and sense of duty, having given unselfishly of himself to promote the interests of golf and of the Greenkeepers of America and Canada today.

From the Old Arm Chair
By LEWIS M. EVANS

The trip home from Louisville is over and I am back again in Mudville and evening finds me in the old arm chair looking out of the window at the evening shadows lengthening.

My thoughts carry me back to Detroit and the old Fort Shelby hotel and I sit and draw a mental picture of the Show and Convention held by the National Association of Greenkeepers. I walk through the lobby meeting old friends and new and then I go down the stairs to see the golf course equipment, etc. Wonderful. That doesn't explain it and to think that all the details pertaining to it had been handled by fellow greenkeepers. It doesn't seem possible and as I walked around the ground floor and that small balcony it seemed as if I was dreaming.

The Convention and Committee meetings took up much of the time and the last day soon arrived and I headed homeward convinced that I had witnessed the most wonderful Convention and Equipment Show that had ever been held and I questioned if I would ever see one as wonderful again. I shall always keep a warm spot in my heart for Detroit for I am convinced that it was there that the plant of fraternalism became deep rooted and it brought across the line our Canadian brothers whose friendship we are so proud of today.

The hand of time moves quickly and a year has elapsed and I arrive in Buffalo and go to the Statler hotel the Association's headquarters for the Convention and Show. I know that the speakers for the Convention are all that one could desire but how about the Show!

The morning for its opening arrives and I prepare myself to be disappointed, "It can't compare to the one in Detroit last year," I said to myself. I start through the lobby and stop many times to greet my old friends and those who are attending a Convention for the first time. Finally I go into the Show and the sight was simply startling. The equipment wonderfully arranged in that beautiful Ball Room and Foyer and there amid all that splendor I couldn't help but murmur, "Surely Fate has been kind to us."

Again that last day arrived all too soon and as I bid "good bye" to my friends with the usual "hope to see you next year" I headed toward Mudville once again. The trip home gave me many hours to thoroughly go over the happenings of those wonderful days, the wonderful show, the wonderful speakers, the wonderful entertainment provided in fact I should have covered the entire subject with the one word "wonderful." We have reached the top I said to myself and this was the finest Convention and Show that I shall ever see or any other greenkeeper for that matter. I was a better greenkeeper when I came home from Detroit but I am still a better one for having gone to Buffalo.

Another year has rolled around and time finds me with the old carpet bag packed and headed for Louisville. Enthused? No. Oh it might be a good Convention and Show, about on a par with Detroit but it can't touch Buffalo that I am sure. It was in the cool gray dawn
of the morning when I arrived and a taxi soon took me to the Kentucky hotel. The travel stains have been removed and I am down in the lobby talking to my fellow greenkeepers from all over the United States and Canada.

‘If good speakers and numbers spell success,’ I said to myself. ‘well then this is going to be a pretty good Convention.’ “Hey there Styme,” yells a good friend to me. “come over to the Show.” We went across the street and into the main door of the Armory. Oh boy! Gosh what a sight. Why the Registration desk has even been improved on. Would you look at all that equipment and how wonderfully it has been arranged. Say, aren’t the booths arranged great? The decorations are wonderful.

Wait a minute don’t walk so darn fast. What’s this? A miniature one shot hole with real grass on it and real water in the creek. Say that’s great. Who built it? George Davies of the Big Spring Golf Club. Say that’s a novel idea and that fellow “Davy” is sure an artist. My laws what are these? A couple of miniature greens built out of sand. Well this is the greatest ever. Wait until I read the signs that are on those greens. A Western team competing against an Eastern team in green construction and trapping also draining and the prize $100.00. This is the greatest thing of its kind ever held.

What’s the curtain over there? Oh that’s where the meetings are to be held. Come on let’s go in and listen to the talks on golf course problems. Those speakers are great. Did you ever dream you would see greenkeepers put anything across like this? I complete the mental picture of the wonderful entertainment that was provided at the banquet, also the theatre, the wonderful display of fellowship during those days and then as those splendid things pass before my eyes I am again saying “good bye” to all those good friends and with the old carpet bag packed I am heading toward Mudville once more, proud of the fact that I am a greenkeeper.

It was the greatest ever so far. I’m startled by a voice calling and it’s the wee Wife announcing that supper is ready and my mental picture of the Convention and Show at Louisville has been brought to an abrupt end.