom's collection entered another stage in about 1980—the train stage. He has, since then, devoted a lot of time and energy to his HO gauge train collection. Apparently train collectors measure the size of their train operations not by the number of pieces (Tom has 300 cars and engines) but by the "layout" size. So, for those aficionados, his layout is 12'x16'.

The most recent stage in the elevation of the Harrison Hobby is the "tractor" stage. Although he wasn't raised on a farm, Tom did spend summers on a rural McFarland farm operated by a close relative. Also, he went through a period when, after working a full day at Maple Bluff, he'd head out to Blaney Farms and help with the seed corn harvest in the autumn and with the planting in spring. The big and powerful equipment used on the Blaney Farms piqued his interest. So, of course, he started to collect farm tractors.

This collection is one I readily relate to since I am also a tractor collector. Tom's tractor numbers run in the neighborhood of 150 and believe me, that is a considerable number, one I admit to being jealous over. And across the country, tractor collecting has grown by leaps and bounds in the past five years. There is a show, auction or sale within traveling distance almost every weekend in the fall and winter. There are many journals dealing with the the hobby—T.H. prefers *The Toy Farmer*. There are parts houses (will fitters!) and tire companies. Some individuals make a living from tractor repair and restoration (toy mechanics, we call them). There is so much going on with this hobby that it is difficult to keep up. But Tom, somehow, is managing to do that.

The first question most ask is, "Where in the world do you keep them?" Let me just say that he has had to build a new house and when I asked Tom if he had made provisions for all of his models, he replied, "Miller, I've got the whole basement of a six bedroom home!"

So if you see a red Firebird heading west on Highway 151, chances are four boys are headed for the toy stores around Dyersville—Tom (40), Monroe (41), Brandon (4) and Matthew (6).

"Hey Dad, can we buy a couple of new toy tractors, if we promise not to tell Mom?"

Believe me guys, Diane already knows. She has lived with Tom too long.

—Monroe S. Miller



CLEARING THE AIR

By Rob Schultz

I grew up in a liberally minded community, attended a liberally minded college and pick up a paycheck every two weeks from an extremely liberally minded newspaper.

But now I must admit, despite all the years I spent getting educated and working with many fine minds at my newspaper, that I was a closet conservative. My peers are shocked now that I've made my feelings public. They can't believe I voted for Ronald Reagan. Twice. I even voted for Gerald Ford. That's a vote I'm actually proud of.

I'm not a fan of widespread welfare, giving homes to rebellious Cubans and tax increases to help both aforementioned groups. I am a fan of big business, tax loopholes, the death penalty and the invasion of Grenada.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not *that* conservative. I cringe every time I see Jessie Helms, Phyllis Schlafly or some redneck representing the National Rifle Association. Whenever I see an NRA ad, I ask myself, "Why does someone own a .44 magnum, except to find a reason to shoot someone with it?"

While I'm taking time to come out of the closet on so many of these issues, I must admit to something else. I'm beginning to waver about unions.

Not all unions, mind you. I saw the movie "Norma Rae." I read Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle". I see many other journalists who work for crummy newspapers making six times what I make simply because they work for a union.

However, I have problems whenever I play a poorly maintained golf course and find out the grounds crew is a union shop. Then my conservatism comes pouring out of my veins. I get a little red under my collar.

I also get a little red over snobby low handicappers and the crazies who go along with paying astronomical rates to play golf and buy equipment. But more on that later.

Aside from disease or not getting enough money from its club to properly maintain a golf course, I find it inexcusable for any golf course, private or public, to look sloppy. And my definition of sloppy is actually pretty liberal. My only hopes when I play a golf course are to find well-maintained greens, raked and fully-sanded traps, and well-manicured fairways.

That's also what I'm hoping to find when the University of Wisconsin opens its new golf course in two years.

The UW has a chance to finally do something right with the construction of its golf course. The layout, by Palo Alto, Calif., architect Robert Trent Jones, Jr., looks exciting, although some feel it could've been better. Nevertheless, the UW is sparing no expense to make sure it will rate among the state's best when it opens around Memorial Day, 1990.

But the UW's decision who to hire to maintain its golf course will determine whether it will remain one of the state's best in the years to come. Now I'm not saying the course won't be nice if it hires a union shop grounds crew. All I'm saying is the chances are it will be nicer if it doesn't, but pays competitively.

Harry Peterson, the UW's assistant to the chancellor, isn't sure how the school will handle its grounds crew situation. Most of the decision-making, he said, will fall into the hands of the athletic department. Hopefully, the UW athletic department will take better care making decisions in this matter than it did when selecting its last men's basketball coach.

The UW has taken one step in the right direction, however, because Peterson said the school hopes to hire a golf course superintendent by "no later than next April."

Peterson, who has listened to many of the state's top golf course superintendents before and after the UW decided to build the course, obviously knows the importance of having a su-

perintendent on board to help supervise the construction.

A great example is Jeff Parks, that top-notch superintendent at Lake Arrowhead. He saved that course money and time and helped turn it into a quality layout because he was there almost from the start of construction.

Hopefully, whoever the UW hires will convince the athletic department of how important it is to hire a top-notch grounds crew. The new superintendent must make the UW hierarchy painfully aware of how courses look when maintained by a poorly managed crew.

