

**JACOBSEN
MAKES A GREAT
LITTLE ENGINE**



**JACOBSEN
SURE MAKES A
SWEET-RUNNING
ENGINE**



DEPENDABLE POWER IN WAR OR PEACE

● The Jacobsen 2-cycle engine won a reputation for light weight, simplicity and dependability, long before the war. For over twenty years, Jacobsen leadership in the power mower field was partly due to the quality of the Jacobsen Engine.

Jacobsen engineers were there-

fore well equipped to build ideal, lightweight power units for the U. S. Signal Corps and for various duties in other military services. When we are through building engines for Uncle Sam, you will again be able to get new Jacobsen Hand and Power Mowers—a size and type for every golf course need.

**Keep on buying
WAR BONDS**

Jacobsen
MANUFACTURING CO.
RACINE, WISCONSIN

How to Build a Job in Pro Golf

By DON YOUNG



★ What's wrong with pro golf?

There probably isn't a pro in the country who hasn't had that question hurled at him—or who hasn't asked it himself. It's a query bandied around not only among pros but everyone else connected with the commercial end of the game.

Perhaps there is not a single intelligent answer to what's wrong with pro golf. However, if there is, the writer had the pleasure of hearing it recently.

It was following 18 holes of very enjoyable golf at Miami Shores Country club, in Miami, and 18 holes at the Shores, be assured, can be nothing but enjoyable. Masterfully designed and built, beautifully maintained, and capably conducted by genial and gentlemanly Willie McFarlane, Miami Shores to the writer's mind is one of America's finest municipal golf layouts.

At any rate, the taproom was crowded but I finally managed to wiggle into a vacant chair at the bar, and found myself next door to a good-natured but earnest argument. Under such circumstances one tries nonchalantly not to eavesdrop.

First I listened to a big fellow with an executive manner, a twelve buck golf shirt, and a perfectly astounded expression on his face.

"What I can't understand," he was expounding, "is how you can turn down a job like I'm offering you in favor of the one you have. Your club has but 140 members. Our club has a membership of 425."

The fellow next to me had a soft voice, brown eyes, and strong-looking hands. "It's simple," he smiled, and when he smiled you involuntarily smiled with him. "It's simple. I'm perfectly satisfied where I am and I'm making more money than I can make at your club."

The big fellow looked a little more surprised, snorted, drained his glass and slid out from the bar.

"Mebbe so," he said, "mebbe so. But I doubt it. Well, think it over some more and if you change your mind, call me. I'm at the Roney Plaza."

They shook hands and mister twelve buck golf shirt headed for the showers.

I experienced some difficulty in self-restraint trying not to make my bar introduction too obvious, but evidently I got it off well enough. After the usual formalities I got down to cases.

"You're a pro?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Who's the big fellow?"

"A golf club president."

"I didn't mean to eavesdrop," I said, "but I couldn't help but hear you turn down that job."

"Yeah. That's the second time I've turned that one down."

"You know," I said, "I believe you have a good story in you."

We drank beer and talked shop.

"Listen," I said, "I'd like to talk longer to you. How about you and me having dinner?"

"Okay," he agreed. "But about this story. If there is one—no names."

"It's a deal," I promised.

We showered, changed, and headed for Miami Beach.

I'll give you his story in his own words and let you think it over.

* * * *

Eddie was an eastern pro who came up the hard way. He had never been a caddie nor had he served an apprenticeship. The pro golf bug hit him as a senior in high school and he spent two years of college studying teaching, shop work, and general pro procedure on the side. To the layman that sounds like the easy way, but it's the toughest in the end. Anyway, Eddie spent a year as a golf course workman then grabbed himself a small pro job.

The next ten years of Eddie's career would probably parallel the experience of any other club pro with a reasonable amount of brains, sense enough to use them, and not afraid of work. He worked hard, took an active interest in his job, made an extensive study of greenkeeping, and held one straight pro job and two

a NEW NAME for a Famous Old Firm

CRAWFORD, MACGREGOR, CANBY CO.

MACGREGOR GOLF, INC.



Linking the name MACGREGOR — “The Greatest Name in Golf” — with the product that made it famous, this hundred year old firm henceforth will be known as MACGREGOR GOLF, Inc. ¶ Our friends and customers will find it easier to remember — simpler for correspondence. At present, and probably until the war is won, we are manufacturing essential materiel for the Armed Forces. With Victory, we shall continue where we left off making the finest equipment that it is possible to make for the grand old game of golf. ¶ In the future, please address all correspondence regarding MacGregor Golf Equipment and Sportswear to

MACGREGOR GOLF, INC., DAYTON 1, OHIO

pro greenkeeper jobs over a period of seven years. Each change he made was a step upward, and on his fourth step he hit the jackpot—a straight pro job at an exclusive club of 450 members.

