

**H**ave you ever wondered how *Golfdom* ends up on your desk every month? Well, since I'm waaay past deadline (as I type this, our editor is standing in my doorway, tapping his foot and glowering), I'll give you the nickel tour of how *Golfdom* comes to life.

First, a little background: *Golfdom* is a "controlled circulation" publication, meaning we're free to you and 30,000 other folks. Our bills are paid by advertisers (God love 'em) who want to reach you with their messages. Thus, they invest their ad dollars in a publication that is read by all of their customers. So, our job — from a cynical business standpoint — is to keep you reading cover-to-cover so you see those ads.

The base cost for a full-color ad page in *Golfdom* is about \$5,700 (Ka-ching!), but the rate goes down for companies who buy a lot of ad space with us. On average, about half of *Golfdom* is advertising and half is content. So the more ads we sell, the more editorial space we have.

That leads us to the fun part. Every summer, Larry, Frank and I take input from our *Golfdom* Advisory Staff and put together an editorial calendar for the upcoming year. We try to schedule stories in months where they're helpful to you, but the calendar also helps our advertisers (who are truly wonderful people) place ads in issues that have articles related to their products.

Several months before the issue, Larry will start assigning articles. He and Frank do a lot of the reporting, writing and editing, but we also hire free-lance writers like Mark Leslie and Shane Sharp to do feature articles. We also rely on turf professionals like Ron Furlong and Jim Black, who have a flair for writing articles or essays. Finally, we have our posse of contributing editors like Joel Jackson, Geoff Shackelford, Dave Wilber, Mike Heacock and Mark Luce who do monthly or bimonthly columns.

We regularly accept articles from advertisers (who are all smart and attractive) and PR flacks. Most of these people have — for lack of a better term — an agenda. Honestly, the articles they submit are generally good, and these people are bright enough to back up their

## How in the Heck Do They Do That?

BY PAT JONES



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claims with facts. We weed out blatantly commercial stuff and try to let you know who wrote the piece and who they work for. But ultimately, we're just scribblers, not experts on industry technology, so no one should bet the farm on any new widget they read about in *Golfdom* or any other trade rag.

Once the copy comes in, Larry and Frank edit it, find art, write headlines and captions. Then, they work with our designers, Kim Traum and Lisa Lehman, to dump the whole thing into a mysterious computer program called "Quark" (which, as Dave Barry would say, would be an excellent name for a rock band). They lay out the pages and put the final layouts on my desk for approval. Then I pretend to scrutinize them while placing random red pencil marks on the pages. This drives the editors nuts, but it's fun.

Once approved, the pages are sent electronically to Duluth, Minn., where a wonderful person named Jill Hood takes all the advertisements (which are beautiful things, indeed) and shuffles them with the editorial content. She does this by creating a folio (which is Latin for "folio") that organizes everything for the printers, who are ink-stained trolls who work in a dark, noisy cave elsewhere in the wilds of Minnesota. The magazine starts as a digital file at one end of the cave and leaves on a postal truck at the other end. Then, the driver of the postal truck apparently takes a two-week coffee break before finally delivering it to you, dear reader.

So that's the way this thing happens. Each issue of *Golfdom* is the product of months of effort by reporters, editors, designers, salespeople, production managers, trolls and even advertisers (did I mention they're all lovely people?).

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*Pat Jones is the publisher/editorial director of Golfdom. He can be reached at 440-891-3126 or [pjones@advanstar.com](mailto:pjones@advanstar.com)*