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Heldt Company,
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Johns Equipment Co.,
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J. C. Kirchdorfer,
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B. B. Wilson Company,
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CANADA
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551 Howe Street,
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J. C. Kirchdorfer,
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Louisville, Ky.
B. B. Wilson Company,
Lexington, Ky.

MINNESOTA
H. E. Erickson Equipment & Supplies, Inc.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW JERSEY
Summit Hardware Co.,
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The Ideal Mower frame is pulled—yet it pushes the cutting units like hand mowers. They are not held rigid, but are hinged, to allow for undulating ground.

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Since their introduction some six years ago, IDEAL BULLDOG MOWERS have constantly grown in favor. Not only has a high standard of quality been maintained, but improvement in design and construction has at all times kept pace with the development of golf.

Each year, more and more clubs and parks have learned of their operating economies. Sales have mounted steadily. In 1929, the increase in the sale of Bulldog Mowers showed a gain of 97% over the best previous year's business.

Greater volume has reflected in lower manufacturing costs. Quantity purchases bring more favorable prices on material. A greater production schedule effects big saving in shop operation and has warranted the installation of new automatic labor-saving machinery. Sales and distribution costs are lower.

As a result of these savings, both the Ideal 3-gang Bulldog Mower and the Ideal 5-gang Bulldog mower are to be offered at substantially lower prices for 1930.

The new low prices will be ready for public announcement at the opening of the 4th Annual Show of the National Association of Greenskeepers in Louisville, Kentucky, February 4th to 7th, 1930. Be sure to call at the Ideal exhibit and secure full particulars.

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IDEAL GOLF COURSE EQUIPMENT
IDEAL BRANCHES AND SERVICE STATIONS throughout the United States and Canada

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Lawn, Garden & Golf Equipment Co., 420 Belmont St., Portland, Oregon

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WASHINGTON

IDEAL GOLF COURSE EQUIPMENT
GREENKEEPERS Plan
New Year PROGRESS

By JOHN MORLEY
President, National Association of Greenkeepers of America

W I T H O U T giving away to any unjustified optimism the observer of conditions in the greenkeeping field can risk a forecast of 1930 that should be cheering to the golfing public. Basing my statement on the foundation of scientific practice that we have been painstakingly establishing for some time, I believe it is not too much to say that the new year will witness notable advances in mechanization of maintenance methods, labor management, watering and drainage, and in fertilization.

As greenkeepers we are accustomed to having our fondest plans knocked galley-west by the weather, and even though we are agriculturists to the extent of producing one of the most intensive fine crops in the world, the government is not expected to control the weather for us or discount its effect by putting aside vast sums for golf course relief. Consequently, even though a greenkeeper be a genius of the first rank, his best work may be entirely offset by the weather. Mark Twain said it is strange that with so many complaints about the weather so little is done in the matter. With our watering systems to counteract prolonged droughts and our drainage systems to handle an excess of rainfall, we are hoping that we will be able to do something on our own account in this matter of weather-making. The remaining important factor we have to contend with is that of sunshine, and with the constant pressure upon us to have our courses always to the finest point of perfection it may be that we will see the day when the ultra-violet lamps and other devices will have a place in turf development and maintenance. Today the notion may savor somewhat strongly of Jules Verne, but tomorrow, who knows?

With the advent of practical cost-keeping systems the greenkeepers have been brought face to face with the imposing element of labor costs and with the problem of their reduction. The national average probably would show somewhere between 60 and 70 per cent of all maintenance cost being that of labor. In the selection of this manpower, its training, supervision and effective utilization, I believe the greenkeepers have made an amazing advance during the past few years. Arrangement of our programs so we can keep the key men of our forces employed all year at economy to our clubs has enabled us to tremendously increase the standard of our staffs. Still there is a lot to be done in this direction and I suggest that each greenkeeper and green-chairman give the matter their combined, earnest study. The ideal situation would be mechanization of course work to the extent that a small, well-trained and conscientious staff could be employed the year around, with machinery helping them to do the summer work that now requires so much manual effort, and conditioning of the machinery, painting, landscaping work, etc., profitably employing the time when the course is out of play.

