Patty's Pep Great Aid to Pros in Developing Golf's Market

Many are the compliments handed out to home-club and tournament pros but as promoters of the game many of the fellows will award top honors for energy and enthusiasm to a freckle-faced gal who at 28 has been serving as a pro 7 years. She is Patty Berg, Wilson's touring lady ambassador, who would consider it a novelty indeed to even spend Christmas in her own home.

Right now Patty's on a golf promotion tour—which isn't a great deal different than any other period since she came out of the Marine Corps, or in the years preceding the war.

Patty's company never has questioned the value of its investment in her. And it's high time golf was recognizing the benefits she has contributed for free.

Her value to the pro has been tremendous. She has given one demonstration after another for the past few years. She has attended every clinic throughout the nation that her travels will permit. These have reached every type of club from the haughty to the cow-pastures, that she could possibly work into her itinerary. These have included new clinics, established clinics and such matters as Nick Kahler's celebrated Sportsmen's Show.

As a result, last year alone she must have traveled at least 20,000 miles as she spun from coast-to-coast and border-to-border. Few states missed receiving a call by Patty in 1946.

Every time she whipped out her clubs, she sold golf to a new following and thereby furnished potential customers to the pros. Not only the women followed every move of her clinics and demonstrations, but there were plenty of the gents around too.

Probably her greatest job of selling golf in 1946 occurred in Maine. She spent considerable time up in the state made famous by its political trend and picturesque out-of-doors. It was there that she was involved in her first plane accident, but went on with the show just the same. And it was there that she probably encountered the heaviest rain storm to which she was subjected in 1946. Needless to say, she played through it all.

"Why shouldn't I," is Patty's only rejoinder, "the folks wanted the match and walked every step of it too."

It must have been a tribute to Patty that they all remained at the end of play and asked question upon question in the open forum as the sheets of rain continued to blanket the 18th green.

January, 1947