store bait:

golf balls may be a pro's 
bread and butter, but 
they're just "customer bait" 
to a store. 
they call 'em "loss leaders" 
and it's all the pro's loss 

if a ball isn't popular 
stores won't touch it. 
if it's in demand 
they'll move heaven and earth 
to get it 
and then kick hell out of it! 
stores won't promote a ball, 
they let the pro do that. 
and when the pro puts it over 
the store takes it over. 
and relieves the pro 
of sales and profits . . . 

there's just one defense 
and a pro doesn't need 
a building 
to fall on him to see it. 
push a ball 
the stores can't get. 
that's your only way out. 

8 years ago 
Penfold started pro-only. 
we're still pro-only and will 
continue that way. 
get Penfolds going at your job 
and watch your members 
come back to you for more. 
Penfolds aren't 
"cheaper downtown" 
they just aren't "downtown."

go "pro-only" with 
PENFOLD

NEW YORK: 11 Park Place, New York, N. Y. 
CHICAGO: Carrier & Lee, 427 West Erie St. 
CLEVELAND: Dist. Terminal, 2000 W. 14 St. 
SAN FRANCISCO: Poinsett & Co., 121 2nd St. 
SEATTLE: Bob King & Co., 852 East 57th St. 

purchase a rubber stamp which carried the 
permit number, and this is stamped by 
hand on each envelope. Another item, 
stencil sheets, cost $1.50 a dozen. 
Many clubs undoubtedly already have a 
mimeograph machine, and if such is the 
case, a newsy little bulletin such as the 
Reporter could be turned out weekly for 
as low as $5.00 or $6.00, which includes 
costs for envelopes, paper, postage, and 
stencils. The publicity value of such a 
paper to the manager is tremendous, and 
at Ridgeview and at other clubs who have 
been turning out similar promotion, they'll 
attest to the great value of the thing in 
increased club revenue, club interest, and 
general good fellowship. 

Greensmen Turn to Rhyme to 
Forget Job Woes

GOLF course maintenance doesn't drive 
men to drink as often as might be sus-
pected. But it does seem to drive them 
to poetry. New England now presents its 
representatives in GOLFDOM's Garden of 
Poetry: 

First on the tee is Harrison G. Taylor, 
green-committee chairman of the Worcester (Mass.) 
CC, with his classic "Lament of the Green- 
committee Chairman," which is a poem 
ending with a statement strongly endorsed 
by other green-committee chairman. 

Now for Mr. Taylor's imperishable 
verse:

I used to be so happy 
When I went out to play, 
You'd always find me smiling 
On any pleasant day. 

I'd go and get a caddie 
And hand him all my clubs; 
'Twas fun to be a-playing 
With the usual bunch of dubs. 

I thought the fairways perfect, 
The rough— 'twas not so bad, 
The greens were simply lovely, 
They'd make any golfer glad. 

I'd say— "if up in heaven 
They have a course like this, 
I surely hope I go there 
For a million years of bliss."

Then one day they chose me Chairman, 
To look out for the greens, 
I'll never be the same, boys, 
For it shattered all my dreams.
At once they began to tell me
The course was on the bum,
And everyone who worked on it
Was blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Some said the greens were much too long,
Some said they're much too short;
They were too fast—they were too slow,
In fact, they ruined sport.

They said the trees were in the way,
With branches outstretched wide,
But when to help we cut one down,
"He should be shot" they cried.

A guy would play around the course
Recouping from a jag,
And blame our genial pro
'Cause his putts weren't in the bag.

A lie upon the fairway
Was always in a hole
And every single sand trap
Was like a concrete bowl.

All this grieved me greatly
For I couldn't understand
Why golfers from other cities said,
"Your course is simply grand."

So—I will go to heaven boys
And play o'er hill and dell
And those who don't like a course like ours
Will have to go to Hell.

