

and sandwiched with more strips. Use 1" x 4" x 10' treated lumber strips. The gutter is placed between the treated lumber and the hoops to seal out water (see photo). Lumber strips are attached to the bottom of the hoops using 3" long carriage bolts with a steel bracket that we made. We used 1/8" x 1/2" x 3" steel stock for the bracket. Muffler clamps will not work because they will interfere with the board installation process. The end hoops require 1" x 4" x 10' treated boards to be cut into 3' lengths; this will allow the boards to follow the arc of the hoops (see photo). Fasten the boards with carriage bolts.

The last step is to install the plastic cover. Use ultraviolet (UV) protected plastic that is 6 ml thick. The plastic is placed between the 1" x 4" boards. The boards are held together with 1" wood screws. The plastic has to be pulled as tight as possible, working from the center of the hoop house to the ends.

The entire installation process took us 20 hours for two separate covers, start to finish. The cost of the materials was \$500 per bin.

Materials needed for one hoop house:

(6) hoops, (3) stabilizer pipes, (18) cross connectors, 6 ml plastic, (16) 1" x 4" x 10' treated lumber, (80) 3/8" x 3"

carriage bolts, 1/8" x 1/2" x 6' metal stock (cut into 3" lengths with two holes drilled into each piece at the ends), and (2) 20' rain gutters.

We are extremely pleased with the results of the covers. Our sand was always the same moisture content for all topdressing applications this past season.

We did have one incident where the frame was hit by an operator while he was loading sand. We bent the pipe back to the original shape and patched the plastic. If your structure is ever hit, make sure that the pipes remained anchored to the full 6" depth. We never checked this after our frame was hit. We had 35 mph winds in November and the first two hoop frames were pulled out and bent. We have since repaired the wind damage and feel this should not happen again. 🙏



Support pipes are tightened.



Rain never entered the open ends of the bins.



Plastic is positioned between the boards and screwed together.

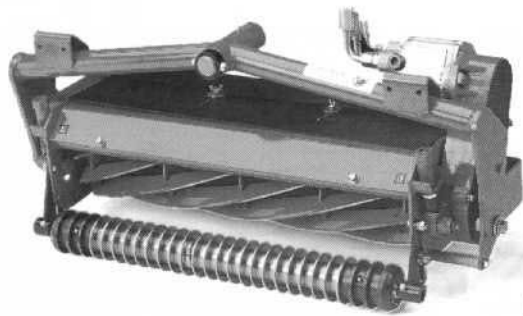
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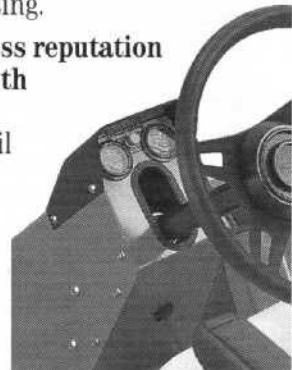


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## ANCESTORS

By Monroe S. Miller

Traffic was light and yet it seemed to take forever to make the relatively short trip to Chicago. I swung into the parking lot at O'Hare's international terminal and took the nearest parking space.

Clear weather practically insured my flight would leave on time, and the high pressure centered over the eastern U.S. made it likely this trip to Scotland via Washington D.C.'s Dulles Airport would make good time. Arrival schedules don't always give enough credit to strong west to east tailwinds.

The Air Scotland flight left O'Hare at 12:30 p.m. and landed Dulles at 4:30 p.m. An hour and a quarter later we took off for Glasgow. The plane was full and I had a window seat. I watched the airline crew load the luggage of our D.C. passengers—it seemed about a third of them were accompanied by their golf clubs.

Who could be surprised? Scotland, after all, is the ancestral home of golf.

Curious. Ancestors inspired my trip - family ancestors and a career ancestor and an ancestral ground.

I lost track of time on the transatlantic flight. Glasgow airport clocks showed it was almost 6:00 a.m. when I walked from the plane into the airport. My watch still read Wisconsin time—12:00 midnight.

Not long after our departure from Dulles my excitement subsided and I slipped into thoughtful reflection about this long planned and even longer dreamed about pilgrimage. What coincidence that an individual could make one voyage and return to the places, so close in proximity, where family—the Clan Munro—and work—Old Tom Morris—lived.

