He Saw the Light and Prospered

By WM. POTTER
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I HAVE been very much interested in reading the articles in your magazine in connection with the betterment of the pro business, and while what I have to say probably represents a situation only embracing a small percentage of pros, yet I see evidence in my territory that such situations exist and are not uncommon.

I have been calling on a pro frequently for several years and, of course, I got to know him well. Let’s call him Bill Smith and go back three years. Here is how the conversation went:

“Well, Mr. Smith, we’ve had some pretty decent weather, business must be pretty good.”

To which Mr. Smith replied:

“Business is rotten. I am only giving a few lessons, the members are a bunch of cheap skates, they buy a lot of stuff downtown. Say, if you hear of a good job let me know about it.”

Let us go back two years and again the story was practically the same, and also last year.

Let us to a small degree analyze this pro. He is a man of thirty or so, of average intelligence and a pleasing personality, a good teacher and a fair player. The situation as I found it those three years was this: I would go out to his club and if he was not around I would inquire of the caddy master for hint and the answer would be:

“Mr. Smith has gone over to Green Meadows to play,” or “Jimmy Jones, pro from such and such a club, is here playing with Mr. Smith.”

Stay on the Job

It wasn’t that business was so rotten as it was that he wasn’t on the job to take care of it. His members would call up for lessons, not once, but several times, and couldn’t connect, so naturally after a while they drifted away from him. He wasn’t taking proper care of his business and giving that personal touch that no drug store or department store can give in fitting members with proper clubs and the story always was, “Business is rotten—let me know if you hear of a good job.”

This year things are different. He saw the light. His shop had never been particularly inviting, but this year he arranged it so that it is now a pleasure to go in. His stock is a pleasure to the eye—not that he is carrying any more than usual—but it is arranged and displayed with good taste, he is on the job from early mornings until late evenings, his time for the most part being taken up with lessons and it is next to impossible to get him to play golf. This is a club in which the membership has changed but little over the past four years, a club at which business was always rotten, but the other day when I asked Mr. Smith how business was he answered:

“Wonderful; I have tripled my business this year over the same period last year.”

And he admitted that the business was there all the time, only he hadn’t gone after it.

FERTILIZERS of any description should always be used with care, combined with knowledge of the particular soil and its existing chemical contents. Different soils require different treatment. What suits one green on a course, may not suit another on the same course. Therefore no hard and fast rule can be laid down in fertilizing golf courses.—From the Journal of the Golf Greeners. Assn., England.

D. C. BUNKER, in charge of maintenance of municipal golf course at Galesburg, III., is believed to be the world’s first greenkeeper to be honored by having a public course named after him. City council endorsed the action.

“BERT” HUMISTON, FERTILIZER EXPERT, GOES WITH V. C.

Chicago, Ill.—Hobert E. (“Bert”) Humiston, for 15 years in the fertilizer business, and, prior to that time, active in the horticultural business, has become associated with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co. in a sales development capacity.

Humiston is well known to the golf trade, having been, for the last seven years, with the Premier Poultry Manur Co. of Chicago, during the latter part of this period being vice-president and general manager. He is nationally rated as a practical authority on fertilizer manufacturing, utilizing and merchandising. He will spend a good part of his time in the field for Virginia-Carolina, and will make his headquarters at 1758 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, with the telephone, Ravenswood 6180.