"It was beautiful," sighed Eddie, "the club was swell, the people were swell, the salary swell, and business was wonderful. I had two assistants in the shop, two in the rack room, all the lessons I could handle, played all the golf I wished, had one day off a week, and a month's vacation in the winter. I served one year and got a contract renewal for three. I repeat, it was wonderful. I thought I had finally arrived, and I had—at the wrong place."

"What happened?" I wanted to know.

Eddie scratched his head and looked confused. "To tell the truth, damned if I know."

That statement of Eddie's voiced one of the peculiarities of pro golf. A capable pro does a capable job at a good club, then suddenly is gone. You nose through the underground for the reason. This member and this club official praises him. Another member and another club official damns him. You're back where you started—with no answer. But anyway, back to Eddie.

"But there must have been some reason," I argued.

Eddie rubbed his chin reflectively and gave the matter some thought. "Well, yes, I guess there was at that," he finally ventured. But it was so unexpected. I was going along great guns, minding my own business and liking it. Before I really knew what was under way a political situation arose in the club and there was a change in club presidents. Two weeks before my contract expired I was told I was through."

"Caught you with your pants down, eh?"

"Yeah," grinned Eddie, "and I didn't realize it then but they were to stay down for some time."

"Go on," I prodded him.

"Well, I didn't worry much, figured a guy with my record and reputation wouldn't have much trouble getting lined up again. But I was wrong. I spent the whole winter looking for a job and spring caught me without a connection. There were jobs open alright and I figured myself a cinch to get them. But when the chips were really down it seemed that no club was interested in a guy that had been let out of the swanky job I had just held. It was maddening.

"By early summer I was desperate, so I grabbed myself a job as parts clerk in a factory warehouse. It took me just 60 days to determine I would starve to death in pro golf rather than exist on a factory

job. So early in July I threw everything I owned in the car and headed for the sticks. Somewhere, somehow, I was getting back in pro golf.

"For three straight weeks I hit the road, stopping at small clubs for a round of golf with the pro and sounding him out on jobs open anywhere. It was no dice. The only jobs open paid no salary. Finally about the time the exchequer was running low I stopped for a day at a beautiful little club in a town of 5,000 population. The pro had a remarkable setup which, he told me, he had built himself from the ground up. I finally got around to the question I wanted to ask him when I walked through the clubhouse door.

"No," he said, "I really don't know of a thing. What kind of a setup you looking for?"

"By this time I was pulling no punches. I'm looking for anything," I admitted, "that will get me back in pro golf."

"That pro actually grinned at my misery, but he played 'em just as they lay.

"That's man talk," he told me, "so I'll give it to you straight. I don't know of a job but I do know of an opportunity."

"Where?"

"Not far from here. In a good town, too. About 6,000 population."

"What's the salary?" I asked.

"He looked at me earnestly and with undisguised disgust. 'My friend', and there was plenty of ice in his voice, 'let's you and I understand each other. You are now in the sticks, where your salary depends entirely on how successfully you can operate your golf club. I will say this, however. I can remember the day when the club of which I speak paid their pro \$250.00 a month and furnished his living quarters. Today I doubt if they have \$250.00 in the bank.'

"Doesn't sound too encouraging," I complained.

"No, it doesn't," he admitted, "but if I didn't have this setup here I'd be over there in exactly 60 minutes."

"Tell me some more," I urged him.

"I've told you it was an opportunity, not a job," he repeated. "That's all I'm saying. If you're interested see Mr. Conrad at the State Bank. So long. And let me hear from you—if you stick."

"I climbed into my car and headed north—not enthusiastically but desperately."

Eddie continued.

"Mr. Conrad, it developed, was a bank director, holder of a \$15,000.00 mortgage on the club, and somewhat evasive to my initial approach. However, he suggested I look at the layout before we did any talking.

GOLF *in the* WAR

WILSON SPORTING
GOODS CO.



Chicago, New York and
other leading cities

GOLF HAS WON A BATTLE

...Has a Battle
Still to Win...

By **L. B. ICELY**, *President*

THE efforts we have made through Wilson Sporting Goods Co.'s advertising pages and through other channels to win a proper recognition of the place of sports in the war program have brought full reward in the satisfaction of accomplishment.

Of the contributions made to the war by sports, I feel a particular gratification in the record of golf. Its handicaps have been particularly numerous and great. Its achievements deserve corresponding high praise.

Though long played by millions, the taint of its early associations chiefly with the "leisure class" placed it on the doubtful list as a wartime essential in the minds of many people.

Golf had also the handicap of requiring the maintenance of the conspicuous and expensive equipment represented in country clubs and golf clubs associated with leisurely pursuits.