I recalled the sentimental moment, the exact moment, I promised myself I would travel to Scotland and see where my seven-great grandfather lived and worked before coming to America in 1652. I was at the foot of his gravestone in the Lexington, Massachusetts, flushed with emotion at finding this ancient relative's resting

place. It was so long ago when he died—January 27, 1717—and so much had happened in all the years since.

William hadn't come to Boston from near Tain in eastern Ross-shire, Scotland by choice. He had been a soldier fighting for the interests of King Charles I and was captured by Cromwell. Along with other prisoners, he was shipped from London on November 11, 1651 for banishment in America.

Who could miss the twist in life's events? William's decedents—grandsons, great grandsons, nephews, grand nephews and more—would take the first stand *against* the King, only a little more than a half century after his death, right there on the Lexington green and a short couple hundred yards from his grave. The 77 minutemen who confronted the British on April 19, 1775 after warnings from Paul Revere included seven Munros.

Much to my surprise the Scottish customs area wasn't staffed, so we hustled right through to the baggage claim. Thank goodness my one suitcase had arrived with me. I grabbed it and headed to the car rental desk to get keys to my reserved car. With some luck I'd get out of the airport and in front of the Glasgow morning rush hour.

The civility of the Scottish people I'd dealt with so far impressed me. Even the gent who corrected my pronunciation—"it's Glaz'go, matey"—did so with politeness. I'm not sure you'd experience the same at O'Hare at six in the morning. He even laughed when I suggested "you guys talk funny."

I pulled the rented Sierra out of the airport and onto Highway M8, heading for the A80. Glasgow, from its highways, looks pretty much like big cities in our countries. Its ancient cathedral rose up from the city in the early morning light, stark and dignified. Admittedly I couldn't pay too much attention; my hands were full trying to

maneuver a car with the steering on the wrong side of the dash along the wrong side of the highway. The signs for the A80 came up quickly and I left the heavy traffic behind and turned northeast toward Stirling.

Traffic thinned dramatically and that gave me a chance to give attention to the landscape I was moving through. It was mostly flat, with some rolling hills interrupted by slag heaps, ugly signs of civilization.

At Stirling I first started seeing the beauty Scotland is known for and the Scotland seen in photographs. Quickly the colors green and purple dominated. Youth on a farm and a career on a golf course have highlighted my love of the landscape. Stirling is set in lovely fertile farmland, along the River Forth. I saw the first castle here, sitting high on a volcanic cone that thrusts above the plain below. It had been there since Roman times, between A.D. 80 and A.D. 410.

The temptation to stray and explore around Stirling was great and not unlike that calling me to find the old golf courses I'd read about that were

*(Continued on page 25)*

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(Continued from page 23)

so near, no matter where you were in Scotland. I resisted because I had a reservation at the Ben Wyvis Hotel, many miles and hours north.

The geography changed dramatically around Perth. Farmland was less frequent north of Perth as Route A9 now led a little northwest. It followed Glen Gary through the Pass of Drumochter to Glen Truim. I allowed one side trip just past the town of Pitlochry in the Grampian Mountains. At that point you are well aware that you are in the Scottish Highlands. A few miles west of the Pass of Killiecrankie is the "Queen's View", a breathtaking spot over Loch Tummel. I bought a cup of hot coffee and relaxed there for a bit.

The push for Inverness on the way to Strathpeffer and a needed rest at the hotel took me through Spey River Valley. The excellent malts from here made the area around Kingussie the best whiskey making region, not only in Scotland but in the world. I wished for an appreciation for Scotch this once, a taste I'd never developed.

Dusk had fallen when I reached the Ben Wyvis Hotel at Strathpeffer. What a relief! It seemed so long ago that I'd left Middleton. Fact was, this was my first chance since leaving to get showered and a long night's rest. I was exhausted, not just from travel but from the tension associated with driving on the left-hand side of the road.

