SATAN and the SUPERINTENDENT

Old Satan sat with face on grim
And muttered, "What'll I do with Him?
He's sure to find this place a bore
With the life on earth he's had before!"

And then while shaking his horned head
He opened his ledger and this he read:
"John Doe — Supt. of Greens,
A man behind the golfing scenes —
Had sixty years of toil and strife
Pleasing golfer, manager, pro and wife!
His job included keeping the greens
Planting new turf, repairing machines.
Fighting diseases, insects, defeat
Battling rain, humidity, heat.
Fixing the water pipes that break thru the ground
Changing all markers and mowing weeds down.
He worked all the day — studied all night,
Trained all new men in the ways that were right.
Knew the diseases; 'till his face would turn blue,
Not only a scholar and teacher was he,
But an ambassador of good will — and publicity.
Records he kept; watched budget allocation —
On him depended the course reputation.
And 'tho heading a project whose value was high,
Credit and praise went to some other guy.
Griping and moaning he got every day
But seldom a raise in the old take-home pay!"

Now here he lies, his days they are thru—
"Tell me," said Satan, "What hell can I put him to?"

After sitting and thinking for quite a while
His face broke out in a great big smile;
The best known hardship he could deem
Was to send him where all was calm and green!