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Chairman of the show committee is Don R. Boyd, Portage CC, Akron, Ohio.

Board of directors of the GSA held their annual business sessions at the New Yorker on February 4-5.

Poet Casts Peepers on Poor Greenkeepers

WILLIAM F. STEEDMAN, golf editor of the Seattle (Wash.) Times, who strums a nifty lyre now and then, recently sung in praise of the greenkeeper. Bill's libretto goes:

There's a chap whose lonely lot in life I heartily deplore. He hardly knows what human friendship means. You only think about him when you're feeling glum and sore. I'm referring to the Keeper of the Greens.

When the fairway's firm and springy and the greens are smooth and true and your soul in pride and ecstasy exults, you seldom pause to pay the recognition that is due to the man whose work accomplished such results.

But let your tee shot finish in a close or cuppy lie, or your putt slide off a tuft of grass and miss—in wrath you'll lift your hands and eyes and voice to heav'n and cry "Do we pay a man for such a job as this?"

At appointed times and seasons, when on fairways, greens and tees the fertilizer's nourishment is spread, and the acrid fumes of fish-glue float upon the gentle breeze, don't you ever think that grasses must be fed?

No, you cuss the Keeper of the Greens, confound his blasted eyes and demand in heated word and plaintive tone that the green committee fire him, though you ought to realize that you grow no grass with perfumes of Cologne!

When the club is having trouble keeping out of carmine ink, to the chairman of finance you're quick to go and murmur in his ear the sly suggestion "Don't you think the greens department's spending too much dough?"

The engine of the tractor may be coughing out its lungs, and the units of the mower may be shot, and the turf for food may holler with its million starving tongues—but they'll cut the greensman's budget, like as not.

Then he'll coax the dying motor, he'll get by with worn-out tools, he will scrimp and save on seed and oil and gas, and despite the interference of some unenlightened fools, somehow he will contrive to give you grass.

When the product of his labors in the spring's returning sun shines forth in verdant beauty o'er the land, he doesn't wait your plaudits for the work that he has done, for he knows they are but few who understand.

The sweetest praise he ever gets is silence most profound that welcomes him when all is going well. He knows the only time the boys will ever gather round is when they wish to give him plenty hell.

I wouldn't like the life he leads, the lonely path he fares, with scarce a friend to ease the going tough; but everybody to his taste—I hail the chap who dares misunderstanding when he knows his stuff.



Come snow, come hail, come sleet, but golf pursues its eternal life at the Braidburn CC. (Madison, N. J.) where Jim Todd, pro, has introduced a new game to keep the golfers golfing during the winter. A red tennis ball takes the place of the regular golf ball, and only two clubs are used—a driver and a niblick.

The best drive has been about 80 yards and the score is just about double that of the regular game. The game was introduced here after the pro had seen it played at Victoria, B. C.

The pictured group shows member J. Moore teeing off on the new fangled pastime, while the onlookers are, left to right: P. M. Bland, A. A. Pierce and H. Smith.