



REAL SUPERINTENDENTS II: Real Golf Superintendents Don't Wear Ponytails

By Monroe S. Miller

Despite some unpopular response (and yet because of some popular demand), here's the second edition of "real superintendents".

The first edition—code named "ear-rings"—generated a lot of commentary. Some of it went like this:

1. Twice I was called a sexist.
2. One person referred to that piece as "typical Wisconsin macho".
3. Pat Norton suggested I should be jogging, like he does.
4. Rod Johnson contended my penny loafers weren't any better than the tennis shoes he wears to work.
5. Peter Salinetti informed me he had two Volvos in his garage.
6. Dennis Christopherson declared he was going to continue wearing his gold necklace. I replied that since he wasn't a superintendent, it didn't matter one way or the other.
7. Mark Kienert caught me nursing a lite beer at the WALSA meeting in Las Vegas and quickly called me on it.

This has gone on for months; I could add dozens of more comments. On the other hand, the original list has been reproduced any number of times in newsletters and other publications across the country. So maybe it was a wash!

Regardless, I'm expanding my list of qualifications for real golf course superintendents. I do so knowing full well I'll hear all about it all over again.

One word of advice: please find your sense of humor before reading any further.

• A real golf course superintendent doesn't get wear his hair in a ponytail; he leaves that style to his daughters. He also knows what is usually beneath a ponytail!

• Real golf course superintendents serve real coffee in their shops; not decaf and certainly not tea. Real superintendents drink their coffee black, too.

• Real golf course superintendents fly the American flag outside their shop, and they were doing so before Desert Storm made it vogue to do so.

• Real golf course superintendents

get their hair cut at a barber shop; they never get their hair "styled" at a beauty parlor.

• The real golf course superintendent feels very comfortable among square, establishment-type people. He likes that type better than those who are "cool".

• Real superintendents are "can do" people who don't blow an artery every time something goes wrong (which is all the time on a golf course).

• A real golf course superintendent thoroughly checks his golf course personally each morning and doesn't go from the office to the range to 'hit a bucket of balls'. Even after twenty years on the job. The superintendent who does that (or dreams of it) should have been a golf pro.

• Real Wisconsin golf course superintendents like opening day in the spring, thick steaks on the grill in summer, Packer football in the fall and lots of snow in the winter.

• A real golf course superintendent never blasts his credit cards to the max.

• The real golf course superintendent knows a goodly share of the success he's had is due to the help and support of his gorgeous wife. He only thinks of her on two occasions — day and night.

• The real superintendent knows money isn't everything. He judges people by their attitudes and values. He especially appreciates and respects hard work, fair play and devotion to duty.

• Today's real golf course superintendent doesn't trust pocket calculators (or computers), old hippies or young yuppies. He doesn't want anything to do with marijuana, Amaretto and Cream or designer jeans. Madonna disgusts him, Wall Street scares him and he'd put little Jimmy Baker away forever and a day.

• For the real golf course superintendent there are only two political parties in our country — the Republican and the Leftist.

• A real golf course superintendent prefers neighbors who are neat, fussy and quiet.

• The real golf course superintendent has no time for bullying, unprincipled and ignorant salesmen. On the other hand, he handsomely rewards those professional, competent and informed sales representatives who visit his office. They have his trust, his respect AND his business.

• The real golf course superintendent knows how to behave himself.

• The real golf course superintendent stands and removes his hat when the national anthem is played. If he isn't singing it, he isn't talking, either. The real superintendent understands what the word "respect" means.

• Real Wisconsin golf course superintendents ride Milwaukee-made Harley-Davidson motorcycles, not those twinkie bikes made in Japan by Honda or Suzuki. Just ask Mike Lees.

• Real golf course superintendents in Wisconsin spend Thanksgiving vacation in the woods deer hunting.

• The real golf course superintendent is never the butt of rude jokes made by the club president, other officers, directors or the green committee chairman. The real superintendent is smart enough, careful enough and capable enough not to do anything to merit such disrespect.

• The real golf course superintendent has simple tastes — he likes the best.

• For the real golf course superintendent, Coca-Cola is the real thing. He drinks Miller High Life beer. Kellogg's Corn Flakes make for a real breakfast. He reads *TIME Magazine* and uses ATT telephone service.

• Real golf course superintendents despise those little pin locator balls and flags some want on flagsticks. They consider such trivial amendments mere clutter on the golf course and won't stand for it.

• Real golf course superintendents may not wear cologne to work, but they do wear deodorant. They don't mind smelling like the shop, but they definitely do mind smelling like a sweaty lockerroom.