months each winter." They've also traveled to New Zealand, Australia, China, Hong Kong, Japan, Germany, England, Scotland, Whales, Hawaii and Alaska since retirement. This summer they're taking a five-week trip to France and Italy that includes a barge trip on the Seine River.

While at home, gardening is a favorite activity for the Loves. "I take care of the fruits and vegetables, and my wife takes care of the flowers," Jim said. "Always in my life I've loved to garden. My grandmother had a big farm garden. I'd help her weed it, and I'd get to sell some extra vegetables."

Jim was born on a farm near Rugby in north central North Dakota. "The important thing to note about that little town is that it is the geographical center of North America," he was quick to point out. "This has been confirmed by National Geographic. And they've got a big statue outside of town."

Most of his childhood was spent in Rugby where his father worked at the post office. He was graduated from high school in 1939 but delayed college for a year because a football injury required four leg operations.

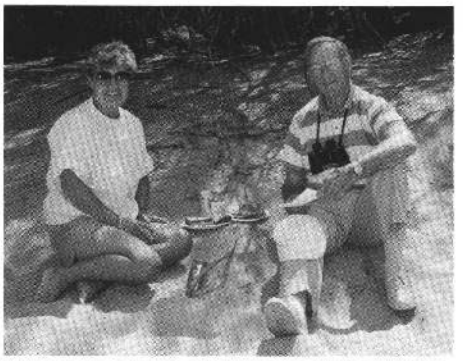
Jim attended North Dakota State Agriculture College for four years and received a BS in chemistry in 1944. Then he moved to Chicago to work in the research department at Armour and Company, a large meat packing firm.

"Armour was on S. Archer Ave. in Chicago, one of the few diagonal streets in the city," he recalled. "Do you know most of the streets in Chicago are laid out in a grid? But Archer was one of the diagonals. So every time I go to Chicago I still get turned around about 45 degrees."

After three years at Armour, Jim could see the hand writing on the wall. "If you only had a BS degree, you weren't going anywhere in research," he said. But he hadn't saved any money to return to college. "I was living from one paycheck to the next, living the life of a bachelor."

He happened to read about a school in northern Minnesota that needed a math and science teacher, so he quit his job at Armour and traveled to Minnesota. But when the school principal found out that Jim didn't have a teacher's certificate, he reluctantly turned him away.

So Jim returned to North Dakota—to a teacher's college in Minot where he met his wife, Nancy. He earned his teacher's certificate and taught in a junior high school for two years while Nancy finished her degree. Then in



The Loves are enjoying the good life of retirement, here on the shore of the Rio Grande River.

1950 they moved to Browning, Mont., headquarters of the Black Feet Indian Reservation, where Jim taught science and math and Nancy taught Kindergarten and first grade.

Jim was a demanding teacher even back in 1950, and it almost cost him his life. "I had a student pull a knife on me," he recalled. "I would say to him, `When you walk through that arch you're in my classroom and this is what we do.' But he didn't want to do all the homework. He was mad. He pulled out a knife. I was so fortunate. I made a pass at it and grabbed it. I closed that blade and banged it down on the table and said, 'Charlie, put this away and let's get back to work.' I still play the old 'what if' game. What if I had missed that knife?"

A lack of pay helped the Loves decide to leave Montana. "They paid me too much to baby sit but not enough to teach," he said. In 1951, they headed to Madison so Jim could attend graduate school at the UW. "I was E.J. 'Pappy' Graul's last teaching assistant in what was then Soils 101," Jim recalled. "I'm real proud of that. Pappy Graul was one of the most marvelous old teachers. Everyone in the state of Wisconsin who ever took a short course or long course in soils took Pappy Graul's course."

Jim received his MS in soil physics in 1953, and then he was asked to teach Graul's old course, Soils 101. "I was one of the few who started out as an instructor because I just had my masters degree," he explained.

For his PhD, Jim switched to soil fertility and plant nutrition, "Which suited well for the eventual work I did in turf and grounds management," he pointed out.

Finishing his PhD thesis was difficult with a job and with two little boys at home. "I said to my wife, you're just going to have to take the boys to your folks' place in St. Paul. I just can't do any writing with all of you here," he recalled.

"They went there for a couple of weeks that summer. I pulled the shades in our apartment and couldn't tell if it was day or night. I finished that sucker up. That's a tough row to hoe, to have a job and work on a degree. I'd never do that again." In 1956, he earned his PhD degree and was promoted to an assistant professor.

In his 30 years as a UW professor, Jim always had an 85 percent instructional assignment. He taught Soils 301 and Senior Seminar every semester, plus Pro-Seminar for juniors each first semester. "We in the Soils Department thought it was very important that students learn to write and communicate verbally," he stated. "So they would write their seminar and then get up in front of their peers to deliver it. It was good training."

