Humor, embarrassment a potent combination, Moore relates

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try to find a little humor in every situation. Nothing makes a bad day a little more bearable than getting someone to laugh with you — or even at you.

I have found that some of the funniest situations are those that make you cringe a little when you remember them. The combination of embarrassment and humor is a potent one. One of the best I can remember happening to me occurred early in my Green Section career. I had a couple of months on the staff under my belt and was starting to feel like perhaps I could do this job after all. Brimming with confidence and an eagerness to learn, I made a TAS visit on a course in Nebraska. Along for the tour were the green committee, the golf professional, and the superintendent — the usual entourage.

Having personally diagnosed the injury. The superintendent laughed and the others on the visit frowned. I bent over to catch my breath. This, I mean. You remember them. The Power line shadows do that when the wind blows. We all had a great laugh but I will admit I have yet to make another visit to that course. I expect credibility, about the time you are having a good after all. I recently traveled to Dallas where one of the fellows on the visit felt the sand in the bunkers was bad because the ball would not hold the green when blasted out. Those of you familiar with my writing might remember I tend not to have a lot of sympathy with player complaints concerning the sand tips I read in 1971, opened after this demonstration of my skill, as it relates to the agronomic condition of the course, I was on a visit to a course in Mexico. The complaint this time was that the greens did not hold an approach shot — even with a wedge. Careful to pick an uphill lie, into the wind, and to a green that looked over watered, I decided once again to prove the complaining player wrong by embarrassing him with the fact that even a grass guy can hold the greens.

After shanking the first three shots and nearly hitting one of our group about 90 degrees off line, I gave up and tried to remind everyone I was there as an agronomist — not a player. Big cringe.