A Businesslike Setup
From California, where the fairway watering systems have been vital details of the pictures of some years, the course of virtually automatic watering is pushing its way eastward. Since the realization of the good done by these systems there has been provided the commercial spur to technical development. Conditions in California and those in the central states and east differ radically in a number of respects with regard to watering but nevertheless the basic work done by the Californians in course watering has been such that not much work will have to be done in perfectly adapting the Cali-
fornia systems to the requirements of courses farther east. With fairway watering, of course, comes the item of a big jump in annual maintenance expense, for golf course water does not fall "like the gentle rain from heaven" on the budget. It hits it with a jolt that makes the easterners, who are unaccustomed to big-volume water charges, wince. The demands of the players for perfectly conditioned courses, however, seem to very plainly point to a vast extension of watering systems.

When you get to the complicated problems of watering, drainage and fertilization, you are confronted with a necessity of guarding against expensive errors. When the clubs realize that these are factors that frequently wrap the specialists in these fields into serious tangles, the greenkeeper will not be begrudged the money it will cost to handle the situation properly. No one knows any better than the veteran expert greenkeeper what it costs to conduct work in an empirical manner. But we've had to do it so long that it seems to be in the order of things. That's not as it should be and I welcome the promise of 1930 in the extension of really qualified and sound service of experts. The cost of such service to a golf club will be an economy over a period and at least will represent a fee that will give clubs a proper idea of the value of the greenkeepers' services.

As it is, the greenkeeper is expected to be a specialist in fertilization, irrigation, plant diseases, labor management, construction methods, equipment care, landscaping and turf development for an establishment representing frequently an investment in excess of a million dollars, but one would never guess it, judging by the prevailing salary scale. However, we are a philosophical bunch and the happy and striving thralls of the great god Golf. It is a dangerous confession for a greenkeeper to make where it will come to the attention of green-chairman who set the figures on the pay-checks, but I believe most of us in the greenkeeping profession get as much thrill out of being able to say, "My course is the best kept in the country for the money," as we do out of drawing our salaries. It is not remotely possible, though, that our wives and children may think otherwise.

It is every greenkeeper's earnest intention to make 1930 the year of most decided advance not only in the condition of his own course but of golf maintenance in general. This is the key-note of the convention the National Association of Greenkeepers of America will hold at Louisville, Feb. 4-7. Here we expect to marshal our men and methods for the 1930 campaign, and on behalf of the greenkeepers I cordially invite each green-chairman to attend this meeting. Come if you possibly can, and at least please use your influence on your directors to see that your greenkeeper is sent to this valuable and intensely practical conference.

Affeldt Heads Long Island Greenkeepers


The new organization plans to have one meeting a month during the winter and two a month during the summer months. Half of the bi-monthly summer meetings will be held outside at the courses of members.

We know a player who for years has followed the practice of kicking or otherwise removing stones from the paths and fairways of his home course. This is done while walking between shots and between greens and tees. It does not interfere in the least with his game or the play of others. His course still has a good many stones on it in spots, so that the casual observer can not see much to our player friend's stone-removing activity. But there is something to his practice—a great deal, in fact. Through his influence and example other players have adopted it, and the clearing that has resulted is very noticeable to those who have their eyes open.—From the Green Section Bulletin.

CRAB grass is an annual. Cut it off just below the crown. The roots can not grow another plant.
A smiling young Celt went out into what the big town boys term the "sticks" a few years ago to take his first sure- enough pro job. I knew this boy as an assistant. Everybody else who came into the club where he worked knew him too. He had one of those come-in-out-of-the-storm grins on him and was so genuinely eager to do something for anyone who came into the shop that he had scores of friends who probably didn't know him by name but were added to his cohorts by the pleasant reception they got from him.

He picked up selling ideas like the Century snatches a bag of mail from a wayside post, and he was in a spot where he could learn a lot, being on genial Jack Daray's staff at Olympia Fields. Jack, the old master, turned this kid, Jerry Glynn, loose for Jerry's first job as pro with a paternal benediction and the moaning low gentry among the laddies ducking the early spring sleet around the radiators at Spalding's, in the Lytton building and at Bob Jackson's all forecast a gloomy year of starving to death for the young hopeful.

