The Keeping of the Golf Green

Editor’s note: Rick Slattery, superintendent of Locust Hill CC in Rochester, N.Y., is in the Christmas spirit, and he wants to share his fondness of the holiday season with his peers. Slattery, a superintendent for more than 30 years, offers his creative version of A Night Before Christmas below. Of course, it has a golf industry touch. The Jolly One would love it.

'T was the evening before Christmas when all through the clubhouse not a golfer was stirring, not even a mouse.

The golf clubs were placed in the lockers with care, in hopes that springtime soon would be here.

Locust Hill members were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of birdies danced in their heads.

The grounds crew in their long johns and I in my ski cap had just put the golf course to sleep for a long winter nap.

When out on the golf green there arose such a clatter I sprang from my office to see what was the matter.

Away to my golf cart I flew like a flash, put the petal to the metal as I tried not to crash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow gave the luster I needed to find the vandals below.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear, but a miniature golf cart and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick, that I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his bogies they came, and he whistled and shouted and cursed them by name: “Now driver, now putter, now mashie and wedge—no hooks, no slices, no whiffs and no shanks!”

Now up on the tee St. Nick did stand with his bag full of clubs, surveying the land.

Then in a twinkling I heard in the air, the flight of a golf ball just missing my hair.

As I drew in my head and was turning around, down the fairway Santa came with a bound.

His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry, as he studied the ponds that he now must carry.

His droll mouth was drawn up like a bow, as he addressed his ball that was propped up in the snow.

The stomp of a cigar he held in his teeth, and the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, and I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.

The wink of his eye and the waggle of his clubhead, soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, and began his backswing suddenly with a jerk.

After his follow through, and a nod of his head, he laid a finger on his nose as his ball rolled into the hole from the direction he chose.

He sprang to his golf cart, celebrating his birdie with a whistle, and away he flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight …

“HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!”