



# Within the Leather

by David Kazmierczak, CGCS

**I wrote almost.....  
last year  
about how  
fortunate**

**I am to be allowed to attend the GIS show each year and experience the education, networking and ultimate trade show that enhances what I do and how I do it at Prestwick. This year was no different in Orlando. The show may have been a little smaller, the duration tighter and the opportunities seemingly overlapping but still a solid experience.**

**As I walked the trade show floor it was fun to see all the new stuff coming out and talk to reps about how they were designed, when they will be available, etc. It is amazing what technology is bringing to the table for us to use and make our jobs easier and better. Well,**

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**Before I get to my point of technological consternation, let me relate to you that I am a movie snob. I'm not a huge movie fan per se because my attention span generally is that of a gnat after a pot of coffee. For me to invest two to three hours of time in a single setting without flipping the channels, it takes a herculean effort from Hollywood and 99.9 percent of the time they simply are not up to the task. But when they are- the movie and the lines are woven into the tapestry of who I am, what I think and what I say.**

**It is probably safe to say that just about every guy who ever worked on a crew can recite Caddyshack verbatim or at least pull a dozen lines out of their hind end at a moment's notice. I am this way with any number of films, mostly comedies. In my warped**

**mind, everyday thoughts and conversations become the playing field for which I am to bring the game of movie line insertion. So I got that going for me.....which is nice. (Caddyshack)**

**Walking the trade show floor is kind of like walking through candyland for and adolescent when it comes to this silly little game I play with myself. I carry on conversations with familiar people and strangers. I am bombarded and stimulated with interesting thoughts, ideas and tangible things. The movie one liners are free and flowing .**

**“Badges? We don’t need no stinking badges!” (Blazing Saddles), uttered in a conversation about lost credentials.**

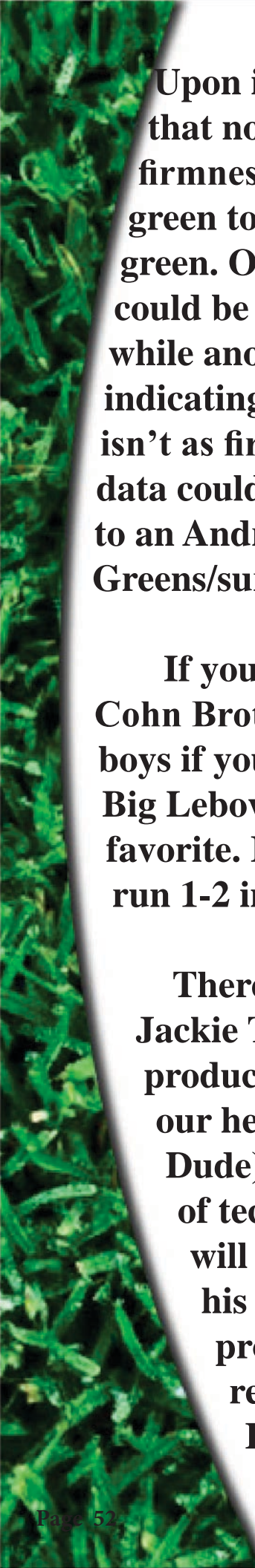
**“So you’re saying there’s a chance.” (Dumb and Dumber), uttered when told the price of a new mower.**

**“Run away!, Run Away!” (Monty Python and the Holy Grail), the thought running through my head when cornered by a pushy flag peddler.**

**The above were the family-friendly quotes. You can imagine some of the other ones. So there I was happily traversing the wide Orange County Center isles when all of a sudden I saw a devise that sparked my curiosity originally, then quickly became the bain of my GIS existence. I had discovered the Fieldscout Trufirm measuring devise.**

**At first I thought it was another version of the TDR 300 moisture meter. I purchased one of these last year and found it to be a very valuable tool in profile and root zone water content measuring as many other superintendents have.**





**Upon inquiry, I was told that no, this was to measure firmness of greens, both from green to green and intra-green. One spot on the green could be .42 on the meter, while another would be .28, indicating one spot on the green isn't as firm as the other. The data could also be downloaded to an Android device for plotting Greens/surfaces. Ummmm, Ok.**

**If you are a devotee of Cohn Brothers films, (local boys if you haven't heard), The Big Lebowski is surely your favorite. It and Caddyshack run 1-2 in my world.**

**There is a part where Jackie Treehorn (a porn producer) is chatting with our hero Jeff Lebowski (The Dude) about the wonders of technology and what it will do for the end user of his morally questionable product. The dude's response was "Well, I still (take care of**

**business) manually." Me too dude, me too.**

**Really? A firmness meter for a green? What's next? I looked at the thing and decided that this was an evil contraption. Not that I don't think it would be kind of interesting putting some sort of value to how firm your greens are, it's just that some things just shouldn't be quantified. I'm sure if you are in this game long enough at some point somebody has griped about a particular green being firmer than a couple others, but do you really want to run out with your skippy meter and find out?**

**And what are you going to do about it anyway? Run a steam roller over a six square foot section of your green to make up that .10 difference? It's ridiculous. I'm going to lay a wager that the low areas are not as firm as the high areas, and the normal entry/exit ways from the cart path are firmer than the rest of the green. (Just a hunch.)**

But the real danger is that members, owners, and certain players, and we all know who they are, may catch wind of such a device and then there may be no turning back. It has the potential to be like a stimpmeter reading on crack. All it might take is one superintendent in one greens committee meeting touting that his Trufirm readings are within .01 of each other and he has reached the ultimate in consistency- or worse- tweeting it to the rest of the uncivilized golfing world.

That means you have to get the Trufirm, and God help you if your readings aren't consistent. I would hate to see the day some poor schmuck lost his job because the readings on his Trufirm weren't good enough, but I can certainly imagine it happening.

“I've always thought religion was a fine thing- if taken in moderation.” (The

butler in Trading Places, dressed as a priest.) Maybe we can replace religion with technology in that statement. I am all for progressive, helpful things but this just doesn't seem like one to me. Shortly after my Trufirm experience I happened upon something called the Sand Pentrometer. It lets you test the sand in your bunker to determine if it will produce a “fried egg” lie or not.

“What in the wide, wide world of sports is a goin' on around here?” (Blazing Saddles)

Needless to say, that ended the 2014 GIS show for me, and off to the Pointe for a refreshment or two I went to contemplate what I had just saw.