

Tee renovation at Woodridge Golf Club: In 1964 we sodded our nine Par 3 tees on our Woodland and Meadowlane Courses to Warrens A-20 bluegrass. We liked it so well that in 1967 and 1968 we sodded the rest of our tees to A-20 and A-34 bluegrass. A-34 is used on our tees surrounded by trees with over 50% shade most of the day. This fall we sodded 4080 yds. of A-20 and 140 yds. of A-34, on 15 tees, or an average of 275 yds. per tee. The interesting part was the length of time that the tees held up. One was since 1967, 5 - 1968, 3 - 1969, 4 - 1970, and 2 - 1972. This year I purchased two 8" cuppers, and hope to repair the bad divots during the golfing season. I have put in practice to top-dress the abused areas each Monday or Tuesday, and this has helped to maintain better teeing area.

Anthony A. Meyer
Golf Course Sup't.

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

It's that time of year again when the blood in a hunter's veins changes its chemistry. It sort of turns into liquid gunpowder. His metabolism fires up his pulse, his step is quickened and his eyes are sharpened, his hearing becomes acute to the sound of feathers. He gets as twitchy as a bird dog. Speaking of dogs I'd like to relate a recent trip afield.

Normally I never hunt with a dog, but the fanfare of a certain canine called "Bumper" (the name has been changed to protect the innocent) persuaded me to accept him as part of a hunting party. A party made up of one old wood tick and two not so old wood ticks and myself.

Now I know it's treading on sacred ground when you comment on a man's hunting dog, especially an English hunting dog. A pointer I believe. You may question his profession, berate his gas machine, even criticize his spouse, but never, never a debasing word about his dog.

Well, after driving several hundred miles with Bumper he seemed like a well mannered traveling companion. He didn't eat much and was peaceful. The first day in the field ol' Bumper was full of go. HE'd sail off down the row looking for a bird. Occasionally his master would sound off with a "Come back here you Son-of-bitch". (a proper name for a male dog) Ol' Bumper would just keep on running. As the day went on he finally slowed down a bit and when the going got too rough he would simply come out of the brush and trot along a more well worn path. **Smart dog.**

Finally came Bumper's first point. We worked in cautiously, slowly ready for the flush when out jumped a rabbit. Oh well, birds were certainly scarce this year. Ol' Bumper then proceeded to point two sparrows, one butterfly, treed a squirrel, chased a deer two miles, got lost and had to almost be carried out. He also backed an old tom cat into a corner, but after an eyeball to eyeball confrontation decided discretion was the better part of valor and backed off with both eyes in tact. **Intelligent dog.**

After about four days Ol' Bumper finally got into the deep brush and would you believe he got on a point? I mean he really turned to stone, petrified. His master was very excited about this and suggested to all guns present to shoot no matter what he had on point. Hen or rooster or whatever. Well, I was a little reluctant about that. I didn't want to blast somebodys' pet goat, steer or what ever it was that Ol' Bumper had on point. In a burst up jumped, of all things a cock pheasant. Wham! Dead bird. **Happy dog.**

By gosh Ol' Bumper did have ability, he could point a pheasant. They were just not plentiful enough for him to display his fine breeding and training. The day was at a close and Ol' Bumper was really hungry and thirsty after his work out. His master dished up his evening meal, one of those things that is supposed to make it's own gravy. He gulped it all down with gusto, every last bit. Whereupon, I heard the loudest most profound belch I've ever heard. Some of my hunting companions are rather hard on the grub and my first thought was they are at the chow bag again. But no, it was Ol' Bumper out with a second booming belch! Would you believe a burping dog?

Now it occurred to me that Ol' Bumper was wasting his time chasing around out there after sparrows, rabbits, pheasants, cats and things. Here was a **talented dog**. Can you imagine the commercial value of a dog on T.V. after having downed a couple of mouth fulls of "Krafts Kanine Crackers" sending forth a resounding burp into living rooms all over America.

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