Having had Dr. Love for Soils 301 myself, I remember that he had a reputation as a tough professor. In fact, many of my fellow Dairy Science students dreaded his class. "Are you proud of your reputation as a tough professor?" I asked him.

"You're darn right," he answered. "Well, I wasn't proud of the fact that I was tough. I was proud of the fact that I taught the best darn course subject material wise on campus. The students knew exactly what was expected of them. They knew what the assignments were. They knew exactly how their grade would be formulated. I just tried to teach them about soils. It was a challenge to get through that subject in one semester."

When reviewing the Soils 301 evaluations at the end of each semester, Jim found that, "There was never the wishy-washy intermediate. They either loved the course or hated it. I guess I was quite happy with the fact that a lot of students would tell me, when they were out of school, that it was one of the best courses they ever had."

His "tough" reputation even followed him on a trip to Hawaii during his first year of retirement. He met a waitress who was a former UW student. "She said she never took my course because she was afraid of it," Jim explained. "She had heard that it was tough, and it wasn't a requirement for her, so she didn't take it."

As an undergraduate instructor, advising students was an important part of his job. And he's very proud of the excellent advising program in the College of Ag compared to other colleges, such as Letters & Science. "We have a reputation for looking after our students, freshmen through seniors," he stated. "Advising students was a big job. I al-

ways had 25 to 35 students." That included all of the turf and grounds students, of which Jim had up to 15 toward the end of his career.

As an advisor, Jim was adamant that all of his students receive practical work experience while going to school. Nothing was more important to him. "If you're a student in turf and grounds, you go out and you work for a golf course or a company that specializes in turf," he insisted.

"That practical experience, together with the good academic training, is just like two sides of a coin. You don't have a true coin if you only have one," he continued. "We required work experience. Only a few didn't go along with it. I'd say to them, 'You find yourself another advisor, because there's nothing written that says I have to be your advisor. Since you're not going to follow what I'm saying, then go get lost. I'm done with you.'"

Work experience also confirms whether or not a student is in the right field, Jim believes. "When you get done with it, you've either confirmed that, 'Yes, I love this and can hardly wait until I graduate.' Or, equally as important, you say, 'Boy, what did I ever see in this? Let me find something else.'"

Jim spent a lot of time helping his students line up internships. "And I had a rule that, whenever a student indicated an interest in a job, I would personally take him out and introduce him to the golf course superintendent," he added. "I wanted to show students that I truly cared. It became kind of a symbol that I'd always drive them out the first time. Many students later told me how much that impressed them."

"You were instrumental in starting the turf and grounds program at the UW," I interrupted. "How did that happen?"

"O.J. Noer, who earned his PhD in Soil Science at the UW, always felt bad that no one in the department was taking up his work," Jim explained. "He came on campus in 1960 and convinced me that it would be a good field to get into, and he convinced the department chairman that they should allow me to get into that area of work. Boy, I've never regretted it. It's been marvelous."

But it wasn't easy to convince the rest of the College that a turf program was needed. "I spent a summer going to the other departments to try to get an interdisciplinary major in turf," Jim recalled. "I tried to convince agronomy and horticulture. Would you believe, they wanted nothing to do with it.

"I went to the administration in Ag Hall," he continued. "They said there was no demand for it. It's true, we didn't have a program so we couldn't point to students. But there was a demand. People wanted to hire turf students.

"So administration told us that they couldn't do anything in the College, but we had their blessing to do anything we wanted to do in the Soils Department," Jim said. "I was chairperson of the curriculum committee at the time, so we set up the curriculum for the turf program. We made it interdisciplinary. Our students don't take just soils courses. In fact, they have more credits in other departments than in soils."

Turf students take courses in soils, plant pathology, entomology, horticulture and agronomy. And, even though there is only one course in the curriculum with "turf" in the name, students learn all they need to about turf—as well as the basic scientific principles behind everything they learn.

According to Jim, when he retired in 1986, the UW had more four-year graduates from its turf program than any other agricultural college in the U.S. "Penn State, Michigan State, Texas A&M, Purdue, Rutgers, Cornell—they're all big in turf. But they have lots of one-year and two-years graduates," he pointed out.

"I never, ever considered a one or two-year degree program," he continued. "The problem with that is, after you graduate, if you discover that it isn't what you want to do, you're stuck. You don't have the flexibility you have with a B.S. degree or go on for a graduate degree, for that matter."

Jim sounds like a proud father when he speaks of his successor, Wayne Kussow, the current head of the turf program. "I am so proud of Wayne. I had him as an undergraduate advisee. What a joy that was. He just made my day when he said he'd take over the turf program."

