Hendry Helps Keep 'Em Flying

(Here's a release that came to GOLFDOM from headquarters of the Army Air base at Alamogordo, N. Mex. Many of us who know Dave Hendry from "way back" and recall how energetically he tried to get equipment and other help in providing golf as a recreation for Army fliers in the southwest, are particularly happy to see this recognition of one grand guy by the Public Relations office of the base. It looked for a while like Davie had too much mileage on him to take the rigors of another war with his accustomed energy, but the latest we saw of him, on a fur-lough, he was in great shape and bragging about the young fliers he was with, in an aggressively enthusiastic manner not in the traditional spirit of Scotch reserve—Editor.

Ruddy-complexioned, freckled-faced, salty-tongued, 46 year-old Sgt. David D. Hendry, present manager and pro of the Alamogordo golf course, will add plenty of color and life to the coming El Paso CC Open Tournament.

Already entered in the September 2nd, 3rd and 4th clash of professional divot-diggers, "Scotty"—as he is known by all his numerous friends—will undoubtedly compete with many old acquaintances, for he has been a golf pro all over the States for the past 30 years ("Since I was knee-high to a cricket" is the way he puts it) and has played against every golfing great of yesterday and many of today in major tournaments.

Not a newcomer to the El Paso CC course (he played there in 1923 "When the greens were covered with cottonseed hulls"), Scotty is confident of winning first prize money in the approaching contest. Each afternoon he may be seen out on the Alamogordo course, practicing. This is in spite of the fact that when we asked how he likes golf now after so many years in the game, he fixed us with a darting glance of his eyes, threw out his chest, and bellowed in his thick Scotch accent: "It can get awful bloody borin'."

It was in 1930 while Scotty was visiting his brother, Joseph G. Hendry who was then the pro of the Neenah-Menasha golf course in Wisconsin, that a young caddie caught Scotty's eyes. Liking the looks of the boy, he pointed out to his brother the caddie's possibilities. Convinced, Joseph and a friend, Hank Detleff, took the lad in hand. That caddie might possibly play against his discoverer in the coming tournament. His name? Johnny Revolta.

Sgt. Hendry makes a paying proposition of the golf course for the army and, not just incidentally, looks forward to winning the coming tournament. Whether he does or not, spectators will find a definite, dynamic Scotch flavor supplied by Sgt. Hendry to the contest.

Sgt. David D. Hendry, one of the Ladies from Hell in World War I, and long an American pro, is with the U. S. Army Air Force and has rebuilt a course for Army fliers.

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