The hotel was old and a little worn but very clean and comfortable. It was carpeted by beautiful woven tartan carpets that had been made even more beautiful with time. I think I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

The morning dawned sunny, a pleasant break from the dreary cloudy weather of the previous 24 hours. I had a little breakfast before stepping outside. When I did I was treated to the immaculate grounds around the hotel. The lawn was a deep green, healthy and thick. Far off was Ben Wyvis, namesake of the hotel and one of the highest mountains in the British Isles. Its snowy top was ringed by forests of spruce, a calendar picture scene. The fresh air and my refreshed body made me anxious to get started with a few days of exploring my ancestral home.

The friendly elderly gal at the hotel desk was helpful when I inquired about directions.

"What toons er ya lookin' for, lad-die?" she asked.

I went through my list of villages and churches significant to our Clan Munro

history—Tain where William was born and raised, Ainess, Tarbot, Evanton, Avoch, Fortrose, Cromarth. She told me how to get to the summit of Ben Wyvis. I inquired about Culloden, where the Munros and Mackenzies ended their centuries of fighting over control of this area of Scotland in one big battle. The Munros lost their chief, but the Mackenzies lost their land.

"And how do you get to Foulis Castle?" I asked her. I penciled her reply with the other instructions she

had given me.

With notes in hand I left. At every stop for the next two days, as I roamed the Black Isle and areas surrounding Cromarty Firth, I felt awe and pride. And gratitude for the good luck of making this trip.

While I was in Tain and the countryside near there, I made my first visit to an ancestral home of my profession. As the crow flies, Tain is only five miles from Dornoch, home of the Royal Dornoch Golf Club. To get there

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I drove A9 from Tain across the bridge over Dornoch Firth to Evelix, turned right and drove the two miles to Dornoch. The course had been used for golf since 1616. The village was charming and small, a picture perfect for a postcard from Scotland. The club was a long walk up from the center of the village. The setting was breathtaking. It was steep in some places, rolling in others. It was craggy in some corners, gentle and smooth in others.

If one place held everything about my Scotland trip in its hands, this little village was the place. Dornoch was at the heart of where my family began and it was a significant golf venue. This old course was Donald Ross' course—he had been a greenkeeper and clubmaker here. He left with ideas and attitudes that created 500 golf courses in his life. History has it Ross became interested in course design as a teenager, when Old Tom Morris visited Dornoch from St. Andrews in 1886 to work on the Dornoch golf course. Yes, our Old Tom Morris. THE Old Tom Morris. Our ancestor.

I saved the best until last. Foulis Castle had been the home to the Munros for the past 600 years. The residents of Foulis today, still Munros, make family members from the world over feel welcome. Fields of oats and barley and forages surrounded the castle, located near Evanton. It faced south, overlooking Cromarty Firth. I drove to the front of the castle, parked and got out of my car, pausing long enough for a long look. A formidable stone and wrought iron fence surround Foulis. A flag with the Clan coat of arms fluttered above the castle in the wind, yellow with its familiar red eagle.

Captain Patrick Munro welcomed me at the top of the stairway at the double entrance. "Welcome to the home of all Munros," he said to me while offering his right hand.

After some pleasant conversation, this distant relative of mine allowed me to wander at my leisure through what was his home. I looked through the high ceiling rooms. I climbed into the four story tower with its barrel-vaulted chamber and 16th century gun ports. From there I could look across the blue water of Cromarty Firth and see the crops and pastures of the Black Isle on the other side.

Once satisfied with my self guided tour, I rested on a bench in the substantial courtyard, admiring the lawn and the gardens. I wondered if old William Munroe had been here at any-

time, before being banished to America.

Reluctantly, I rose to bid my hosts farewell. I needed to move on, east, toward my next stop on the east coast of Scotland.

The discovery of oil in the North Sea was a major find, and it was evident by an offshore platform in the Cromarty Bay. I expected to see more as I left Inverness and headed for Nairn and Elgin. The highway would take me close to the North Sea.

At Elgin A96 turned to the southeast toward Aberdeen. The city for generations had been known for its fishing and distilling industries. Now oil had brought unheard of prosperity. I asked an old fellow about it when I pulled into a petrol station outside Aberdeen for fuel.

"Fit are ye talkin' about, man? The oil's bin fine—it doesna' interfere wi' oor whiskey an' oor fish."

He laughed and added "Naehin' interferes wi' fish an' whiskey!"

