



GOLF Has Gone To The NERDS

By Rob Schultz

Get out the plastic pencil holders for the shirt pockets. Get out the flood-water, striped trousers. Get out the plaid shirts.

Golf is being taken over by nerds and their hi-tech garbage. Great golf words like spoon, niblock and mashie have been replaced by beryllium copper, boron and lexan. Call it Revenge of the Nerds Part III.

Call it disgusting.

Whatever happened to the good 'ol days of golf? Let's take a moment to remember those wonderful lazy days at the course when golf was played with metal shafts and wood woods, when nobody knew what a stimpmeter was, or when Ping was something that happened when your drive struck the ball washer.

I don't spend any time inside club-houses anymore. I can't stand the insipid dialogue that reverberates against the walls.

Nerds. Golfers have become low-class, disgusting, materialistic, power-hungry slobs.

On one hand, you've got your crud-faced elitist golfers. You know who I'm talking about. These chuckleheads only talk to golfers who have handicaps under five or belong to a club with an initiation fee of \$10,000 or more. You could be a Nobel Prize-winning scientist who discovered a cure for AIDS, but unless you regularly shoot below 75 or belong to Maple Bluff you're a nobody.

I like to call these people the Stimp-meter Freaks. They think their scores revolve around how the golf course superintendent mows the greens. If the green is a tad shaggy or cut too thin, all hell breaks loose.

"I three-putted five holes today because of that jerk who takes care of the course. I could have had a 72, but I ended up with a 76," gripes Billy Bob Bogus as he storms into the locker room. "I'll bet the stimpmeter was a 7."

Billy Bob expects me to respond affirmatively. But I don't have the slightest idea what he's talking about. I just want to pull him up by the collar and

ask, "DO YOU REALLY KNOW WHAT THE HELL A STIMPETER IS?"

I've never seen a stimpmeter. I wouldn't know it if I stepped on one. I always thought a stimpmeter was something to measure how many times George Bamberger was manager of the Milwaukee Brewers.

So as far as dealing with the Billy Bob Bogus's of this world, I just shrug when they complain about the speed of greens and the stimpmeter. Then I point to the practice green.

"Usually golfers find out how fast or slow the greens are by taking a few practice putts before the round," I'll say to Billy Bob. "That way they can get used to what they'll be putting on 18 times during the round. At least, that's the way they did it in the olden days."

Then I walk away muttering "Nerd."

The golfers I feel sorry for are the equipment freaks. Every year they dig deep into their wallets and buy the latest fad in equipment. What a bunch of suckers. They've paid off many golf pros' mortgages.

Just for fun, I paged through a few of the golf publications that are stuffed into my mailbox each month. The advertisements are hilarious as they take aim at those poor, gullible wretches who are looking for the special club that will drop their handicap five more strokes.

Ping advertises that golfers will lower their scores if they buy Ping's clubs with the ZZ-lite Microtaper. Is that a portable AK-47 or a golf club?

Another equipment company gave its golfers a choice of clubs. It offered either beryllium copper deep-faced heads with golf graphite/boron shafts or stainless steel heads with gold graphite/boron shafts. That sounds more like a description of a creature from the deep.

Some of my favorites included a description of the new Airwood. It's loaded with 120 psi of air pressure. After your round you can stick it under your car and use it as a MacPherson Strut.

Then there are Thermopar's woods, which feature injection-molded Lexan. I got a great mental picture of some golf club maker holding a syringe, rubbing some alcohol on the top of the club head and then sticking the needle into it. I hope he used rubber gloves.

Finally, Titleist is offering its Lithium-Surlyn balls. They're supposed to drive women crazy.

Each year, as I venture out to the practice tee for the first time, I'll see hundreds of equipment freaks testing their new purchases. They'll walk by showing off their shiny clubs.

This year I'm going to retaliate. When somebody asks me if I bought anything new over the winter, I'll answer, "Yep," and then pull out my driver.

"It's made for the U.S. Air Force," I'll say, "And it's nuclear."

"You just pull off the grip, slide some heavy water tablets inside and you're all set."

Then I'll promptly place a new Lithium Surlyn Titleist on the tee, waggle my nuclear-powered driver a few times, take a mighty swing and send the ball... dribbling along the ground for about 130 yards.

"You'll see," I'll conclude. "It's just as good as all the rest of the new equipment on the market."

I'll take a brassie any day.

FOR SALE

1971 CUSHMAN TRUCKSTER - 4 wheel model with PTO, Good condition, \$1,100.

32" BUNTON ROTARY MOWER - Self-propelled, 8 hp., excellent condition, \$350.

CUSHMAN MOUNTED CYCLONE BROADCAST SPREADER - Excellent condition, \$150.

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