Jim and Wayne worked together during a year of transition, and the turf program has continued to grow under Wayne's guidance. "The program has taken off like a jet. It's just doing great," Jim said. "Wayne has 25 students now, writes for *The Grass Roots*, has a big research project, has plot work at the O.J. Noer Center. I couldn't be any prouder if I were his father."

He's also proud of a special wall hanging in his home—a framed program from his retirement party. "I look at that thing and my chest bursts, my throat gets a little dry," he shared. "The most marvelous evening in the entire world was that May 18th, 1986.

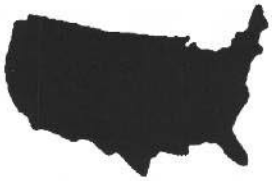
"A year prior to my retirement, people asked me what I'd like for my retirement party," he explained. "I said, 'No retirement party for me.' I was adamant against a retirement party."

But others were adamant that he should have one, including Monroe Miller, Randy Smith, Bob Erdahl and others. So they planned a surprise party. "They knew I never would have come if I'd known," he said, adding that he really appreciates all of the planning and work that went into his party.

"Nan made a comment that evening when we got home. I think of it often," Jim shared. "She said, 'Boy, for a guy who never wanted a retirement party, you had the party to end all parties.' It was magnificent. I feel so humble and embarrassed that they would think enough of me to do that. It was a glorious evening to see all of those faces. It was just beautiful."

Well, Dr. Love has more to say. But I've run out of room. Already this is the longest Personality Profile in history. I'm happy to say that it wasn't so difficult to write, after all. Maybe that's because Jim Love has such an interesting personality to profile. But please Jim, no earth worms!

Tex and Nancy prepare to head down into the Grand Canyon on muleback last year.



Be Pro-active Rather Than Reactive

By Pat Finlen

Editor's Note: *This is the second time we have featured an article from the plains of America. Pat Finlen is the golf course superintendent at Quiviria Lake Country Club in Quiviria Lake, Kansas and serves as editor of "Heart Beat", the official publication of the Heart of America Golf Course Superintendents Association. This editorial, written by Pat, is from the May 1992 issue of "Heart Beat". Appearing with it is a letter written by Bill Roberts to Pat, complimenting him on the editorial. Bill sent copies of both to all newsletter editors, obviously feeling Pat's thoughts and actions were very important.*

The editorial is reprinted here with permission.

While driving home from work one day, I heard one of the many lawn care advertisements that play every spring.

What caught my attention was the first line of the advertisement: "Is your lawn poisonous?"

After listening to the complete ad, I found that this was a so-called all-natural lawn care company. They also stated that they have alternatives to the all-chemical approach to lawn care.

Upon getting home, I opened up our local paper and there on the sports page was the ad for the same company. In bold print was the same slogan used in the radio advertisement—"Is your lawn poisonous?"

Also shown were statements such as "There has been growing concern over the use of toxic chemical pesticides in our environment" and "You now have alternatives to all-chemical lawn care."

They also stated that these chemicals could be hazardous to your children and pets if they were applied to your lawn.

What I found offensive was not that they had alternatives, but that they chose to label all others as being poisonous, toxic chemicals.

Being one whose lawn does need a little help, I decided to call their business number for a quote and some non-chemical advice. What I got when calling was a man who seemed very knowledgeable about their products.

Their program consisted of using organic sources of fertilizer such as cow, turkey and poultry manure and by-products.

So, how do they get rid of broadleaf weeds? This is where it gets interesting. His response was that if I had little or no infestation, they would selectively treat my lawn with potassium salt to burn the weeds. If I had a substantial infestation, they would use more conventional means to rid my lawn of weeds.

Conventional! What do they mean by that? You don't think that they would use the poisonous, toxic chemicals to do that?

You bet they do! But the homeowner has to assume all liability for the use of those products. Their liability coverage is cheaper than typical lawn care companies because they aren't using pesticides daily.

So here, they advertise these products as being harmful, but once they get the customer, they aren't really all that concerned about using them if that is what it takes to keep the customer.

These new, all-natural lawn care companies are using scare tactics to gain customers. Why should we as golf course managers be concerned with what they are doing?

Because at the present time, our public image as pesticide-users is controlled by the lawn care industry. Until such a time comes that we can disassociate ourselves from the lawn care industry, we will be grouped with them. When one company uses such blatant, false advertising, we all get hurt.

I can see the day when a local news show will feature one of these all-natural lawn care companies. The first word out of the lawn care owner's mouth will be how all the other lawn care companies are using toxic chemicals.

Public perception is not always formed by fact. What is said is not always factual, but the public perceives it to be. And what is said on a news program is generally taken to be the truth.

