**Golden Opportunity**

With luck, George Lynn will get more than a gold watch when he retires from The Woodstock Club in Indianapolis. He has certainly earned it. For 50 years, Lynn kept the course in excellent playing condition for its members, and he says it will be hard for him to leave the course. “I’m going to miss watching the sun rise in the morning over the course,” says Lynn, 70. “When I’m here, I feel as if I’m home. It’ll be hard to walk out of here on my last day.”

The Woodstock Club, a private nine-hole course, was founded in 1915, and Lynn became superintendent in 1950. He says the best part of his job is the members turned the course over to him and let him do what he needed to do to keep it in shape. In fact, he has never worked with a budget — whenever he needed equipment or chemicals, he would go to the club president and ask for the money. It’s a system that Lynn says has worked well.

“The members of this course are as fine a group of people as I’ve ever known,” Lynn says. “I’ve never asked for anything unreasonable, and they’ve never given me any hassles.”

He hasn’t decided when his last day will be, but Lynn says the new superintendent shouldn’t hesitate to call him for advice next spring. Lynn has already received calls from his peers inquiring about the job. “I’ve received a couple of calls asking me to put in a good word for them,” Lynn says, laughing. “It’s a great job. It’s not all that stressful and the people are fabulous.”

Lynn says he’s looking forward to spending more time with his wife of 53 years, his five children and his 13 grandchildren. “It’s hard for me to admit, but I’m like everyone else: I’ve slowed down a little bit as I’ve gotten older,” Lynn says. “I’m ready to spend some time at home.”
If You Ain’t Got Game, Then Read This Book

By Mark Luce

If you’re tired of local sharks (like club pros) lining their pockets with your money every time you play a round of golf, don’t get mad or make excuses — just get sneaky. Those without the smarts or wit to participate in the mental side of the game will bark that gamesmanship, or in this case golfmanship, is ungracious, uncouth and uncool.

We hackers beg to differ. Golfmanship is an integral part of the game. Any yuckster with a club can swing it well with some practice, but it takes years of practice, discipline and a gentle honing to perfect the art of screwing with your opponent.

The original gamesman, droll Brit Stephen Potter, who unfortunately died 31 years ago, penned a nice series of books in the middle of the last century — *Gamesmanship, One-Upmanship* and *Golfmanship* — all aimed at winning without cheating with various “ploys,” “hampers” and “gambits.”

His indomitable, crafty spirit lives on in Jon Winokur’s delightful new book, *How to Win at Golf Without Actually Playing Well*. From old standbys — like covering the clubhead when pulling it from your bag, dressing shabbily (black socks ARE OK) against a Jesper Parnevik-type fashion maven, and telling your magnet-wearing opponent about the report linking copper bracelets and impotence — Winokur reaches deep and far to come up with his nuggets of wisdom.

No chapter is finer than “Conversation: The Fifteenth Club.” The key is to “keep your opponent mired in irrelevancies,” Winokur writes. What can you do? Sarcasm, false humbleness, loaded questions and non-sequiturs all come into play. Better yet, Winokur says, you could affect a foreign accent; refer to your clubs by their traditional Scottish names (Winokur includes a glossary so you can remember them); tip your hat to an imaginary gallery after a fine shot; blatantly self-promote on less-than-spectacular shots (I’m...

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**Quotable**

“I’m kind of embarrassed finishing 15 shots behind the guy.”

— Ernie Els, who tied for a distant second place in the U.S. Open, behind that guy.

“There was no such thing as a signature hole or signature course until dad ran an ad in (the old) *Golfdom*. He thought his signature was neat-looking. That’s where the term ‘signature’ course came about.”

— Rees Jones, son of the late Robert Trent Jones, explaining how the term “signature course” came about. (Source: Links)

“If you’re trying to map something with a GPS and the United States is trying to blow someone up, you might have to wait a day.”

— Terence McNabb, national sales manager of Tuxwater, Wash.-based ReMetrix, drawing laughs from superintendents during a golf course mapping seminar.

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*Source: National Golf Foundation
Illustration: Dan Beeby*
They Clean Up Real Nice

You have to hand it to Hubbard, Ore.-based Turf-Seed — the company put its best face forward at its annual field day in June despite being the victim of an eco-terrorist attack 10 days before that caused between $300,000 and $500,000 in damage.

The “GE” stands for “genetically engineered” — and vandalism.

As journalists and distributors from around the country descended on the company’s Pure Seed Testing research farm — where the Anarchist Golfing Association struck — to sneak a peek at new grass varieties and party the night away at Turf-Seed’s barbecue, there was little evidence that there had ever been an attack.

“We didn’t want them to have the satisfaction of ruining our chance to show off the work we’re doing,” says Crystal Rose-Fricker, president of the company. “We cleaned up as fast as we could and got down to the business of rebuilding.”

The grass fields looked lush, and although there were a few spots that had obviously once been inhabited by the plants destroyed in the attack, the presentation went off without a hitch. Well, other than the giant “GE” (standing for “genetically engineered”) that the AGA spray painted across the company’s sign that marks the entrance to the company’s fields. The AGA targeted Turf-Seed because it claims the company is growing genetically engineered grass in its fields — a claim Turf-Seed vehemently denies.

Scanning the Web

Frank Andorka reviews language translation sites

People called me insane when I took French instead of Spanish in high school. Was I? Mais oui! But it turns out I didn’t need to learn Spanish because there are Web sites that will now translate anything I need. If you have workers who speak different languages, here are some sites that might help you communicate better with them (all sites start with http:// unless otherwise noted):

(***** – Bookmark it and return frequently; * – Look at only if absolutely necessary)

****translator.go.com – The site gives you the opportunity to translate English into Spanish, French, German, Italian or Portuguese and vice versa. Its almost instantaneous conversion makes it an easy-to-use site, and it doesn’t stumble over phrases such as “sprinkler heads” and “3 1/16 of an inch.” It offers visitors the opportunity to buy a complete software package for their computers (geared to PCs) and offers the option of translating entire Web sites by typing in the URL. You can add the link to your Web site as well.

babelfish.altavista.digital.com/translate.dyn – This translator speedily takes your English phrases and translates them into Spanish, French, German, Italian or Portuguese. It has an easy user interface and leaves your English words up on the screen so you can remember what you wrote. It warns that the translations are approximations and should not be taken as literal translations — a point proven when you take the translated text and put it back into English. Still, it’s far better to have an approximate translation than none at all.

INCOMPLETE www.freetranslation.com – Since I’d heard good things about this site from superintendents, I was psyched to try it. Unfortunately, the program didn’t adapt itself to my computer system (a Macintosh G3 with Internet Explorer 5.0). I’d hate to pan a site just because my computer wouldn’t let me access it, so I suggest you try the site yourself and see how it works for you. Just be prepared that you might be frustrated by the results.

Scanning the Web is compiled by Frank H. Andorka Jr., Golfdom’s associate editor, whose multilingual skills also include Pig Latin. You can reach him at fandorka@advanstar.com with future column suggestions.

Read This Book

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the man!); ask your opponent if he has heard the rumors about poor quality control at the factory that manufactures the brand he’s playing; and, one of my favorites, tell your opponent, “Well, sir, all you have to do is clear the pond (bunker, waste area, quarry, bar-