## IMAGE

Lt.-Col. K A. Nash discusses one of his problems as Secretary of the English Golf Union—publicising his publications

## IMAGE, PROJECTION OF

**O**<sup>UR</sup> problem, we reckoned, is to put over to the average club member what we are doing for golf

Our publication—the Calendar, and the Year Book, are all right for Match Secretaries, Club Secretaries, County Union Secretaries and those sort of chaps, but what does the average golfer know about us?

A good question.

Also a good question is what does the average golfer, or the average club member, *want* to know about us?

Well, he pays a bob a year to us so he is entitled to know

Another good question is what *is* an average club member?

You might say he is the possessor of a 14 handicap.

You might say he's a business man, or a retired serviceman, around about fifty year of age.

You might say that he has a comfortable income.

You might say anything you damn well like, but the only thing you can be sure of is that he enjoys his game of golf and doesn't really care a tinker's cuss about anything else except the bar opening times.

And his subscription.

Unlike his trolley, he can't be pushed around.

He has never got his spectacles with him when you want him to read a notice (or anything else, except his card when he has gone round under his handicap).

The task, then, of projecting one's image (as the ad-men say) to this bloke is a pretty formidable one.

You see, it's rather like talking to yourself

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Nevertheless, we felt bound to make an effort.

We rang up a chap we know—something to do with advertising.

"The current trend, old man, is 'off beat' ads. Facetious stuff, you know full of understatement. Nothing intense, whatever you do. See Schweppes, Roy Brooks or Accles & Pollock. Not to mention Guinness."

"My dear chap, we practically originated that stuff See 'The Golfing Year, 1961' "

"Never heard of it "

"Goodbye, old man."

colossal row at a meeting

\* \* \* Let us, we thought, have a go at the

good old Popular Press. "Well, it's terribly difficult to get space these days, old boy Of course, if you had a strike by golf stewards, or a

Otherwise there's not much doing at this time of the year

Have you got anything controversial?"

"Well, there is something coming up, but it's got to go through the various Committees, and then the Council has got to "

"Yes, I see, old man. Well, give me a ring next March—maybe able to get something in then "

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"Try," said a chap in publishing, "making your publications more grand. You know the sort of thing—glossy illustrations, first-rate cartoons, articles by top writers, and all that sort of thing. Raise the standard, old chap. Wrap the message up, as it were. Double the price."

"But we give most of them away"

"Who to?" (He wasn't the sort of bloke who says 'To whom?'—he is a very average golfer himself)

"To golf clubs."

"Oh Gawd."

There is only one thing to do, we thought. Get enough of the trade to buy advertising space so that we can enlarge the scope of the editorial matter and publish every darned thing we do. Cut out all this "social round" stuff Who wants to read about dinners and speeches and whether they were held in the Café Royal or the Burp and Guzzle?

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The telephone rang.

"I say," said the caller, "thanks for the write-up you gave our dinner this month. Can you send a couple of dozen copies over for the chaps. Might as well have another dozen Year Books if you've got 'em. I'll send you a cheque."

The funny thing about this is that it really happened.

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With grateful acknowledgments to the Author The E.G U Dates Calendar costs 5/ p.a., post free.





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## CARTER'S BLUE BOOK 1964

Messrs. Carters Blue Book of Gardening for 1964 appeared in December and readers can obtain a copy free on application to Messrs. Carters, Raynes Park, London, S.W.20. Eight pages of colour photographs will show you just how to plan your flower beds for best effect and well-known vegetable strains abound in the second half of the catalogue. This will be a useful fireside companion during the next two months.



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