

***The trials, joys and tribulations  
of Cindy Ferro***

What do you need to be a rookie out on the Ladies' Professional Golf Association tour?

Ability just to get there, of course. But maybe a bit more, like humility (acquired by playing strange golf courses against the world's best), endurance (physical and mental), a strong stomach and an even stronger insulation against chronic loneliness.

And, maybe most of all, a sense of humor.

Fortified by a resolute ambition, and a few bucks from eager supporters at her club, Forest Hill, young and bright Cindy Ferro of Belleville, at 25 a three-time amateur state champion, embarked last August on the pro trail. She didn't hit the top—and she didn't let it get her down. Probably, she did as well as most other rookies, and better than some.

A pro since last January, she'll try again next year, as she insists in a letter to the members at Forest Hill who showered her with gifts and best wishes just before she left. Excerpts dealing with the trail she's trod since last August follow:

Loaded down with an assortment of clothing, an over-sized golf bag, a pocket full of plane tickets and a good supply of air sickness pills, I headed for Springfield, Ill., to make my mark. I picked up a small check (\$275) (74-77-76-72) for my efforts while JoAnn Washam regained some confidence with her first win after a 4-year dry spell.

I took off for Denver full of confidence that I belonged out there and it would be just a matter of time before I would be right up there with the "biggies." Had wonderful housing accommodations and was rarin' to go. Didn't even make the cut—while Sally Little proceeded to shoot 66-71-72 for her win. (Have patience, Cindy, it's not yet your

and the head of Lily of France (my favorite sports bra maker). With 5 bogies and 4 birdies (which my partner jokingly attributed to the comfort I enjoyed wearing my Lily), I was happy with a first-day one-over 73.

I went to bed anxious to tame the backside of that Texas course the next day. I had been up since before sunrise (did you ever try to practice in the dark?) the big field and 2-day pro-am had slowed up play. The long wait for that afternoon tee-off must have been my undoing, Lily bra and all. I proceeded to have the backside grab me and I limped in with a 79.

I made the cut but should have saved on caddy fees those last 2 days. Was going along fine but wound up on the bottom of the heap because of a few misread greens, wrong club selections on that damn backside. (Wait until next year.) My caddy was beside himself with reproach. He, too, had visions of a nice fat bonus. It wasn't to be. 5 percent of 0 is 0. (Should have flown in my pro, a la Lopez, to polish up my game—certainly paid off for her.)

Just returned from one-day charity

# ON THE GREEN

By **SID DORFMAN**



time.) My gracious young hosts invited me to stay an additional week with them until my next scheduled event in Kansas. They're folks I'm most anxious to have remain my friends.

Skipped Portland, Ore. (a team event which I didn't arrange a partner for). Anyway, Lopez and Washam needed the money!

Next stop was Overland Park, Kans. Sandra Post had taken a brief vacation and came back all rested to collect her \$15,000 while I happily picked up my \$420 (76-76-73-76). Oh, how costly those missed putts can be. Shelley Hamlin, my playing partner, was super. She was concerned that an overly-exuberant follower might disturb my game. I assured her he wouldn't, so she proceeded to make an eagle.

Next stop was Dallas. This was living. We were each provided our own car. I had beautiful private housing right on the course. I'd heard about how more grandiose things are in Texas—well, they certainly are.

Laura Baugh invited us all to her new home. Took me 50 minutes and a few wrong turns to find her "ranch." The party was set up in a barn with live band, etc. With a 50-minute drive back, I left early. But it must have been some party because Laura and Kathy (Whitworth) failed to make the cut. With the luck of the draw, I was very happy to be paired in the pro-am with a lawyer, cartoonist

pro-am in Beaumont with all expenses paid. Was too tired to really enjoy it. Am now in Wheeling, W.Va., for my next-to-last tournament this year. Settling in at comfortable private housing of a school teacher complete with over-affectionate dog. Didn't make it out to look over the hilly (for mountain goats) golf course. They also tell me it's been very foggy in the early A.M. Will have to play well enough to get off late. Slight precipitation is forecast for next few days. These are a few of the lovely things we have to worry about out here. Won't be playing in the Wednesday pro-am, so will rest up for Thursday's practice round; first day of play on Friday, hopefully will make the cut Saturday and collect a paycheck on Sunday. Last stop will be Portsmouth, Va., and home for a brief visit to separate my expenses from my earnings and hope I've come out ahead. If not, my learning experiences these last few tournaments may very well help me reach my goals when I pick up the tour again in early 1980.

Autograph seekers waiting outside the tent ropes on the 18th hole are big

morale builders. They don't care whose autograph they get, so long as an "LPGA" gives it. When they compare their prizes and see a "Cindy Ferro," who may or may not have scored well that day, I wonder what their comments are!

Each tournament is a learning experience. It's a great feeling to see my name among the famous. Except for those costly missed putts, incorrect green readings, wrong club selections, I'm fairly comfortable with my game and gaining confidence. Still a few things to get under control—like shaky knees off the first tee, no peeking at the leader boards when I've just made a bogie, the pressure of making the cut, then hoping to make expenses plus 5 percent for the caddie who latched onto me at qualifying school because he felt "you've got the ability and temperament to make it." Little does he know how I wanted to dump him in Texas.

The people who have opened their homes to me have been super. Private housing is so comfortable, cuts down on expenses and introduces me to a world of new friends and places I want to revisit.

Have been sincerely told, "You all come back real soon, you h-e-a-h." They are very supportive on and off the course.

Most of the younger players are old friends I've known from collegiate/amateur competition, and others who made it with me at qualifying school, with whom I enjoyed competing on the mini tour in California. So it's camaraderie off the course, with exchanges of congratulations or condolences after each round.

Will be glad to be home. Living out of suitcases (what the airlines leave of them after so many flights), dashing to make plane connections, rescheduling flight and early tee times if I haven't played well enough to enjoy final day of play with the seasoned later starters, can wear down one's endurance, if too many consecutive events are squeezed into one's schedule.

The seasoned players have been encouraging. I have enjoyed it and am looking forward to the 1980 season. Sincerest thanks for your encouragement over these many years and, especially, your most recent generosity. Looking forward to home and seeing you all again.