

Greenkeeper Jim's Dream

(With apologies to the fellow who wrote the "Doctor's Dream")

Dedicated to my good friend Fred Burkhardt and his associates

By B. P. HANAN



THE sun boiled down with a simmering smile
 That made the Greens turn pale;
 The fairways cracked, 'neath the scorching blast
 Of the West's relentless gale.
 At night the creepy, crawly ants
 Piled up their mountains tall,
 To nick and grind, the cutters fine
 'Till ruined were they all.
 Then slimy worms, came up at night
 And piled high many a cast;
 'Till Vengeance sore, the keeper swore,
 Though it seemed a hopeless task.
 But Jim toiled on, through long hot days,
 And far into the night;
 With many a spray, kept up the fray,
 That the greens might be just right.
 Then Brown Patch came, and pesky moles
 Tore up the precious turfs;
 Terrific cost, yet all seemed lost,
 Poor Jim's head almost burst.
 Then the "Bosses" came one afternoon
 To try their hand at play;
 O'er many a bump, their balls did thump,
 And rolled from the scorched fairway.
 Their curses flew, at one they knew
 Was surely all to blame;
 Their golden pay, was thrown away,
 On a gink with half a brain.
 They came on Jim at the number Ten,
 His brow was wet with sweat;
 Their wrath unfurled, at Jim they hurled,
 A stinging epithet.
 That night poor Jim dropped to his chair,
 Too worn to go to bed,
 With a dizzy whirl he left this world,
 To the realms where dwell the dead.
 Before the Pearly Gates he stood,
 To him St. Peter said,
 "Your credentials, Sir, I must aver,
 Before you go ahead."
 "Credentials? Ah! I have none,
 I have none—that I know."
 A look on his face, seemed to spell disgrace,
 As his eyes and head drooped low.
 "None at all?" St. Peter asked,
 "I pray, please tell me then,

What did you do, as you journeyed through
 The world with your fellow men?"
 "What did I do?" Jim's face grew sad,
 "Just a greenkeeper" said he;
 "I tilled the soil by honest toil,
 At a course called the 'Marylee'."
 "Greenkeeper? Ah!" and in his eyes
 There played a look of mirth;
 "If that was thy lot, at such a spot,
 You've suffered enough on earth."
 "Eternal joys await you here,
 You've earned them,—enter in."
 And on a scroll, with the earthly roll
 He wrote, "Good Keeper Jim."
 "But wait," he said, "perhaps that you
 May know Heav'n's joys full well,
 With me you'd go, to the realms below,
 And see what you've missed in Hell.
 A rap he gave with his golden cane,
 They were hurtled off through space;
 Through whizzing air, they soon came where
 Lucifer fell from grace.
 They stood on a ledge and looked far down
 Into the chasm below;
 Through smoke and haze, they fixed their gaze,
 On the souls in the lurid glow.
 The imps were flitting about in glee,
 A'prodding their victims sore,
 Who shoveled the coals into bottomless holes,
 Sweat running from every pore.
 Then they walked on down o'er a narrow path
 To the edge of the boiling brew;
 To Jim's surprise, there met his eyes,
 Those who on earth he knew.
 There were the men who had bawled him out,
 Officers, directors,—all
 A'shielding the flames, from their roasting frames,
 As they stirred the kettles of gall.
 Long, long he watched the lurid scene,
 Contented now was Jim,
 To watch with mirth, those, who on earth
 Had made it so hot for him.
 Then good St. Peter said, "Let's go
 The Glory Land to see."
 "Nay, nay," Jim said, as he shook his head,
 "This is Heaven enough for me."