The way to head this off is for our association and its members to be pro-active rather than reactive. Once the damage is done, it is hard to reverse. Once a lawn care company states that pesticide use will harm your kids, no amount of logic from a golf course superintendent will reverse what that parent thinks. There are sure to be many more lawn care companies following this one, making outrageous claims.

The GCSAA has done much on the federal level to promote our proper use of pesticides, but the time has come for us to promote our safe use among the general public.

There are many ways to do this as individuals and as an association. One way that I brought up a year ago is for us to regulate ourselves. Until we set standards that are much higher than the lawn care companies, we will be associated with all of them, whether we like it or not.

That's not to say that what they are doing is wrong, because it isn't. But we then won't have to be associated with some companies that want to build their business with such false advertisements.

Another way is to voice your concern to the newspapers and radio stations that allow these ads to be placed. I called both the paper and the radio station.

At both, the advertising departments were very interested in what I had to say. The newspaper said they were powerless to do anything unless I could prove that the advertisement was totally false.

The advertising manager at the radio station was very receptive. It turns out that he is a golfer and belongs to two country clubs in town. He said he understood my position and that he would exert what influence he could over the advertiser to change the wording of the ad. So it's not always a dead end when trying to express your side of an issue.

If more would take the time to do this, then radio stations and newspapers might be more reluctant to run advertisements of this nature.

It all again points to the fact that as individuals and as an association, we need to be involved and active to promote our interest. Not to do so will subject our profession to which ever way the wind happens to be blowing.

Right now, it's in our face.

(Continued on page 14)

BILL ROBERTS REPLIES:

Dear Mr. Finlen:

I appreciate your time on the phone today and wanted to take this opportunity to congratulate you, again, on your editorial in the May 1992 issue of the "Heart Beat". I share your frustration with the nebulous tone of the "lawn care advertisements that play every spring." Your assertion that "our association and its members must be pro-active rather than reactive" states, precisely, the posture that the Golf Course Superintendents Association of America has maintained ever since we assumed the leadership role in defining golf's impact on the environment.

We came into this discussion with a high degree of credibility and our ability to deal in the legislative and regulatory arenas at the federal level is a direct result of the credibility. More tangibly, we have the programs and participation to prove that we, as an organization of individual golf course superintendents, are concerned about environmental integrity. We have, through the years, declined to join in "industry coalitions" simply because our motivations, the conditions under which we practice our profession and our ability to quantify qualification have been somewhat singular. Hence, at the national level anyway, we have not been "associated with all of them". I am not being critical of the rest of the industry, simply stating that it has been and will be in the best interest of golf and golf course superintendents to maintain that autonomy.

Your assertion that we "regulate ourselves" is timely and of particular importance as we discuss significant organizational changes for GCSAA which will be voted on in Anaheim. In these times of increasingly stringent environmental legislation, workplace regulation and employment qualification, it has become prudent and may become necessary to "define" more fully just what is involved in professional criteria. The question then becomes one of whom is in the best position to arrive at and most practically implement such a definition.

It is apparent that GCSAA, with all due respect to more than 107 different local chapters, is in the best position to arrive at those conclusions that can be most easily communicated and adopted by legislators, regulators, owners and club officials. One-hundred and seven different definitions is chaos and no further definition is simply short-sighted. Empowerment of GCSAA's elected leadership, recognition of the right of individual members to participate in the election process, prudent utilization of the input generated by our committee process and implementation of the new "field staffing" network will go a long way toward strengthening our position professionally. If we, as a national association, are in a position to set our own standards then we are in a position to strengthen our value to the industry, to the game of golf, to the marketplace and to society and that is the ultimate benefit of membership.

The issues you have raised are timely, of major importance and deserving of a focused, mature discussion and your editorial has done much to further this all important dialogue. Thank you, again, for your interest in these matters and for your overall concern for professional affiliation.

Sincerely,
Bill Roberts, President
GCSAA

COVER-UP

By Monroe S. Miller

I was looking in an old photo album the other day and paused at a picture of myself.

Vanity wasn't the reason I looked so closely at the picture. The Oliver 70 tractor I was sitting on caught my eye. The older I get, the more I like those tractors used during the time of my farm childhood.

The other interesting thing in the picture, the thing that really caught my eye, was the kind of hat I was wearing over three decades ago.

It wasn't a whole lot different from the ones I'm wearing nowadays. Back then, they were called "seed corn" hats simply because most of the seed corn dealers gave them to their customers when an order was either received or the seed delivered.

Even today, in rural communities, I am sure they are called seed corn hats, even though tractor dealers, feed mills, ag chemical companies and lots of other businesses give them to their customers. After all, the easiest way to pick a farmer out of a crowd of people is simply to look at the hat he's wearing. Generally, a lawyer or a pharmacist won't be wearing a Pioneer Seed Corn hat!