The club to which he was going, so the dire dopesters said, wouldn't loosen a dime for the exclusive talking picture rights on the second coming of the Messiah. Now, how much dough this Glynn boy had to finance the inauguration of his new operation I don't know, but I have a fair idea of what assistants get, even at the top, so I am confident that I am taking no liberties with the truth when I put it down that Jerry was traveling light. Lots of fellows would have said, "Ah, wotel. The manufacturers will give me credit until I am going." And let it go at that. You couldn't blame them for that is a fairly usual order of things. But not this ambitious young man. He went into his new burg with the snow still sloppy and melting on the ground, when the golfers were thinking the sun never would come out again and consequently feeling most intensely the perverse itch of humanity to do what they can't.

"Get Busy," the Boy's Battle-Cry

That was setting the scene right enough for the first act curtain, according to Jerry's way of thinking. He didn't hang around the club waiting for a few early birds to drift in. He went out after them, making office-to-office calls and dropping around at the homes in the evening to get acquainted with his new members. So, before the actual playing season opened this boy had sold around $2,000 worth of clubs. All this while the prophets of his dismal season were still sitting around creating callouses on their posteriors.

That season and the time following at the club was profitable for Glynn. He had established the habit among the members of dealing with the pro on a lively basis, for he had shown that the pro was mighty interested in getting the business and, what's more, in his members. Some of the boys who are sincere good friends of his have said that Jerry's a ball of fire in selling, but he puts the stuff on too hot—people get fed up on having efforts made to sell them something every time they get near the pro. Well, maybe so, but you have to give the kid credit for exercising excellent judgment in knowing where to stop and for that happy personality of his working to take away any sting that might accompany the high pressure.

Last year Glynn went ahead to another
Here's Jerry's Christmas letter to the Barrington members. It dragged in business.

job, at Barrington Hills C. C. (Chicago district). Here is a spot where any strong-arm stuff in selling would bring down the wrath of the gods, for the Barrington people are distinctly gold-coastish. They would resent any obviously heavy work in getting them to buy. But inviting display and subtle suggestion, both with the background of an honest desire to help the members get the most from their golf, has put Glynn across in grand shape at Barrington. It is a rather small club in numbers, as metropolitan district clubs go, but Glynn gave about 600 lessons during the year and sold approximately the same number of clubs. That means steady and regular hours at the club, a schedule not in keeping with the popular and uninformed idea that it's great to be a pro and have nothing to do but play around in the sunshine. Jerry only played six rounds in 1929.

The Barrington members vote the Glynn ticket straight. A number of them to whom I spoke during the past season have taken time out to put in a fine endorsement of their pro and when it came time to renew his contract they expressed their approval with a substantial raise.

**Keeps in Touch All Year**

Glynn doesn't let the winter come in between him and his Barrington members. He is at the Lake Shore Athletic club's winter school. Being in a winter school at a private club might stop some boys from keeping in touch with their summer jobs, due to the restriction in membership, but not Jerry. He sent out a neatly printed circular to the Barrington roster in which he said: "If you are not a member, some of your friends are members, and you could come in as a guest." That circular, which is reproduced with this story, and another one sent out by the eminent "Doc" Code, chairman of Lake Shore's golf committee, helped Jerry a lot, according to his own testimony, to put on the Santa Claus act for his kids.

Some of the fellows may be wondering by this time why I am plastering the story of "The Great Glynn" over all this space. I'm no press agent for the kid. To me—not that I'm such a hell of a guy myself—Jerry's just another good smart pro, and that's why he's a story. He is, to my way of thinking, a representative specimen of the type of younger pro by whom the newer recruits in pro golf ranks may be judged correctly; a worker who is using his head to offset the traditional handicap of short season and other reputed drawbacks of the profession. These boys are making their own performances as business men substantial spurs to the pro cause just as their elders have done in establishing lasting standards of integrity, sportsmanship and service of the heart and hand to the game.

The happy combination of solid and successful veterans and live kids who are carrying on the work is an alliance that constitutes one of golf's prime assets. When you hear that a pro career is a dubious choice, this team proves otherwise.
Managers Discuss Ways of Handling Irate Members in the Dining-Room

By JACK FULTON, JR.

THIS business of giving top-notch table service in the dining-room is not a detail to be taken lightly. Every house-committee chairman, every club manager in the country finds it most necessary to be ever on the alert, ready to forestall, as much as possible, the almost daily complaints of the members. The official who manages to go through the season without having to placate a dozen or so irate members who fancy themselves discriminated against by some unavoidable and generally trivial incident, can consider himself the lucky possessor of an unbelievably efficient dining-room staff.

