



## Field Notes

# THE NIGHT WATERMAN: Dedicated To Everyone Who Has Worked The Silent And Lonely Shift Of Night Watering!

By Pat Zurawski

Thus ends another exciting and adventurous, but lonely, night of watering. The greens, tees and fairways glisten in the moonlight from a refreshing dose of life blood. A solitary figure glides across the

golf course for the last time of the night. He opens the shop door and caringly brings in his loyal companion, The Cushman, for the night. He slowly shuffles into the silent lunchroom — his office for the night. He winces slightly as the pain still lingers from that one pop-up sprinkler head that just happened to be aimed at a young man's most sensitive area. He hangs up his rain gear and wonders why he even wears it, because somehow the water still seems to find its way through.

The waterman's tools of the trade are scattered about on the table: The now empty quart bottle of Coke that kept him alert and quick to react to any problems that might have come up, the empty pouch of "Red Man" which kept him from seeing too many menacing shapes in the shadows of the night, and finally, a few "Doritos" left laying about, remnants of junk food that keep the night waterman from running down a rabbit, raccoon or ferret in order to have a decent meal.

The solitary waterman heads for home knowing that, although there will be no one there to greet him, there will be something just as good — a warm and dry comfortable bed. He drops into bed exhausted and loses himself in his dreams. He dreams of the day when he can once again wake up and walk out into the sunlight and see actual human beings. Perhaps, if he has not been severed from normal life too long, he can actually hold a conversation with someone. But for now he can only dream of such things, for there are many more nights of solitude for the night waterman. Perhaps one day the boss will come to the waterman's rescue and install one of those new-fangled automatic systems. The night waterman is a dying breed, but we would much rather be extinct.

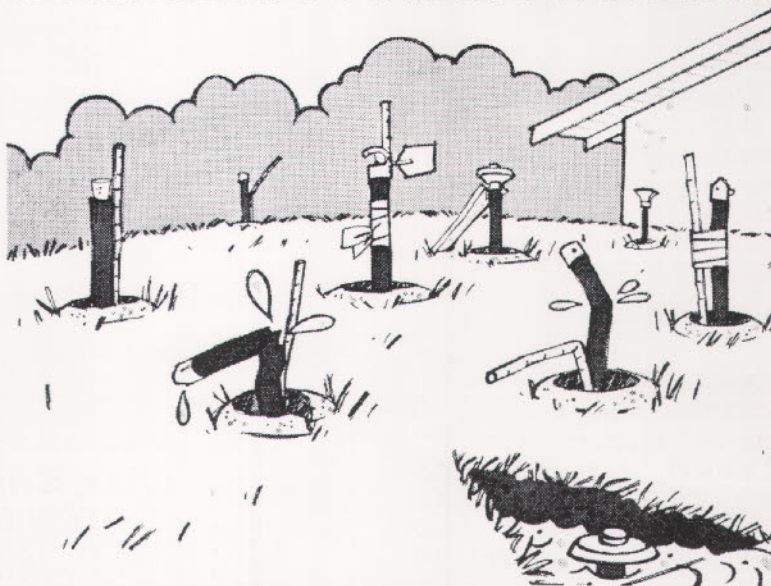
*Editor's Note: Pat Zurawski spent many summer nights of 1984 as the night waterman at Blackhawk Country Club. He is currently a member of Skip Willms' staff at Racine Country Club. Could it be because Skip has one of those "new-fangled" automatic irrigation systems?*



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