

One Set of Footprints

One night I had a dream. I dreamed that I was walking along the beach with the Lord, and across the sky flashed scenes from my life. In each scene, I noticed two sets of foot prints on the sand; one belonged to me - the other to the Lord. When the last scene of my life flashed before us, I looked back at the foot prints on the sand. It was then I noticed that many times along the path of my life, there was only one set of foot prints. I also noticed that this happened at the very lowest and saddest times of my life. I was most distressed and bewildered. I questioned the Lord about it.

"Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you would walk with me all the way; but I noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life there is only one set of foot prints. I don't understand why in times when I needed you most, you would leave me." The Lord replied, "My precious, precious child, I do love you and would never never leave you during your times of trials and suffering. When you see only one set of foot prints, it was then that I carried you."

THANKS PAUL V,
Author unknown

THE MIDWEST ANCIENT AND HONORABLE SUPERINTENDENTS:

Again thank you for honoring me with membership in the roster of the elect. For so many years my brother Joe and I have known with happiness and in honor so many of you all and have seen the wonders of beauty you have worked and one of the very bright delights of our careers has been to be part of the team with you all.

Good luck and all the other blessings to you all in the Green Pastures.

Sincerely,
Herb Graffis

LETTER FROM FRED V. GRAU — March 22, 1980

To: David A. Meyer, Sec.-Treas.

Dear David:

Your association does me honor by including me as a member in good standing. The certificate and the wallet card are appreciated.

54 years ago (1926) found me gravelling mud roads in N.E. Iowa near Dubuque. The Mississippi River froze over that winter. I drove my No. 13 Model T Ford across the river to Illinois on the ice. The next year I started my turf career at the University of Nebraska, little dreaming of my future involvement with N.A.G.C.S.

Would it be possible to get a copy of some of the early rosters of your association? It was 1931 when I worked at the Midwest Turf Gardens on the A. D. Lasker Estate and met some of your members. Harold Clemens worked there too.

Best regards to all and have a good season.

Sincerely yours for Better Turf,
Fred V. Grau

A GOLF COURSE FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time there was a Superintendent who had the perfect golf course. His course was so perfect that all the grass was watered fence to fence and every blade of grass was well fertilized and cut to just the right height. There were no clumps of tall grass or other unkept places where a golfer could lose a ball. Even the edges of the traps were sharp and clean.

All the members of the club were very happy because they could play sloppy golf and still score well, because the rough was short and the greens were lush and very soft. But there was an uneasiness in the land and many golfers became bored.

One dark day a strange phenomenon came over the land. Energy had to be conserved. Fertilizer was high in cost and very hard to get. What was the Superintendent to do? Despite all his valiant efforts to keep up the course in the usual way, it became evident that some of the grooming would have to suffer.

In time things were so bad that the Superintendent had to mow less, fertilize less, and pump less water for irrigation.

As a result the roughs were kept at a higher cut, the greens were pale from lack of the high nitrogen program and firm from the lack of over watering. The sand trap edges were hand sickled in the old fashioned way to save gasoline.

The golfers soon found they were playing a different type of golf course. They had to hit their drives straighter because poor shots were penalized by landing in long rough or were lost. They could no longer putt out of the traps. Much to their surprise, however, the greens putted better than ever. There was no puffiness from over fertilizing and the blades of grass were finer and stiffer. Molding a shot on the greens was harder to do, so many golfers had to use more finesse around the greens.

Much to the surprise of the Superintendent, all the talk about trying to make the course longer stopped. The golfers came to find out that a course does not have to be long to be good. Some of the well traveled golfers commented the course resembled some of the fine features they had seen in Scottish golf courses.

Even after the energy crisis passed, the golfers decided their course was better than before and lived to play it happily ever after.

(Contributed by Stan Metsker, RMGCS Reporter)

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