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The members had made it clear how much they respected Jack; it went beyond the party. He was presented with a lifetime membership at the club, free from the burden of dues or assessments. We were all inspired. But that paled, to us at least, when the green committee chair presented Jack with the keys to a brand new, bright red, four-wheel drive, three-quarter ton Ford pickup! Jack was stunned, but very, very happy.

Jack was rare, almost singular, in our business these days and, in fact, has been for almost a decade. At a WGCSA meeting, he would always be the oldest member there, usually by quite a number of years. "It's been that way for a long time," he'd tell us.

"What do you guys expect?" Jack would ask. "Stats show only 2% of us are over 60 and only 5% are over 50. It is no wonder I seem to have been the oldest at meetings for long—I have been!"

We talked about it a lot, among ourselves,—Calhoun, Morris, Fennimore, Middleton and all the rest of the guys.

"Where does everyone go once they reach 45?" is the question we all wonder. It seems that before hitting the magic FIFTY, they all find something else to do for a living. We think they are stressed out and realize the impossibility of ever attaining the perfection either they or the players want. The job doesn't get easier with age, either, and as you grow older the intensity of the routine gets old, too.

Jack was unusual in another way—the length of his term of service to one organization. It is unheard of anymore. The culture of America these days seems to say "five years is enough at any one place" and people move all over in their career.

"I wouldn't do it any other way," he has said frequently. He has nearly 50 former employees who manage golf courses, and many more are in other positions in the profession. It was easier for him to do that while at one place. There was competition among young people to work for him. He even had the chance to train his sons—both are Wisconsin grads who followed in his footsteps for a career.

It was a great evening, celebrating a great guy, who, because of his personality and wide range of interests, was heading for what we knew would be a great retirement. We were all happy for this rare person in golf.

And maybe a little—just a little—jealous. ♣

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