

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,

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.

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.

William F. Steedman

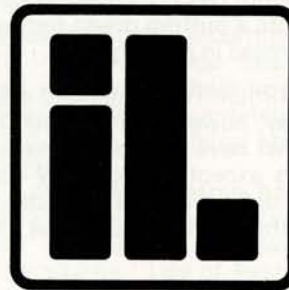


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