

# THIS IS THE WEEK THAT WAS

## Greenkeeper's Diary

**Monday** - Want to spray bad dollar spot on greens. Cushman won't work. Sprayer won't work. I don't want to work. Nobody else wants to work. Two of the crew stayed home and did not work. Just had a phone call -- the Junior Golfers are to have a shotgun start on both nines at 8:30. Hung up in caller's face. Should not have had that last beer last night. Mowed greens and tried not to notice that the cups needed changing and the dollar spot is even worse than I thought. Did not mow 13. Hate it. Between the winterkill, oil spill kill and the disease, we ought to tow it to the S.P.C.A. and have it put to sleep. Chairman left message in the pro shop to get in touch with him at once. He better not hold his breath. Hit 95 by late afternoon. Late for supper, wife mad, supper lousy, I'm mad. Watered 'til dark. Showered and went to bed. Wife sexy - I'm not.

**Tuesday** - Went in at daylight - the air feels like a police dog's breath. Got the sprayer working. Can't figure out why the chemical companies package dusty chemicals in bags that are impossible to open without getting it all over yourself, and the sprayer, not to mention breathing it. The cheapest cereal on the market is packaged in easy-to-open-and-close containers. We all should go to granulars - that would snap their eyes open. Fairway tractor stuck in wet spot right next to the huge localized dry spot the crew calls Iran. Why are there so many cars in the club lot? The Pro shop says it is a ladies member-guest transferred from another club that had a fire in their kitchen. I think I will set one in ours and let them eat at Burger King. Went home early - slept through supper. Wife mad again, too tired to be mad. Mowed rough 'til dark. Showered and ate cold, leftover supper. Felt sexy - wife still mad from early evening. Lost interest.

**Wednesday** - Slept late, went in at 7:00. Changed cups 18 greens, hit 14 rocks. No record, but close. Thirteen green has a disease that looks like vomit - on close inspection it is vomit - what a relief! You can always hose off vomit. Birds working on greens - how many cutworms does it take to fill up a crow?! I think their mother was raped by a rooster the way they scratch with their black toenails and dig with their beaks. The member who owns the ice cream plant told me we need more sand in the traps - I told him his maple walnut needs more nuts. He said "times are tough" - I agree. Went in the club for a cup of coffee and the manager asked me if I knew anything about the septic backing up. Left without getting the coffee. Fairly normal afternoon except we are down to one Cushman. Are flat tires contagious? Home for supper at the right time for a change - no one is home. Note says heat a T.V. dinner. Go down to the Old Eagle Inn and wash a steak down with a half-dozen 'hinnies'. Finish mowing rough. Wife mad. Don't care, sleep on floor after watching Sands of Iwo Jima. Love Big Duke.

**Thursday** - My yellow crud is back. Every year

it comes the end of July. Interesting light green spots get weaker looking then turn yellow ... then gray ... then dead. Some say it is Fusarium, some say Anthracnose, some say funose. Wife says it is my imagination. My assistant got rid of the persistent red leaf spot patch on the practice green, he cut it with an eight-inch patcher and threw it in the pond. Sure is wonderful what they teach you at the University of Rhode Island. - author unknown

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