

Bright boy, this Pat Markovich at the Carquinez GC, Giant, Calif. In "The Approach," the club's lively little monthly, Pat has an item which reads:

This month I am happy to announce that plans are progressing rapidly on the formation of a class for ladies with a 20 handicap or over. Group lessons will be given to interested ladies for the modest charge of 25 cents apiece. Instruction will be given one hour or more each week, and at a time convenient to the majority. I plan to start this class the second week in June. If you are interested, see me at the pro-shop.

here at any time the fancy may strike them to play a round of golf. The balance I am supposed to make up through my own initiative by the sale of lessons, balls, clubs, and other equipment. That set-up is okay with me, pal, but—

The dear public has finally arrived at the place where it seems to feel that a bone thrown to me in the shape of a two dollar lesson about once a season is ample—and entitles them to free tips whenever and wherever they may meet me; in the shop, on the golf course, at the Elk's Club, or just after Christian Endeavor. And for some reason or other they have absorbed the idea that whatever they may buy of me will be a premium price—and no better than they can purchase downtown. When I point out the evident differences in quality and workmanship they blandly agree with me—and drop in at Minsky's Drug the next day for another dozen Flying Fools, two hundred tees, and a \$1.69 chipping iron.

Not long ago a member of this club walked into my shop with a spanking new set of Blank's top-range clubs. He had purchased them wholesale through a friend of his that keeps books at the local light and power office. Believe me, I was irked plenty. He had priced these clubs of me previously, and the price I made him was below retail figures. I had made him the price in self-defense because I was afraid of the very thing that happened. Well, discreet inquiry brought to light that he had bought the outfit ten dollars under my price!

The customer couldn't tell the difference between the pro-only line and this 'top range' stuff, although there was a difference. I'm asking you, where in all that's holy is this thing going?

Who made the playing and merchandising end of this game what it is today? You know—the pros. Who teaches them

for nothing when they are young in order to make golfers of them when they get dry behind the ears? The pros! Who has contributed unstintingly of time, money, and enthusiasm to every step upward the game has made? The pros! And where has it got us?

There was at least another thirty minutes of Ted Blayton's verbal blast. He was fighting mad and his tongue dripped acid. He touched on a good many other angles but the foregoing was the meat of the subject.

Ted, in spite of his prejudiced and bitter blast at the conditions existing in his profession, is a smart, level-headed pro-business man. He applies sound business principles to his affairs, and conducts his business along accepted business-like lines. Knowing this, I was satisfied Ted would be reasonable when he cooled off. He was.

We began a clear-headed discussion of the situation over an eight o'clock steak dinner—and closed up at four the next morning over a scotch and soda. And brother, before we got through we were forced to stare cold reason full in the face. The things we saw there were not all pleasant, but we took 'em in stride.

If you dislike cold, hard truths about yourself you'd better start ducking—because there were some discoveries made you certainly will not like.

(To be concluded in August)

J. W. Sproul Named US Golf Ball Sales Mgr.

JOHN W. SPROUL, for many years assistant sales mgr. of the golf ball dept., United States Rubber Co., now is sales mgr. of the department. Sproul is widely known among professionals, having made the tournaments from coast to coast for years, conducted many of the US Rubber pro business conferences, and called on hundreds of pros at their clubs.

Sproul has been with the US company since July, 1923, and with the golf ball dept. since Jan., 1924. He was made asst. sales manager in 1929.

He knows what the pro picture is and goes into his new responsibility with the best wishes of an army of pros.

Sproul succeeds E. C. Conlin who resigned several weeks ago and now is in the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, putting up a strong battle to regain his health.