

A Letter From Sandy Herd

In Which One of the Greatest Veterans of the Game Gives His Ideas on Some of the Important Topics of the Day

Coombe Hill Golf Club,
Kingston Hill, Surrey, July 2nd.

MY dear Davie:
What pleasure it gives me to sit doon an' write ye a few lines about the different championships and players. I canna say much about yer amateurs as I didna see much o' them playing. But I'm quite sure they didn't give o' their best at Hoylake. There is simply no accounting for golf form. To begin with, I dinna like the way oor amateur championship is played over here, as one round o' eighteen holes is no a true test o' golf. Anyone can catch a fellow a wee bit off in eighteen holes and he has ye whacked before you ken where ye are.

But no doobt yer amateurs are very fine players and I looked for them doing better. Still, mind ye, we have a great army of very braw players over here and I might say that there are thirty o' them capable o' beatin' very classy players at any time. To tell ye the truth, they dinna ken hoo much amateur talent they have here. I was disappointed with yer amateurs not making a better show, but as I am an auld war horse I ken weel what it is to have lapses. One can't aye produce the goods when required. Better luck next time.

I had the pleasure to shake hands wi' yer great young amateur, Bobby Jones, and I might say he impressed me very much as a very fine gentleman. I didn't hae the pleasure to meet yer freen Dr. Hunter, who you wrote about, although I must have rubbed shooters wi' him a time or twa. But I will shake his paw when I come oot to Los Angeles to see ye. I think your boys played too much before the critical time. I think it a great mistake to play too much afore a big event. Still every one kens that best himsel.

Noo for the Open. I gie Jock Hutchison the palm leaf. He played very weel and the angels were along wi' him all the time. When a fellow shoots a one and follows it up wi' a two at the next hole—weel, the gods are wi' ye. All the same he played some great golf and I felt very pleased wi' his victory seeing that I knew him when he was a wee caddie boy like myself at St. Andrews.

But his final saying on the boat didna sound like Jock. I saw it in the papers and it said that when ye are doon in the mud, they keep ye there. I think that is the way all over the world, but no one keeps ye in the mud if ye have ambition to get oot. Naebody could keep me in the mud or thoosans beside me. We are an auld country and nae doobt hae ways different from America, but there are a dam fine lot o' rich and poor golfers over here as straight as ever breathed, especially in my ain country—Scotland. It is a poor country, yet a noble one, and one has to travel to better oneself. But I canna blame my beloved Scotland for that.

"A lot o' folk have been saving that Jock



In spite of his fifty years and three, Sandy Herd says he expects to play first class golf for at least fifteen years more

**"There is Naebody Can
Ever Keep Me Down"!**

So writes Sandy Herd to his American friend, Davie Scott Chisholm, in an unusually interesting document that with all its firm faith is without any touch of the boast.

Sandy Herd is one of the Game's greatest. He won the British Open Championship at Hoylake in 1902, when he was 34 years old, leading Vardon, Ray and Braid by decisive margins. Eighteen years later at the age of 52 he finished second to George Duncan in one of the most remarkable battles of all time.

And then back in June, 53 years of age, he was tied with Jim Barnes out in front of the field at the end of the third round at 222 strokes. Sandy finally finished in a tie with Barnes for sixth place.

In this connection Jock Hutchison asks THE AMERICAN GOLFER to state that he had no complaint to offer over his St. Andrews treatment, but that, insofar as he is concerned, everything is now "jake".

Hutchison didn't get treated right over here after he won, but let me tell ye that there's nae truth tae such reports. Some folk are aye blethering just for the sake o' blethering. As far as I saw everybody had fair play. Well, your lads put up a fine show over here. I met them all and found them just tac my ain liking. Of course, I can mak' myself at hame in any company. They were jolly nice chaps and more power tae their airms. I hope I meet them some day in their ain country as they promised me a h— of a time if I should mak' the trip.

Weel, Davie, the auld St. Andrews course was in great shape and the playing was easy. We had very light winds, which accounts for the low scoring. I would have been better pleased if the wind had struck up a bit harder as I feel mair at hame in a stiff wind. It was the best weather I ever struck at St. Andrews, hot and sultry. I put up a great show mysel for three rounds then like a few mair, I fell awa. But I was badly drawn as it is a terrible test for an auld man like me. I didn't start my last round until five at night, knowin' that every short putt missed was robbing me of the big prize. But never mind, I'm good for fifteen years more of first class golf, so I might cop first money next time.

I see Mitchell and Duncan are playin' in America. I doubt if they will put up the show Vardon and Ray did. Still, they are two of our very best and should put up some hot golf if they keep well. And I hope they will win your cup at Washington as you have ours over there. But you only have a very short loan of ours, as the ribbed clubs are barred over here now. Don't think that I am not pleased at the cup going to America. I think it is grand for the game we all love sae weel, and I hope it will help breed good friendship between two great peoples—the greatest in the world.

Scotland is a changed country to what it was when you were last hame. We gave a million to the war out of the five we have in all. And we had no conscription or drafting. We lost thousands of golfers and all kinds of sportsmen, but still we are doing the best we can. I forgot to tell ye that Roger Wethered should have won the Open event, but on the last green he tripped on his ball.

If any of your Los Angeles freens are coming over here for golf, tell them to look me up. I like the Americans. Of course, there are a lot o' them that come over here and wave flags and shout their heids off, but they seem to have disappeared since the war. When are ye comin' over yerself? We'd weel like to see the face of ye here again.

With all good wishes to ye frae yer auld freen

SANDY HERD.