Then we present with pride that other
Sweet Singer of the Sand Traps, Charles
Parker, who, when not in the throes of
composition, functions efficiently as supt.
of the Wianno GC at Osterville, Mass. Mr.
Parker smites his bloomin' lyre with the
following result:

I'm a lousy advertiser of my own intrinsic
worth,
'Tis said no puling cry announced the
coming at my birth.
And so on through the years I've been
that ordinary eesx
Who's pushed along up through the ranks
with no alarming fuss
To call attention to myself or sound the
great "I am."
I warn you though, I hold myself in no
one sense a "ham."
No matter what the title is or what the
job has been
I'm still that golfers' "hair shirt" the
keeper of the Green.
I know my jobs a sinecure. Oh yes! An
A-1 cinch,
You'll see 'em on every fairway from Hollywood to Halifax... Congo and King Congo Hats. Again your club members will dig into their jeans to buy new 1938 Congos if you give them a chance. The "Congo," illustrated above, retails for 50 cents. Made of white or tan duck with green pyralin visor. Each hat individually steam blocked.

**KING Congo**

is a new big brother of the famous "Congo." Made of lightweight Panama Repp, Sanforized shrunk and steam blocked, with flexible stitched brim. Colors... white, tan, grey and light green. Retails for $1.00.

**JACKMAN SPORTSWEAR CO.**

14 E. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, III.

**APPLY CHEMICALS QUICKLY AND SAFELY TO PUTTING GREENS**

McCLAIN HYDRO-MIXER

This is the speed outfit they are all talking about. Hundreds now in use.

Greenkeepers everywhere saving time, labor and money by treating and fertilizing Greens in fraction of time required by expensive sprayers.


Write for literature today.

McCLAIN BROTHERS COMPANY. Canton, Ohio

Of course at times, say now and then, is felt a little pinch.

I know my job is all of that as through the years I go.

I know, because by word and act you all have told me so.

From time to time a confere strikes up the sounding brass.

Admits he knows entirely about this stuff called grass,

And from his lips there gushes forth, or from a facile pen

A wealth of scientific lore. A man above all men.

Oh envy's bitter potion it seems my lot to drink

Until, in my own plodding way, I stop a bit and think

Of how these high turned phrases check-up with what I've seen.

The proof is not the pudding. The proof is in the Green.

Now sometimes, too, I see spread forth upon the Daily News

That expert "Bent" is now in charge and down will come the dues.

It may be "Mashie Niblick" that master mind of links

Who's come to rehabilitate our club. At least that's what he thinks.

Or right down through the clubhouse from front door to the back,

About my greens, there's no one who will not take a crack;

"Now laddie buck when I was young and worked upon a farm"

"We don't have this fancy bunk to do us so great harm,"

And so on far into the night, or else they'll endless spout

From windy, wordy, writings until they have me out.

I know that stuff goes over big at the nineteenth or the grill

And I begin to boil and steam and look around, for some one to kill

Upon good wife I vent my grouch until she hollers, "Hey!"

"Snap out of it. Look for the laughs. Tomorrow's another day."

Gee, gosh and such! Don't get me wrong.

My head's not getting sore

Tho I'm a wee bit groggy as they check me more and more.

I'll take the cuts they hand me and try and keep alive.

I'm waiting to be told just how two men will work as five
Or how the kids can be kept dressed and Missus looking neat
When pay checks shrink from month to month. It sure will be some feat.
But just the same I'll play along until the very day
The old man with the scythe swings once and cuts me down to hay.
I'll try to keep up with the boys who know their thus and so
I'll plug and read and study and forget about the dough.
The wise boys say, "You're nutty" perhaps they're right, alas!
I just can't think of laying down, because I love my grass.

IT'S ON THE HOUSE
By TOM REAM,
Manager
Westmoreland CC

Back of every successful club, you'll find a good picker of employees.
Good food, like good music, is composed, enjoyed. But all is not then lost. The memory lingers on.
The staff reflects the head. Don't act imperious unless you want your club to have a cold, resentful atmosphere. And you don't!
There is no sense in depending on memory. You may be proud of it but it will fail you. Memorandums are safest.
One of the most cutting criticisms the member can make is that he likes the golf course, but the clubhouse help is "untrained."
Welcome the critic. Someone has to pull things about or the dust will accumulate under furniture and under brains. If you think you're the best ever, you're in danger.
The successful manager is close to the problems of his employees.
Take care of the corners and dark places and the rest will come naturally.
It takes effort, and is worth the effort, to have your club recognized as one of the topnotchers in your district.
There's always something doing in a good club because the management is up and doing.