I told him I wasn't really interested in any of them. I was focused on finding the Aberdeen Golf Links.

I had little time but was driven to see the golf course and maybe inquire about the great irony I had discovered years ago. I hoped to convince course officials to let me peruse old records.

The irony was this: the greenkeeper at Aberdeen Golf Links in the early 1820s was Alexander Monroe. It took little imagination or convincing for me to believe that he probably was an ancient relative. Aberdeen was really close to the towns and villages and farms of those known to my relatives of old. The spelling of his name had likely changed as mine had—from Munro to Munroe to Monroe. In the 1820s people with the same name from area most likely were related. There was no doubt for me. At some future trip I would investigate the genealogy of Alexander and find the shared relative.

For now I was struck by the coincidence that so long ago such an uncommon profession was occupied by a Monroe. Who knows—if Alexander had lived near Tain where William Munroe was raised, he was only a few miles from Dornoch. He could have learned his craft there, even if it was before the days of "Royal".

Club employees were gracious although far less outgoing than the same people at my club would be. I was allowed to look at the documents

recording Alexander's pay for 1820—four pounds! He was employed for "taking charge of the links and providing accommodations for the members' boxes." He was also to pay special attention to keeping the holes in good order. Don't ask me how to interpret the fact that in 1822 his pay was docked to three pounds. He must've had a terrible year in 1821!

I left the old Granite City and headed south along the coastline, on A90, travelling through quaint fishing villages along the way. Off the coast the skyline was punctuated with huge drilling rigs, harvesting the North Sea underground oil. I stayed at a small place, on the water, at Thornyshire Bay.

Morning fog slowed my departure, but it was the perfect excuse to sleep a little later after a busy day previous. Although it was tempting to stay on

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A90 for the sake of time, I continued along the coast on A92. The going was slow, but the beautiful scenery was worth it. It also took me within a few minutes of Carnoustie, another of Scotland's famous links.

There was wisdom, as it turned out, for staying on the coastal route. Slow travel and an easy pace gave me thinking time and time to feel a part of the land where golf began. The Scots call this linksland, an old word for the land at the edge of the sea. The land was always considered worthless, except to shepherds and their flocks. And to the early golfers. What I saw for miles was sandy shorelines and beaches, dunes large and small and grasses of all kinds. I felt the ever present northeast wind and saw the multitude of green shades in contrast with the blue water and the sand. It was an experience that is difficult to really describe. It has to be seen and felt in person.

Carnoustie interested me for any number of reasons—Ben Hogan's British Open win here in 1953, the course reputation as one of the world's greatest and toughest, and others. But mostly I wanted to see it because Old Tom Morris had laid out the last eight holes, years ago, completing the job began by his mentor, Allan Robertson. I noticed there the tolerance of the Scottish golfers—Carnoustie was a haven not just for the golf players but for joggers, walkers, fishermen, kite fliers and anyone else it seemed. Such is not the case on my home course—too much worry about lawsuits and vandalism.

The road to St. Andrews took me through Dundee, across the Firth of Tay, around the St. Andrews Bay and into the town. Excitement and anticipation filled me to the brim. I wasted little time in finding a room, unpacking the Sierra and getting cleaned up to look around and find something to eat.

I had an immediate love for this town. You have to, if you love golf. St. Andrews is taken over by golf, despite its university and cathedral and scores of interesting shops. St. Andrews has two courses, but the Old Course is the home of golf. You sense here that it really is a "royal and ancient game." The cold East Fife wind off the North Sea came up and I could see how Scotsmen of hundreds of years ago tried to keep warm by hitting round stones with sticks. "Where else would the game more likely have started than here?" I asked myself, now knowing the answer for sure first hand.

St. Andrews, golf course and town, have honored our ancestor, Old Tom Morris, for all the time during his career and after his death. His presence is everywhere. Residents talk about him as if he is still leaning on one of the rails at the 18th green, watching the players, moving them along or giving a word of advice. Old Tom won the British Open four times. So did his young son Tommy. Old Tom finished close in many other Open championships. I found myself on Tom Morris Drive in a newer part of town, close to the medical center. I shopped in the Tom Morris pro shop, now run by his descendants. And players on the Old Course finish their game on the eighteenth hole, a hole named for Old Tom.

