York area and can tell you within $67.50 of what it will cost you to maintain your course in o.k. order. Believe me when I tell you that these golf course supply men know golf course maintenance costs to the last nickel. They have to know because that's part of the business."

All of which I think you will concede was good advice. Had this green-chairman been located in any other district I should have sent him to a knowing and conscientious dealer.

All this brings to mind the innumerable occasions when I have figuratively pulled both feet out of the quicksands by putting my problem to a sound dealer in golf course supplies.

From my own experience and from what greenkeepers and club officials tell me it is fairly obvious that golf course supply dealers as a whole are selling something more than moving machines, fertilizers and bamboo poles, and that extra something is service, and, as you and I know, service is the commercial commodity which oils the wheels of progress and keeps the world going smoothly on all four cylinders.

**Dealer Has Right to Profit**

Now, as a matter of fact the average golf course supply dealer is an unimaginative, matter-of-fact sort of a cuss and he is kept pretty busy trying to pry enough jack out of some of the slow-pay golf clubs on his books to keep the business out of the red. If he gives any thought at all to the amount of service he renders a golf club in the course of a year's time he probably figures that the more service and help he can give a club, the more stuff he can sell that club and the more money he can make thereby.

Now if that isn't a low, common, vulgar, selfish, narrow-minded, unintellectual viewpoint and philosophy of action and conduct then I'm a female red-breasted canary. The fact that the only thing which keeps the U. S. A. from going to hell in sixty days net is the 99,758,633 other individual in this country who hold the same business philosophy, is neither here nor there. It seems to be the fixed idea in certain quarters that golf course supply dealers have no right to make money, although this attitude is probably less pronounced than was the case ten years ago at which time a prosperous dealer had the social status of a jaundiced polecat.

All this reminds me of a certain dentist located not very far from where I am sitting two-fingering this typewriter. About three weeks ago this fang specialist soaked me $10 for filling one tooth, said operation taking up 28½ minutes of his valuable time. Y'understand I'll be damned lucky if that filling stays with me more than three months at the most, at the end of which time he doubtless figures on mining me for another ten spot. Just wait until his wife comes to my nursery for some more evergreens. I'll recover that ten spot plus interest. Incidentally this dentist is chairman of a golf club and from what they tell me tried hard to buy everything at cost plus 2 per cent. What that gent needs is a good stiff hypodermic injection of "live and let live."

Probably the most outstanding example in this country of a money-making individual is Henry Ford. They tell me that Mr. Ford has so much jack that he can't count it. The peculiar thing about all this consists in the fact that the more money Mr. Ford scrambles together the more he pays his labor. The more money he makes the better car he builds and the lower price he sells it for and the more money he makes, all around and around in a beautiful little circle. Every public-serving industry comprising the country as a whole was developed by selling at a good profit.

**Does His Pet War Dance**

Last February, at the annual meeting of the National Greenkeepers Association, I took a few pot shots at service bureaus. Theoretically, service bureaus may be o. k., but in my personal opinion they end up by proving paralyzing in their final result. "Pay us $100 per annum," says the service bureau to the individual golf club, "and we will supervise your purchases and save you many times the cost of our service."