

Last month, I extolled the virtues of enlightening the whiners (golfers who complain endlessly because they're ignorant about your practices). The point was that an educated customer is more likely to understand and accept the occasional brown patch or cart restriction.

Well, along comes John Philp with an entirely new method of golfer education. Mr. Philp (who really needs to buy another vowel from Vanna for his last name) was the host superintendent for the Open at Carnoustie. He created what was arguably the most difficult setup for a major ever. It was diabolical. It was ugly. It was Jurassic Park with tees and greens. It was, in our humble opinion, a barrel of fun.

Just in case you were under a rock that week, I'll let you in on a little secret: The Tour pros actually *complained* about Mr. Philp's set up. Imagine that!

"It's a joke," said Sandy Lyle. David Duval called it the work of an "out-of-control green-keeper." You couldn't swing a dead cat without hitting a multi-millionaire who was bitching about the rough.

Thankfully, John Daly stayed back in his double-wide in Little Rock or God only knows what he would have said.

And how did Mr. Philp, a model of reserved, British stiff-upper-lip understatement, respond to the criticism?

"It's crap," he said. "Players are pampered nowadays. They have their gurus (to) help them out, and they get their courtesy cars taking them everywhere. They want a good payday with as little hassle as possible. Well, sorry, Jimmy. This is the Open. Christ, the winner gets 350,000 pounds. You shouldn't get money for nothing. They've got a job to do."

Woo-hoo! Right on John! You da man!

If there was a Nobel Prize for straight talk, this guy should get it. I'd nominate him for an Old Tom Morris Award but, hell, this guy *is* Old Tom.

It seems to me that Mr. Philp's method of golfer education has a lot of merit. Rule #1, "Ye play it as ye find it, Laddie." Rule #2: See Rule #1.

The funny thing is that the same affluent American whiners who moan whenever you aerify or renovate a tee are clamoring to board

Philping Off the Whiners

BY PAT JONES



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British Air flights to Edinburgh so they can beat their brains out at Carnoustie. Go figure.

We can only hope that Professor Philp is waiting for them on the first tee to give them a wee dose of Scottish education.

This just in . . .

And perhaps we should fly Mr. Philp over the pond to have a chat with Lee Janzen, Duval and other PGA Championship competitors who (at press time) took shots at Medinah's Danny Quast for the condition of a couple of greens. Quast and his crew put together great conditions despite weeks of triple-digit heat indexes and the highest dew point in Chicago history. Between the outrageous weather and mouthy, spoiled pros, this has truly been the Summer of Slam.

The right stuff

On a happier note, Golfdom is still seeking the Young Leaders who will be the innovators and mentors of tomorrow. Any superintendent or assistant age 25 to 35 is eligible. To nominate yourself or a colleague, send me an e-mail or snail mail with contact information and a brief description of qualifications. A profile in the magazine and fabulous prizes await the honorees.

Deadline for entries is Nov. 1.

Ch-ch-changes

We welcome Frank Andorka to the Golfdom team as associate editor. Frank replaces Mike Perrault, who leaves us to return to his beloved Rocky Mountains. Thanks Mike. Watch out for Bigfoot.

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