

## THE INVISIBLE MEN

By Furman Bisher  
Sports Editor

The biggest subject of gossip around any golf course is not the pro, not the nifty feminine member who wears the shorts too short and the blouse too tight and behind whose foursome all the panting male members want to play. Nor the sandbagger with the 18 handicap.

It's an invisible man. You know he's there, but you never see him. He might have lunch at the next table in the men's grill, but you wouldn't recognize him.

He's a kind of Santa Claus with a green thumb. He works while you sleep. You go to bed at night and wake up the next morning to find that he has achieved wonders.

He probably couldn't break 100. It's possible the only club he ever swung was a pick. (That's a No. 2 club in your gardening bag.)

The spring breaks, the greens are like parlor rugs, the fairways look like long verdant hallways through the forest and the rough is but yet only tender sprouts, all the members go about cooing, "The course is in the greatest condition I've ever seen." They're talking about the Unseen Man with the Unidentifiable face.

The winter has been rotten. The course a bog from rains that turn the fairways to ponds and the color to brown. Greens are patchy. Bunkers have washed. April comes and the course looks like Sulphur Pits 9-Hole Municipal Links — though it's 1,000 miles from any ocean — \$1.50 a round. You curse him. You're not sure who, but you curse him.

### —Their Business Is Grass

You've never met him socially, but you invite the Lord to join you in bringing down an avalanche of wrath upon him. Your putt hits a patch of poa annua, you assail his parentage. Your drive hits a sign that says, "No Carts Today," you demand an immediate face-to-face with him.

You discover that he is real. Flesh and blood. A very tranquil man with cool, clear eyes, and in condition to swim the rapids — upstream. Chances are, he wouldn't know Calcutta from a church bazaar. But he knows grass, and how to grow it. Basically, that's his business — grass-growing, and barbering it.

Mostly, he's referred to as "the greenkeeper," a rather pleasantly bucolic term. As a group, they refer to themselves as "golf course superintendents." They have a national organization called "Golf Course Superintendents of America." They didn't get off some hay mower and come to town. They study for it, and they're as devout toward their duty as monks.

They don't wear bib overalls and dip snuff. They use words longer than some of your putts. One of the topics at their annual convention this year will be, "Turf Management: A Synergistic Approach."

That's one you don't hear being thrown around the locker room, or over the gin table.

### NATIONAL CHEMSEARCH CORP.

222 South Central Ave.  
St. Louis, Missouri 63105

## BOJO TURF SUPPLY CO.

ALL MAJOR TURF SUPPLIES

# BoJo

TURF  
SUPPLY CO.

- PAR-EX
- Vertagreen
- Du Pont
- Diamond Shamrock
- Sand Blasters
- Cyclones
- Fore Par

R R 1, Box 52  
Peotone, Ill.  
312-258-3485

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

### News Release

#### TEXAS A&M TURFGRASS RESEARCHER LECTURES IN AUSTRALIA

Dr. James B. Beard, Professor of Turfgrass Physiology at Texas A&M University, participated in a three-week lecture tour in Australia as a guest of the Australian Turfgrass Industry. Two major addresses were given before the Biennial Australian National Turf Conference as well as lectures before professional turfmen in Sidney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Newcastle. Dr. Beard also consulted with the turfgrass research groups at the Victoria Turfgrass Research Institute in Melbourne and the Australian Turfgrass Institute in Sidney, Australia.

In conjunction with this trip Dr. Beard also toured New Zealand for a week. During this time he visited and consulted on turfgrass research at the New Zealand Turfgrass Institute in Palmerston North and also in Christ Church.

#### THE LIVING SERMON

"I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,  
I'd rather one would walk with me than merely  
tell the way;

The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear,  
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear:  
The best of all preachers are the men who live  
their creeds,

For to see God put in action is what everybody needs.

I soon can learn to do it, if you'll let me see it done,  
I can watch your hands in action, your tongue  
too fast may run;

The lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,  
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing  
what you do;

I may not understand the high advice you give,  
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and  
how you live."

-Selected