Nice cover story on Streamsong. Have heard great things about it from our members who have played there. Looks incredible.

Greg Shaffer
@gtshaffer

Seth,
You did it again. Another hot-button issue for my keyboard.

John Wake, always a gentleman, effusively friendly and yet professional. John was one of the remarkably genuine gentlemen I’ve met through my travels and time working with GCSAA.

I was shocked to learn that we lost John so early and did not realize it was 10 years ago (“No better back-pack,” June). John Wake was truly a lovely man, to use a phrase not in common practice since the 19th century, but so appropriate.

I never write to magazines about anything, ever, until now. Two in a row. Who or what will you bring up next month that hits me between the eyes or in the heart?

Thank you for the tribute to John, it is appreciated by anyone who knew him.

Samuel R. Snyder VII
CGCS-Ret.
Shreve, Ohio

I enjoyed your article and story (“Can’t see the forest for the trees,” Karl Danneberger, July) in the latest Golfdom. True how neighborhoods can get bogged down with age and overplanting, too.

Gary Deters
@gdeters_turf

In July we stated that perennial ryegrass had a production value of $111,000 this year (“Bye bye, rye.”) We should have said it has a production value of $111 million. We regret the error (and must have been smoking a lot of that rye, huh?)

A nun rushes into Mother Superior’s office and exclaims that she needs a priest to hear her confession: she had used the lord’s name in vain while playing golf.

Mother Superior has the nun sit and tell her the story. “I was on 18 and I just hit the drive of the day, when a squirrel ran out of the woods and snatched my golf ball.”

Mother Superior asks, “Is that when you used the lord’s name in vain?”

“No,” the nun replies, “then a hawk swooped down and caught the squirrel in his talons and flew off with my ball still in his mouth!”

“Oh my!” Mother Superior shouts, “is that when you used the lord’s name in vain?”

“No, Mother! The hawk flew that squirrel right over the green and the ball dropped from his mouth, on the green, and the ball rolled within 3 feet of the cup!”

To which she immediately replies, “don’t tell me you missed the goddamn putt?”