

Channeling George Carlin

This is the column you've always wanted to write. You know, the one where you've just come back from the green committee meeting and you have to sit down and do what you most definitely weren't trained to do as a golf course superintendent: write a 400-word update for the club newsletter.

Face it, there has been a time when you had a few too many Budweisers and you said to yourself, "I'd like to tell these people what I really think." But we know that wouldn't be wise in this, uh, economic environment.

So it's Shack to the rescue! Please read this letter and let me know if it's as therapeutic for you as it is for me.

GREEN CLIPPINGS

By The Dude Who Grows Your Grass

We've seen really lousy growing conditions the last month and that hasn't stopped many of you heathens from flagging me down to ask me when things will get better.

Let's get something straight: I don't take questions or pithy comments from grown men wearing anklet socks, and I certainly don't have time for someone who sucks on a stinky cigar and then deposits it back in his as-seen-on-TV golf car cigar holder.

And ladies, I appreciate that you feel our fairway mowers are contributing to global warming, and I hear you when you complain that noise levels are such that your hearing is deteriorating. But that's all part of my grand plan to render you deaf so I can tell you what I really think

I KNOW YOU CAN'T TELL YOUR GOLFERS THIS,
BUT YOU JUST MIGHT FIND IT THERAPEUTIC
TO HELP YOU THROUGH YOUR WORKING DAYS

BY GEOFF SHACKELFORD



of your silly hats and your goofy swings.

Now, about the excessive amount of *Poa annua* creeping into the greens we rebuilt to United States Golf Association specs, even though our entire course is built on sand. Your faithful green committee was presented a plan by yours truly — in a PowerPoint and printed out in color, no less — explaining why I needed to purchase a new \$15,000 sprayer. I explained to them that we have these things called chemicals that we can safely apply to the grass that helps fight the *Poa* that you all find so positively horrific.

They countered that we didn't have the funds to purchase this much-needed upgrade to our equipment, even though I brought them down to the maintenance facility to see our current sprayer, which one member of the committee laughed at due to its deteriorated state. Big help he is, by the way.

After little deliberation, the committee voted unanimously — is there any other way with Chairman Groupthink running the show? — to pass on purchasing a new sprayer. It's at this point that I note the club recently spent \$100,000 reupholstering the Mixed Gender Grill in a homage-to-

St. Andrews theme. (What a great name by the way, the Mixed Gender Grill. Which genius came up with that?).

Anyway, so our chairs have images of Old Tom Morris and Allan Robertson whapping away with their hickories in a lovely knitted pattern to support your big fannies. Great use of the club's rainy-day fund. Ought to really sell a lot of memberships instead of spending a little to protect our \$4-million course renovation.

Oh, and that reminds me, the architect we hired to do that work, even though he made about \$280,000 on that project, is hard up for work and now wants to charge us \$400 an hour for visits to develop a new master plan. Your brilliant green committee chairman is actually entertaining the idea because our architect got him a round on Pine Valley last month.

There's a hot little piece of gossip to chew on as you waste away in the Mixed Gender Grill, lunching on Chef Boyardee's daily offering to the world's great grade-school cafeterias.

Follow Shack, *Golfdom's* Contributing Editor, at www.geoffshackelford.com or via [Twitter.com/GeoffShackelford](https://twitter.com/GeoffShackelford).