Letter to the Editor —

Dear Golf Course Superintendent:

I don't have to tell you that your busiest time is here and I can fully appreciate the fact that you must put in a long and often exasperating day. I know just how much heartache 90° temperature with 85% humidity, a mal-functioning irrigation system, a torrent of rain, and a violent windstorm can bring. It hurts me also because of your red-rimmed, sleep-starved eyes, your finicky appetite and your restless, teeth-grinding sleep.

I try to sympathize even though it is hard to understand your problems. I know you may be irritated with my enthusiasm because of rain, but I really didn't know you sprayed your greens today.

Please be patient with my overdone roast. I secretly hoped you'd be home for dinner at 6:00 and that extra two hours can really dry a piece of meat out! I also must apologize for not getting your breakfast, but the rising sun and the song of the birds holds no appeal for me.

I know it wasn't your fault that we couldn't make it to that party because your night waterman quit and you had to water, so forgive me my tears and sulking. I often forget how many responsibilities you have.

Sometimes, I must confess, I actually hate that green-haired rival of mine and I often think she holds first place in your heart. Yet, I swell with pride when you come home with tales of the praise you have received. So don't mind if I ask you to repeat them more than once, I want to relish each word.

Please forgive my nagging to go out and that ridiculous suggestion about a weekend trip. It's so easy for me to forget how much can go wrong over a weekend.

I can remember when our marriage was new and we were expecting the baby. I heard you bragging about the nursery you had just started and I was silly enough to think it was a baby nursery, instead of a sod nursery. I must admit I did get over-emotional when your son referred to the golf course as "Daddy's house." It was only natural for him to assume, it seemed like the only time he saw you was when we took a ride to the course and I would say to him, "See that man over there, crawling around on that green? Well that's your Daddy."

I guess I have a lot to learn, so I must again ask for your patience and I promise you mine.

This must seem an odd way for me to communicate with you, but I hate to bother you with my childish prattle when you have so many things on your mind. Anyhow, I know you normally hear only half of what I say, but you always find time to glance at your "Bull Sheet."

Here's hoping for an early winter, like about August.

With all my love, Your wife Suzy.

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