

Keeping the Sunny Side Up Is Pros' Great Job in 1932

By HERB GRAFFIS

Why are many men going to play golf this year?

"To forget business worries," is a popular guess.

Men who are admittedly much smarter than golf pros or golf writers are pathetically bewildered nowadays and sobbing until they flounder in the flood of their own tears.

What these fellows need for the good of themselves and the entire country is to be snapped out of their crying.

We'll admit we are dumb and can't understand why people should be hungry in a land where experts have to be appointed to sell surplus food-stuffs at sacrifice prices to foreign countries, or why many similar mysterious operations should be necessary. Even the explanations in the works of Karl Marx don't give the answer to us.

But this sort of business is going on to the tune of many wails by fellows whose bellies are still well packed and whose throats are not entirely unaccustomed to small slugs of rye at \$1 an issue.

These birds are sobbing not because they are mortally hurt, but because it is easier to work up a good sob than it is to work up a good sweat.

Now, many of these moaning citizens are preventing things getting better by sobbing because sobbing is popular.

They are men who come out to play golf, maybe because playing golf is popular. They frequently meet the pros because they hope to forget sorrow and remember sunshine.

That gives the smart pros the greatest chance they've ever had to figure prominently in establishing the country's well-being.

Some of the pros already realize this and are planning to be the Happiness Laddies of 1932 even if they have to smile through their own tears and lie like hell to cheer up the pastimers.

The managers, poor devils, may have some red figures blast their ambitions to be Pollyannas, and the greenkeepers may be dog-tired and heart-sick after struggling with baffling maladies of turf, but the pros can put on sunshine fronts and cheer the golfers into belief that happy days are here again, because the players can't make an absolute check-up on pro department operation.

It's the opportunity of all golf history for the pro to mark himself a miracle man by making these folks who play golf for fun realize there's still much more fun than misery in this possibly imperfect world.

Even if you've had a disposition that would make a Bengal tiger slink away in fright, masquerade as a Gay Guy at the pro shop this year. What you're getting paid for is cheering up folks. You may not get as much money as last year for handing out a lot more cheer, but don't let that stop you. There are plenty of birds in ordinarily better businesses who would trade jobs—if they had one—with you on any terms now.

Smile, brother. You'll cheer your members into hope and when they're full of pep and high purposes you'll do your collecting. You'll do it in cash, too.

You're paid for pleasure and you have to produce.