

"Summer"
for the Superintendent's Wife and Family

What does warm weather mean to a Superintendent? To begin, it's check list time; do I have an adequate crew for the summer? Has all my fertilizer, pesticides and newly purchased equipment arrived to help start what's going to be a perfect and problem free course this year? Will all the bugs be out of my new irrigation system, or will there be an increase of maintenance on my old manual system, if so, maybe this will be the year the club puts in what I need, that new automatic system. With specific planning and sufficient rain, my old pumps could possibly make it with little trouble, but again maybe this is the year the club puts in what I need, the so called blessing that will provide a little more time for family affairs. Systems say go and I feel my mind functioning as well as my hands and feet as the summer progresses, hoping and praying for mother nature to swing my way.

Approaching warm weather the real professional appears, the Superintendent's wife, checking their tasks for the summer. We also start with our crew (family), for the entire summer, which undoubtedly was the same crew we had all winter, and if we go back far enough, we acquired these house guests at birth. My job is to explain to "our" crew how to expect, or not to expect, Daddy to be for the summer. First mommy will drive you to baseball if it's sunny. Daddy will pick you up if it's raining. If there's a cool spell, chances are we might be riding with Daddy to tag trees, or if we are good in the car, there might be a part Daddy has to pick up at the lawn mower shop. Don't bother Daddy with the hole in your little plastic pool, come to mom, Daddy is not too familiar with water breaks he doesn't have to dig for. And girls, if your wheel breaks off your buggy, Daddy will fix it for you so by Christmas you'll think you have gotten a new one. Isn't it nice Daddy was so thoughtful to marry mommy in the winter so we didn't have to worry about getting a babysitter for our anniversary in midsummer, now mommy can spend all her time with you. Oh yes children, after dinner when Daddy finally shows up, we'll again rewarm his dinner and maybe Daddy will take us for a ride on the golf course. But please children, don't talk to Daddy because he's tired and you always seem to ask him the wrong or too many questions. Daddy didn't appreciate you children wanting to go swimming when one of his water mains broke on seven fairway, Sunday afternoon. Also Daddy doesn't mean to yell at you when you truthfully tell a golfer Daddy is sleeping during the day, because he wants the members to think he's superman. Why? Why do I have to explain why Dad is not here, he's only out on the golf course, just ask any member, they will tell you, he's the one that rides around all day, "doing nothing". Children please believe mommy's not being mean when you over hear me praying for rain, I do want you to have a nice summer vacation. Fortunately, children always make it and grow up believing their Dad's are very special. After all everybody in the neighborhood knows my Dad owns the golf course????

Wives relate differently to our Supt. husbands, because we married this super figure of a man and watched him dedicate his life to golfers, mowers and a professional career he loves. We witness him very happy or very down. We learn to comfort or feel discomfort in his moods. We try to understand, but yet we must only learn to accept. At times we feel

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alone because we don't get equal time or feel of any value to him. It's a long hard summer for us being "our" children's referee, taxi cab, fun city, mom and dad and interpreter for Dad and Dad's occupation. I feel the competition of the golf course is harder than winning him back from a mistress. If I believed in reincarnation, I'd love to come back as an eighteen hole golf course, what a way to get attention!!!

Why is it that this same man I married turns into a different person come summer. Too bad us wives can't call the local distributor and order a case of ??? to preserve what we have all winter, the kids would even break open a piggy bank or two. Is it too much to ask of our Supt. husband to not only enjoy us but to enjoy himself also. Our complaining is only from seeing you love what makes you so frustrated. We lack the understanding of you expecting us to understand. We only want you to realize we don't have such a smashing summer just because we don't have to get up seven days a week and run a crew to keep a course well manicured. We have enough just being your wife.

Needless to say I've been wanting to get this out for a long time. A job, is a job, a summer, is a summer, a man is a man and members are members; but members control the man I love, on a job he loves, which provides a summer only a member could love. When we first married I was delighted to hear he would some day graduate, become an assistant Superintendent and then Superintendent. I must confess I thought "green", much to my surprise, it was the kind of green you walk on.

Summer Wife