

chance of not getting soaked, but I usually do. If I had the same results at the casino I have with the head saturating me, I'd be able to retire to Vegas. And even if I don't get it the first time, it seems the head turns off just after gracing my carryall with its liquid bounty.

Why is it golfers can't read? I know they can write and count to at least ten. I see their names written out, and numbers jotted on the scorecards I constantly pick up off the golf course. If Ted can write 8, 10, 6 why can't he read the sign that says carts on path only? I don't even think they understand arrows. They must think that means run me over, near as I have been able to ascertain.

Why are mechanics allergic to the beach? The mere mention of sand has made every single one I have ever worked with start to cough and wheeze. It must have something to do with the salt air.

Why is it geese instinctively know when it's men's day?

Why is the only day in the spring with low winds and zero percent chance of rain so that you can wreck havoc on that bumper crop of volunteer spring mums happen to be ladies day?

Explain to me why the pro shop insists on letting a single, two twosomes and another single out first thing in the morning when they know you are trying to verti-cut and topdress. Can't they all just play along together?

Is there really a reason why high school educated people cannot figure out how to load a towel dispenser in the employee bathroom? Or the toilet paper dispenser? I'm certain if left to their own devices, many a golf course crew would

be paperless in a bad way. Mind you, these are the same people who are sent to operate equipment worth tens of thousands of dollars.

When did trees establish status akin to the Holy Grail? You would think by the reaction of some members that the old oak hanging over the 14th fairway obstructing half the whole was planted by God himself. To even consider the removing of such a treasure borders on a kind of blasphemy that violates the very essence of all things country club. I guess the next superintendent had better walk on water.

I am starting to be convinced that rocks now have to power to spontaneously leap in front of freshly sharpened mower blades, and that Fridays are their favorite day to do so, with any weekend or holiday a close second.

I am further convinced no matter how hard you try or what you do, the range tee will look like hell, and some golfer will always be there to let you know about it. And give you tips on what to do about it.

But in the end, at the start of every day, I can honestly think of no better job to have. There are always things that aggravate, always things that irritate but the reward of a well maintained golf course produced by a group of people pulling together for a common goal cannot be beat. As we all march into the summer season, be thankful of your course, your people and the opportunity to be a golf course superintendent. Have a great summer!