



“Diary of a Superintendent Hosting a Monthly Meeting”

by Ed Braunsky

The following is an excerpt from the diary of Ed Braunsky, golf course superintendent at the Geneva Golf Club, Geneva, IL:

November 1, 1992 — I've decided to ask the board at the club to host a Midwest meeting. OH GOD SHOULD I? Everyone will come out and rip my course apart! Especially Kerry Blatteau. He's a hard nut to crack. AW HELL, I'LL GO FOR IT!



December 1, 1992 — The Board approved the meeting. Gosh diary — I am so excited!

December 1, 1992 — The Board approved the meeting. Gosh diary — I am so excited! April 26th can't get here soon enough. Wait a minute. I have only nine holes. We don't have a full-time club house staff. The locker room isn't big enough for half of Emilda Marcos' shoes. OH WELL, I WILL WORRY ABOUT ALL THAT LATER. Where's my copy of **Grub Gab**, so I can get to sleep?

January, 1993 — I'm here in Anaheim. It's Super Bowl week and no Minnesota Viking! There ought to be a law against anyone but the Vikes and who cares who else in the Bowl. Where's my Bud Grant doll when I need it. Guys out here are asking about old Geneva Golf Club. Well, I gotta go. Jim Burdett is taking me to dinner again.

April 1, 1993 — The weather is just grand. Cold and wet. Even my Chia Pet won't grow. I hope it warms up by the end of the month. All we need is another cold and damp April meeting. It's all Russ Buford's fault (the pro at Geneva). He goes to California all winter, comes back to Geneva, and immediately the weather turns to sh--! (Oops, I almost had the first swear word in the **Bull Sheet**).

April 15, 1993 — I now have webbed feet. It won't stop raining. CALGON ... TAKE ME AWAY!

April 23, 1993 — Albie (Albert Staudt who's been around GGC as superintendent and one thing or another for 35+ years) and I picked up the beer and pop for the meeting. I hope ten cases of beer is enough. Wait a minute! Luke Strojny can't play golf. We'll be OK! Kevin Czerkies has called me for the 100th time. God, he's such a worry wart. You would think this is his first year as director.

April 24, 1993 — Opening day at the Geneva Golf Club. (Yes, this is my opening day for you public linkers. It's been tradition for 90-some years.)

April 25, 1993 — Sunday late afternoon and we were back at work. One member remarked, “Ed, you know this is a day of rest!” I responded, “Yeah, but I am hosting the supts. meeting here tomorrow!” People just don't understand!!

After pizza and beer and pop, the crew left and I made a tour of the course with my new assistant, Howard Shuck. (You might have noticed by now I'm trying to name-drop all of my friends). The course looked great. I locked-up the club house and decided to stop and talk to Russ. Here it was 9:30 on Sunday night and my club pro was still there preparing the scoreboard for the next day. The man is like a brother to me. We really do have a great relationship. I've heard of guys at other clubs who don't get along with their pros. People should come visit my club to see what it's really all about. (PLEASE ... Someone get me off this soap box!!)

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April 26, 1993 — 3 a.m. - I can't sleep. I'm so darn excited about today's meeting. I really do want to make an impression on my friends. I tried to fall back asleep, but just can't. What should I do? Watch TV? I turned on Oprah, but that only drove me to get dressed and go to work. I turned on the radio in the truck and heard it was a balmy 38 degrees. Well, the show must go on.

I got to work about 5:30 a.m. to set up the tables for the meeting (Remember — no club house staff, so I set tables as part of my job. You don't have to be certified to do that and manual labor never hurt anyone). We had to wait to cut greens due to the frost, but we finally were able to complete our chores.

About 10:30 a.m. Kevin Czerkies arrived and he was all worried. I gave him a shot of brandy to calm his nerves. Guys started arriving at the club about 11:00 a.m., so I quickly showered and tried to calm Kevin. (I am just kidding about Kev. He did a great job!)

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We finally teed off and everyone seemed to be in a great mood. We needed to give Wally Fuch a lesson on how to drive a cart.

I cracked a cold one! What a day. Thank you, God!! Out on the course I heard a lot of compliments. All the hard work has paid off.

The dinner after golf was a great event. I love my job. I love being a golf course superintendent. Good night, diary!

(Guys — Please consider hosting a meeting. It makes you prepare your course in a great manner. I felt so good after the fact. Call Kevin Czerkies to book a meeting for 1995. Last, but not least, some time ask me about the great letter I received from Pete Leuzinger congratulating me on a great day. Oops, there I go name-dropping my friends again.)