This Augusta doesn’t flaunt flawlessly-looking fairways or boast perfectly manicured greens. This Augusta is not accessible by a magnificent road named Magnolia Lane and doesn’t invite the likes of Tiger, Phil and Sergio to play its hallowed holes.

This Augusta is, well, for Everyman. This Augusta is Augusta Municipal Golf Course, located about a John Daly tee shot from the exalted Augusta National Golf Club. Augusta Municipal is a city course located in a city made famous by a course.

But Augusta Municipal is not a golf course with an identity problem. It knows what it is; it’s proud of what it does; and its superintendent seems as passionate about what he does as any superintendent in the business.

“I just love it,” says Larry Guy, who has been superintendent at this Augusta for more than eight years.

Guy has been to that Augusta several times. He has even played it. But Guy wouldn’t want to be the superintendent at Augusta National for all the peaches in Georgia.

Nothing against that high-profile gig; the low-profile Guy just feels more at home at the unassuming Augusta Municipal.

Maybe it’s because the 61-year-old Guy enjoys getting down and dirty, literally, which he can do often at his Augusta. If there’s a hole to dig, Guy will show up with a shovel in hand (instead of an order for someone else to dig it).

When I met him during Masters week last April, Guy had just come from doing the manual labor part of his job. He had been hand-watering greens, and had mowed greens and fairways before that.

His high-top work boots were caked with mud, and his blue plants were smudged with dirt. Hair strands, which escaped the front of his black cap, stuck to his perspiring forehead.

When I asked Guy what he likes most about his job, he didn’t hesitate upon answering.

“Working on the golf course,” he said in his soft Southern drawl. “If I couldn’t … it would bother me.”