

THE BULL SHEET, official publication of THE MIDWEST ASSOCIATION OF GOLF COURSE SUPERINTENDENTS.

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The President's Message

Flight 178 — Eastbound

Way back in 1959 when three commuting trips from the East Coast were necessary to fulfill obligations on newly made commitments, flying time to Chicago was three hours. Midway was then the busiest airport in the world, O'Hare was under construction and a new era of travel was unfolding—the Jet Age.

In a three hour flight on propeller aircraft you had time to eat your meal leisurely, say hello to the pretty stewardess every hour on the hour and reflect on the events of the day. After that, you might try to out yell your seat companion if you attempted to make small talk that could be heard above the prop noise which, failing, you might try taking a nap. Failing again, you could always stare at the ceiling or look out the eyeglass picture window and watch the clouds go by in an attempt to be a gentleman and not stare at the uniformed cuties as they strolled by seeing to the comfort of their charges. If all your efforts came to naught, then sooner or later you came to the logical conclusion that the world upstairs was indeed a dull place or that the dismal period known as the dangerous forties had made an entrance into your life un-announced and that the competiion on the other side of the aisle in his early twenties was firmly fixed in the driver's seat and that you may as well toss in the towel—old boy. Ah yes, the world would never be the same.

Flight 178-Eastbound was very definitely a part of this new and much faster Jet Age. If you focused your bi-focals quickly enough and didn't bother to give the up and down observation so completely, you jumped to the conclusion that the uniformed cuties are still pretty and are even more capable than before at making you feel that you are the only important person aboard. That professional smile is so disarming and so re-assuring that all you can do is smile back. Indeed, the world upstairs has changed—for better or for worse is yet to be determined.

The meals are still excellent and served in a professional and expedient atmosphere. My after dinner drink, even in this Jet Age, is still 7 UP—on The Rocks and is being served in the same elegant fashion as

are those imported brands from the isle of the hardy Scots. The difference over the old days was that the announcement of my beverage choice could be heard all the way back into the economy section and a wave of bewilderment caused considerable shaking of heads. Once again, my arch rival for the attention of those two cuties in uniform was heard to murmur something about something or somebody being square. Oh well, it just couldn't be me. I should worry. The young whipper snapper. From 33,000 feet you get a pretty good perspective of the world and some of the inhabitants thereof. People and scenery have one thing in common. Some you can take and some you cannot.

Ahead, at the destination point, club officials who had issued the invitation to be interviewed awaited my arrival. There were questions to be answered and certainly questions to be asked for an interview is like a two way street. The flow of information must be forthcoming from both sources if a meeting of minds and a definition of purpose and responsibilities are to be agreed upon.

Making a change in positions, even in the same field, is always a challenge. Without exerting your imagination, it is easy to understand that this new challenge can be very personal. There is the application of tried and true procedures in a different environment, stimulation of new thoughts on procedure, blending one's thoughts with those officials and employees whom you have never met before, keeping updated on the latest technical developments and the unknown which will surely drop in when least expected in the role of the unusual. These you pledge yourself to face with resolute approach, yet with tactful determination to see through to a successful conclusion, sometimes a very big order indeed.

Thus, as the New Year dawns over the hills above the Schuylkill River, near Philadelphia and in the shadow of Valley Forge where America's first great general and his men endured the winter's hardships that we might enjoy the liberty of today and the luxury of a game called golf, I will take up my abode and take up a new challenge.

To my fellow members of the great Midwest Association, to the friendships that have been acquired among the supplier group and to those friendships that have no special classification but are just as important, I say a grateful THANKS for allowing me to become a small part of your life. It has been my pleasure.

Warren Bidwell, President

FALL GOLF TOURNAMENT

On Tuesday, October 13, the Midwest Association of Golf Course Superintendents held its annual Fall Golf Tournament at the beautiful Briarwood Country Club, Deerfield, Illinois. Superintendent, Paul Voykin provided us with a perfect course and Adolph Bertucci provided us with a perfect day. The event was originally scheduled for Thursday, October 8, but Adolph read in the Highwood Star that the weather on the 13th would be much better so the date was switched to the 13th. This proved to be the best thing Adolph has done in a long time.

Over 70 members participated in the Peoria System event. We played the back tees which required that long straight ball. Most of us didn't bring that particular ball with us, as the scores indicated. Low gross was won by Emil Mashie and Bill Hargrave.