ers your physical life and needs...if you allow Him.

"Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more important than food, and the body more important than clothes? Look at the birds of the air; they don't sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they? Who of you by worrying can add a single hour to his life?

"And why do you worry about clothes? See how the lilies of the field grow. They do not labor or spin. Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these. If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you, O you of little faith. So do not worry saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or What shall we wear?' For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them. But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well. Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of it's own." Matthew 6:25-34 NIV

God had a dream for us. Who you are is more important than career and physical needs. I believe God needed me to discover that. What we experience while attempting to accomplish our objectives is more important than accomplishing the objective itself. Henry Marsh was the guest speak-

er at this year's GCSAA General Session. Mr. Marsh ran the 3500 meter Steeplechase in the 1984 Olympics. He did not win...he came in fourth place. After the race he collapsed on the track and was taken off on a stretcher. For that one event in his life he had given it his all! I was amazed and heartbroken as I watched that video. The tragedy of life is that so many miss their destiny. But Henry's life was not to win that race. Henry was destined to talk to us that day about the experience of it. You see if Henry had won that race, maybe he would not have been able to inspire us. His view of life may have been skewed as so many are, that all that matters in life is winning.

While I searched for greener grass I discovered my spiritual side and began to experience God in my life. Now I daily strive to develop a closer relationship with God. I am determined not to be so self reliant and let God and prayer work for me. I am a steadfast believer in the power of prayer. If you earnestly, sincerely pray to God, your prayer will be answered. It may not be the response you were waiting for, but God does answer prayer. You may not get an immediate answer, but things will happen when the time is right. And remember, "No!" is an answer too.

I learned to accept things and people as they are, and deal with problems as they present themselves. Struggling to change impossible situations and personalities can be a tremendous task. By accepting circumstances I learned to lead by example and to show people what really matters in my life. Not every one will accept me, but at least they know where I stand and what I stand for. I let people know that work is important, but my greater job awaits me somewhere else. My values, ethics, and morals mean more to me than my wage here on earth.

Psalm 37:23-24 NIV says:

"If the Lord delights in a man's way, he makes his steps firm; though he stumble, he will not fall, for the Lord upholds him with his hand."

I sincerely believe that I am a person that God has truly blessed. Sometimes we all need to stop for a few moments and take a look around us. We need to appreciate more all the blessings that we are given, for they are truly gifts from God. Adversities will come in your life. That is the nature of our world. And to be honest with you, that is what I feared the most before I accepted Jesus into my life. I was sure that if I "let go and let Jesus" rule my life, something bad would happen to me or my family. I have had some other personal misfortunes in my life and I was sure something tragic would happen once more. But that day in September 1997, I decided to let God run my backhoe and let His Spirit dictate my life. Yes, a few months later He led me away from my career, but that was meant to be. It was in His providential plan for my life to get away from the



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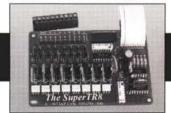


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golf course for awhile, even if it meant some hardships later.

I learned from that experience to enjoy every day. When people ask me, "How are you doing?" I often reply, "Well I'm six feet above the ground and still sucking wind!" There is a lot to be said about someone that can have a great positive, attitude and portray that presence to everyone he encounters. It is an infectious and great feeling! I wouldn't change one thing that has happened on my life's road, because God meant for it to be the way it is.

• "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not be in want. He makes me lie down in green pastures, he leads me beside quiet waters, he restores my soul. quides me in paths of righteousness for his name sake. Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me. You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies. You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows. Surely goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The 23rd Psalm of David is probably one of the most recognized chapters in the bible because it is so often read at funerals. Maybe you should read it again and see how the Lord is leading David in his daily living.

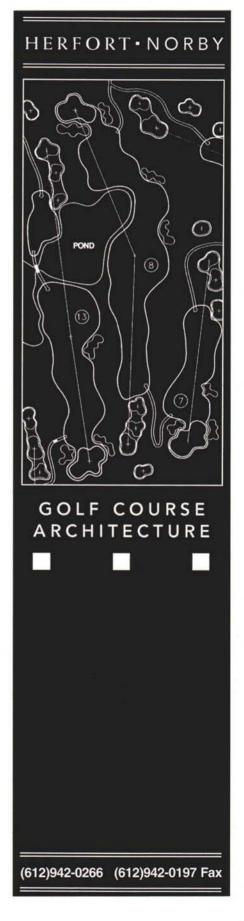
I also learned to genuinely value my career as a greenkeeper. I have been back at it since last September and I haven't had a bad day at work yet! It is a great profession! I earnestly endeavor to make every day at work rewarding and pleasurable. Even when I am handed those lemons, I look for

the lemonade pitcher and attempt to see what experience I will encounter.

