

# The New Girl

*The phone rings, caller ID indicates it is my husband checking in from the course. As a couple, we communicate primarily via e-mail and telephone. The incredible hours that he devotes to the course make this a very effective system. "Hey!" he says, "I have a good idea. I want you to do for me at work what you do for me at home!"*

*Excuse me!?*

"Hmm yeah," he mumbles with his mind completely on the e-mail that he is writing. "You take care of all this stuff and I will be able to spend more time out on the course."

*Stuff?*

"Bills, budgets, invoices, letters, labor hours, the whole database!" he exclaims.

*Gee, sounds like fun.*

By now he is finishing the e-mail and is really warming to the subject. "Copies, files, accounts, YOU can track down the packing lists: get everything applied to the correct budget and . . ."

*Jon, are you out of your mind?*

"I will pay you," he states.

*Pay me? Don't you think the members, your Green Committee chairman and the clubhouse staff might think that a bit odd?*

"No, it's a great fit. I don't have to pay you much, you are pretty smart and no one will have any problem with the fact that I am having a personal relationship with my office manager."

*Intriguing, how his mind works.*

The 'good idea' seemed to go away until a Sunday afternoon in midwinter when Jon came home loaded down with files, invoices and packing slips. The kids were playing around the house, generally wreaking havoc, while we turned the dining room into Chicago Golf Club South. Jon sets himself up to finish a presentation on his laptop. I set myself up for five hours of being frustrated and completely flummoxed by the mountain of paperwork that does not match up. Why do the rental guys send pink, yellow, pink, yellow and white forms with different numbers on them for the same piece of equipment?

It turns out that all of this information must be coordinated with labor and budgets. Enter TRIMS. Now as Jon said, I am 'pretty' smart; I minored in computer science; I ran my own high-tech sales firm. So, I jump right in, grab my yellow pad and begin to interview Jon on the basics. The answer to every question is delivered in a preoccupied, rather annoyed tone, "Go ask Aaron." Within two days, Aaron is screening my calls out as if I am a collection agency bent on harassing him. Not to be deterred, I pack up my work and head to the club to harass Aaron in person. Tall and amiable, Aaron greets me with a booming, "Hey, TNG! How's it going?" TNG, it turns out, stands for The New Girl. Of course, there is nothing either new or girlish about me; I guess that's why the name stuck.

Aaron, as assistant superintendent, has been responsible for the labor-tracking information. He is absolutely delighted, maybe even a bit gleeful, about piling up all of the huge binders and passing the baton to me. He even helps me pack them into the car. But, when I pull out the infamous yellow pad and start to interview him about those basics, he responds with considerably more charm than Jon, "Go ask Susan-at-TRIMS." (For some reason Susan-at-TRIMS is one word)

Susan-at-TRIMS should be awarded dual first-place trophies titled 'Knowledge' and 'Patience.' Our first conversation went very well; she was able to direct

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*What happens when a superintendent's midwinter brainstorming prompts him to recruit his "pretty smart" wife for administrative help?*



my efforts and actually answer my questions rather than direct me elsewhere like my bosses. In order to increase the databases' effectiveness, Jon needed to make a couple of decisions. To her credit, Susan only chuckled when I said that I probably would not be able to speak with him until he got home for dinner.

After serious hours studying the documentation, listening to tutorials and scanning the online reference manual, I dive right in and mess up the database beyond belief. It only took one utterly panicked telephone call to Susan-at-TRIMS to save my database, my marriage, my new job and very likely my life.

With the finance tracking and the database under my tenuous control, we launch into a very serious search to fill two important positions on the staff. I find myself buried in resumé's and the task of keeping those merge files and response letters up to date. In no way does my position in the office give me any decision-making authority but it has been incredibly interesting to become more informed on the specifics. Kind of like George W. turning to Laura over a breakfast bagel and saying, "Wow, that Condi would make a really good National Security Advisor, don't cha think?" Okay, so no one is going to name me First Lady of the Maintenance Facility but you get my drift.

My two office assistants (pictured here) enjoy the new job



immensely. The war whoops, maniacal giggles and ominous crashing noises are all testimony to the fact that they love anything that will distract my attention from them a couple hours a day. Each visit to Daddy's office nets them soda from the machine with his desk change, a golf cart ride and the possibility of playing on the Mount Everest of all sand piles. Life is very good.

I think I can do this thing, being TNG. My boss could use a personality transplant but I seem to have a soft spot where he is concerned. There are those who warn that this will never work, but he has not fired me yet. I do think I will sell tickets to the exit interview though. It should be a doozy.



## BOARD HIGHLIGHTS

*The following are highlights of the MAGCS Board of Directors meeting held Wednesday, June 9, at Bartlett Hills Golf Course. Full meeting minutes, once approved, are available upon request.*

- The Board recorded a thank-you note from the Utica Tornado Relief Fund for a \$950 donation (proceeds from the April betting hole plus a 50 cent per dollar match by WGN).
- The Board approved a \$100 donation to the Evans Scholars Foundation and a \$500 tee sponsorship for I\*Mag\*Jen Charities' fundraising golf outing.
- The Board voted to extend an honorary membership to Jim McLaughlin.
- Digital photography and graphics guidelines and specifications for *On Course* are now posted on the MAGCS Web site.
- Discussion ensued regarding opening registration for monthly golf meetings to nonmembers. This discussion resulted in the Board

deciding that while members should continue to enjoy priority registration, the Golf Committee has discretion to open registration to nonmembers within a certain timeframe prior to an event.

