Rule by Committee or Too many chiefs...

Once upon a time in the long long ago far away to the West where the ocean meets the land, God made a links course. Down through the ages it lay disturbed only by the cries of the sea birds and the bite of the ocean gales until at last man found it and marked out its tees, fairways, greens and bunkers. Golf was played on its open spaces and in time a castle was built beside it. In that country a castle was known as a Clubhouse and there a King ruled for one year at a time. The courtiers too could change each year and so it went on year after year, with the well-meaning but ignorant courtiers instructing the well-meaning but ignorant peasants in the care of the course.

All went well for many years as the Kings, their courtiers and the local townspeople enjoyed playing golf but gradually as the course was discovered by others and time went by problems began to appear – compaction, disease and dry patch. Some years the weather and the feet of Man took their toll, some years the weather was kind and the course seemed fair, but hidden problems still remained!

At last the courtiers decided to do something about it. They had heard that there were Wise Men who went to College to study such problems and after visits by several of them they asked one Wise Man to come and care for their course. They assured him that the Treasury held gold and jewels enough to do whatsoever should be needed to put things right.

At first all went well. The Wise Man took some of the gold and jewels and bought tools to help him work. Another peasant was engaged to work on the course and he sent one of the peasants to the College so that, in time, he too could become a Wise Man.

Then one day the courtiers announced that the Castle Ballroom needed refurbishing and great was the excitement. Carpenters, painters and decorators were engaged and the great work was undertaken. Opinions varied as to the end result but all agreed that the new Ballroom made the Banqueting Hall look shabby. Perhaps it too could be refurbished?

'No, no, he was told, there is no treasure left...'

Meanwhile on the course the Wise Man needed more of the gold and jewels to care for his charge. No, no, he was told, there is no treasure left! You must wait until there is more in the Treasury. But growth and the weather will not wait said the Wise Man and tried again to remind the courtiers that he had been promised gold and jewels to spend on the Course. Well, well, one said, perhaps you should not have been told that!

Sadly the Wise Man tried to do his best for the

Course without the gold and jewels but it was an uphill struggle. The weather too seemed to have turned against him and even the peasants who were sympathetic told him it was no use to fret as the courtiers had always done things their own way and always would. They had even paid the other Wise Men to visit in the past and these learned fellows had written long reports telling the courtiers what should be done, but their wise words had been ignored.

The courtiers did not want the Wise Man to think that they did not care for their Course so one after the other they told him their own ideas as to what they thought should be done. Sometimes the ideas were reasonable and sometimes they were not. When they were not the Wise Man told them so and this made him very unpopular as the courtiers had always before been able to tell the peasants what to do. At last they could stand it no longer and they went to the Wise Man and told him that he could either mount his horse and ride into the sunset or they would banish him from the kingdom. Being a Wise Man (and not having been in the Kingdom for two years!) the Wise Man sadly and angrily rode away. He looked back at the beautiful natural course left to the mercy of ignorance and backwardness and wondered what its fate would be.

"Giving a Wise Man to that Kingdom was like giving a computer to Grandma Moses," he thought.

