Some work-saving ideas we've developed at Medinah

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Medinah was opened in 1926. It's possibly one of the largest clubs in the country, with three complete 18-hole courses on the 656-acre grounds. One for men, one for ladies, and one championship course. As far as I know, this is the only club with a regulation size separate course for the ladies.
We had the National Open back in 1949, and the Western Open in 1962 and 1966. This year, we’re having the district Qualifiers for the National Open, plus the final twosome of Shell’s Wonderful World of Golf.

In ‘62, we had some permanent cable laid in for TV coverage. More was added in ‘66, when the coverage included eight color TV cameras. This year, the Shell event will be covered by seven color film cameras. Any temporary cable that needs to be added is strung in the trees, where it stays out of the way. And we have plenty of trees.

We’ve handled galleries that ran to some 15,000 guests. One of the methods that’s given us excellent results is to have the members act as marshals. They enjoy participating; they know the courses as well as anyone could, and the work they do helps protect the grounds they enjoy all year. We rope off areas as much as possible and restrict crowd movement to specified crossing areas—in fact close to 5 miles of rope was used in the ‘66 Western.

And every evening, we had troops of Boy Scouts come out to police the grounds and gather the scraps, paper cups, cans and all the rest into small areas, where our crew can come around in trucks for the pickup. This way, the course is brand new and fresh each morning for the tournament.

We have a 25-man crew, so we don’t need to add any help during the big events. We station a man at each green to repair ball marks and keep things in shape. Every evening we mow the fairways and tees, and every morning we cut the greens.

Our championship course has highly uniform C-15 Toronto bent on the greens. The grass texture from green to green is nearly identical, because of the true strain we use. The fairways are common bent and poa annua. The roughs use mostly blue grass, with some fescue mixed in. Our soil type is clay.

For water, we have a 24-acre lake, Lake Kadijah, right on the grounds. It’s fed by a creek that runs through the grounds and pours onto the green from the trap. We have a 25-man crew, so we don’t need to add any help during the big events. We station a man at each green to repair ball marks and keep things in shape. Every evening we mow the fairways and tees, and every morning we cut the greens.

Our cast iron pipe was installed in 1932, and it has proved to be highly dependable. We’ve never had a problem with it. I feel it’s the proven pipe.

Here’s another unusual work saver. I had a special bin constructed out of plywood from plans available commercially. It holds twenty tons of fertilizer, which we have delivered in bulk and blown in. Then, a single man can drive under the bin with the spreader, have the hopper loaded with approximately two tons at a time and in this way can fertilize all 54 holes in less than a day. You can imagine how much labor this saves when compared to unloading fifty-lb. bags with a crew of workers!

With these aids, and others, we’re able to keep the courses in pretty good shape all year. We’re looking forward to the Qualifier and to the Shell events for ’68.

We employ a number of immigrant workers. Though some don’t speak English, they’re intelligent and good workers. Some of the boys have been with us eight years or more.

This led to a funny incident.

Prior to one tournament, after we had given a little training session, we sent out the crew to their assigned greens. After a few hours, I was called out to speak to a young groundsman. When I got there, I saw that a crowd was gathered about the green and a number of people seemed upset. It seems that one of the pros had marked his ball with a dime, and when he went back to make his shot, he couldn’t locate it. He looked for several minutes, called the officials over, the marshal came, the crowd started looking and finally, the officials had to put the ball down at the approximate location. Then somebody thought the foreign youngster might have picked it up. Because no one could speak his language, they called me.

I spoke to him. He had been picking up the pebbles thrown onto the green from the trap. He told me he saw the dime and pocketed it. I asked him why he didn’t speak up when he realized they were looking for it, and he told me he was ashamed. Then I asked him why he had picked it up. He said he thought someone had a hole in his pocket.

Now he knows better. That’s a mistake you only make once. Even the Pro now uses an official ball marker.