

**S**ome of you from the new-wave music genre might recall the 1980s Police song, "Too Much Information." The chorus goes: "Too much information running through my brain/Too much information driving me insane."

I can relate. I have "too much information running through my brain" to write about one topic this month. So I will hit on several issues in this space that have been on my mind. Here goes:

## The future is ... fake?

Did you hear about the new waterless putting green that was built on an adult housing community in Vail, Ariz.? Considering the freshwater shortage in the West, could the waterless green be a harbinger for the future?

The 37,000-square-foot green, located at K. Hovnanian's Four Seasons at Rancho del Lago, has 18 putting holes. It was designed by Toby Bourguet, president of Tucson Turf Waterless Lawns. An acre of the fake turf used to build the green would save almost 1 million gallons of water a year compared to what's required to maintain an acre of grass in the Arizona heat, Bourguet says.

Bourguet also used the same fake turf to build the green that is used for the playing surface at Dallas Cowboys Stadium. "I figured if it was good enough for (Cowboys owner) Jerry Jones, it would work well for us," Bourguet says.

Yeah, but is it good enough for demanding golfers? It might have to be, some day.

## Where's the party?

When I was in my mid-20s, I have to admit that my professional career took a backseat to my busy social life. I didn't miss too many parties.

Then there's Ben McGargill, superintendent of the South Course at Oakland Hills Country Club, site of this month's PGA Championship. McGargill is 26 and has his priorities more in order than others his age. His career is ranked higher on his list than his social life. I guess that's why McGargill, who works 12 days straight before getting two days off, is at such a prestigious club and hosting a Major tournament at such a young age.

"I do like to have my fun, but I'm usually in bed by 9 o'clock," McGargill says.

# From Fake Greens to Sergeant Hulka

BY LARRY AYLWARD



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## What? No complaining?

The U.S. Open is usually a cause for griping among professional golfers. They complain about the height of the rough, the speed of the greens and the warm Gatorade in the locker room. But there wasn't much complaining this year at Torrey Pines, where the South Course played beautifully.

"This is the best," runner-up Rocco Mediate said after the second round. "Nothing is wrong. The pins are all good. ... I think most of the guys will say the same thing."

What a sweet swan song for Mark Woodward, the director of golf operations for the city of San Diego, who left Torrey Pines after the tournament to become CEO of the Golf Course Superintendents Association of America.

## Calling Sergeant Hulka

I love "Caddyshack," but this whole "it's in the hole" thing is way out of hand at professional golf tournaments. It seemed like every time Tiger Woods and other golfers hit their shots at Torrey Pines, some idiot would yell out the classic Carl Spackler line — once spoken so eloquently by Bill Murray — a millisecond later. What a shame it is that this great movie line has become such a cliché. The drunken American golf fans have ruined it.

If I was running a professional golf tournament, I'd hire Sergeant Hulka — the no-frills platoon leader from "Stripes" (another Bill Murray classic) — and have him patrol the grounds to arrest the loudmouths juiced up on beer who can't stop themselves from yelling, "It's in the hole!" And then I'd make these idiots spend two long weeks with Hulka in basic training. Hulka would end this nonsense.

And that's the fact, Jack.

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