So for thirty years, I've been real interested in hats. If they were my only hobby, golf course management would still have been an excellent career choice. We are lucky because we are able to get as many free hats as farmers!

Maybe more. Among the things I like to collect—toy tractors, oldtime radios and books—are caps. My collection now exceeds six hundred, and there are no duplicates.

This collection has been accumulated over my twenty years as a golf course superintendent, and I've adhered to strict principles. I don't believe in buying hats, although swapping with another collector is acceptable. I collect only those hats that have some connection to golf course management and/or agribusiness. There isn't a single seed corn hat (literally, not figuratively) in my collection.

My prizes are the hats Jacobsen has given away at each of the twenty consecutive GCSAA conferences I have attended.

A true collector is usually a connoisseur of his hobby. When it comes to hats, I have a fine appreciation for the subtleties of a good garment. An understanding of the value of the shape of the crown, brim stitching, height of the front piece, art work and many other details attest to my competency as a hat collector.

Not only do I seriously collect hats but I wear them, too. Always at work, but elsewhere a lot of the time.

Always have. Good thing, too. As we are reading more and more these days, the damaged ozone layer above the earth has some holes in it. First was the one over Antarctica discovered in 1985. In January of this year, heightened levels of chlorine monoxide were measured over New England and eastern Canada. This compound is involved in ozone thinning, and scientists agree that more holes in the ozone layer may soon be found.

This should scare the hell out of us who work outdoors a lot. A thinning of the ozone will expose us to increased cancer-causing ultraviolet rays from the sun.

About the time that picture was taken of me on an Oliver 70 tractor, my Grandfather Miller was being treated for skin cancer. He was a farmer.

Today, my dad is suffering from the same disease. He spent a lot of his life as a farmer.

I'm worried as can be. Am I next? Do my genes predispose me to this terrible disease? After all, managing a golf course probably exposes a person to sunlight fully as much as farming does.

Witness another case. Vincent, who farmed his entire life before coming to work with us, has had some terrible skin cancers, some that required surgery at University Hospitals. He had a large chunk of his cheek removed a couple of years back; his smile and his speech haven't been the same since.

So it's serious business for all of us in the golf course industry. Light or fair skinned people are the most susceptible to injury from sun induced skin cancers. But UV radiation can damage all skin types, so nobody is safe.

We simply need to become more aware of the risk we are running in acquiring this disease. Steps have to be taken to minimize our exposure.

Staying out of the sun simply isn't an option for golf course managers. But there are some things we can do.

Since peak exposure hours are 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., we can maximize our protection at those times. Wearing long sleeve shirts made from summer weight fabric can help. Using a sun screen at all times is a must.

And, for heaven's sake, cover up your head. Wear a hat to protect your face. It's even more critical for guys like me who are, ah, showing a little extra forehead (actually, a little of the back of my head shows, too!). I feel lucky I've worn a hat nearly forever.

(Continued on page 17)

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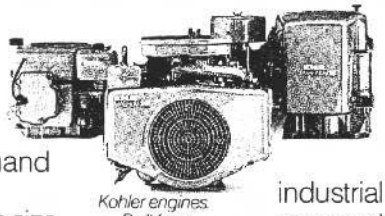

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KOHLER. engines

(Continued from page 15)

The subject of hats and their protection value will receiving more and more attention, believe me. The hats like 99.9% of us wear—the seed corn hat, if you wil—simply don't offer adequate protection from the sun and the risk of cancer. This style offers no protection for vulnerable areas like ear tips, temples and the back of the neck.

Enter the National Farm Medicine Center. Not many people realize this prestigious organization is headquartered at the Marshfield Clinic in Marshfield, Wisconsin.

So concerned were the staff members at the Center that they decided to field test eleven different hat styles with a group of farmers during the summer of 1991. Their project aimed to "identify headwear that provides adequate sun protection and is still acceptable to farmers while raising awareness of the need for better sun protection among distributors of free hats to farmers."

Substitute "golf course superintendent" for "farmer" in the mission statement and the meaning doesn't change one bit.

Both groups look for the same thing in hats: tight-fitting; cool (in the summer); protection for temples, ears, neck and lower face; suitable for a wide variety of outside work; acceptable appearance; and inexpensive.

The baseball style hat is popular exactly because it is cool and comfortable, tight-fitting and free!

The test groups ranged in age from 25 to 50 years. Eleven different hats were worn for a maximum of five days or 25 work hours during peak sun exposure in June, July and August. Temperatures during the test period ranged from 60°F to over 90°F, and the weather included hot and humid days, windy days and days with heavy rain. These hats were put to a good test.

