Expectations surpassed; new goals lie ahead

Publication Redesign category of the American-Society of Business Press Editors regional competition.

Circulation: Golf Course News is mailed to our readers free, provided the reader is qualified. A qualified reader is a person involved in the golf course business in these job title categories: superintendent; assistant superintendent; green chairman/director of golf; head pro; club president; general manager; owner/CEO; architect/engineer; research professor; builder/developer; others allied to field. The quality of our readership is measured by the direct requests we have received. The majority come from the business reply cards found in every issue. If you have not filled out the card, please do, so that we may continue to send you the paper.

Response has been so strong that I'm pleased to announce that we will increase circulation to 22,000 effective with September's issue.

Advertising: It's the advertising that pays the bills. Fortunately, response from advertising clients has surpassed expectations. Our first full year with paid advertising was 1990, in which there were approximately 500 paid pages. So far in 1991, we have gained nearly 90 pages compared to the same period last year.

By year's end we should have an increase of more than 130 advertising pages.

I again wish to thank our readers, and our advertising clients, for supporting Golf Course News, the newspaper for the golf course industry.

By Bob Spiwak

It was an innocent beginning. In the index of Geoffrey Cornish’s book “The Golf Course” I sought the name of the architect of Indian Canyon in Spokane, Wash.: H. Chandler Egan. My quest was soon forgotten as an astounding number of golf courses prefixed “Indian” leaped off the page. As of 1984 there were 40 of them, and this list seems not to cover nine holes courses.

The spectre of discrimination loomed. Did courses prefixed “Cowboy” get equal space? Not a chance. Indians 40 - Cowboys 0.

Why? A subliminal vestige of returning lands, at least in name, to those from whom they were ripped off?

Having a disturbingly short attention span, this perplexing question was cast aside as I sought courses whose names began with “Shouting.” Nary a one. Roaring Gap, North Carolina, is as close as it comes, though nowhere equal.

There are fewer “Whites” than Indians, but they are scattered across the United States as well as the British Isles, the latter claiming no Indians. What things come in White? Barns, Bears, Beeches, Birches, Cliffs, Deer, Lakes, Manors, Mountains, Oaks (which also whisper), Paths, Pins, Plains, Points, Rocks, Tracts, Wells (?), Fish, Havens, Heads, Men, Marshes and Water. Thirty-two of them.

How, then, about “Black”? Pretty close, there are 30 — consisting of Buttes, Hawks, Licks, Rivers, Berries, Peets, Frets, Ledges, Lions, Canyons, Lakes, and more.

Satisfied with equity between Black and White, I discovered that they were preceded by Black and Blue were but a column apart. Who’s “Blue”? ask you? The Hills in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, The Bahamas and Kansas. More Hills in K.C.? Gimme a break. Blue also are the Mounds in Wisconsin, the Mountains in Ontario, Canada, and Pennsylvania, the Rocks in Massachusetts and California. And others, Blues came in at a respectable 25.

Completed the tour of courses named for the usual tee-markers, there were 20 “Reds,” not counting Redding, Redmond, Redwoods and Redfords, et al, which would have added another dozen or so if in chronological sequence.

By now you have surely concluded that I am imbued with a great sense of fairness, and in this spirit, I felt space should be dedicated to names that could be construed as unpopular. Perhaps “unique” would be a better term. As they are in a foreign tongue, courses such as Yamoussoukro on the Ivory Coast or Quinta de Marinha in Portugal, are not represented.

I rather like Oletango in Ohio, gives me a vision of a dancing Swede. Also in Ohio is Zoar Village, “Where are you going, Honey?” “Zoar, I’ll beam you aboard for dinner.”

The Bogey Country Club in Saint Louis has a real golfy ring to it; I bet they have Wally in heaven. The Duke of Marlborough club in New Jersey presents images of John Wayne astride his horse on the cover, lighting up a cigarette.

How about playing a round at Gay Hill, Virginia?

Take some dramamine if you head for Gasparilla in Florida.

Logo de Vita, if my Latin is still operable, means “sign of life.” I would assume that this Pennsylvania course is close to medical facilities.

