

How To Succeed As A Greens Chairman

By C. MICHAEL DUNN

Commodore Royal Palm Yacht and Country Club
Boca Raton, Florida



Next to being a major league umpire I can think of no job as thankless as a Greens Chairman's. A Greens Chairman needs a thick skin, a green thumb, a soft heart, a hard head, a refillable prescription for sleeping pills and an unlisted telephone number. In a club with 400 golfing members he has 400 assistant chairmen, not including the wives, some of whom should count double.

The Greens Chairman must produce greens that will stop a flyer out of the rough within two feet of the hole. He must engineer the fairway grass long enough to make the ball stand up as if it were teed and yet roll 50 yards after it lands. It's his responsibility to limit the rainfall between the hours of 9:00 p.m. and 5:00 a.m. and never let it rain hard enough to close the course. He's expected to make a greens mower last indefinitely and a fairway mower even longer. Gadgets such as trucksters, weed eaters, sodcutters and rototillers are looked upon by the Board of Governors as unnecessary frills.

Now I hate yard work. I have always hated yard work. I don't see eye to eye with things that grow. When I look at flowers they wilt. Born on a farm in Northern Michigan, I've always been grateful to my father for having the good sense to move to Chicago where most of the land is covered with concrete. So, when the Commodore of our club tapped me for the Greens Chairmanship I rebelled.

"Look, Mr. Commodore," I said with all the persuasiveness I could muster, "I couldn't make a petunia grow in the Garden of Eden."

"That's O.K." he said, "we don't need petunias. All we want is some nice green grass on the fairways and some even nicer and shorter grass on the greens."

"But," I pleaded, "I don't really know a"

"You'll learn," he said, and so, I became the Greens Chairman.

Feeling sorry for myself, I took a walk around the course. It made me feel worse. Robust beds of weeds nodded defiantly in the afternoon breeze. The grass looked tired, except for the vigorous growth that was taking over the cart paths and the shapeless bunkers stared at me like so many craters on the moon. "I must need a Greens Superintendent," I mused.

Unlike plumbers or doctors, Greens Superintendents don't list themselves in the yellow pages, so I decided a good place to look would be on someone else's golf course. All Greens Superintendents are nocturnal; just why they can't sleep like normal humans escapes me at the moment, but armed with this bit of insight I arrived at a nearby country club at dawn. The place was a beehive of activity. "How the hell did I get involved in this slave labor business," I wondered just as a tractor whizzed by.

"Watch yourself there, Buddy," the driver yelled over the roar of the engine. He was pulling what looked like a heavy farm disc cutting deep slits in the soil. In places it tore up big chunks of turf making the fairways look like great green noodles laid side by side.

I caught him the next time around. He turned off the engine and swung around on the metal seat. "I'm the Greens Chairman of the club down the road. You the Superintendent here?"

"You'll find him over on the next fairway," he said.

"Tell me," I said, my curiosity getting the best of me, "How come you're tearing up the course? Are they gonna make a subdivision here?"

"Nothing like that," he said, "I'm wiping out the nematodes."

"What are nematodes?"

"Did you say you're a Greens Chairman?" He looked at me and sighed, cranked up the tractor and continued his ripping operation.

I found the Superintendent studying a break in the main sprinkler line. He told me he had an outstanding assistant who was overdue for a top job. "I'd hate to lose him but it's not fair to hold him back any longer. His father is a Greenskeeper, his grandfather was a Greenskeeper and so was his great grandfather."

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GREENS CHAIRMAN

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"Sounds like the whole family is demented," I said.

"Probably so," he answered, "but you don't have to be to get into this business because it'll drive you there soon enough. You'll find out. Lot's o' luck."

The new Superintendent arrived two weeks later, on the first of the month. We toured the course together. "Do you think we have any nematodes?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I don't want to hurt your feelings the first day on the job but it looks to me like this is the international headquarters for nematodes and I'd say right now they're holding their annual convention."

"We have some weeds, too," I said, weakly.

"Yeah, and bermuda mites."

"Let's go back to the barn," I said. "Maybe we can contrive a plan to deal with the whole problem."

We poured ourselves some black coffee from a pot that simmers all day on the far corner of a workbench. Then we sat down to drink coffee, argue, make notes, and draw sketches until late into the afternoon. I knew what the members wanted, or at least I thought I knew. To translate that into a golf course that would make them happy we decided to retain a recognized golf course architectural firm. This would assure us the needed course changes would be done professionally. Fairway bunkers, from years of raking and maintenance work, had become uninteresting, round, cavities, and the shape of the greens had lost their character. The lethal yellow epidemic had taken a toll of over 700 coconut palms, so there was plenty for an architect to do.

Then we decided to retain one of the leading agronomists in the Southeast to make monthly visits of inspection. Our abundant crop of goosegrass and other assorted irritants added to the nematode and bermuda mite population gave him plenty to do, too.

My assignment was to hold the membership at bay and to persuade the Board of Governors to supply the funds we needed to do the job. Being Vice Commodore and a member of the Board helped some, but it's not easy to explain to an owner of a super market chain a criminal lawyer, a C.P.A. from Detroit, an industrial architect, a business consultant turned college president, and a vice president of marketing for an international oil company, why it costs so damned much to mow the lawn!

"Ye GODS!" they'd cried in unison, "All you gotta do is mow some grass, rake some sand and kill a bunch of weeds! How in hell can that cost a quarter of a million dollars?" So I, too, had plenty to do. When I asked for (and finally got) \$50 an acre to kill the nematodes they almost accused me of personally infestating the course.

"We never heard of nematodes before you took this job."

My first victory over the Board came when I pried a Triplex greens mower, and 100-gallon sprayer out of them in spite of their claim that I already had more equipment than the Florida State Highway Department. Sand to refurbish all the fairway bunkers, \$6,500 worth, came a little

easier. I delayed my request for \$10,000 to install a liquid fertilizer system until the House Committee Chairman planned a request for new chairs for the country club dining room. We formed a coalition and maneuvered both through successfully.

But the big problem still lay ahead. Golf course beautification doesn't come cheap, especially when an extensive tree planting program is a part of it. Using reverse strategy, when it came my turn to make the Greens Committee report at the November meeting I stated, simply, "The Greens and Grounds Committee makes no request for funds." I received a standing ovation.

Meanwhile, thanks to my Greens Superintendent, the nematodes were gone along with the bermuda mites. The crowfoot was dead and so was creeping charlie and there was a thick carpet of bright green grass on the fairways. The greens were smooth, putted true and were newly shaped. Some of the bunkers had been rebuilt and there was fresh sand in them and in all the bunkers around the greens.

So, in the December meeting I hit them for \$40,000 to beautify the course. There was hardly a whimper.

I'm the Commodore now, so I appointed myself to the job for another year. I know goosegrass when I see it; in fact it haunts my dreams at night. I can distinguish between dollarweed and dichondra. And I know what MSMA will do and why, sometimes, we add a little 2-4-D. After we spike the greens, if I see a little brown grass around the hole I know there is a tiny worm down in there just awaiting evening so he can come up and feast on those tender leaves of Tiftwarf. So I'm gonna apply for the job again next year. After all, I wouldn't want all that hard earned knowledge to go to waste. Besides, it's easy . . . when you've got a top quality Greens Superintendent calling all the shots.

But I still hate yard work.

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