So if you are contemplating a search for greener grass, you may not want to follow the path I chose. You may need to take a few days off....not a year, and get away. You may need to look inside yourself and prioritize what really matters. You may need to shorten your hours a little and get back in touch with your family. Or maybe you need a few moments with God every day. You know that our careers allow us to watch the sun rise every morning. This can often be a beautiful and spiritual path way to start each day. Marvel at the wonders God paints in the sky. Hear the birds announce the morn and give their glory to their maker. Smell the fresh grass, feel the breeze on your face and just say "Thank you."

If you are beginning to look for greener pastures, maybe you should take some time for yourself first. Become your own best friend. Talk to others (maybe even your employer). You may be surprised he may be able to empathize with you and understand your stress. There is one thing that you should be sure of if you decide to get out of the game. Be very confident in where you are heading and what your are trying to achieve. And if you have the Lord in your corner, He will make your drive down the fairway of life much straighter.

As I am now back in the saddle and constructing a new golf course, I can now look back and sincerely say how much I missed the creativity and challenge of golf course work. I sorely missed the daily nourishment that the grass under my feet could give me. The enrichment of all the endeavors, natural and man made, the sunshine...and the rain! I guess when it's in your blood, you can never leave it behind.



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In Search of O.J. Noer

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By Lori Ward Bocher

When I started writing for *The Grass Roots* 10 years ago, there's one name that came up over and over again: **O.J. Noer**. The Wisconsin turf industry even started the O.J. Noer Research Foundation in honor of him. And, 25 years after his death, they named the Research and Education Facility after him.

What could garner so much respect for one man? For many years, he was *the* golf turf guru in the state and in the nation. He was nick-named "Mr. Turf." In today's world of specialization, where we have turf breeders, turf entomologists, turf pathologists - you get the picture - there probably never will be another turf generalist with a reputation and following like O.J. Noer's.

O.J. Noer died in 1966, but his legend lives on. So when Monroe Miller heard that an elderly relative of O.J's lived in Mt. Horeb, he was anxious to have me interview him for *The Grass Roots*. "Call Tom Schwab at the Noer Facility. He knows where this gentleman can be reached," Monroe told me.

And so I called Tom and began my search for O.J. Noer. "Yes," Tom said, "his name is Peter Vea. He doesn't live in Mt. Horeb anymore. I believe he lives in Madison now." Tom checked the telephone book and gave me a phone number.

Monroe thought it would be best if I could do this interview in person, not on the telephone like I usually do. That way I could get a picture. I agreed, and waited for a time when I'd be near Madison.

Making the connection...

When I finally called Mr. Vea to schedule an appointment, he gave me directions to his residence.



Peter Vea, O.J. Noer's cousin taken Feb 2000.

"Take University Avenue west, turn left on Segoe Road, and then take the first left again. I live in the Segoe Terrace apartments," he said.

Now, I'm the type who likes to know exactly where I'm going. Since University Avenue runs past the back side of Monroe's course, I called his shop to see if someone could tell me how far west I'd have to go on University to get to Segoe Road. "It's the first road past Hilldale Shopping Center, up on top of the hill," I was told. It had been a while since I'd been to Monroe's course, but I seemed to recall that it was awfully close to Hilldale, too.

Once in Madison, I headed west on University Avenue. Sure enough, when I turned left on Sego, I could see Monroe's course. When I pulled up to park in front of Mr. Vea's apartment building, the irony hit me. Monroe had sent me in search of O.J. Noer when he could have walked right over from his own shop to meet Peter Vea!"

I entered the front hallway and called Peter through the security system intercom. He buzzed me in. I took the elevator to the 7th floor, got out, and saw him waiting for me in the hallway. He was slightly bent over his walker - helps him keep his balance, I later learned. He wore a suit and tie. Was he still dressed for church? Or did he dress up for my visit? I never asked.

We exchanged greetings and he invited me into his small apartment. The computer, with stacks of paper surrounding it, told me that he was still an active guy. "I was up half the night worried about your interview," Peter admitted. "Called my brother, too. I'm not sure how much I can tell you about Oyvind."

Oyvind. So that's what the "O" in O.J. stood for.

Peter explained to me how he and O.J. were related; Peter's father, Fritchiof (who went by F.J.), was a brother to O.J.'s mother, Ada. That would make them cousins.

"He was sort of a studious guy," Peter remembered of O.J. "He had this idea that sewerage would be a good thing for helping the ground. He went to the Milwaukee Sewerage Commission and they hired him right away." The rest, as they say, is Milorganite history.

"That's when he got started going to all the golf courses," Peter continued. "He also traveled with the golf course architect, Robert Trent Jones. When he moved to Milwaukee we still kept in touch. But he was always gone, traveling around the country."