Wearers rated each hat for comfort, practicality related to weather, practicality related to work, and acceptability related to style, color and appearance. Cost was also rated.

The test results indicate it is going to be tough to get farmers to change to hats with larger brims that will give them more sun protection. "Agrifashion" is a major factor in hat preference. Given the emphasis put on golf fashion, the story would likely be the same among golf course superintendents.

Barbara Lee, a spokeswoman for the NFMC, calls getting farmers to change hat style "a monumental task."

But it is a task that needs to be addressed, for farmers and for golf course superintendents.

The Center studied 600 farmers who attended last summer's Wisconsin Farm Progress Days and found a shocking 46 percent of them had precancerous skin lesions and that 8 percent actually had skin cancer.

Makes you wonder what the results would be if they surveyed all of us who attend the Wisconsin Turfgrass Association Summer Field Day, doesn't it?

It's no surprise that the wide brimmed hats were the least practical. They either get lost in the wind or get in the way of the work.

The pith helmet was better received by the test group than I'd have thought. In addition to some of the problems other wide brimmed hats have, this one is also more costly.

I would have guessed the pith helmet to be the least acceptable in terms of fashion. Experience in my own shop is the basis of that guess.

A number of years ago one of my employees—some of you know him—had a pith helmet and wore it to work. It was radical headwear and crew members thought it was weird.

The wearer pulled a great practical joke on another crew member. When the victim found out, his revenge was taken out on the pith helmet. As a payback, he cut the brim off entirely, leaving only a skull cap! We haven't seen a pith helmet on a head around here since.

The incident points out the difficulty in changing attitudes. And that will be the problem faced when we do change the headgear we wear on the golf course.

The NFMC figures the most workable sun-safe hat will be a variation of the baseball hat—long brim in front, shorter brim in back and flaps on the side that flip up and down.

A "perfect" cap was not identified in the study. The farmers rated a hat which was a modified baseball hat with a protective removable back flap held in place with velcro the highest. Second place fell to a lightweight mesh hat with both a front and rear brim. It is commonly called a "stalker".

I'm real anxious to wear what affords good sun protection while I'm working on the golf course.

I'm not ready, however, to walk into the pro shop looking like Sherlock Holmes or a member of the French Foreign Legion or an Arab right off the desert. The ridicule could be deafening in a building that houses the latest in golf fashion.

And if the commentary in the pro shop wouldn't do me in, the roars of laughter in my own shop would end the experiment in headgear very quickly.

There are two solutions to the problem that tradition of baseball/seed corn hats present.

The first solution would be to convince everybody who hands out free hats—from Jacobsen to John Deere—to only give out sun safe caps to their customers. You see, I'm not the only one who will only wear a free hat!

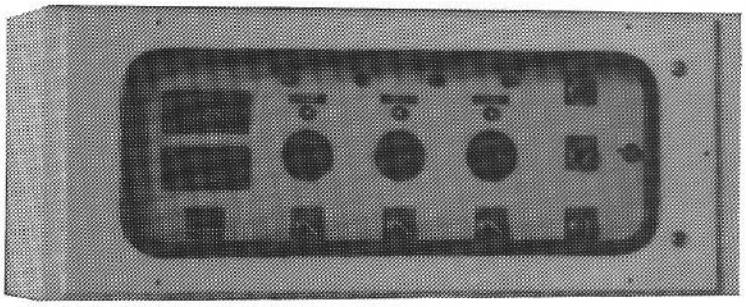
The other possible answer is to talk to a golf hero—Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus or Fred Couples—and convince him to wear a sun safe hat during tournaments. It would have to be something like the stalker that would fit the needs of superintendents rather than something very cute and fashionable.

The day I see Arnie walking up the 18th at Augusta National Golf Club during the Masters wearing a stalker or Fred Couples decked out in a Kangol Spooner or Jack Nicklaus finishing his final hole in the U.S. Open wearing a pith helmet (with the optional chin strap) is the day I'll wear one on the golf course.

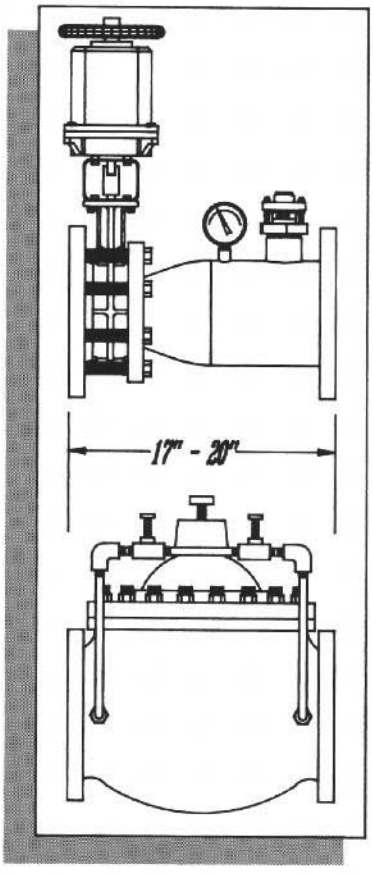
If a stalker was good enough for Arnie, it would be for me, too.