The state's golf course superintendents should do their part to back up the new UW superintendent. Give Peterson, UW Athletic Director Ade Sponberg and Frank Remington a call or draft a letter asking the UW to hire the best possible crew. Many UW officials respect the state's golf course superintendents and they will listen when you call.

There is an easy solution for the UW concerning who to hire for its grounds crew. Many of Madison's private clubs reap the harvest of the UW's excellent soil science department and hire students as full-and part-time help. The UW should follow suit and pay them well as interns.

Peterson hinted that students could fill an important role with the grounds crew. Several students already are involved with the construction of the course. Let's hope that trend continues.

Now I feel better. I got that off my chest. My co-workers may not talk to me; in fact one co-worker is staring at me right now with his mouth open in disbelief. So what. I feel like I lifted a building off my shoulders.

And while I'm getting so much off my chest, there's one more point I better make.

In my last column, I wrote about how the GCSAA was conducting clinics across the country asking golfers what they thought of golf, golf courses, superintendents, etc. One of the questions asked was "What do you like least about golf?"

If I had to answer that question I would have said, "It's a rich man's and a low handicapper's sport. Golf is

quickly becoming extinct for the normal guy who doesn't have enough money to join a private club or play with the low handicappers at a public course."

It's true. I have no problems with golfers at private clubs, with the exception that I'm envious of their money or arrangement with their loan officer at the local bank. But I do have problems with those who feel they belong in that crowd and are making life miserable for golfers at public courses.

I play at a public course and am heavily pressured each year to join my club's men's association. I join just to get a handicap and better tee times on

Fridays and the weekends. But I think the stuffiness of some of the members is nauseating. I call those people—most of whom have low handicaps, rotten, low-paying jobs and love to brag about it—pseudo-country clubbers.

Those are the public course elitists. They frown at anything that they think can't be found at most country clubs.

Like unions. I must admit, when they start bad mouthing unions, I find it hard not to come to the union's defense. After all, unions, along with hundreds of leagues full of slow, old women golfers with handicaps as large as their bra sizes, represent the last bastion of

common man left on the public golf courses. And I miss the good 'ol days.

For that reason, I'd hate to see the unions disappear. But I change my mind when I play a course that hasn't had its greens or fairways aerified for 10 years when the equipment for such tasks is rotting in the tool shed.

I just hope that won't happen at the University of Wisconsin, whether it's with a union-shop grounds crew, or not.

Now, I have to leave in a hurry. A box of feathers has been placed next to my desk and I can smell the tar burning behind me.

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Reliable, economical, this mid-size hauler more than pulls its own weight. It has a two-cycle, 244cc engine with rack and pinion steering, heavy-duty springs, and hydraulic shocks, plus a whopping 1000-pound load capacity. Options and accessories such as cabs, bed covers and loading ramps make it an ideal all-around utility vehicle.



The XT-300

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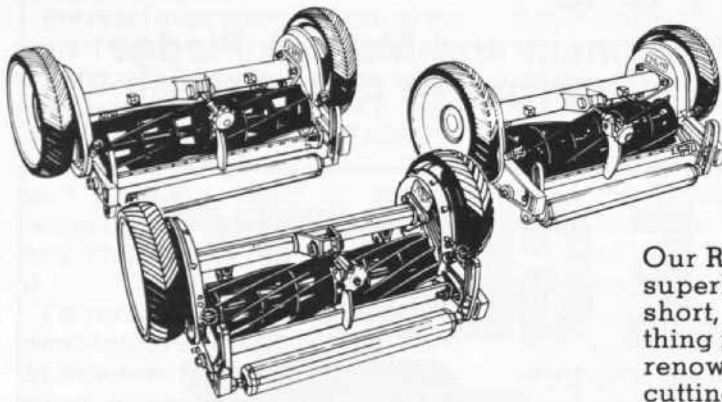
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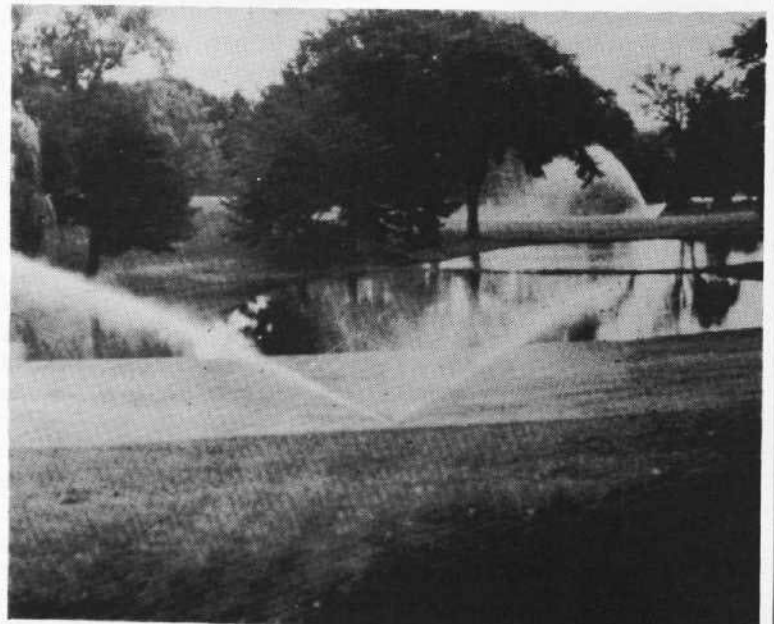
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