



Used golf balls, shown here after being re-processed by United States Rubber Company, can be distinguished from new balls only by the word "re-processed" which is branded in their covers. On the final conveyor line they are marked by name, according to construction, and given a last critical inspection. Many thousand old golf balls from pros in all parts of the country are received every day for re-processing at the company's golf ball plant in Providence, R. I.

## Sandy Herd Tells About England at War

D. SCOTT CHISHOLM, veteran golf scribe, recently received a letter from Alex (Sandy) Herd of Moor Park GC, Rickmansworth, Herts, Eng. The letter was dated May 11. Rugged old Sandy still has a lot of pepper in him. He wrote Chisholm:

Dear Davie:

As I am at a loose end today—it is Monday—a quiet day as a rule as far as golf is concerned, I thought I'd drop you a line. We have quite a lot of golf played here. There are a great many folks over here who are glad of a break as most of them are all OUT—to win the war. They work hard and are happy to do so. It is exactly 12 months since we had the last hell upon earth here. London, from my club, looked like a great fireworks display. One would have thought that it was entirely gone. But it is still there and she's going to stay right there.

Walking along a main street one can't see much damage only when you look around the back alleys where you can see a terrible mess up. Everyone is carrying on and don't give a damn for Hitler or anyone belonging to him. The spirit of the folks has been wonderful. They can't get a united nation like this down. The women are winning this war for us. They are wonderful.

I have three grand-daughters, a

grandson and others all in this job of war—two sons also—and if the Hun ever attempts to invade this country old man Herd wouldn't be idle as I have a debt to pay these swine back. They made one of my daughters and her four children homeless. They lost all and luckily they were all in a shelter at the time. There were many killed all around her so if I ever get a chance, I'll stick the first son of a German I come across no matter his size or age. I have a big long knife all ready for the slaughter hanging by my side.

I was 74 last April—just 40 years since I won the British Open—and I am feeling not so bad these days. I had a tough time a year ago when the surgeon had me under him. I am now playing a few rounds per week and can sometimes beat my age. I can't punch as hard these days but I'm never off the line and I can thank God for the short shotties. I am playing along with Alf Padgham and a few more in a Red Cross match next Thursday—Civil defense against the Police. We are playing at the Royal Mid Surrey, where J. H. Taylor has been pro for so long. I hope to see him although he cleared out during a blitz. I haven't been at Mid Surrey since I won the News of the World—and 300 pounds. It was a knockout tournament and I was 58 then so I did play good. I think you call them Round Robbies or something over in America.

There is no professional golf over here except for Red Cross. I see there's to be some sort of an Open near Chicago in June so if you get there, look up my brother Jim and my nephew Bruce. Also give my best to old pals such as Hagen, Sarazen, Bobby Jones, Mac Smith and all my other friends over in America.

I saw Jim Braid the other day. He is looking and keeping fit. He still plays fine golf although he's a couple of years younger than me. He wants to be remembered to you. Ted Ray just sits around—a very sick man who cannot even walk across a green. He was a great big strong man at one time and the longest hitter of his age and time. That Hogan lad must be awful good. But you have in America today so many great ones. By their performances I feel the old country, by the time this war is over, will be very badly off for talent as all our young players are in some service and a great many getting killed in the air. Mrs. Herd sends her best—so do all the family. I hope we shall meet again some day but I hae me doots aboot it.

All the best from your friend,  
SANDY HERD.

(I'm still trying to get my 20th hole-in-one. Pray I get it.)