The very golf balls and clubs on which its life depends required critical materials which the war has denied.

That golf has survived all these handicaps to prove its value as a contributor to production fitness and wartime morale is, to my

mind, one of America's triumphs. The one threat that remains to continuance of play in wartime is the shortage of golf balls. This summer will bring that threat so closely home to every player that I believe its very seriousness will bring the remedy in the form of a country-wide response to our appeal for used balls for rebuilding.

★ ★ ★

'44 GOLF OFF TO GOOD START

Golf in California is already on its way to a highly active year, reports Francis J. Powers in the "Chicago Daily News," and spectator interest is matching player interest, as attested by an all-time high attendance totaling around 25,000 in a four-day January tournament in Los Angeles and a 15,000 turnout in San Francisco. Sensational play in both tournaments fully justified the spectator interest, Mr. Powers reports.

Out in Hollywood, golf was already a matter of course as early as January, and a 36-hole pro-amateur charity meet with a best ball score of 119 featured leading professional players. Pros then moved on to Arizona to play in the Phoenix \$5000 open golf championship, and to San Antonio for the \$5000 Texas Open Golf Tournament.

Whereas, snow should have been banked four feet deep against the bunkers, the lure of an open fairway was too strong for more than a hundred golfers who turned out with broad grins during the last week of January to play a few rounds at Sunningdale Golf Club. The only gloom in Toledo that week was found at the Toledo Ice Yacht Club.

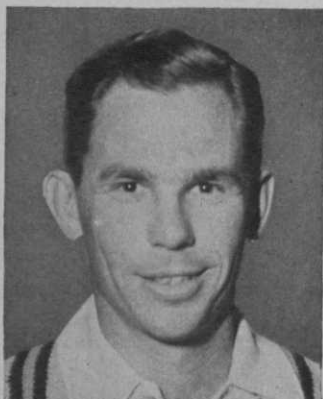
GOLF in the WAR

Down South, of course, where golf normally spends the winter, Marjorie Row of Anniston, Ala., on January 29th won the Helen Lee Doherty Trophy for women amateurs at Miami.

With this early and healthy start under its belt, golf is by this time going a rugged pace, and in this third wartime season bids to further establish itself as a part of wartime health maintenance.

★ ★ ★

The Spokane Athletic Round Table has announced that the Professional Golfers Association tournament to be held at the Manito Golf and Country Club, August 14-20 inclusive, will be a \$20,000 event, "topping any previous P.G.A. event in the amount of cash put up."



TENNIS . . . BASEBALL STARS TURN TO GOLF

Ellsworth Vines has long figured in Wilson Sporting Goods Co. pages as a consultant in production of quality tennis equipment. You think of him primarily, no doubt, as a great amateur tennis champion of the '30s. But, in the past two years Vines has become a professional golfer, and is golf pro at the Denver Country Club and is doing an outstanding job of keeping golf in the war. Practice is the answer. He applied himself to golf with the same intensity that made him a great tennis player, and before another season has passed, say veteran professionals, you can expect to see this enthusiast for Wilson sports equipment reaching for some of the significant golf prizes in tournament play.

In January, over the same country club course at San Gabriel, California, where he

first took up golf seriously after laying aside his famous tennis racket, he equaled the links record of 64, seven under par.

Another recruit from other fields of sport has risen to golf prominence in the person of Sammy Byrd, former New York Yankee outfielder. He took the honors last February in the \$5,000 all-War Bond open golf tournament in New Orleans with a 72-hole total of 285, which was five under his nearest competitor.

Ellsworth Vines and Sammy Byrd are retained on Wilson's Advisory Staff.

★ ★ ★

Wilson Fights War on Two Fronts

Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co. workers are very proud of that Army-Navy "E" pennant floating over our Chicago plant and telling the world that they did their full share in producing aviator kits, crash helmets, camp cots and other materials of war, as well as a big lot of sports equipment used by our fighting men in training camps and behind the battle lines.

They are proud too of their company's accomplishments in helping to win recognition for sports as an essential part of the nation's war program.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co. is fighting the war on both these fronts, and has the satisfaction of seeing the country recognize both as important. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

★ ★ ★

WHAT IS
1944
GOLF
MADE
OF
?



The recipe is: thousands who love the game and appreciate its value to health and good work—and thousands of old, used golf balls like this. Have you turned yours in?

★ ★ ★ IT'S WILSON

Golfdom

FAMINE?



Starving for Golf Balls?

Men who are close to the *source* of golf balls don't make any bones about the seriousness of conditions. Unless old balls for rebuilding are forthcoming in adequate numbers there *will* be a golf ball famine. And thousands of players may be literally *starving* for enough golf balls to play with.

This is not crying "wolf." It's an absolute *fact*.