Rich family history...

Mr. Vea told me much about the rich history of their family. Matthew Vea, grandfather to both O.J. and Peter, immigrated to the U.S. from Norway. "He was a tailor in Norway," Peter pointed out. "When he got to Boston with a lot of his Norwegian friends, they told him he couldn't have a foreign-sounding name like Vea. They told him to become Johnson. And he did.

"Later, one of my uncles changed his name back to Vea, and others in the family followed him," Peter added, explaining why he is now a Vea and not a Johnson. Peter thought the "J" in O.J. stood for Johnson. But other accounts say O.J.'s middle name was Juul.

Matthew Vea Johnson ended up in Stoughton, Wis. "In Norway, family members brought their money to the tailor to take care of it," Peter explained. "That happened in Stoughton, too. Our grandfather, Matthew, started the First National Bank in Stoughton. He couldn't read or write English. Every transaction

was kept in his head. He was also an entrepreneur. He owned nine different farms at one time. Then he sold them all to buy a wagon factory in Stoughton."

Matthew and his wife had 13 children, of which Peter's father, Fritchiof, was the youngest. O.J.'s mother, Ada, was the third oldest child. O.J., born in 1890, was 22 years older than his cousin Peter, born in 1912.

Ada married Julius Noer, a family doctor who delivered many babies. He, too, was Norwegian. "I never saw him very much," Peter said of O.J.'s father and his own uncle. "He was always busy with his medical practice. He was considered a very good doctor. Often when we had family get-togethers he would come and then have to leave early to be with a patient."

As a child, Peter spent more time with his Aunt Ada, O.J.'s mother. "She was just a lovely woman," Peter said. "She only had two children, O.J. and Rebecca. They lived in a lovely house in Stoughton where O.J. went

to school. All of my aunts were just wonderful to us. We children were all a part of the family. It was a big family and a togetherness family."

Peter remembers O.J.'s wife, too. "We called her Andy, but her real name was Judy. She was from Baltimore," he pointed out. "She used to say, 'I'm a Baltimore oriole.' I'm not sure how he met her. I have a feeling the University sent him out there for some research work and that's when he met her. But that's just guess work."

O.J. and Andy had only one daughter, Mary Carvel. As an adult, she lived in California. When O.J. retired in the mid 1960s, they moved out there to be near her. And that's where he died, in 1966.

Family of achievers...

Visiting with Peter, I got the impression that he and O.J. were surrounded by achievers while they were growing up. One uncle helped engineer the New York City subway system. One traveled internationally (way back near the other turn of the century) for the Institute of Pacific Relations. Another uncle, a geologist, along with Peter's father, homesteaded a piece of property in Idaho that contained marble that was pure calcium carbonate.

"They felt that they could develop this into an industry. First, they provided calcium carbonate to Amalgamated Sugar to use in bleaching sugar. And later they developed calcite for chicken feed," Peter explained.

The family also stuck together. Peter's father, an engineer, ran the wagon factory in Stoughton for many years. "He was the one that everyone depended on," Peter said. "All of the children from his sisters' families were sent to work at the factory. My dad was just that kind of a guy. He took care of everyone."

That included O.J., who needed a job in the late 1920's. "By then my father was leasing dump trucks to the state which was building lots of roads at the time," Peter recalled.



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"O.J. was in charge of the leasing. After a few years he went back to the University for more studies. They lived on Breeze Terrace next to the Congregational Church."

Peter's life...

Peter graduated from Stoughton High School in 1930 and from the University of Wisconsin in 1941. "I thought I wanted to be an engineer like my father. But I could not get through calculus. Flunked it in my sophomore year," Peter recalled. "So I went into accounting instead."

He worked for Sears for his entire career, except during World War II when he served in the U.S. Navy. He was in his 30's at the time, with a wife and daughter at home. "I lived through a kamikaze attack on a carrier," he vividly remembered. After retiring from Sears in 1964, Peter and his wife, Lucille, lived in Florida for 22 years before moving back to Wisconsin where their two daughters lived. Lucille died of heart trouble a few years later.

Peter gave me a list of the descendants of Ada and Julius Noer. It included O.J. and Andy; their daughter, Mary Carvel Van der Burch; her three children; and some greatgrandchildren of O.J. It also included O.J.'s sister, Rebecca, and her three children. But, using the addresses on this sheet from 1992, Peter had not been able to make contact with any of these relatives.

And so ended my visit. Peter walked me to the elevator, rode down with me, came outside with me, and walked me to the end of the sidewalk. I think he didn't want the visit to end. "I'm sorry I couldn't tell you more about O.J.," he said.

