



Hey Golf Course Superintendents, It's Time To Stand Up For What You're Worth

By Rob Schultz

You have to love this time of year. You can feel that warm sunshine changing the color of your face from eggshell white to pizza sauce red. You can smell the freshly blooming flowers. You can hear the whiz of golf balls flying over your head. You can hear the profanity.

It must be spring. And all of you are saying what a great time it is to be a golf course superintendent.

I'm going to wreck your day. You see, it could be better.

Let me explain why.

Spring time makes me think of baseball. When I think of baseball I think of whiny, spoiled, overpaid children-athletes who spit too much, scratch too much and get paid jillions of dollars for playing a dumb game.

What really galls me is that there are some baseball players who are actually depressed—downright psychologically unbalanced—because the guy who plays to the right of him in the outfield makes a jillion dollars more than he does. The grumps start to really complain so the owner pays them two jillion dollars more than they were making.

Then what sticks the spike through my heart is the fact that most of these guys are so-called superstars. They're average .250 hitters.

OK, I hear you, what does that have to do with golf course superintendents? Sit back and I'll tell you.

You guys are being robbed. Ripped off. Pickpocketed.

Baseball players may disgust me but I sure have to admire them because they know they play a sport that is extremely popular with the fans. Fans pay mega-jillions of dollars to watch them perform and they've figured out a way to make sure the owners of the teams pay them their fair share.

Are you beginning to understand?

Golf, you see, is more popular than baseball. It's boom time for golf. Forget the recession. Ask your boss to check out the waiting list at your country club. Sure, buddy, the money's tight. How come there are 5,000 people willing to pay tens of thousands of dollars to play at my club?

Because you and your staff take such good care of it, that's why. If you weren't out there from 5 a.m. till 6 p.m. every day from April through November making sure the grass was bent and the traps were sandy, nobody would come play your course.

Nobody is more important to a golf course than the superintendent. What did you say you were making? How much does the club's general manager make? How much does the professional make? And who takes care of that driving range so the professional can make even more?

Golf course superintendents need to work together to make more money.

Jump on the GCSAA to do something. Find the GCSAA's version of Marvin Miller. Heck, go hire Marvin Miller, if he's still alive.

Golf course superintendents are the world's best kept secret. And it shouldn't be that way. For one year all of you people should band together and let the golf courses turn brown and die. Force club owners, especially those owned by folks whose countries were once disintegrated by America, to come running to you with their checkbooks open.

It's time to take a stand.

Can a golf course live without a pro? Of course. In fact, it might be better off without one.

Can a golf course live without a clubhouse manager. Most definitely. There will be just one less hair in the soup.

Can a golf course live without a superintendent. No chance. Unless you like brown fairways, lots of weeds, unmowed fairways and grainy greens.

That argument should be worth one jillion dollars per superintendent.

OK, now that I've landed you guys all this extra dough, I have a little favor to ask. I don't care if you get whiny and spoiled. That's fine. Just don't start scratching and spitting.

You'll make my Pinnacles stand on end.

AMETEK
**TURF
BOXES**

Manufactured In
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Specify **AMETEK** —
A Wisconsin Product



**the
bruce
company** OF WISCONSIN, INC.

(608) 836-7041

LEE BRUCE
GOLF COURSE CONSTRUCTION

2830 W. Beltline Hwy. • P.O. Box 330
Middleton, Wisconsin 53562