

Business briefs

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Alliance Golf Limited (EAGL) acquired five Texas tracks from Dallas-based ClubCorp, including the Plantation GC in Frisco; The Golf Club at Fossil Creek in Fort Worth; The Golf Club at Cinco Ranch Golf in Katy; Greatwood GC in Sugarland; and Clear Creek GC in Houston.

Westbrook Partners, which owns EAGL, funded the transaction. "With the backing and support from Westbrook, our goal is to continue to search for golf facilities to add to our portfolio and strengthen our position in the golf industry, particularly in our existing cluster markets," said Joe Munsch, EAGL's president and chief operating officer.

Plantation GC and The Golf Club at Fossil Creek are located in the Dallas-Fort Worth Metroplex. The Golf Club at Cinco Ranch Golf, Greatwood GC and Clear Creek GC are located in the Houston area.

Florida superintendents support environmental education

The Everglades GC Superintendents Association in Bonita Springs, Fla., organized and hosted a golf tournament in October at the Bonita Bay East GC that raised more than \$8,000 in support of the Corkscrew Regional Ecosystem Watershed (CREW) Land and Water Trust's Environmental Education programs. CREW includes members of environmental groups, state and local governments and agencies, businesses, developers and private citizens working together for the preservation and stewardship of the water resources of the region. CREW's educational mission is to promote an awareness of the importance of the region's natural systems through land and wildlife management programs, guided tours and presentations to schools and community associations.

Toro receives GSA contract

The Toro Co. has received a General Services Administration (GSA) corporate contract. Included in the contract are all golf, grounds and sports field product. GSA helps federal agencies better serve the public by offering, at best value, superior workplaces, expert solutions, acquisition services and management policies.

The Keeping of the Golf Green

Editor's note: Rick Slattery, superintendent of Locust Hill CC in Rochester, N.Y. is in the Christmas spirit, and he wants to share his fondness of the holiday season with his peers. Slattery, a superintendent for more than 30 years, offers his creative version of A Night Before Christmas below. Of course, it has a golf industry touch. The Jolly One would love it.

Twas the evening before Christmas, when all through the clubhouse not a golfer was stirring, not even a mouse.

The golf clubs were placed in the lockers with care, in hopes that springtime soon would be here.

Locust Hill members were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of birdies danced in their heads.

The grounds crew in their long johns and I in my ski cap had just put the golf course to sleep for a long winter nap.

When out on the golf green there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my office to see what was the matter.

Away to my golf cart I flew like a flash, put the petal to the metal as I tried not to crash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow gave the luster I needed to find the vandals below.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear, but a miniature golf cart and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick, that I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his bogies they came, and he whistled and shouted and cursed them by name:

"Now driver, now putter, now mashie and wedge — no hooks, no slices, no whiffs and no shanks!"

Now up on the tee St. Nick did

stand with his bag full of clubs, surveying the land.

Then in a twinkling I heard in the air, the flight of a golf ball just missing my hair.

As I drew in my head and was turning around, down the fairway Santa came with a bound.

His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry, as he studied the ponds that he now must carry.

His droll mouth was drawn up like a bow, as he addressed his ball that was propped up in the snow.

The stump of a cigar he held in his teeth, and the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, and I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.

The wink of his eye and the waggle of his clubhead, soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, and began his backswing suddenly with a jerk.

After his follow through, and a nod of his head, he laid a finger on his nose as his ball rolled into the hole from the direction he chose.

He sprang to his golf cart, celebrating his birdie with a whistle, and away he flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight ...

"HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"



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