Some club members are a queer proposition anyway, as most officials discover shortly after taking office. Here, for example, is a common type. The golfer in question, an A-1 good sport in his contacts with his fellow members out on the course and in the locker-room, appears to have a breadth of vision that will cause him to overlook trivial inconveniences—yet this same man very often is the type who abuses his caddy, bawls out the locker-boys and insists on perfect service in the dining-room. He is ever ready to “kick up a ruckus” if things go wrong, whether avoidable or not.

One club manager, an old-timer in the profession, advances an interesting theory
to account for this type of member. "The diner who kicks," he says, "and kicks loudly where all can hear him, is generally a man who, in former years before he earned enough to join the club, was unaccustomed to the quality of service a club offers. As a rule he belongs to the *nouveau riche* and is trying hard to live up to his income. He wants to hide all traces of his former scale of living, is just a little ashamed of it, and as a consequence labors under the delusion that he must pretend he has always been used to the very best of everything. He is continually looking for some way to fortify his position in the eyes of his fellow members, and "bawling-out" defenseless employes for minor mistakes is, in his mind, made to order.

"He makes the dining-room his particular hunting ground, enters it with a chip on his shoulder, watches like a fox for the first slip-up in service (it may be anything from a mistake in the kind of salad dressing ordered to soup down the neck) and bingo!—the fireworks begin. Where's the head-waiter! Where's the manager! Where's the house-chairman! Where's the president! Blankety-blank club! Going to resign! Terrible service! Mumble! mumble! mumble!"

Now, that member by his outburst gets nowhere. He ruins his enjoyment of his meal, gives indigestion to his table-mates, incurs the hatred of the unfortunate employe who waited on him, and does not fool the manager a bit, for the manager has faced scores of incidents precisely similar and knows for a certainty that not once in a hundred times does the employe's mistake justify the member's howl. The member who from childhood has been accustomed to the better things in life—including the best of service—expects, understands and forgives errors. When he has a real complaint, he makes it quietly and firmly to the proper official. If deliberate neglect of duty on the part of the waiter is the cause of the complaint, he may "call" the server for it, but he will do it quietly so as not to disturb his fellow diners.

This article is not concerned with this type of member; it is the chronic kicker we are interested in smothering. How best to go about this is debatable, but there are certain standard practices, found most successful in the past, that every experienced manager sooner or later adopts.

For obvious reasons of diplomacy, when a complaint reaches a manager he must make it very clear that the member is right, just as in large mercantile establishments "the customer is always right." He must sympathize with the member for his employe's error, thank him for calling attention to the mistake, and promise to investigate immediately. And if he is a smart manager, he will trace the matter down, immediately and thoroughly, no matter how pressing other managerial duties may be.

The manager, having been given the member's side of the story, should not jump at conclusions until the employe's slant on the matter has been learned. The employe may or may not be directly at fault. A waiter cannot, and is not, responsible for poorly cooked food, although the thoughtless member may blame him for it. In such cases the chef concerned must be taken to task for his carelessness. Similarly a waiter can be pardoned if during the rush hours he fails to notice that a plate or silverware laid before the member is slightly soiled. The fault lies with the dishwasher, but in the member's eyes such errors are the waiter's alone. Such instances as those just given make clear the necessity of a complete and impartial investigation by the manager.

In extreme cases the manager may find himself forced to discharge the waiter and replace him with a more careful man. Impertinence to a member of course cannot be countenanced around a country club and dismissal, irrespective of the value of the employe, is generally conceded to be the wise move, mainly for its salutary effect on the balance of the dining-room staff.

When all possible staff faults such as the above have been eliminated, and when the manager has definitely determined that the member's complaint was unjustified, there are two most necessary steps to take: first, he must tell the employe so, and tell him at the same time to forget the incident; and second, he must not himself forget the matter, but must add it in his mind to the sum-total of other complaints by that same member in the past. Before long, the alert manager will have definitely tabbed the chronic-kickers among the membership.

GOLFDOM recently asked a number of club managers how they went about this matter of chronic-kickers and surprisingly, the answers received fell quite definitely