

T H I N G S - by Lee - - - - You know, there are times that I become so good at predicting that it scares me. Last month I predicted two things: Nixon was going to win, and somebody was going to get mad at me for what I wrote. Sure enough, Nixon did win, and someone took offense at what I wrote about the Bengueyfield program at Marin Golf & CC. For those who do not remember, or haven't read last months newsletter, I said: "... However, I do feel slightly disappointed. Bill showed us a fine film about Lee Trevino at the Open, which was enjoyed by those of us who are golfers. But with Bill's wide experience in all phases of golf in all parts of the U.S. it seems that he could have given a highly interesting and informative talk about the many things he has been associated with. BUT THAT IS JUST ONE MAN'S OPINION. (Emphases is mine) There are - I am sure - many who will disagree with me."

I am sure that Bill Bengueyfield is a big enough man to take that remark for whatever it is worth.... just a remark or observation. I doubt that he took offense. Just to be sure, Bill, I know you read this little paper. You know that there was nothing malicious intended by me. Some people were offended. That is their privilege. They have a perfect right to their own opinion, but so have I.

When I took on this unofficial editorship of the newsletter, I made it clear to all members that I would gladly accept and print their comments, of whatever nature they would be. One of the rights we have in this country is that we can say what we want, whether it is controversial or not, or whether people agree with you or not. All I ask is that whoever writes an article, that he will place his signature beneath it, and take full responsibility for whatever he said or wrote. That is my own policy, and if you care to look it up, the article clearly showed that this article was written by Lee Huang, and not by the Board of Directors.

REPORT - I want to borrow Bob Hanna's words to describe the meeting at Woodbridge Country Club: "The greens were super, and the food was super". I'd like to add:--The whole meeting was super. It was one of the finest meetings I had the pleasure of attending. There was a lively interchange between the green committee chairmen and managers of clubs, and the superintendents. A great deal of emphases was placed on communication between the green chairman, the superintendent, and the golf professional. We know that this is the greatest factor in running a successful golf course. If all three factions have a good understanding of each other's function, and have a mutual respect for each other, success comes naturally. If there is no harmony.....! Another big topic was the lack of recognition of the superintendent, his crew, and their efforts to keep the course in top condition. If the course is terrific, the players often just say: "That is his job"

But let anything go wrong, and he is the first to get clobbered. The answer seems to be that the superintendent, rather than cry about it, should become his own public relations man. The more the public comes to realize what his function is, the more they will appreciate him, and give him his proper due.

The meeting's highlight came when Larry Feliciano, our host, presented his Dad, Leonard, a Class A-Life membership card. I thought that was really wonderful.

See you at the Christmas Party.

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The following is an Editorial taken from Proturf Issue Six, O.M.Scott & Sons, Marysville, Ohio

...AND WE WISH TO THANK

It would be almost impossible to calculate the tremendous impact television has given to the game of golf. Starting with the Bing Crosby Tournament in January, some part of nearly every weekend is filled with golf of the finest caliber. It serves as a special pleasure for the sports enthusiast but most of all it stimulates a desire for every viewer to become a participant.

The professional golfer reaps the harvest of tournament winnings, endorsements and other sources of income. And, justly so, for he has given millions of people hours of entertainment and a great boost to the game of golf. His image has helped create new courses, new golfers and new jobs. We wish that each could be successful, but the professional tour can be a heartbreaking, painful experience.

Most golfing telecasts are performed with the precision of a fine watch. Very few key situations are ever missed and with the marvel of the split screen it is not unusual to watch two contenders performing simultaneously on separate greens. These masters of the telecast leave little to chance and the viewer generally has a better view than the front row gallery. But, as the tournament draws to a conclusion and the winner becomes evident the commentator starts passing out the plaudits.

"We wish to thank good old Charlie Chester and his wonderful staff for such cordial treatment; the ladies of the N.R.A.: Buzz Brown and all of the folks at the P.P.A. for their usual tremendous job; Hector Hankins, the president of this elegant 7,000 yard layout; the gallant Ladies who contributed their time by carrying the large score cards; Frank Fineline and the boys who did such a magnificent job over in the parking lot." The list is endless and anonymous to most viewers. But, as the cameras fade slowly into the sunset the one man who was