



# The Surrounds

By Wayne G. Horman



'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the golf course, not a creature was stirring not even a grub. The snowmold controls were applied on greens with care, in hopes that spring would soon be there.

The crew went back to school to get well read, while visions of future jobs danced in their heads; and the assistant with his new Spring Valley coffee mug, and the superintendent in his Jacobsen cap, had just settled his budget for a long winter's nap.

When out in the parking lot there arose such a clatter, he sprang from his office to see what was the matter. Away to the window he flew in stride, closed the door and tried to hide.

The sun on the breast of the new fallen snow, gave the superintendent the idea he need not mow. When what to his glimmering eyes should appear, but a minivan pulling a trailer of eight walking John Deeres, with a little old driver so lively and hip, he new in a moment it must be a sales rep.

More rapid than eagles his pitches they came, and he blurted out products and called them by name: "Now Daconil! Now Dyrene! Now Primo and Fungo! How about Sentinel? Or Curlan? Or Banner or Vorlan? On top of the national trials they sit! When all else fails, they are a great fit! Now here are the fact sheets, here are the safety data sheets, think about them all"

As grass clippings that before the outfront rotary they fly, when they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, so up to the maintenance shop he flew, with a briefcase full of product samples and spec sheets, too.

And then in a twinkling the superintendent heard, the stories of other superintendents who used this or who used that. As the superintendent drew in his head and was turning around, out came all the samples with a bound. The sales rep was dressed all in polyester from his head to his foot, and his clothes were all tarnished with grease and soot. A bundle of calendars he had flung on his back, and he looked like Santa just opening his pack.

His eyes were all tired and bloodshot! His dimples, how merry! His cheeks were all stubby, his nose like a cheery! His droll little

mouth was drawn up like a bow, and the day beard he sported was as gray as dirty snow.

He had a broad face and not much of a belly. However, when he laughed it was a bit smelly. He had a nice sense of humor, but spent too much time spreading rumors.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, soon gave the superintendent plenty to dread. He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, and filled out his order pad, then turned with a jerk, he put out his hand, and giving a nod, he confirmed the order and left on demand.

He sprang to his minivan, to his car phone he did dial, looking for another prospect on file. But the superintendent heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight:

"Thanks for the order, and we hope it ships right!" 

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