

FOR THE FINEST IN SOD  
**THORNTON'S TURF NURSERY**

312 - 742-5030

Rt. 2 Box 72

Elgin, Ill.

**America's foremost**

**turf fertilizer**



**Greenkeeper, Golf's Forgotten Man**

By William F. Steedman

The feats of golf's anointed in the 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 the 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 time 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.

How often do we pause to think, when we espy our  
pill

Perched neatly on the velvet turf, of all the toil  
and skill

That put the emerald carpet there? Not often, sirs.  
But when

The ball is in a divot-hole, that's something else again.  
Where is that dot-dash greenkeeper, is what we  
want to know.

We'd like to tell him off, but good, the (censored)  
so-and-so,

Forgetting that the cavity that's causing all the fuss  
Was dug, say, half an hour ago by somebody like us.  
For whatsoever circumstance our feelings may annoy  
We blame the Keeper of the Greens — he's golfdom's  
Whipping Boy.

Though you think the G. K.'s duties don't require a  
mind too bright,

In things that we know little of he's really erudite.  
Of matters biochemical a lot he has to know:

What fertilizers best will help the tortured grass  
to grow;

What dope most likely will persuade the fairway  
weeds to die;

How much he should nitrogenize his fescues and  
his bents;

How to kill mosquito batches and caterpillar tents.  
He looks like any field hand in his corduroys or jeans,  
But he's something of a scientist, the Keeper of the  
Greens.

He's enough of a mechanic, too, to keep in good repair  
Equipment that's subjected to the rugged wear  
and tear

Of mowing ninety acres of uneven, tough terrain,  
O'er rocks and roots and stump-holes, in sun and  
snow and rain.

His pumps he must maintain in shape to keep the  
pressure high.

Lest sprinklers stop a-sprinkling and precious  
grasses die.

Long hours he spends a-tink'ring with his gadgets  
and his gear

Far from the captious members' ken, golf's Unsung  
Engineer.

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.

Apart 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 would you be without the Keeper  
of the Greens.

ASPHALT DRIVEWAYS — PARKING LOTS — ETC.

"Golf Course Work a Specialty"

**LEMONT PAVING CO.**

SAND & STONE

115th & Archer Ave. (Rt. 171) — Lemont, Illinois  
RAY MURPHY

257-6701