The Greenskeeper’s Blues
by Bill Steedman, contributed by Merrill J. Frank, CGCS

The feats of golf’s anointed in this enlightened age
Are spread with care meticulous upon the printed page.
We read of Pro and Champion - and of some less-gifted chaps
Who break into the 60s (with aid of handicaps),
But it’s really quite unlikely that you’d recognize the name
Of one who does as much as they to help along the game.
I mean the guy who grows the grass, the man behind the scenes,
That unobtrusive character - the Keeper of the Greens.
He needs a milder temper than the meekest of the saints,
The only times he hears from us are when he hears complaints:
The pins are here instead of there; the rough’s too rough, and oft
The greens at once are far too fast, too slow, too hard, too soft.
His name is mentioned only when we put him on the pan-
When cheers are being handed out, he’s Golf’s Forgotten Man.
Before the sun’s first level rays strike o’er the dewy lea
He’s sweeping greens, or raking traps, or marking off each tee,
But you seldom run across him, for he keeps out of your way
For fear he might commit the crime of interrupting play.
A part from human contacts he spends his toilsome days,
A man whom there are few to know, and fewer still to praise.
Still, as you proudly view, or stride across those verdant scenes,
Just think, where you would be without the Keeper of the Greens!