

ing common frustration with them as they suffer through events, leagues, programs, and general operations that are a shell of the good old days! It's also a little tough in knowing that there might be too little future here to keep a guy interested in long-term employment!

After being a part of this season's follies, I chuckle ironically as I start to pick up vibes from our ownership that maybe the grass grower is the one to lead us back to the promised land!

"After all... he's the most stable, experienced manager that we've got... he's been on a golf course practically all of his life."

"Ah, but remember back in March when we wanted the grass grower to report to the rookie GM... he refused and steadily told us he'd rather resign! The nerve of that guy!"

"And remember in June the casual comments made by us... that the charming self-appointed, son-in-law, Director of Golf was to be the heir apparent?"

"Gee, we sure hope that you never leave us... we really need you around here!"

Believe me, relatives, I too appreciate everything you've done for me here... but I will not stay around to watch this place decline further... under the misdirection of two rookies... neither of which have much in the way of golf experience or leadership talent.

Our young family has too bright a future... and too much realizable potential... to stagnate here in Illinois. It is basically the responsibility of Susan and myself to make sure that everything possible is done to insure that our potential becomes reality.

The irony of it all is that now... after six up and down seasons here... it's entirely possible that the position of general manager may be offered to me. But now... I do not want it! I realize all too well that buying back in here would not be a good investment at all... and that for the balance of my career I'd like to be working for myself!!

I, like all of you, do not want to be burned out and used up in this business by the age of fifty! I have a strong fear of being obligated to someone else for my livelihood... and an equally strong dislike of having someone else determine the limitations of my talents, my determination, my intelligence, and my future.

These are some of the things that my father, now deceased, taught me. He taught me lots of things... about

stubbornness, intestinal fortitude, and a sense of timing.

My parents... and all of their contemporaries in our extended family... have been pretty successful. Parents are usually better teachers than even they realize.

It's somewhat ironic that it took the death of my father to bring into sharp focus what it is that I should be doing with the rest of my life. Thanks, Dad. ♡

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