

who bought lower than I did and could afford to cut under my prices. I figure that if anybody can do business at a profit for less selling cost than I have, something is phoney.

### Pep Talks to the Staff

Our gang got together regularly for what the big business birds call sales conferences. I filled the gang full of the old pepper and some hunches on selling that I had read or picked up by listening to smart guys. Any member who hinted about buying something and couldn't be sold by the boys, was reported by them and I tried the fine Italian cunning. Being the boss man set me up, and I could sell stuff a lot of times when better work by the boys hadn't moved it, for folks like to do business with the No. 1 guy.

The best stunt we pulled was to keep watch on the bags. We'd see who needed anything, and if we saw stuff coming in from the outside, especially cut-price balls, we would give the strays a treatment of Old Doctor Eddie's Sovereign Remedy, the Selling with Service salve. This examination of the bags tipped us off to a number of places where we could split sets and supply several purchasers without being stuck with some spares.

When a salesman would come in with some specialty we would take it on consignment and make an honest, persistent effort to push it. We wanted to see if the stuff would go at our place and if it would, we were plenty willing to load up. But being cautious in this matter saved us from being left with some stiff merchandise in the inventory this fall.

We did a land-office business on shoes and jewelry that we handled on consignment. Shoes are good profit makers for the pros, but the hell of it is running the risk of being left holding the bag on stock that isn't ordered right. We kept enough consignment stock to attract buyers, but at that, the stock moved fast enough to make the shoe manufacturer happy.

One place where I picked up a sleeper was selling as caddie prizes recon-ditioned clubs that we had taken on trade-ins. We also did a big business in prizes for tournaments and parties held at our club by having an assortment of these prizes displayed separately so the fellow who had put off buying these prizes could pick up some great stuff at the last moment.

Ripley it, or not, as we closed down for the season I had only a little over 1% of my season's turnover figure tied up

## Jones' Retirement Puts Pros Back Into Big Show

**L**IGHT IS shed on the gallery attraction of Robert T. Jones, Jr., by statement of figures on 1931 national championship gates. The gate at the 1930 National Open was \$46,765.50. This year the Burke-Von Elm marathon at Inverness grossed \$25,401.50. Last year's amateur coronation ceremonies drew \$55,319 at Merion. This year's Ouimet revival meeting dragged in \$13,831 at Beverly. Accordingly, some gent versed in higher mathematics might figure that Robert was worth \$62,852 of the customers' money per year, and he probably would not be far wrong. Remembering that this draw covered 10 days of play, the figure makes Babe Ruth's salary look like the change a newsboy leaves on his stand.

Jones has attracted about \$40,000 through exhibitions since he went cinema. Of that sum he takes nothing for himself, but puts 25 per cent of the proceeds of his exhibitions into the Atlanta Charity Trust fund.

With Jones out and the pros playing for dollar gallery fees, the summer tournament schedule has been very satisfactory, considering everything. The P. G. A. championship at Providence, the best handled affair in the association's history, took in about \$25,000 and the Ryder cup matches, despite the bull market admission price and three competitive major events in Ohio around the Ryder cup date, brought \$13,500 through the portals.

Other prize money during the summer ran between \$90,000 and \$100,000, with the gallery and entry fees practically offsetting the expense of putting on the affairs. It was repeatedly demonstrated that galleries will go for exhibition golf when the admittance price is moderate.

The Burke-Von Elm team probably will gross around \$14,000 for their showings since the Open. Joe Kirkwood is the Dun and Bradstreet champion of the year. With his reliable act of making a golf ball stand up, sit down, roll over and say "Uncle Joe," he is still bringing them in, both in the big time and out in the hay-field courses.

Revival of interests in exhibition golf due to lower gate prices got over to the rest of the gallery aces later in the season and when they found out that 1,000 times \$1 beat 250 times \$2, they began to go on some profitable prowls.