I ventured to the cathedral ruins on the east side of St. Andrews, to the cemetery. In no time I found the grave of Old Tom Morris, close by the resting place of his son Tom. Young Tom passed away in 1875, at the age of 24. Old Tom lived until 1908, to the age of 87. I also happened upon the tombstone of Allan Robertson.

Old Tom Morris was born in St. Andrews and lived most of his life in the town. In 1851, not long after his marriage, he was invited by Colonel Fairlie to go with him to Ayrshire, south and west of St. Andrews on the west coast. Tom was 30 years old. He laid out the links of Prestwick and stayed until 1865. They were happy years for him. The course was known for its magnificent turf and became one of the champion courses of Great Britain.

The Royal and Ancient Club in St. Andrews invited Tom back in 1865. His duties were given to him like this: "To keep the putting greens in good order, to repair when necessary, and to make the hole." For heavy work, Tom was allowed help at the rate of one man's labor for two days a week. He was to work under the Green Committee. He was paid 50 pounds per year as custodian and 20 pounds a year for upkeep of the links.

The day was beautiful and there was nowhere in the world I'd rather be than where I was. Hanging out, soaking up the tradition, leaning on the railings outside the clubhouse at the 18th green, watching others making their own pilgrimage. The image of the clubhouse, the hotel, the Bay and Old Tom's Shop would never leave me, that was a certainty.

I had seen the nine holes he laid out at Dornoch, and only yesterday my feet were on Carnoustie. Here also

was the New Course, another of Old Tom's I could see.

It seemed likely that little had changed on the Old Course since Tom's departure, despite all that has happened in golf course management just during my own career. He was known to cry "Mair saund, Honeyman" to his assistant; some seem to think sand topdressing is something new to the past dozen or twenty years. Nowadays some courses have greens rollers, "new equipment for new times." Yet I would bet Old Tom Morris himself had rolled the greens at St. Andrews a hundred years ago, or more. Our solid tine aerifiers were Old Tom's pitchforks. We have low nitrogen programs, a relatively new approach to fertility. New? Old Tom Morris never had anything but low fertility programs for his course.

Some are working to get their golf courses closed a day a week in the U.S. Old Tom's saying about Sunday golf was well known: "If you gentlemen dinna need a rest on the Sawbath, the links does."

My time in St. Andrews had to end. I was sad as I walked to my car for the trip to the Glasgow airport and the flight home.

I promised myself to return to this country of ancestry. Every New Year's Eve we sing Rabbie Burns' song "Auld Lang Syne". The words mean "old by since" or "the days of long ago". They say a lot about Scotland and her people. The Scottish love the past and have preserved it for sentimentalists like me. The least I and others like me can do is visit. 🍷



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# WGCSA ELECTION

The annual WGCSA election meeting was held November 1, 1994 at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Milwaukee. The four officer positions were filled unanimously as follows: president - Mike Semler, vice president - Mark Kienert, treasurer - Tom Schwab and secretary - Scott Schaller.

There were two director positions up for election as terms expired for Bill Knight and Kris Pinkerton. Nominated for the director positions were David Brandenburg, Kristopher

Pinkerton and David Smith. In a close race Brandenburg and Pinkerton were elected to two year terms. WGCSA's other directors with one year remaining on their terms include: Mike Handrich, Joe Kuta and Bruce Worzella.

Shortly after the election, Tom Schwab left his position at Monroe Country Club to manage the O.J. Noer Research Facility. As a result, Mike Handrich was appointed treasurer to replace Tom and David Smith was appointed director. ♣

## 1995 WGCSA MEETING DATES

DATE	LOCATION	TOPIC/SPEAKER
March 6 (Monday)	Spring Business / Educational Meeting Ramada Hotel - Fond du Lac, WI	Hiring and Firing What You Need To Know Godfrey & Kahn SC
April 24 (Monday)	Lake Arrowhead GC - Nekoosa, WI Brian Wilhelm - GC Superintendent	Controls of The Future Dr. Chuck Koval
May 22 (Monday)	Hartford CC - Hartford, WI Joe Kuta - GC Superintendent	(Speaker TBA)
June 19	TBA	
July 10 (Monday)	Lake Wisconsin CC - Prairie du Sac, WI Kendall Marquardt - GC Superintendent	
August 7 (Monday)	CC of Wisconsin - Grafton, WI Gordy Waddington - GC Superintendent	
September 18 (Monday)	South Hills G & CC - Fond du Lac, WI Scott Schaller - GC Superintendent	Year in Review Bob Vavrek
October 2 (Monday)	Hawthorn Hills - Saukville, WI Bill Knight - Park Commissioner	Investing For Retirement Michelle Cody

