

Saps Gypped by "Ball Bargain"; But No More, Says Newspaper

By CARL HORN

NOW FOLKS, this is going to be one of those broadcasts about a simple and sweet little boy who went out in the wilderness to buy some golf balls at a great bargain. He was a trusting little sap and when other little lame-brained boys told him about how the pros, the old meanies, were getting rich on just such simple little fellows as our hero, he said, "Uh, huh," and his great big beautiful eyes filled with tears thinking how he had made some pro rich while he barely had enough left to buy a bag of gum-drops to share with that cute little blonde on the end of the chorus in the Ginwood roadhouse's floor show.

Of course, our little fellow never knew any rich pros personally, but he'd heard tell some of them got rich on the market from members' feed-bag tips. But you know there must be rich pros and ogres and Santa Claus and nasty, bad old wolves who dressed up like Grandma and hit darling little Red Riding Hood where only the family doctor could apply treatment.

And would you believe it! One of those nasty, bad old wolves bit our simple and sweet little boy, whom we shall call Master Legion because his name is legion, right where the trusting little boob was trying to protect himself—in the purse.

A Boob from Birth

Here's how come:

Master Legion, when a mere infant, was dropped on his skull by a careless nurse. As a result of this misfortune he was doomed to go through life being a sucker whenever someone said, "buy it wholesale" or "this is only 27c today but used to be 75c."

Master Legion had worked himself up into a sweat and a tantrum and almost a mental breakdown if he had been equipped to suffer the latter disaster. What got him this way was listening to the tales about the pro charging him and his playmates \$8 a dozen for \$8 a dozen golf balls and then seeing the pro's town car drive up to the pro shop with menials in livery and take that predatory old pro down to

some luxurious love nest on the gold coast where the pro was keeping a comely wench on Master Legion's \$8 a dozen. That sight, you know, is frequently seen, according to the bargain-ball buyers, although by no one with whom your author is acquainted.

But anyway, Master Legion stamped his little foot and said bravely: "Ain't no pro gonna make a sucker outta me. I seen an ad that shows where I can save \$4.05 on a dozen golf balls and I'm gonna get me some." Then he added a comment about the pro for which Master Legion's mouth should have been washed with mama's very strongest soap, the kind she usually employs on the plumbing fixtures.

So Master Legion hikes down to the nearest one of the 10 bustling, bargain stores in Nu Yoik and Joisey and picks himself one dozen of the Most Noble and Highest Emperor golf balls, "Regularly \$9.00... \$4.95."

Then in his bland and childlike way, Master Legion wandered out to frolic on the greensward with his little playmates, with a laugh on his little fat face at how he saw an ad in a great honest newspaper where the news is always correct, and how he was able to outwit the pro, the old meanie!

Bodyguard for the Boobs

Of course, what Master Legion bought for his \$4.95 was possibly as good as what his greedy old pro would have sold him for \$4.20 a dozen and made such a long profit that another sassy little hussy could have been added to the stable, according to Legion's idea of pro profits. But Legion doesn't want to know that. He just loves to be trimmed when some smart guy can make him feel like a bargain has been picked.

Some classics in ground and lofty gyping are done in the private brand ball racket, but dear little Legion he just keeps rolling along and laying it on the line for the privilege of being bilked. One of the quaint and time-honored gags that takes our trusting little bargain-hunter in a very

pretty way is that of buying a ball that a manufacturer is none too proud to sell under his own name for 50c and just content to sell at 35c, then having "75c per" printed on the box. Just by printing this price on the box makes dear, trusting Master Legion know it's really a 75c ball although he just can't remember whether or not he ever heard the name of the ball before. Honest, people, ain't nature wonderful?

There are some rough men making golf balls who see these ads in the great big papers about pebbles like the Most Noble and Highest Emperor golf ball being advertised for \$4.95... Regularly \$9.00," and my how they laugh. They sit back and guffaw boisterously. With ribald references they tell of having sold for private brand use an earlier edition of the Most Noble and Highest Emperor at under \$3 a dozen and lost the business because another ball maker cut under their price.

Being trimmed is the sucker's heaven-sent right, these rough and knowing persons state. But is it? Nothing pains an ordinary, honest pro more than to see a stampeding herd of suckers in full-tongued cry, after a cut-price ball sale. The stamper is apt to get out of bounds and raise plenty hell.

So just as a noble experiment to protect sappy Master Legion from his own trusting nature, the keen and worldly-wise young man who takes care of GOLFDOM's affairs in the giddy province of Gotham, called the attention of the business manager of a great newspaper to one of the typical cut-price golf ball ads that are making life such a pitiful disappointment to the innocent bargain-hunters whose name is legion.

Here's the correspondence, with the names deleted, and you now can only hope that the sad story of Master Legion's adventure in Ball-Buying Blunderland will not be repeated under the same journalistic agencies. But don't hope too strongly; there are undoubtedly papers of lesser principles that will connive in putting the tap on simple and ever hopeful Master Legion.

Facts Get a Show-Down

From GOLFDOM's New York team-mate to the newspaper:

I have wondered for the last two years why the ——— prints advertisements of ——— without censorship, as they are constantly misleading—if they do not make an absolute misstatement.

The ——— Golf Ball quotation on the enclosed advertisement from yesterday's issue is a case in point.

I can state positively that for more than five years the ——— Golf Ball has sold for a price of \$6 per dozen, or less. What is the justification of stating "regularly \$9"?

It seems to me that this is grossly unfair to all other advertisers in The ——— who do sell a \$9 golf ball. And, as a matter of fact, the standard price of golf balls today is \$8 a dozen and not \$9.

It may be true that ——— offers some remarkable bargains in sporting goods, but I believe that their advertising policy has had an extremely harmful effect on the whole sporting goods business.

And from the advertising department of the newspaper came this reply:

" * * Your criticism is entirely justified and we are taking this matter up with the advertiser. The ——— has regularly changed a number of comparative prices in announcements of this and other advertisers. We shall watch the copy more carefully in the future.*

"Please accept our thanks for writing us."

There, folks, is how one honest and strong newspaper operates in protecting the saps against gullibility. Practically every other first class newspaper will do the same thing when the facts are brought to their attention.

And so, pro brethren, if you have some squawk about dishonest comparative prices in local newspaper copy and are being put on the spot by some lying lure about "bargains" (?) register your howl with the business department of the newspaper and you'll be protecting the suckers who fall for this stuff, as well as your own interests.

BO-CAL-BO OFFERS CLUBS, BALLS

Pasadena, Calif.—"On-a-Line" golf clubs and golf balls are being introduced by the Bo-Cal-Bo Company here, manufacturers of "On-a-Line" practice instructor.

Heads of the clubs are of a new material and have a new process of construction, according to the makers, being hollow and embodying a "bridge-strut" construction which distributes the weight evenly and increases impact power. Clubs are available in all sizes and weights for both men and women. The new "On-a-Line" ball features a specially processed molding and winding, with true-center construction.

A combination offer of the clubs and balls together with instructor is made to pros.