What A Job!

By DAVID C. KENNEDY
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Who is the man whose work is never done;
Who's on the course at midnight and up before the sun;
Who takes the rap from nature and worries without pity
From star or dubbing golfer, and seldom from Committee?
THE GREENKEEPER!

There stands a man in bunker tracks, his face a surly pout,
Who hacks a hundred scars, and never smooths them out.
He clambers up the grassy banks, ripping out the sod.
Who's he cursing in those terms that call upon his God?
THE GREENKEEPER!

Who's the man in fall, when payrolls must be cut
Has to fire his workingmen; never nothing but?
Still has to make a budget that's very short and low
Compete with that of other clubs that spend a lot of dough?
THE GREENKEEPER!

Who's the guy the club could hardly do without;
Who pinches every nickel 'til he hears the Indian shout;
Whose highest consolation when he's finally laid at rest
Is that courses keep themselves in the regions of the blest?
THE GREENKEEPER!

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