

Rub of the green Out of Bounds II

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Having been in the golf course business for almost 20 years, I felt it was time to reward the people that have helped me survive its ups and downs.

The Agronomy Award: To the golfer who once stopped me while aerifying greens and insisted that I cease putting sand on the greens and start using soil instead.

Honorable Mention: To the individual who advised me that if I watered the greens for two hours every night during the summer, I would not have a care in the world.

The Health and Safety Award: To the obese golfer who approached me with a

beer in his hand and a cigarette dangling from his lip, demanding to know what I was spraying on his greens and if it would kill him years later. I assured him he had nothing to fear from any chemical I might spray.

Honorable Mention: To the golfer who plays golf because his doctor told him to get more exercise. This is the same fellow who always uses a golf cart to drive up to the slopes and park on collars. I have seen him get some useful exercise, however. He may spend five minutes or more trying to dig his golf ball out of the cup with his putter.

The "I Leave My Brains at Home When I Pick Up a Golf Club" Award: This is a tough one. I have noticed that when seemingly intelligent people get to the golf course their reasoning ability, eyesight and hearing leave them. How else do you explain a normal-thinking human looking directly at a yardage sign that states, in bold letters, "Wet Paint," then reaching out to touch the sign,

promptly becoming agitated, and expecting me to do something about it.

But this award, I believe, should go to the golfer who, after approaching a roped off area and squeezing through a two-foot walkway with his cart, kneels down and bends metal stakes and tells you, when confronted, that he thought the opening was for golf carts.

I cannot blame only golfers in this business, so my last award goes to some of my previous employees. I watched them do many strenuous tasks like laying sod all day in the August heat, weed-eating and edging bunkers and I tried to determine what the most distasteful job in this business actually was.

The Toughest Job in Golf Course Maintenance Award: To the employee who finds the act of pulling the dip stick out of an engine and checking it unbelievably loathsome.

Editor's note: Credit Georgia GCSA's magazine, Through the Green .

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