



Mind Readings

By Pat Norton

Wouldn't it be great to be able to read minds? To be able to pass by people on the highway, in church, at the mall, and know exactly what's on their minds? Or to be able to walk past a gorgeous woman and know her innermost thoughts? In passing by me, I'm sure she'd say... "Nice height, too thin, no muscles, severely receding hairline, a former hunk, but fading fast..."

"What a great backhanded compliment," I mentally reply, "I'm touched by your sincerity. Just wait a few years, sweetheart, your time is coming..."

Or how about people on the golf course? What a great place to practice this new-found talent of reading minds! Assuming that only the superintendent has this unique ability, a mind reading of golfers' thoughts goes something like this...

"Gee, I'm really tight today...can't seem to loosen up...this practice swinging is for the birds...it always takes me a couple of holes to loosen up no matter what...triple bogies here I come...swinging this club for the first time in weeks, it seems...feels like I'm swinging a blasted garden rake...Hey! ...who's that guy in the jeans and work boots...I think he's laughing at me, not with me...that jerk!

After the initial warm-up, more of the golfers notice the superintendent sitting there watching them...with a half-smile on his face. Let's listen in on a few of his thoughts as he surveys the scene...

"Who the hell do these guys think they are, for heavens sake, Freddy Couples? You'd think that with all of their practicing and playing that the worst of them could at least break 85! Look at that golf swing...what a joke...LOOK AT THAT RANGE TEE...What's the object here, to slice out as big a divot as possible? And Lord God, if they're gonna chunk out these huge divots, can't they at least get the ball out there farther than the divot?"

I guess that's what happens when you're chronically unemployed—you

begin to play golf at least four times a week! Do these guys actually work for a living? Not that I can see..."

Now the superintendent decides to get back to work. "Let's see, I've gotta get back to the shop...choosing the least hazardous escape route as I work my way through the course...almost there now only one fairway left to cross...quit waving your arms and yelling at me, boys...you clowns can't hit it this far anyway..."

"And by the way, didn't you fine gents know that I am the golf course superintendent here at 'Choking Silt Creek Country Club'??...this is the 1990's, and the GCSAA says that you're all to have great respect for me...damn, now those buttheads are taking deliberate potshots at me...and my trusty CarryAll II...worthless dogs, I'll get even!"

As I enter the shopyard, I'm somewhat rattled and make the obvious mistake of lunging with the maintenance crew...the forum at which thoughts are always verbalized.

"That unfriendly creep never says 'Hi'...all I did was begin mowing that green as he attempted that four foot putt...sucker missed it by a mile," says Todd.

Young Brian says innocently, "How come those guys are always hitting balls right at me...don't they know when to wait before hitting their shots?"

Smooth talking Tim finishes off an enlightening lunch hour by remarking that perhaps he did hit that maple tree with the gang mower... "Taking off just that little bit of bark can't really hurt the tree, can it?"

"OK, smart aleck," I say, "after lunch we'll go outside. You stick your leg out, pretending to be a tree trunk. I'll just nudge off a little bit of skin and bone with the gang mower...just so you know how much it doesn't really hurt..."

Ever sit at your desk and overhear employee conversations not meant for your ears? In that situation there's no

mind reading effort needed—people just lay out their thoughts verbally for all to hear...

"Dammit, guys, those female employees are getting preferential treatment again...I raked traps every day last summer before Pat ever let me mow a single green. Those gals are doing it after only a month..." was the common complaint.

My answer to that is that the females are pretty talented, and it's really fun to watch the guys squirm as I hand out job assignments.

The situation in reverse went something like this...an actual conversation with one of our first year female employees... "Sue and I didn't want to say much this year because we're new and all...but wait until next year...we're gonna be more outspoken...the guys got all of the good jobs...and we got all of the crappy ones..."

I think that one of my top expenditure priorities for '94 will be a hand-carved totem pole displayed prominently just outside the shop door. Then, when a first-year employee complains about their status, I'll simply tell them to go check the totem pole and see how high up their name is inscribed on it! A great WGCSA sponsored project...Rod Johnson in charge...custom totem poles made by that wood shop near Sheboygan...all courses purchase one for about \$500...a great WGCSA fundraiser...what a great thought!

Upon closing out the day, the thoughtful superintendent remembers to set the night's irrigation programs... as he's pulling into the driveway at 6 p.m. He goes back after supper to find EXACTLY THE SAME PEOPLE on the course as were there at 9 a.m.!

His final thoughts for the day are these...

"Now it's get even time...normally we don't start any watering until 9 p.m. If I blast that ultra-slow jerk on the 6th green with a little bit of multi-manual moisture, He'll never know what hit him! If I'm caught, I can blame it on the satellite or the computer...my chance of the summer to get even...READY, SET, FIRE!"

Didn't really happen, but isn't it just amazing what goes through people's minds as they're out there enjoying themselves on the golf course? 🍷