

# TWENTY MINUTES IN THE LIFE OF A GREENS CHAIRMAN

By MELVIN WEINSTEIN  
Greens Committee Chairman  
Banyan Golf Club

*(The following is a fictional account and any resemblance to Banyan Golf Club Members is purely coincidental)*

As I opened my car door in the parking lot of the club, a car pulled in right beside me. "Hey, Mel," Bill yelled, "I must tell you the greens are much too fast. You'll have to do something." "O.K.," I muttered, still half asleep. Al jumped out of the car. "Mel," he started, "those greens are much too slow, you've got to get them down," "I'll take care of it," I retorted.

By the time I reached the circle, Eddie accosted me. "Mel, those tee placements yesterday were much too easy. What are we playing, an executive course?" "I'll take care of it," I said. Two steps later, Dave came over. "Mel, those tee placements yesterday were too far back, have a little pity on the older members." "Play the golds," I retorted.

As I approached the walkway, Alan came to me. "Mel," he said, "I've got something very important to tell you. The fairways are cut much too low, can't get a three wood underneath the ball." "I'll take care of it." But Herb, right beside him said, "Mel, those fairways are much too high, the ball doesn't roll at all." "Don't worry," I said, "I'll take care of it."

Halfway down to the pro shop, Gerry came up. "Mel, those pin placements were terrible yesterday, I couldn't make a straight putt. Who are those idiots putting in the cups?" "I'll look into it," I said. Harry, right beside him said, "Don't listen, I thought they were too easy, what are we playing, a Pitch and Putt course." I shook my head.

Two steps into the pro shop, George grabbed my arm. "Mel, the trap sand is horrible. It's so soft my club goes right underneath, you better buy better sand." "I'll take care of it, George," I said. As I turned around, Max tapped my shoulder. "Mel, that lousy sand you're using is too hard. I can't blast out of the traps." "I'll take care of it," I said.

I signed for my golf cart and turned around, looking forward to my trip to the locker room. "Mel," a booming voice beckoned, "those fairways are too narrow. Couldn't hit a fairway all day. You'll have to widen them." "Sure," I said. I was almost out of the shop, when Harold said, "Mel, those fairways are too wide, all you have to do is flail away and not worry. I wish you'd bring them in." "Don't worry," I said.

I managed to reach the locker room safely. As I opened my

locker, Lester arrived and spoke, "Mel, I've got to tell you, those greens are much too hard. The ball bounces and I can't hold them." "Need more top dressing," I muttered. As I pulled my shoes out, Nat spoke, "Those greens are too soft, can't get any run, the ball just holds up. Isn't there anything you can do?" "Too much top dressing," I answered.

One shoe was on when Stan came up. "Mel, the flowers are horrible. I like last years better." "I'll change them," was my answer. Twenty seconds later as I put on the other shoe, Tom said, "Mel, I love the new flowers. I'm glad you got rid of that mess we had last year." "I'm thrilled," I said.

As I got up to leave, Art grabbed my arm. "Mel, we're spending too much time cutting grass. You've got to get rid of the grass around the pond edges. Can't find a ball. Don't you know." "I'll start tomorrow," I said. Lee then approached. "Why are you wasting money around the ponds. A bad shot shouldn't be rewarded, and besides, if you cut it good, I won't be able to find any balls." "You're right," I said.

I looked at the exit door. Maybe I could get to the first tee in a round about way.

As I approached the tee, Steve yelled, "Where have you been! I've got to tell you about the lips on the traps. We must have higher lips. My opponent yesterday putted out three times, closer to the pin. Lips are very important." "Absolutely," I said. As I reached for my driver, Burt came up. "Mel, those lips are too high in the traps, they're totally unfair. Can't get a decent trap shot." "I'll eliminate them tomorrow," I said, as I limped to the tee.

I hit the ball nicely down the fairway. My partner said, "Beautiful swing." My opponent said, "How could you hit the ball with such a lousy swing?"

Oh well, I could hardly wait for lunch, which is traditionally suggestion time.

*Editors Note: Mel Weinstein is well grounded in the art of Greenkeeping. He holds the unique position of wearing two hats. Mel is Greens Committee Chairman of Banyan Golf Club in West Palm Beach, Florida and Spring Valley Country Club in Boston, Massachusetts. Because of his close relationship with golf course superintendents, Mr. Weinstein will be writing more articles for future issues of the Florida Green. ■*