



# Within the Leather

by David Kazmierczak, CGCS

**I am a procrastinator.**

**It is a character**

**flaw that I have fought all of my life. Somewhere along the line, the piece of paper proclaiming never put off until tomorrow what can be done today never made it in my initial trapper keeper.**

**The flaw seems to accentuate itself to some exponential degree when it is something that I do not particularly care to do, or do not seem to have the time for. Just ask my wife of 22 years. She could probably fill an entire magazine full of instances of my procrastination, and those would only be the ones that brought her total consternation. Or is it constipation? I don't know, I think it's one of the two. Anyway, I believe at this point in life, she has accepted and come to terms with the garden variety procrastination. I she hadn't, I would be living at the shop out of necessity.**

**So, it with this admission/revelation, that I bring you this months' editorial column. Honestly? I have nothing. I always have wanted to be that guy who writes on hard-hitting topics with deep meaning, or exposing a new idea or shine light on a person who has done something brilliant or heroic or admirable. I am sure there are some of those stories out there, but I got none of them.**

**I have great excuses. Procrastinators are never short of excuses. Most of**

**them currently center around the fact that we are trying to stuff two months worth of work into two weeks before Memorial Day weekend, the unofficial official start of summer. This is the time when a golf course in Minnesota should be rounding into peak condition. We are not even close. We are getting there at Prestwick, and we were pretty much spared the ravages of the awful winter savagery bestowed upon so many area courses (sorry, guys and gals), but we are not there yet.**

**Mix in a family matters, funerals, birthdays, a few more light excuses and I got no column ideas, content, nothing and I'm pretty sure Jack MacKenzie, the Publisher of this fine turf rag, needed my column yesterday. So I'm going to wing it with random thoughts on this silly business we love so much: Andy Rooney style....**

**Ever wonder why an irrigation head sticks on overnight in the wettest spot on the golf course. It never sticks on over that troublesome dry hump. And the probability of it sticking on is proportional to the importance of the day. Member-guest tournament- you bet; random Tuesday in April, 40 degrees, not a chance.**

**And while we are on the subject of irrigation, why is it the most likely irrigation box not to run overnight is the one that operates the first hole? And why is it usually on a Saturday? If it's the box on 18, I have time to run the dang thing before play starts. First hole? Pack a lunch.**

**And why is the irrigation head always pointing at my cart when I turn the thing on to check it? You would think with a 360 degree radius I'd have a pretty good**

chance of not getting soaked, but I usually do. If I had the same results at the casino I have with the head saturating me, I'd be able to retire to Vegas. And even if I don't get it the first time, it seems the head turns off just after gracing my carryall with its liquid bounty.

Why is it golfers can't read? I know they can write and count to at least ten. I see their names written out, and numbers jotted on the scorecards I constantly pick up off the golf course. If Ted can write 8, 10, 6 why can't he read the sign that says carts on path only? I don't even think they understand arrows. They must think that means run me over, near as I have been able to ascertain.

Why are mechanics allergic to the beach? The mere mention of sand has made every single one I have ever worked with start to cough and wheeze. It must have something to do with the salt air.

Why is it geese instinctively know when it's men's day?

Why is the only day in the spring with low winds and zero percent chance of rain so that you can wreck havoc on that bumper crop of volunteer spring mums happen to be ladies day?

Explain to me why the pro shop insists on letting a single, two twosomes and another single out first thing in the morning when they know you are trying to verti-cut and topdress. Can't they all just play along together?

Is there really a reason why high school educated people cannot figure out how to load a towel dispenser in the employee bathroom? Or the toilet paper dispenser? I'm certain if left to their own devices, many a golf course crew would

be paperless in a bad way. Mind you, these are the same people who are sent to operate equipment worth tens of thousands of dollars.

When did trees establish status akin to the Holy Grail? You would think by the reaction of some members that the old oak hanging over the 14th fairway obstructing half the whole was planted by God himself. To even consider the removing of such a treasure borders on a kind of blasphemy that violates the very essence of all things country club. I guess the next superintendent had better walk on water.

I am starting to be convinced that rocks now have to power to spontaneously leap in front of freshly sharpened mower blades, and that Fridays are their favorite day to do so, with any weekend or holiday a close second.

I am further convinced no matter how hard you try or what you do, the range tee will look like hell, and some golfer will always be there to let you know about it. And give you tips on what to do about it.

But in the end, at the start of every day, I can honestly think of no better job to have. There are always things that aggravate, always things that irritate but the reward of a well maintained golf course produced by a group of people pulling together for a common goal cannot be beat. As we all march into the summer season, be thankful of your course, your people and the opportunity to be a golf course superintendent. Have a great summer!