No matter what the golf course crew or pro shop staff thinks!

PUMP SMARTER, NOT HARDER.



Panel features include digital pressure and flow readouts, gallons pumped totalizer, individual pump hour meters, and a two year warranty. Customized to meet your exact specifications.



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EFFORT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

By Rob Schultz

The tees were devoid of grass, the fairways were bone dry. Some greens had too much grass, others appeared to be cousins of the nearby tees.

The golf course is called Ludden Lake Golf Club and it's located just outside Mineral Point. The rural pasture course is a superintendent's nightmare because it's located on a steep hillside—there isn't a level spot on the place—with few large trees and it's obvious that it has a low maintenance budget.

But the grounds crew does the best it can. When I played the course, crew members were working until 5 p.m. mowing with ancient mowers, watering with water pressure that reminded me of an old, rusty bubbler and aerifying—anything to improve the place.

Give them credit at Ludden Lake because they're trying. I reviewed that course for my newspaper and I tried to downplay the maintenance problems because of that effort.

A few days earlier I had the opportunity to play Maple Bluff Country Club courtesy of its fine superintendent, Tom Harrison. Maple Bluff is an excellent example of what an ample maintenance budget and effort can put together. The Bluff is an experience because it blends a tough golf course with the some of the best conditions in the state. It was a real treat to play.

Ludden Lake and Maple Bluff are at opposite ends of the spectrum, but they have one thing in common: Effort. For that reason, both are special to me. That's all I can think of when I play my home course, which is anything but special because I don't think the crew and its boss are trying as hard as they could.

I walked into the clubhouse at my home course a few days ago and the pro was angry. He was working hard to prepare his course for a special tournament that included most of the state's top pros. But he wasn't getting the same kind of effort from the superintendent, who decided to take a vacation that week, the pro said.

The course was as hard as a rock, the greens looked good but balls rolled poorly on them. It was like putting on steel wool. The course was OK for the tournament, but it could have been better. Much better.

The pro had every right to be upset. After all, the course—run by a municipality—has a budget that dwarfs Maple Bluff's. It's like comparing the economies of the United States' with Haiti's. But the conditions were like comparing Palm Springs with Sarajevo, Yugoslavia. How can that be?

It goes back to effort. As I've said in the past, superintendents can make or break a golf course. The pro can do all he or she can do to make it a pleasant experience, but if the superintendent is lazy, makes dozens of excuses, or doesn't have a clue concerning how to maintain the place, that pro is in a hole.

My pro is in a hole and I am too. My putting game has taken a turn for the worse because I'm continually frustrated at the conditioning of the greens at my home course. At least the fairways and tees are much improved, but only after the pro insisted for years that something be done to fix them.

I enjoy the people I golf with at my course. I enjoy my pro immensely. I consider him a good friend. But I don't know how much longer I can put up with playing there.

I learn about superintendents and what they face when I play Maple Bluff and so many other fine courses in this state. I think Wisconsin has many of the best superintendents in the country. When I play courses around the state—even Ludden Lake— it makes me appreciate all they do. Then I go home and play my home course and I start wondering: What did I do to get stuck here?

With just a little effort, it could be one heck of a golf course.

SPEAKING OF EFFORT—My nephew, Scott Hagen, got a summer job working with Monroe Miller's crew at Blackhawk Country Club. Scott's a big, strapping collegiate who is used to hard work. But he has found out there is a difference between hard work and golf course work.

I phoned him around 8 p.m. a few days after he started working at Blackhawk to see if he liked his job. My sister, Sue Hagen, told me he was asleep.

"Hasn't been up past 9 o'clock once this week," Sue said.

I jokingly told my sister that golf course crew work was similar to a prison crew doing hard-labor time and that she should re-name Scott "Cool-hand Luke."

When I finally talked to Scott, I told him that he's going to become a favorite of Monroe's if he keeps going to bed early. "Monroe hasn't seen 8 p.m. once in his life," I said chuckling.