So—it's up to *us*, to *you* and to every *player* to see to it that used balls are dug up wherever they are and turned in. Most centers are sound enough to build up and re-cover. And our Accurated System gets the most out of every used ball that is turned in to us. Keep feeding them to us and you will suffer no famine. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.



Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
Chicago Plant

Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT ★ ★ ★

"The club was a mile from town and someone had done a fair job of laying it out. The assets, however, stopped right there. The clubhouse was badly in need of repair, needing a new roof and about \$500.00 worth of paint for a starter. Caddies lounged all over the place, the caddie house having burned the year before. A sixteen year old boy was trying to run the layout. Out on the course the rough was knee high. The rough mower had broken down a month before and nobody had bothered about having it fixed. The greens were full of weeds and brown-patch, and what little maintenance machinery that would run was held together by the grace of God and baling wire. Four caddies and two women were playing golf. It was pitiful.

"We went back to the bank and Mr. Conrad got out the books. It was easy to see that the club at one time had been an active one, and prosperous from an activity standpoint. But the mortgage fell due the following January and the banker painted me a quite discouraging picture. I admitted the situation looked about hopeless. Mr. Conrad startled me by saying that very few situations were hopeless if the right man took hold of them. He suggested I give the matter 24 hours of thought and see him the next day.

"I went out of that bank feeling as low as a snake's belly. I had struck another dud and I was at the place where I couldn't afford another one. At a drug-store fountain I struck up a conversation with the druggist. Yes, he had been a member of that club but had resigned two years before. Too bad about the club, too. Had a lot of wonderful times out there. I finally got his version of the club's trouble and what he said sort of stirred my interest.

"I walked that town over from one end to the other. It was a pretty little place, busy, and right in the heart of a prosperous agricultural section. I called on another business man and got his story. By evening I had talked to six more. When I pooled their stories it was confusing. None of them had told the same story nor had the same ideas. There seemed no rhyme, reason or answer to the whole situation. But I had heard enough to get me fired up. I made up my mind that was my club and I'd run it or break my neck in the attempt.

"I sat in my hotel room that night and asked myself just what administrative policies I would pursue if it were my privilege to run a small private golf club as I chose. By 3:00 A. M. the next morning I had the answers down in black and white.

Starts Members With Supply of Selected Balls

JACK SEMPLE, pro at Rock Spring club, West Orange, N. J., started off the season for his members with a thoughtful action that Rock Spring golfers appreciated so warmly they have spread the story of Semple's idea to members of other clubs.

When members came out to Rock Springs they found nine or 12 carefully selected balls in their lockers. It practically cleaned out the stock Jack had carefully nursed along since new ball manufacture was discontinued. The balls were of leading standard brands, made to retail for 75c and 60c. There were 1460 balls. Jack distributed them so balls of varying cover toughness and windings were properly placed according to the games of the players.

During late winter, Semple had taken the old balls except those in reasonably good condition out of the lockers and practice bags and kept a record of them. The job he did saved the members the trouble of turning in used balls for reprocessing and assured them that they'd get replacements of expertly reprocessed balls of quality comparable with that of the balls Semple had collected from them.

Jack says that the enthusiasm approval of his work by the members was far beyond what he expected. He adopted his plan because his experience with cheap reprocessed balls has embarrassed him, and because he wanted to avoid in a discreet way supplying guests with balls at the expense of members.

Encouraged by being supplied with balls Semple's members accounted for excellent business in the Rock Spring shop this spring. Although his inventory is comparatively low for him he still has 222 first grade clubs that are on the books at \$3,475.

The live look of Semple's shop is commented on very favorably by members, guests and pro golf salesmen.

Western GA Caddie Plan in Demand

WESTERN GOLF ASSN. four-point program on how to get caddies, which tells of caddies quarters, sports and other recreation programs, victory gardens and caddie instruction, is being widely adopted by clubs.

The plan is outlined in a circular available from the association's headquarters at 111 W. Washington st., Chicago, Ill.



I wake up every morning hoping the whistles will start blowing and this thing will be over. At night I go to bed with the same thought.

Some day it will come, and it will take me just about fifteen minutes to get my railroad ticket and be on my way. I sure would like to see all you guys.

Drop me a line - I'll be glad to hear from you.

Scotty

TORO MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
Minneapolis, Minnesota

SCOTTY McLAREN

for America's Sports Fans

• The liveliest series to hit the nation's sports pages in many a day . . . packed with interesting sports facts . . . and pointed to one clear conclusion—that Spalding always has *and always will* set the pace in sports.

The series is running in leading newspapers of the United States reaching millions of people . . . creating greater sports enthusiasm and convincing them of Spalding's leadership in the world of sports. It helps *you* because its educational features promote a greater, wider interest in *all* sports.

SPALDING SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

