

## Novel Dance Announcements PAY BIG

**C**lub ENTERTAINMENTS may be announced in two ways: by plain formal statement that on such and such a date the club will hold such and such a party, or by a cleverly conceived and executed announcement. The difference in appeal of the two types of printed matter is often great—the plain announcement attracts only those members who planned to attend anyway, while the unique invitation often sways those members who hadn't planned to be present but who can be "sold" on the idea if the selling job is well done.

Bonnie Briar C. C., Larchmont, N. Y., consistently issues the cleverest announcements coming to GOLFDOM'S notice. The latest, heralding a barn dance, is a 4-page folder, the front cover of which closely reproduces in red and black the front cover of a recent issue of *Ballyhoo*, comic monthly, only the heading is changed to "Bonnyhoo" and the words under the drawing reads:

*She*—"Who is that lady you're taking to the Bonnie Briar Barn Dance Thanksgiving Eve?"

*He*—"That ain't no lady, that's my wife!"

The inside spread of the folder reads as follows:

*Right, sister, this did start out as an imitation of the funny sheet Ballyhoo for no good reason but to get your attention long enough to tell you about the Bonnie Briar Barn Dance Thanksgiving Eve.*

*Usually this sort of thing is done in rube dialect, but they closed up the 49th street place where we get our dialect and anyway this has been a bum year for dialect. But a good year for barn dances.*

*The price is only four dollars this year. We lopped off a buck, not because the party is less red-hot, but because it's smart to be thrifty. Four dollars for a turkey dinner, a ten piece orchestra, and three warm entertainment numbers.*

*Pay no attention to the wise remarks on the cover—which was only to get over the Ballyhoo imitation. You don't really have to come with your own wife. But don't let her buy a new gown for the fray on account it's old gowns and overalls—a costume party, you know. Rube costumes.*

*Prize for the best costume, too. Give some thought to this costume business be-*



*cause a clever one may win you a trip to Europe or somewhere. Even if you don't like parties, the contest is fun. Just write your costume on twelve cigar bands and send it to the station to which you are—no, that's wrong.*

*Well, anyway, no dress suits, men. (That ought to get you out.) Girls, give this little old barn dance a few minutes' pondering. The first girl who decides to come can give the cocktail party. Call up a circle of friends today and tell them it's your turn this year. The bigger the party, the bigger the table we'll reserve for you.*

*After all, why work ourselves into a state over this thing? You'll come in droves anyway. You always do to this party, the best party Bonnie Briar pulls off. Two hundred and ninety-seven came last year. That's too many. We're going to limit it to two fifty this year. The first two hundred and fifty who apply, so ring the bell—Larchmont 992.*

*The day? The 25th. Time? We'll be ready any time after eight. The music? Jimmy Caruso. The entertainment? Remember how good it was last year—we don't disappoint you. The price? Four dollars. Terms? Net, twenty-five days. How could you miss it?*

*Possibly this folder cost Bonnie Briar \$20 more than a simple announcement would have cost, but the extra investment is mighty fine insurance of a sell-out for the evening. Any member who resisted rushing to the phone to put in his reservation must have been pretty sour on all entertainment events, in our humble opinion.*