## OTHER MEETING DATES

March 9	USGA Regional Conference, Maple Bluff CC
March 15,16	Reinders Turf Conference
March 27	NGLGCSA Symposium
August 15	WTA Field Day, O.J. Noer Research Facility
October 7	WGCSA Dinner Dance, Chula Vista Resort, Wisconsin Dells
November 8,9	Wisconsin Turf Symposium, Hyatt Regency, Milwaukee
December 11,12	WGCSA / GCSAA Regional Seminar (proposed)

### 1996

January 9-11	Wisconsin Turfgrass and Green Industry Expo - Madison, WI
January 22	WGCSA / GCSAA Regional Technical Seminar (proposed)
March 4	WGCSA Spring Business / Educational Meeting



# EXPO CONTINUES TO GROW

By Derek Van Damme

The 1995 Wisconsin Turfgrass and Greenscape EXPO played to its largest audience ever. Held at the Holiday Inn in Middleton on January 3-5, attendance soared above 600 for the three day convention with nearly 60 vendors packing the trade show floor.

On the first day the University of Wisconsin-Madison Turfgrass Research Team updated attendees on research being conducted at the O.J. Noer Turfgrass Research and Education Facility. Researchers from the departments of Horticulture, Soil Science, Plant Pathology and Entomology highlighted progress during the past year.

An awards luncheon followed during which several scholarships and donations were presented. Luncheon speaker Tom Jardin counseled all how to keep one's sanity and sense of humor during hectic times.

The brief Wisconsin Turfgrass Association annual meeting produced two new nominees, Bob Erdahl and Chris Wendorf, to replace Curt Larson and Gary Zwirlein on the board of directors. Roger Bell was re-elected. Then all adjourned to the trade show where there were plenty of tires to kick and information to gather.

Day two started with the second annual University of Wisconsin alumni breakfast. The rest of the day saw educational seminars, trade show activity and the noon buffet.

Academics and turf management professionals gave workshops and seminars on a wide variety of topics, affording attendees many choices in educational opportunities.

Day three was devoted exclusively to pesticide applicator training. 🌿



Recent UW-Madison graduate Kevin Henricksen (right) accepts the AgrEvo scholarship from John Turner.



WTA President Curt Larson introduced the UW-Madison turfgrass research session.



University of Georgia professor, Dr. Lee Burpee, gave two informative presentations.



Reinders Workman 3200 was a dominating presence on the Trade Show floor.



Foley's enclosed reel grinder caught the eye of many attendees.



UW-Madison Soil Science professor, Dr. Wayne Kussow, answers a question pertaining to his research.



Wayne Horman of O.M. Scotts Company displays their bulk fertilizer container during the trade show.



Mike Lee of Blackwolf Run got his hands dirty at the turfgrass identification workshop.



## Collector of History, Memories, and Other “Stuff”

By Lori Ward Bocher

Because *The Grass Roots* doesn't have the budget to send me to Arkansas or Texas, or even to Madison or Milwaukee, where past Personality Profile subjects live, I usually do my interviews by telephone. But Bill Sell, president of the WGCSA in 1968 and 1969, lives less than 20 miles away from me. So I decided to do this interview in person. And I'm glad I did.

If I hadn't met him in person, I couldn't have browsed through his scrapbooks, or seen his logo golf ball collection, or taken a glimpse at his genealogy records, or visited his basement storage unit that is filled with personal mementoes.

It struck me that Bill Sell is an organizer and a collector of history, of memories, and of “stuff”.

“Tell me about your past,” I start the interview.