If you are familiar with the Seattle, Wash., area, you know of a town called Medina, which is so exclusive even the downtown has no stop signs. In Pennsylvania, on the exclusive Mainline, I mention. They have no flags there; instead they have wicker baskets on the sticks. You know that Rule 17 is beloved, perhaps, even, the golfing public can be convinced that “brown is beautiful, and we can return to normalcy.

I’m reminded of a friend who asked to have his lawn mowed, so he didn’t. He called it “the natural look.” His neighbors were not thrilled with him, though. And perhaps that is the root of our problem. One year, Course A was kept better than Course B across the street. So Course B members demanded Course A type

Continued on page 15

Where have all the cowboys gone? Huh?

By Bob Spiwak

It was an interesting beginning. In the index of Geoffrey Cornish’s book “The Golf Course” I sought the name of the architect of Indian Canyon in Spokane, Wash.: H. Chandler Egan. My quest was soon forgotten as an astounding number of golf courses prefixed “Indian” leaped off the page. As of 1984 there were 40 of them, and this list seems not to cover nine holes courses.

The spectre of discrimination loomed. Did courses prefixed “Cowboy” get equal space? Not a chance. Indians 40 - Cowboys 0.

Why? A subliminal vestige of returning lands, at least in name, to those from whom they were ripped off?

Having a disturbingly short attention span, this perplexing question was cast aside as I sought courses whose names began with “Shouting.” Nary a one. Roaring Gap, North Carolina, is as close as it comes, though nowhere equal.

There are fewer “Whites” than Indians, but they are scattered across the United States as well as the British Isles, the latter claiming no Indians. What things come in White? Barns, Bears, Beeches, Birches, Cliffs, Deer, Lakes, Manors, Mountains, Oaks (which also whisper), Paths, Pins, Plains, Points, Rocks, Tracts, Wells (?), Fish, Havens, Heads, Men, Marshes and Water. Thirty-two of them.

How, then, about “Black”? Pretty close, there are 30 — consisting of Buttes, Hawks, Licks, Rivers, Berries, Peets, Frets, Ledges, Lions, Canyons, Lakes, and more.

Satisfied with equity between Black and White, I discovered that they were preceded by Black and Blue were but a column apart. Who’s “Blue”? ask you? The Hills in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, The Bahamas and Kansas. More Hills in K.C.? Gimme a break. Blue also are the Mounds in Wisconsin, the Mountains in Ontario, Canada, and Pennsylvania, the Rocks in Massachusetts and California. And others, Blues came in at a respectable 25.

Completed the tour of courses named for the usual tee-markers, there were 20 “Reds,” not counting Redding, Redmond, Redwoods and Redfords, et al, which would have added another dozen or so if in chronological sequence.

By now you have surely concluded that I am imbued with a great sense of fairness, and in this spirit, I felt space should be dedicated to names that could be construed as unpopular. Perhaps “unique” would be a better term. As they are in a foreign tongue, courses such as Yamoussoukro on the Ivory Coast or Quinta de Marinha in Portugal, are not represented.

I rather like Oletango in Ohio, gives me a vision of a dancing Swede. Also in Ohio is Zoar Village, “Where are you going, Honey?” “Zoar, I’ll beam you aboard for dinner.”

The Bogey Country Club in Saint Louis has a real golfy ring to it; I bet they have Wally in heaven. The Duke of Marlborough club in New Jersey presents images of John Wayne astride his horse on the cover, lighting up a cigarette.

How about playing a round at Gay Hill, Virginia?

Take some dramamine if you head for Gasparilla in Florida.

Logo de Vita, if my Latin is still operable, means “sign of life.” I would assume that this Pennsylvania course is close to medical facilities.

If you are familiar with the Seattle, Wash., area, you know of a town called Medina, which is so exclusive even the downtown has no stop signs. In Pennsylvania, on the exclusive Mainline, I mention. They have no flags there; instead they have wicker baskets on the sticks. You know that Rule 17 is beloved, perhaps, even, the golfing public can be convinced that “brown is beautiful, and we can return to normalcy.

I’m reminded of a friend who asked to have his lawn mowed, so he didn’t. He called it “the natural look.” His neighbors were not thrilled with him, though. And perhaps that is the root of our problem. One year, Course A was kept better than Course B across the street. So Course B members demanded Course A type