

**D**ear Santa,  
I know I'm a little old to be writing you letters, but there's something I need, and apparently you are my best hope for obtaining this gift.

You see, I've been good. I haven't written a single column poking fun at superintendents in years. I kinda miss the hate mail, but I'm coping. But I really, really appreciate what supers do for the game, and I cherish the opportunity to talk to them when I travel to golf courses all over the country.

But something very weird happened recently, and I'm really embarrassed about it. You see, there was this trip I was planning to visit this super-neat course to study its design and hear why this special layout is in such good condition all of the time.

Now most writers would call the head pro or the director of golf (or what they'll call those guys in the future: the chief lesson-giving officer (CLGO) to set up an appointment. You know, some nice person who is paid to deal with lowly people like me and who might even tell them to bring their clubs along.

So I pull out my Golf Course Superintendents Association of America's Membership Directory and Suppliers Guide, which the organization gave me after refusing me access to its online directory. Why won't this otherwise really nice organization let me have access to its Internet directory? I don't have a clue.

Anyway, I can find it with my eyes closed because it's the one that smells like an old SAT test booklet. So I pull it out and after a while searching around for the people listed at the course I wanted to visit, I believe I stumbled on the name of the superintendent at this really, really neat course.

So I called him in the middle of the day.

A not-very-happy woman answered the phone, and I think I woke her up. When I asked for the superintendent I was trying to reach, she said, "He doesn't live here anymore. Then she asked, "How did you get this number?" And she added, "Don't call this number again."

I felt kinda silly.

## All I Want for Christmas Is ...

BY GEOFF SHACKELFORD



... ACCESS TO  
THE GCSAA ONLINE  
DIRECTORY SO I CAN  
PHONE A FEW  
SUPERINTENDENTS

It turned out that the number I had found was no longer this superintendent's number. It was his ex-wife's phone, and he had moved on. Judging by her phone demeanor, I'd say he was probably in a better place.

Well, there is only so much time in the day, so I didn't bother to try and locate the superintendent. Instead, I looked up the pro shop number on the Internet and called it. The people there were very helpful in setting me up with a golf car to tour the course. They even told me to bring my clubs along, but I didn't have time to play.

So my point in all of this is that I was hoping you could get me access to the GCSAA online directory so this doesn't happen again. Now, I know there are like 10 people who write full time about the golf course design and maintenance industry, and they're all very suspicious characters. Giving us access to the online directory would mean lots of extra bandwidth for the GCSAA and 10 dark and sinister people accessing the phone numbers and e-mail addresses of superintendents with the possibility of quoting them and raising their profiles.

Still, I think it's worth taking a chance for the GCSAA to do, and I was hoping you could talk to them.

After all, I think they want these media people to be the ones calling their superintendent at courses across America instead of the COO, the CLGO, the CFO or some other C (fill in official-sounding initial) O.

Or maybe not?

So that's all I ask. Oh, and for peace and prosperity in the golf business in 2008.

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