



The Long Way Home

The other day I was driving home after another long day at the course. I live on the far northwest side of Chicago and “reverse commute” from my golf course in Mount Prospect. Sometimes I take the Kennedy Expressway into the city, but that day I went local because the Kennedy gets to be a parking lot around 4:00 p.m. I was tired and a bit cranky because we’re building a new clubhouse and construction matters kept me at the course later than I like. Anyway, I was at the stoplight and a kid pulled up next to me and hollered, “Hey, old guy!”

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I ignored him because he obviously wasn’t talking to me.

“Hey, old guy, are you deaf too!”

This time I looked. Glaring over the rim of my bifocals, I casually tucked some grey hair behind my ear, curled my lip and pointed to myself as if to say, “You talking to me, punk?”

“Yeah you, mister, you know your left turn signal’s been on for the last mile. Geeze, wake up!” And he sped off.

I checked my blinker and sure enough there it was, happily flashing away announcing to the world that this driver was clueless. I had no idea when I had turned it on.

Oh—oh.

I suddenly remembered the numerous times I was behind someone driving blithely along with the turn signal on, being aggravated or at least amused at the “poor, old coot.”

What to do?

Do I turn off the left turn signal and continue on my way, admitting to the world that “cootness” had acquired me?

Or . . .

I turned left, and took the long way home.

I like that story. It says a lot about me and that’s my problem, but it’s also an anecdote with a moral.

I was heading home. I go there every day. I know my way home and I don’t need anyone to help me get there, but that day I ended up taking the long way home. Golf course superintendents are notoriously self-reliant and I’ll bet our spouses say we NEVER ask for directions. This Association exists for the simple reason of helping each of us avoid the long way home.

If your long way home is the need to get smart fast—see the MAGCS education offerings.

If your long way home is the need for good information from someone who’s been there and seen that—read *On Course Magazine*.

Have a smart kid, but no dough—see the MAGCS Scholarship Program.

Need to hire someone who knows the difference between a bedknife and a butterknife—use the MAGCS Employment Referral Service.

Want to network and have some fun too—attend (or better yet host) one of the MAGCS golf and business meetings.

Experience teaches us to work smarter, not harder. Your MAGCS mem-

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bership directory can be your best tool in the box.

Thoughts from the Pasture:

One recent afternoon, I was sharing a cold beverage with my friend "Lite": you may remember him from a previous column as my fellow muni-superintendent. He had come by for a visit to check out our new clubhouse construction, and I was crying about some soil issues that had cropped up, resulting in about 3,500 cubic yards of "unsuitable" material being hauled onto the golf course to be "lost."

I'm a visual learner and I learned that that amount of soil looks a lot different on a drawing than piled up in the rough on number 4.

Now Lite has gone through the clubhouse reconstruction process before, so he listened to my tale of woe patiently, patted me on the head and said, "You're in for a lot of surprises this year, just make it fun and keep a log—memories are short in the construction business."

Good idea!

Write it down somewhere, because things can happen fast.

The next time you are faced with a moral dilemma or a question of ethics, just do what you think your mother would want you to do. It will be the right thing.

Happy belated Mother's Day to all you mothers out there.

Along the same lines, to make a difficult decision, just flip a coin. While it's in the air you will find that you are hoping for it to land a certain way, and your decision is made.

A positive attitude will not solve all your problems, but it will annoy enough people to make it worth the effort.

The last time we experienced a spring with this kind of extremes was 1995. Have a nice day!



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