



Minch's shop is a sales service station with its "lost and found" ball case prominent

"Lost & Found" Ball Department Beats Pro's Competitors

By HERB GRAFFIS

IT MAY START plenty of an argument, but it is this writer's contention that you can pretty nearly tell what kind of a pro is on the job by the looks of his shop. This doesn't mean that a fellow has to have a shop that looks like a Hollywood boudoir to be identified as a captain of the pro golf industry. But if his shop is snappy looking and has an atmosphere of competent and mind-reading service to attract the member you never need spill any tears about that pro's ability to survive the storm.

Study the accompanying illustration of a corner in the shop of Frank Minch, pro at the Del Paso C. C., Sacramento, Calif. Notice one little stunt that marks Frank

as a thinking pro business man—the sign at the right edge of the picture. It reads:

All 75c Balls
 3—\$2.00
 6—\$4.00
 12—\$8.00

Now that sign is something that should have been put out as a manufacturers' advertising sign the minute the new price schedule on 75c balls went into effect, but in its absence Frank made a sign of his own to encourage quantity purchases. Several other pros whose shops we visited late last season or early this year also had similar signs. However, the incident goes to show this Minch fellow overlooks no

bets to keep command over his players' business.

Frank is fortunate in that about 95 per cent of all men golfers at Del Paso pass through his shop on their way from the locker room to the first tee. That gives him a chance to hook their business that he doesn't treat indifferently.

Many of the fellows have been yowling to the distant stars about how the ball business is being pecked away as a side line to packers' ham and eggs and to prescription liquor, but that Minch man's sobs are not heard in this chorus.

And, as Mr. Sale's Specialist says: "I'll tell ye why."

Port of Missing Balls.

You will notice in the left hand of this Minch shop picture, a rack in which there are a lot of golf balls. There are 156 spaces in this rack, each bearing a member's name in alphabetical order. As the balls are found they are washed or bleached with peroxide and placed in proper spaces according to ownership. The member merely looks in this space, notes the number of balls that have been found and pays 10 cents apiece for them. Each space is large enough to hold a dozen balls.

The marking machine and Fulname markers are close by which makes it handy for the member to do all his marking close to the showcase where balls are displayed, and near to the "lost and found" rack.

This arrangement adds a valuable service to the purchase of balls at the Minch shop. It's something that the pork peddlers and the five-and-ten-cent-store boys can't provide. If any member is 100 per cent for thrift Frank has the answer in his lost and found department, and its an answer that beats the cut prices dizzy because a fellow can play with a ball that's cut up and misshapen like a wrestler's ear if he is so minded, but he can't lose it.

Then too, only a person with the natural instincts of a kidnapper would have the crust to take advantage of this service on balls other than those purchased at Frank's shop, and the membership committee at Del Paso and other first class clubs sees to it that this sort of guy doesn't get within the sacred precincts of the club lot.

According to Minch's experience, the lost ball rack is the answer to ball sales competition and if you have a complaint on your ball sales being cut down by the price chislers you might give the Minch idea a good work-out.

Newspaper Competition Gives Pro Beautiful "Break"

HORTON SMITH, making his debut as pro at the Oak Park (Ill.) C. C., got one of the publicity breaks of a life-time as a result of local evening newspaper competition.

Smith signed up with the Chicago *Daily News* for a series of golf lessons, all new stuff and written by the studious Smith boy through an arrangement with Art Sweet, *News* golf writer. Chicago *Evening American* got wind of the feature and jerked out some lessons written by Smith for the King Feature Syndicate three years ago.

Now both of the large circulation evening newspapers in Chicago are running the Smith stuff. This is making the Smith boy hanker for a 48-hour day and a 10-day week as the people craving to sign up for lessons are strung out like a bread line.

Smith sent his new members a letter prior to the opening of the season inviting their lesson and shop business. He is giving 45-minute lessons, which allows him 15 minutes for other affairs out of each hour. Other of the playing pros who have joined the home guards report a lively response to solicitation of lesson business. Apparently the general conditions, even though they are not conducive to the customers plunging in buying equipment or lessons, still hold plenty of lesson business for the good teachers who will go out after it.

One stunt Smith is doing is to be highly recommended for the pro who is serving his first year at a club. One afternoon a week Smith holds open for playing with 3 different men members, and one morning a week he holds open for free play with 3 different women members. In this way he figures he will get to know all his members and their games and be in a first class position to give them service based on a knowledge of their temperaments and requirements.

1932 OFFICIALS

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