"No, that's just fine," I reassured him. "It was a real pleasure to meet you." We shook hands, and then he reached out and gave me a big hug. I was glad that I had taken this walk down memory lane with him.

More research...

A few days later I called Monroe. "Can you send me some information on O.J.?" I asked. "I need some more details about his career." And so he sent me a 1984 issue of *The Grass Roots* that he calls his "O.J. Noer issue." This issue helped me fill in some of the details in Mr. Turf's life.

- Born in 1890 in Stoughton, Wis.
- Graduated from Stoughton High School in 1908.
- Graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1912, with a BS in soils and a minor in chemistry.
- Worked for the Soil Survey Service.
- Was a state soil chemist for Wisconsin in 1914.



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- Taught general and analytical chemistry at the UW from 1915 to 1917.
- Served in the Chemical Warfare Service during World War I, 1917 to 1920.
- Married Julie (or Judy) Anderson - better known as Andy - in 1920.
- Worked at the Stoughton Wagon Company in the 1920s.
- Returned to graduate school at the UW where he earned an MS in turf agronomy and did all the necessary work for his PhD except for writing the thesis. Went to graduate school on a partial fellowship created by the Milwaukee Sewerage Commission for research into what would become Milorganite.
- Became an employee of the Milwaukee Sewerage Commission in the mid 1930's, specializing in the use of

- Milorganite on golf courses. Visited golf courses across the nation and in several foreign countries. He retired as sales manager and chief agronomist (in 1960?).
- Worked as a consulting agronomist after retiring from MSC.
- Noer Research Foundation was initiated in 1959 by associates and friends of O.J. Noer.
- Noer dies in 1966.
- O.J. Noer Research and Education Facility opens in 1992.
- Charlie Wilson, Noer's successor at Milorganite, wrote:
 "Noer was the consummate agronomist. His involvement covered anything that happened to turfgrass."
- Jim Latham called Noer, "North America's most widely known, respected and beloved turfgrass agronomist." (Latham was

research director of the O.J. Noer Research Foundation at the time the O.J. Noer issue of *The Grass Roots* came out.)

And so ends my search for O.J. Noer. I enjoyed this trip back in time, learning of Norwegian immigrants, family togetherness, and professional achievements. I can see how O.J.'s family and time in history shaped the man he became. He grew up in a era when men achieved outside the home and women nurtured inside the home. He lived in an era when we thought science would solve all of the world's problems, and scientists were less specialized than they are today. He worked in an era of "company men" who stayed with one company for most of their career.

For these reasons and more, there will never be another O.J. Noer. It's good to remember him.

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2000 WGCSA Spring Educational and Business Meeting

By Mike Berwick, Golf Course Superintendent, Golf Courses of Lawsonia

A group of 96 golf course superintendents, assistants and affiliates gathered at the Ramada Inn in Fond du Lac on Monday, March 6 for the annual Spring Education and Business Meeting. Unseasonably warm weather reduced what may have been a record attendance for this event as a number of pre-registered attendees became no shows due to opening of their golf courses.

The educational portion of the meeting was put together by the GCSAA and ETONIC as part of the Etonic Leadership Series. The speaker was Mr. Gerry Sweda of Sweda Training and Development Services. His presentation "Bringing Out the Best in the People You Manage" was a "workshop" managing human resources. During lunch, Dr. John Stier addressed the audience with information on the Turfgrass Industry Survey that he has been working on with the Wisconsin Agricultural Statistics Service.

The afternoon began with a presentation by Ray Davies of the GCSAA on the Professional Development Initiative (PDI). The rather long day ended with a brief annual business meeting presided over by the association's new president, Kris Pinkerton.

Mr. Sweda's presentation began by describing management and the act of managing as a profession that is very difficult with universal problems and that is mastered by very few.

He stated that change is constantly taking place and those who fail to change may be putting their futures in jeopardy. Some "management truths" mentioned were that you can't do it all yourself, your success depends on your abil-

ity to manage your workers, whose performance ultimately controls your destiny, and that you need to find a way to get your workers to put forth their best effort.

Sweda explained that performance was a function of ability times motivation times role perception.

He showed a pyramid diagram where top management should determine direction and establish goals and objectives. Middle management should formulate strategies and develop action plans to accomplish the goals and objectives while the workers and doers should execute the action plans. He stated that we should never try to figure out what top management (golfers/members/owners) want because it could be detrimental to our job security. What we think they want and what they really want may be entirely different.

A major concern for managers is the productivity of the workers they manage. Some examples of poor worker performance were work that had to be done over, not doing enough work, working too fast or too slow which could cause scheduling problems, and doing the easy work instead of the critical work. These problems cause costs to increase and income or



Management Seminar leader Gerry Sweda.



Jim Shaw accepts congratulations from WGCSA director Mike Kactro.

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