

## Golf in the 25th Century!

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I had a dream. Somehow, I was in the 25th century — right along with Buck Rogers!!! Everything was as I imagined it would be. All the buildings were of the futuristic design and it looked like the city of the future. After considerable sightseeing, where everything was accomplished by robots and computers. It was interesting to watch the people move. But, something bothered me ... I just couldn't grasp what it was. Something just did not look right. I was so engrossed in all the activities that I did not pursue the nagging feeling.

I had been sightseeing so much that I was becoming tired and was looking for a new event when I asked my host if they still played golf. "Certainly", was the reply, "It's a great game!! Would you like to play?" "Of course", I answered. We were soon on our way to the course. Upon arriving, there was one big surprise - nothing was there!! Just open space! My host explained that the game has been somewhat changed since 1984. "Somewhat" was just a mild explanation as I looked over the scorecard. The first hole was 538 mile par 5. I said, "What is this - a misprint?" "Oh no", my host explained, "just wait and you will see." They brought over a golf cart which turned out to be a small jet similar to what Luke Skywalker used in "Star Wars". It was loaded with all types of computers and screens. After getting into the car, we then flew to the first tee, which was an area of green light about 100 feet square. I casually asked, "where is the green?" He replied that the green halo just above the horizon was the green. He asked, "You're going to use a driver, aren't you? What else would you use on a 538 mile hole!" The club wasn't that unusual - it looked similar to what we used back home, except on the top of the grip were two switches. One switch was marked "D" and the other was marked "H". I asked the usual intelligent question — "What are those for?" "Simple", said he, "H is for height and the D is for direction. You turn them on and when you swing at the ray light, the computer will tell you the height, direction, distance and coordinates your shot." "Okay, here goes". I took my groove swing at the orange ball of light and it took off - dead left. The computer told me I had hit it a resounding 118 miles and 40 degrees off center and wound up in Section C at coordinates A7 & B5 which was an astroid trap and would require a one stroke penalty. Undaunted, we took off in our car and were soon at the place where my ball was at. Now, I'm umpteen hundred feet in the air and there is that little orange light blinking at me — my host pushed a button and a platform slid out next to the ball and I prepared for my second shot. After several attempts, we finally reached the putting surface, which was an area approximately ½ mile in diameter. Around the perimeter were numerous laser beams making the whole area with one continuous light of green. Putting was done in the same manner — lining up your shot, hitting the orange light, the computer letting you know where it went, so you could prepare for the next putt. After finishing the round, the score was tallied — the results of which will **never** be revealed. I had numerous questions; why in the sky; land on Earth too valuable, I was told. Why so long a course? Technology advancing on how far one could stroke a light ray and safety factor from all the air carts darting hither and yon. Also, the fact that so many more people are able to get on the course.

Needless to say, I enjoyed it, but again I had the feeling that something was missing. I just could not put my finger on it. Then, it dawned on me — NO GRASS!!! I had not seen one blade of grass here in the 25th Century. I asked my host, "where is the grass?" He was not even familiar with the word!! I then **HAD** to find out what had happened to the grass.

I was then directed to the Life/Science Museum. Upon arriving, I checked the locations of exhibits and found no mention of grass. Asking the Curator, he said he did not really know if they had any. I was becoming very upset about getting the answers to what had happened to the grass. Seeing my concern, the Curator said he would make some inquiries. Returning from his office with a young man, he told me that he would take me to the Living Plant Museum and there I could probably see what I wanted.

Upon entering this building, which was similar to a lot of our exhibits of today, I spied a patch of grass - way in the back. I was just elated!! This was the first grass I had seen here in the 25th Century. At that time the Head of the Plant Museum approached me and asked if he could help. I asked him to explain why this was the only grass I had seen. He replied that everything in the museum was on the endangered list. This happened due to the nuclear holocaust in the 21st century. Practically all living plant materials were obliterated. Many of the variations that had been found and were growing here, had not even been identified and he asked me if I knew what kind of grass it was. Upon closer inspection, I was in for a shocking revelation!!! The only grass to survive, out of countless varieties, was — standing, healthy, and vibrant POA — POA annua — the only one that had made it.

THANK GOD, at this time, I awoke.

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