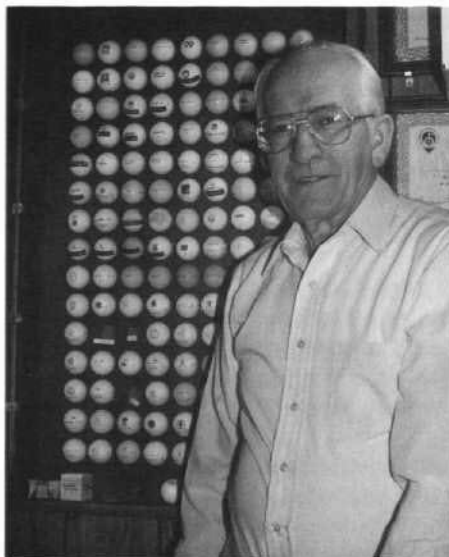
Bill was born “in the great state of Iowa,” as he puts it, on a farm near Sumner in the northeastern part of the state. His family left the farm when he was 2 years old, his father died when he was 6 years old, and his mother remarried when he was 10.

He moved to Milwaukee in 1942 and a few months later he joined the Army and saw combat duty in Europe during World War II as part of the 14th Armored Division, 94th Reconnaissance.

When he was discharged from the Army in 1946, Bill returned to Milwaukee; sadly, his mother died while he was in the service. In 1947, Bill married Lucille Hadler.

A semi-truck driver before the war, Bill returned to that job when he was discharged from the Army. “But I wanted a change of jobs,” Bill recalls. “I had an acquaintance who worked for the Milwaukee County Park Commission. That sounded interesting to me.” So in the summer of 1947 he accepted seasonal work at the Brown Deer Golf Club. And in 1948 he became a permanent employee there.

Russell Kurtz was course superin-



Only a few golf balls remain from Bill Sell's collection that once numbered over 12,000.

tendent at the time. “He really gave me an excellent on-the-job training program,” Bill says. “He was always there if someone had a question or wanted to know something.”

In 1952 Bill was promoted to superintendent of the Currie Park Golf Course which also was part of the Milwaukee County Park System. Then in 1959 he accepted a job as superintendent at the Port Washington Country Club where he helped build the second nine holes. He stayed there until 1968.

It's at Port Washington where, quite by accident, Bill started a logo golf ball collection that grew to more than 12,000 balls at one point. “When I started at Port Washington we had trouble with the water system,” Bill explains, adding that they had to drain a pond. “Among the balls at the bottom of the pond was a pink one that said ‘Cincinnati Tool and Grinding Co.’ I thought that was pretty unusual.”

So he started to collect golf balls. And soon he joined the Golf Collectors Society of America. Since many of his balls were found at the bottom of ponds, he was generous when trading balls and would think nothing of giving

away 20 balls for three that he really wanted. “I never traded ball for ball because other traders usually had to buy them,” he adds.

“I started collecting balls because of the uniqueness of that pink ball with an inscription on it,” Bill explains. “But I kept collecting them to see how many I could get in the end.” And in the end, he had more than 12,000 balls. He also collected tees with company names, ball markers and divot lifters.

When he retired, Bill sold most of the balls and gave away the other collectibles. But he kept about 40 balls from overseas, one from each state, and some of the novelty balls—including his original pink ball and a black “8” ball. He's still working on acquiring new foreign balls. “They're getting rather difficult to obtain because I already have balls from the major countries,” Bill explains.

“We'd better get back to your biography,” I interject.

After leaving Port Washington in 1968, Bill traveled north to Ridgeway Golf and Country Club in Neenah. “They were in the process of installing an irrigation system, so I was there to install it,” Bill recalls. Then a few years later in 1972 he was asked to oversee the construction of a new course, Chaska Golf Course, just west of Appleton. And that's where he stayed until his retirement in 1985. “The sudden change from working every day to not working at all—it was a real adjustment,” Bill admits.

After considering Eagle River, Florida and Arizona, the Sells decided to stay in Appleton when Bill retired. “We have one son and four grandchildren here,” Bill explains. “We get to enjoy them and see them mature into adults.” Their oldest granddaughter is a junior in college.

And it was that granddaughter who gave Bill his first major project after retirement. “Shortly before my retirement she asked me about her heritage, so I gave her a brief rundown,” Bill explains. “After I retired she asked