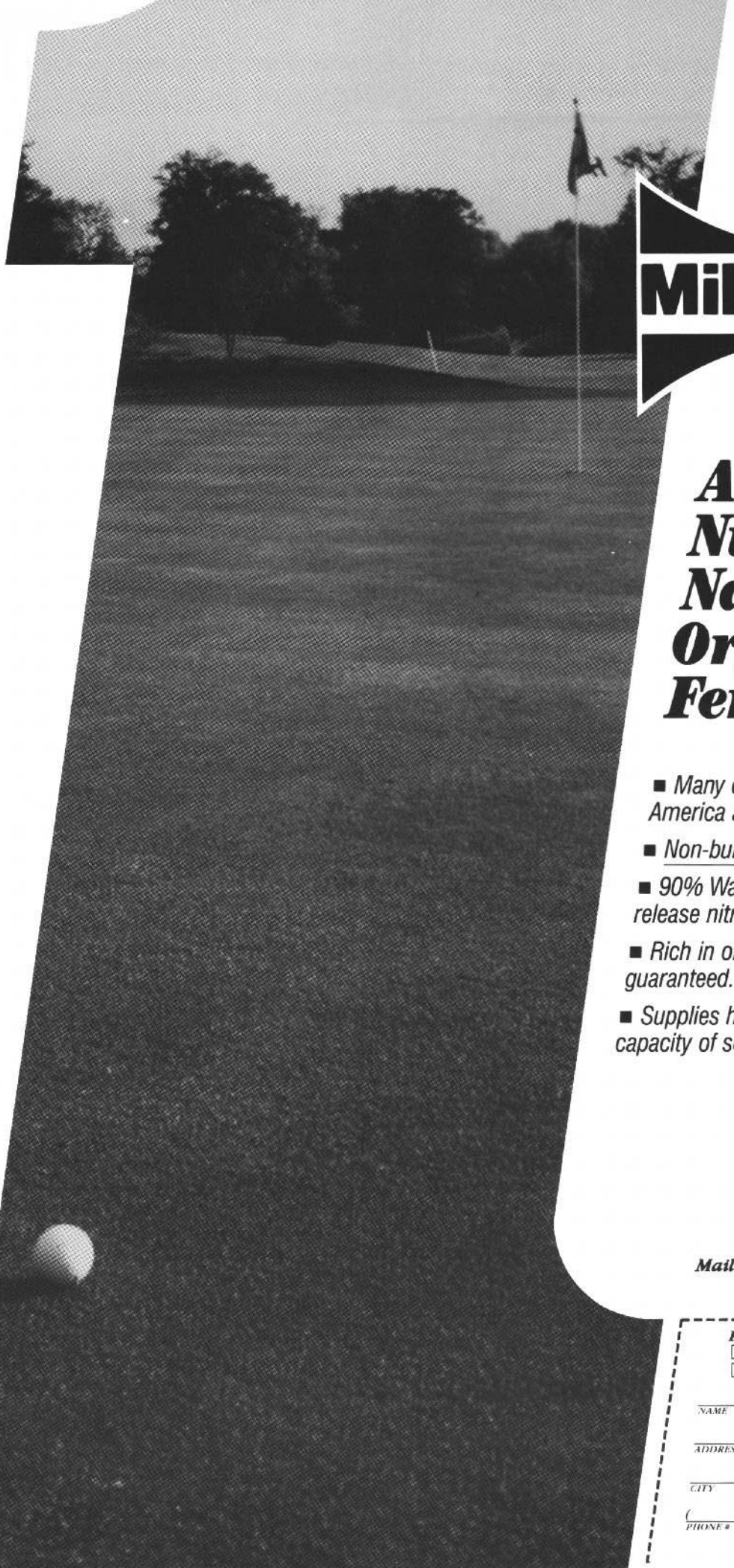
UW COURSE A FAVORITE—Ron Whitten, the architect editor for *Golf Digest* and *Golf World* magazines thinks University Ridge is a serious contender for *Golf Digest*'s prestigious Best New Public Course award that it hands out every December.

Whitten, who coordinates the contest that also includes Best Private and Best Resort courses but does not play any role in the voting, played University Ridge last year during a tour of the state's courses. He said it compared favorably with Blackwolf Run's River Course in Kohler, which won the award a few years ago, and ranks ahead of Geneva National's Palmer and Trevino courses, both of which also were nominated for this year's award. A fourth state course, Trapper's Turn in Wisconsin Dells, was also nominated.

"There's nothing wrong with (Geneva National's courses), but for the time and talent and money spent, I had expected more," said Whitten. "If I were a betting man, I would bet they wouldn't prevail over University Ridge. But I've been proven wrong before."

However, Whitten said University Ridge, designed by Robert Trent Jones, Jr., faces some extremely stiff competition from courses across the country. There are 92 nominees for the Best Public Course category and he said he feels there

(Continued on page 21)



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