



James D. Mello



Joseph Rossillion



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GREENKEEPER, GOLF'S FORGOTTEN MAN

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,
 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,